



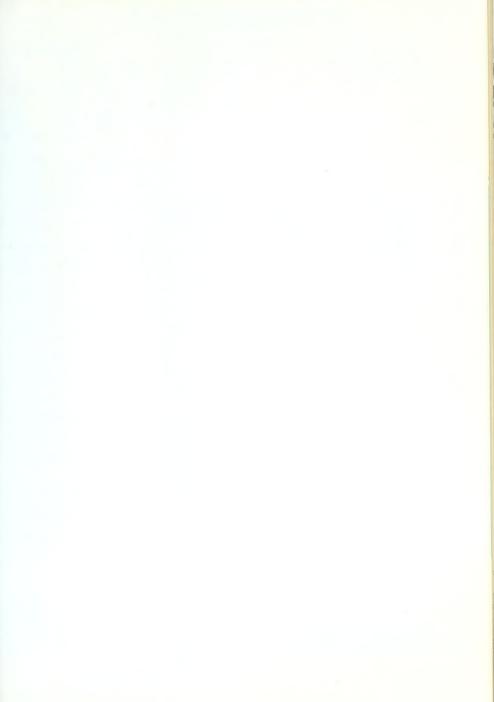
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by George Plimpton July 17 1980 July 1980

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CONSORTING WITH ARABS

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y L.J. Davis

HE AMERICAN EACHER y A. Bartlett Giamatti

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y George P. Elliott



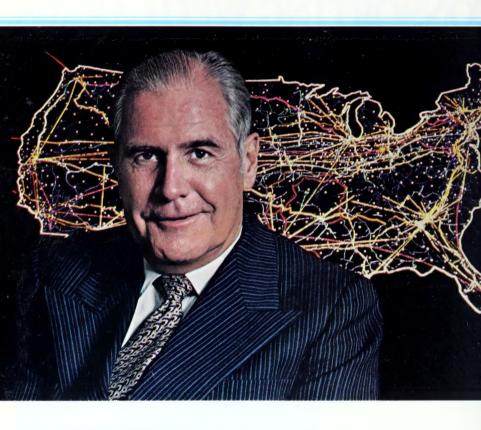


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LETTERS

Mormon mores

I very much enjoyed Kenneth C. Danforth's article "The Cult of Mormonism" [May]. My mother is a Mormon and in the year 1946 she took us to the Burbank, California, Mormon church, and my older brother and myself were baptized. We were twelve and ten years old respectively, yet at no time were we asked our opinions in the matter.

Mormons are anti-intellectual. Any thought that swerves from the party line is instantly squelched. Individual thought is not encouraged; conformity is praised; dissent from the Joseph Smith, Jr., and Brigham Young tomfoolery is condemned; blind obedience to dogma and superstition is required.

I congratulate Mr. Danforth for his good work. But he ought to beware: Mormons can be unforgiving.

LARRY THOMAS GARDNER
Los Angeles

Shame, shame on *Harper's* for printing pulp. I refer, of course, to Kenneth C. Danforth's article. I react with dismay first as a Mormon—Mr. Danforth's brand of "get-the-Mormons" went out more or less with Governor Boggs of Missouri—and second as a *Harper's* reader. Mr. Danforth's level of sarcasm seems more appropriate to a college humor magazine.

Mormonism scarcely qualifies as a cult, much less a Utah cult. A cult (in sociologist Max Weber's terms) depends on the charisma of one man. Joseph Smith is long dead and the LDS church flourishes. Mr. Danforth disregards the prime feature of the church: it works.

The article itself is freighted with hyperbole (nonmembers cannot "touch" the Temple), nineteenth-century sensationalism (Brigham Young's rounding up his "ewes"), and error ("Mormons don't read novels"—one example among many). I know of at least one other Mormon who has read a novel. A couple of us even read Harper's. Despite such erudition, I cannot discern the purpose of Mr. Danforth's essay,

since it does not qualify as investig tive reporting, good satire, or creativ writing. Perhaps intellectual snobber still passes for wit in some quarters.

I trust that readers unfamiliar wit Mormonism and Utah will not bas their appraisals on such a jaundice view; to do so would be analogous t writing off the whole state of Arkansa based on one encounter with Kennet C. Danforth.

WENDY J. HIGGINBOTHAN Vienna, Va

In "The Cult of Mormonism," appears that the Arkansas Travele peeped, peered, and then prevaricated His musings about necromancy, sor cery, and missionaries-turned-CIA agents contort my feelings. Was ther a full moon and the sound of wolve howling in the desert?

To state that since Mormons ar "captive to the daily demands of the church" a special family night was ar ranged is to exaggerate. We spend three hours on Sunday and three nights month in activities with our "enormou family" of three children. The author' humorous impression that every time he asked a question, he was handed six new brochures and rushed down the hall to see another movie sound authentic. On the whole, however, Mr Danforth tried to swallow the Mormou camel but choked on the Utah gnat.

MICHAEL NORDSTRON

Salt Lake City

For someone to travel to Rome and partake only of the pasta, or to under take a pilgrimage to Mecca and upor arrival spend his time playing in the sand, is similar to Kenneth C. Danforth leaving his home in Arkansas and going to Salt Lake City so that he might lounge around the pool and drink iced Coors.

To be so close, to have the opportunity right at hand, and to spend time ogling a girl in a black bikin would indicate that Mr. Danforth had more on his mind than an objective article on the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He would not allow, nor was he prepared for the Spirit

o communicate with his spirit. Everyme should know you cannot tune in
radio station if you are on the wrong
pot on the dial. Everyone should also
now you cannot discern things of the
pirit if you are not in tune with that
pirit. It is, then, little wonder that
our article on the Mormons was so
ut of tune, so out of touch, with the
ruth. Perhaps it is the classic example
f the "saints" throwing pearls before
ne razorback.

E. Wheeler Oliphant Salt Lake City

Kenneth Danforth's article is silly, at I assume it was all meant in fun. Why else would he ignore facts so noroughly? For example, his first aragraph says that Mormons call ews gentiles, that "gentiles" can't nuch the Temple, that the Temple ates don't open, that Temple passage-ays are "heavily guarded." He goes in to say that President Kimball's rizona business was "big," that Utah rinkers purchase entire bottles, that formons tithe their gross income, that he church owns more than one pub-

lishing company and "dozens" of "big" buildings in Salt Lake City (one of which houses a firm called "Medical Arts"), that the church "controls" Utah and "chose" its Congressmen. that earthly treasure is "convertible in heaven" for Mormons, that Mormons "permit not a jot of doubt" about their scripture, that Lamanites are American Indians and a "tribal offshoot" of Nephites, that Joseph Smith used "peepstones," that Mormons practice polygamy "clandestinely," that Smith denied the Mormon priesthood to blacks, that blacks were "servant citizens" in the church-and I'm only halfway through the article. Some of these errors may be differences of opinion, some may be the result of imprecise, sloppy prose, but some of them are simply wrong.

Mr. Danforth asks a cabbie, "If I wrote about the Mormon Church and said that it really 'rules' Salt Lake City, would I be right?" He says, "The church . . . has sent its tentacles out into the boardrooms of America," "Brother Brigham rounded up his ewes," and so forth. He peppers his prose with terms like Mormon wraiths,

cell-soaking religion, putative Saints, prudish cult, Mormon gnomes, empirical dyspepsia, and words like wriggled, lusty, yarn, impotence, monolithic, preening.

Mr. Danforth's visit led him to Mormons to match his angle: Ezra Benson and Wendell Ashton are both radical reactionaries—just what he was after. But to announce piously that the "super-American" Mormons are "conditioned from the cradle as American chauvinists" and then to end with a list of jingoisms (implying Mormons hold them) is almost too much from a writer whose own prejudice is so obvious: Mormons are wealthy, obedient right-wingers.

KEVIN G. BARNHURST Salt Lake City

Kenneth Danforth Replies:

I am, of course, encouraged to learn that a number of persons who apparently are Mormons have read my article. To Mr. Barnhurst, in particular, I am indebted for his having gone to the trouble to seek out and list some of my more colorful descriptions. If he finds



my phrases "peppery," then perhaps other readers will be stimulated by them as well.

Mr. Barnhurst illustrates nicely a special kind of LDS-pleading that I came across in my research. That is, he states that I "ignore facts," and then enumerates a number of facts that I demonstrably did not ignore. I appreciate having them repeated for readers who missed the May issue.

Mr. Nordstrom employs a metaphor about swallowing the Mormon camel and choking on the Utah gnat. Now this is a clever saying, heard often in Utah. Mr. Nordstrom must have many other rote responses in readiness. Mr. Oliphant's conceit about my radio being dialed to the wrong place to tune in on the spirit is the sort of comment that passes for wit in Salt Lake City.

As Harper's was going to press with my article, I was sorry we did not have space for a thorough treatment of other aspects of Mormonism. Examples are the Mormon massacre of gentile pioneers at Mountain Meadows; of blatant Mormon racism that has merely been lacquered over, not erased; of Mormon Doctrine and its vision for children: "better dead clean than alive unclean"; of Mormon exhortations to hoard food and be ready with defensive arms when famine strikes outsiders; and of the church's tax-exempt war against the Equal Rights Amendment.

I would gladly yield my space to Sonia Johnson and other Mormon women who were excommunicated for daring to speak their thoughts. The bishop who passed God's judgment on her is a CIA official who saw nothing wrong with his acting as both accuser and judge in a closed trial.

As the Mormon church government tries to deny freedom of speech to these Americans, and moves into national politics, it ought to be challenged. Ezra Taft Benson, who is on record with his belief that the black drive for equality was "fomented almost entirely by the Communists," has already served notice that the church will burst forth with political strength when he takes up the mace, Mormon women who told me this say they are frightened. And the most amazing thing of all, to me, remains the fact that it all started when a man named Joseph Smith, Jr., claimed an angel talked to him.

Finals

George V. Higgins's article on the state of the current student "crop" ["Clumsy Oafs, Unlettered Louts," May] is so accurate—and tragic—that it has encouraged this writer, a Boston law professor like Mr. Higgins's informant, to relate his own experience.

I began teaching law in the fall of 1973 and found that most students responded well to the demanding style in which my own education had trained me. Though I did notice some slippage in the students' willingness to "pay the price" of learning and a growing acquiescence in this decline among the faculty and administration, I was more or less unprepared for the experience I now relate.

During the academic year just completed. I served as a visiting full professor at a "Big Ten" law school, occupying an endowed chair established for teachers in my field. Despite the good reputation of both the school and its students, the examinations tendered me by my class of 135 students were, on the whole, disappointing. Grading the papers according to their relative merit, I established a curve which ran all the way from A to F. Though I had sensed, both there and elsewhere, a tendency to envelope less-than-adequate papers in the protective folds of the C range, I tried to resist the "lumping" of different levels of skill and preparation that such a process entails. In trying to grade straightforwardly, I apparently forgot that our education system has, as Mr. Higgins notes, consistently lied to these students, by telling them everything they do is "okay."

Since I had given a number of grades below C, I was not too surprised when a clamor arose, almost uniformly from those in the below-C category. I expected to handle the disappointments of these students individually, which would have been a considerable effort (and a practical reason for not giving grades below C in a large course). Instead, the dean and a majority of permanent faculty simply raised all grades in the class to the next highest level without my consent.

Next, dean and faculty took the same action in another course, involving my grades and those of another visiting professor, who had taught half of that course with me. In neither course were the examinations the selves reevaluated. Our marks we simply "too low" (between 2.3 and 3 on a 4.0-maximum scale), and had be raised close to the 3.0 mark. A was treated to remarks about beings "team player," the realization dawrd that I was expected to be not an evaluator but a certifier.

With the tie between student aprofessor severed, and academic from violated, rationalization was ught in a refrain that suggests Miggins's point: "Our students are good; otherwise they wouldn't here." But they weren't all good—least on this exam—and rather the face that truth, dean and faculty for it better to blame the evaluator. No objection to the matter brought both the threat of immediate termination and the reality of false statements matter the others in legal education, calculated in jure me professionally.

In light of such pressures, it is pehaps understandable that most of or "evaluators" no longer evaluate. As result we have consistently lied to or students—with painful consequence both for them and for the nation.

> C. Ronald Chestr Cambridge, Mas

The diagnosis of everyday life

A reader could be forgiven for thin ing at first that Walter Reich is a ideological anti-psychiatrist who pe haps agrees with Thomas Szasz th psychiatrists should not diagnose me tal illness at all, or with R. D. Lair that the so-called mentally ill are real sane and the rest of us are in the wrong, or with the Scientologists the psychiatrists should go out of busine altogether ["The Force of Diagnosis May]. But what Dr. Reich is really tring to say appears to be more ration and less extreme, perhaps along the following lines:

—Psychiatric diagnosis has alway tended to be more imprecise, impre sionistic, and idiosyncratic than is d

—Compulsory treatment has depende too much on the authoritative use (psychiatric jargon, and not enough of objective evidence of insanity.

-Psychiatrists were for many year willing to pontificate on request about any of the problems of mankind.

Why Teachers Burn Out

Arelatively new occupational affliction is taking hold in America. It is spreading through the ranks of those from whom our young take tutelage. It is known as teacher burnout. Among its symptoms are a sense of discouragement, plummeting morale, and an emptying of dedication and desire among teachers, chiefly in the public schools.

Many men and women who went into teaching to help shape and stretch young minds are becoming fed up. They are getting out. Dispirited and disillusioned, they are quitting the classroom in unparalleled numbers, by all the indications tracked by *The Trend Report*, which monitors societal trends at the grassroots as a division of the research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc.

Burnout is also manifested by the growing numbers of teachers who stay home, notably on Mondays and Fridays, with nonexistent illnesses. In many areas, the rate of absenteeism among teachers is twice that in private industry.

A number of social and economic factors, intertwined, are turning teachers into some "of the most vocally unhappy workers in the nation," in the view of

The Trend Report.

• A loss of public faith in the schools is rife. People don't feel they're doing a good job. In their frustration with the educational system, taxpayers are venting their ire at teachers, who in turn resent being made the scapegoats for what's wrong with the schools. Public animus toward the pedagogy is stoked by the growing militancy of some in the profession. Last fall, for example, strikes closed schools in more than a dozen states.

• Amid rampaging inflation, taxpayers are taking a harder line toward educational expenditures. Bond issues and tax levies are being voted down. Declining enrollments are leading to tighter budgets. Less money is available for teachers' salary increases.

• Time was when teaching was stable work, offering job security virtually invulnerable to economic hard times. No longer. As a result of slumping enrollments, layoffs of teachers are commonplace. Some 3,000 were let go in Califor-

nia alone last year.

• With the breakdown of discipline among students, there's more violence than ever in the schools. Fear stalks the classrooms and corridors. Drugs and booze are finding their way even into the elementary grades. Students beat up teachers, assault them sexually, steal from them. In some cities, teaching has become a raw physical struggle for survival.

 Teachers complain that they're burdened by more and more administrative chores and that the mounting pile of paperwork cuts into the time they can spend on academic duties.

The rising incidence of burned-out teachers who are retiring early, and quitting outright, raises questions about the caliber of their replacements. In educational circles, there's deep concern about the future of what used to be one of the most honored professions. Business is worried, too, that the best and brightest young prospects will go into other careers. That would leave second-raters to teach America's young.

It's a chilling thought.



—Medical labeling has been overused to excuse wrongdoing and incompetence, and so escape the distasteful necessity of imposing penalties; or misused altogether to reduce the credibility and influence of opponents.

—Some governments, with the help of some of their psychiatrists, have systematically misused psychiatry to assist in suppressing political opposition.

All of these are real and great evils, but they have been known for some time. The proper focus of interest should be what to do about them.

For some of these evils there has actually been some improvement: psychiatric diagnosis, for instance, is improving, because of improvements in the understanding of the natural history of illnesses and the discovery of more specific and effective treatments; psychiatrists seldom nowadays pontificate in public-unless it is to castigate other psychiatrists for alleged pretensions and abuses: psychiatrists less often get away with wild surmises in courts of law. For one evil, however, there appears to have been no noticeable change: the Soviet government seems still to be successful in enlisting psychiatrists to justify the incarceration of its more privileged political opponents. And another evil seems to have got worse: medical labeling (mainly by non-medical people) to blur responsibility and culpability, or to disparage and discredit.

There is obviously much to be done. What might now be helpful would be for Dr. Reich to write a second article proposing plausible remedies.

James H. Brown Professor, Department of Psychiatry Faculty of Medicine The University of Manitoba Winnipeg

WALTER REICH REPLIES:

Whenever there's something about which too little is known and too much believed, a line of division is inevitably drawn; and anyone on either side who wanders too close to that line is in danger of being labeled an unreliable, an apostate, one of them. So it is in politics, so in ideology, and so, too, in psychiatry.

One old colleague has already warned me that in publishing my article I may have joined the ranks of the Szaszians, or, at the least, may have given comfort to that enemy. But a careful reading—something that may be impossible when one's vision is distorted by the torsion of psychiatric politics—would reveal, I think, precisely the opposite.

The article is clearly and strongly rooted in the premise that mental illness does exist: that psychiatric diagnosis is a valid and necessary enterprise; and that the fallibility of the profession lies not in its irrelevance or its arbitrariness or its unjustified power (the accusation of the Szaszians), but rather in the easy and inappropriate extension of some of its concepts and approaches to realms and activities that should be dealt with by other means. I argue that such overextension is the fault not of psychiatry so much as of the remarkable capacity of psychiatric explanations, even when they're wrong or unjustified, to solve complex, all-too-human dilemmasdilemmas that are, at bottom, legal, moral, or political, but that are more comfortably and forgivingly dealt with by being redefined as psychiatric. I stress that that capacity is so remarkable and so useful that ordinary people routinely employ its advantages in everyday life. And I point out that it should not be surprising that psychiatrists, being people themselves, make use of the same advantages from time to time in their own work-usually, it should be noted, with a benevolent intent.

What I did in my article was to argue that in both everyday life and in psychiatry you can't have benevolence and forgiveness without danger and abuse; that the very same advantages that make diagnostic explanations helpful in some cases make them hurtful in others; and that in order to reduce psychiatry's potential for hurt, it's necessary to reduce its potential for inappropriate help.

I'm grateful to Dr. Brown for having followed my argument fairly and for having recognized that I haven't joined the other side. I'm not an anti-psychiatrist. I'm convinced that my profession, with its growing basis in science, has a legitimate arena of work, a real body of expertise, and a significant role to play in helping the mentally ill. The more it focuses on that role, and the less it encourages its exploitation in other, non-psychiatric realms, the firmer will be its footing in medicine, and indeed, in the life of society.

The magazine marke

Seniority as an unknown writer colors my view, but I find "Slush" [May perplexing. If the burden of unsolicite manuscripts and even query letters too much for you, why not remove the invitation for them from your mashead?

Beyond that, the facetious tone of the piece suggests you perceive no cornection between the decline of you type of magazine and the inability, ur derstandable as it may be, to review and use unsolicited material. Attrition in the industry has left Harper's an a few other general-interest magazine to face the scribbling masses alone You have no choice but to virtually ignore them and choose your writer by casting a net over the receding pone of established talent. From an evolutionary point of view, the prognosis is not promising.

As a subscriber and aspiring con tributor, I am grateful for *Harper'*, survival, but I would be more hopefu about its future if you did not tell us to eat cake. Printed rejection notices are sufficient.

> James Wood Santa Barbara, Calif

DEBORAH McGILL REPLIES:

We're pleased to consider unsolicited manuscripts, and devote considerable energy to the task—not because Harper's is in the business of tutoring aspiring writers, but because the effort is rewarded by articles and stories that arrive over the transom and leave the

office in print. Mr. Wood is right in saying that the declining number of "general-interest magazines" imposes a greater burden of unsolicited submissions on the remaining ones. But it may also be that as the audience for magazines that promote only the reader's curiosity and interest in ideas shrinks, public debate loses energy and variety. At least these qualities are absent in a growing number of the unsolicited articles we read at Harper's. It is this tendency of writers to echo one another on a diminishing number of themeseven as the number of manuscripts increases-that strikes us as new and significant, and that "Slush" was meant to demonstrate.

HARPER'S/JULY 1980

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THE SOMNAMBULISTS

The armies of the earth asleep

by Lewis H. Laphan

OUR DAYS AFTER the American commandos killed eight of their own company in an Iranian desert. I had occasion to go to a lunch in New York for Shimon Peres, who, as the Israeli defense minister in 1976, organized the raid on Entebbe. Several of the guests tried to draw Mr. Peres into making a cruel comparison between the Israeli victory and the American defeat, Mr. Peres declined the invitation to sarcasm. With an air of sorrow as well as surprise, he confined his remarks to what he called the "technological incompetence" of the American expedition. The United States, he said, presents itself to the world as a nation revered for its technical capacities, its scientific genius, and its machinery. How was it possible that such a nation could come to grief because a few helicopters broke down? Mr. Peres observed that the Israeli aircraft sent against Entebbe carried with them a complete inventory of spare parts. Why hadn't the Americans taken similar precautions? If it was known that the RH-53 helicopters have a 30 percent rate of malfunction when flown distances of more than 500 miles, why did the Americans send only eight of them from the Nimitz?

During the next ten days the American press labored through a list of equally unhappy questions. The oped page of the New York Times bloomed with the flowers of recrimination. Civilian and military authorities recruited from all points of the political compass published articles in which they sought to make an equitable distribution of the blame.* Mr. James Schlesinger, a

former Secretary of Defense and a perennial apologist for the received wisdom, described the bungled raid as "a microcosm" of the sickness within the American defense establishment. The armed services, he said, no longer can afford to hire decent help. As a result, the force levels have declined, the equipment has rusted, and the quality of the troops has gone from bad to worse.

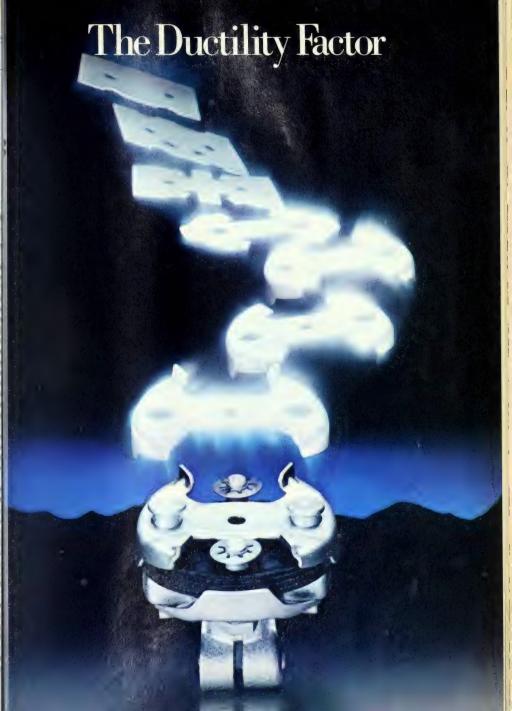
Within a matter of days this line of argument congealed into the stuff of Fourth of July speeches. Why, of course, said the voices of alarmed opinion, technological incompetence. Why hadn't anybody thought of it before? Various chroniclers interpreted President Carter's political incompetence as another form of failed technology; a number of social critics developed the notion into a general theory of malfunction. General Motors couldn't build reliable cars (as witness the number of Chevrolets recalled to the factory); the engines fell off DC-10s; Skylab missed the Indian Ocean; nuclear reactors leaked suspicious vapors (at Three Mile Island and God knows how many other places); in New Jersey a chemical dump exploded; and it was getting hard to find a plumber who could fix the drains. Obviously the American commandos didn't know how to stage a successful raid. Being representative of a country so lacking in so

*Together with two or three explanations from each of its resident columnists (James Reston, Tom Wicker, William Safire, and Anthony Lewis) the *Times* published essays by Seymour Hersh, Leslie Gelb, Earl Ravenal, Stanley Hoffman, and Arthur Schlesinger. many other skills, who could exped them to read a compass?

As the complaints swelled into th now-familiar anthem of despair, I be gan to wonder if the trouble wasn' somehow more complex than mechani cal clumsiness. The United States is no more or less technologically inept that any other industrial nation in the world Most human endeavors end in failure and so it becomes a matter of the gauges by which different peoples mea sure their victories and defeats. The Japanese, so often admired for their television sets and cameras, pollute the air and water of their home islands with an insouciance that would terrify the greediest of American corporations: the British produce goods as shoddy as anything sold in the markets of Zanzibar; the Soviets manage an economy as inefficient as a Byzantine emperor's

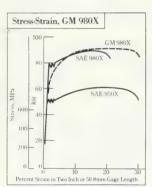
The American difficulty follows not from the machines themselves but from what the public expects of its machines. Listening to Mr. Peres discuss the planning of the raid on Entebbe, I understood that to the Israelis a helicopter is still a helicopter—a piece of machinery, an object, an inanimate thing. Machines might be necessary to sustain life, but they remain subservient to a human purpose.

This is an attitude that has become foreign to a generation of Americans. The magic of technology supposedly stands between the innocent homeland and the unpleasantness of foreign wars. Having not seen a foreign enemy on its own soil since the end of the age Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.



The Ductility Factor

The use of high strength, low alloy steel has been severely limited, due to its low ductility. Now, a simple heat treating and controlled cooling process, developed at the General Motors Research Laboratories, has successfully enhanced formability properties without sacrificing strength.



A comparison of the stress-strain behavior of GM 980X, SAE 980X, and SAE 950X steels. GM 980X offers greater ductility at the same strength as SAE 980X, and greater strength at the same ductility as SAE 950X.

Scanning electron microscope micrograph of dual phase steel at a magnification of 2,000. The matrix (background) is ferrite; the second phase is markensile

OR SOME TIME, automotive engineers and designers have been faced with the challenge of building cars light enough to get good gas mileage, but still roomy enough to comfortably transport four or five passengers. One technique which has proved fruitful is materials substitution.

Lighter materials, such as aluminum alloys and plastics and high strength, low alloy steels (HSLA), are being phased into new vehicle designs to replace certain plain carbon steel components. Each, though, has displayed inherent problems which limit its utilization.

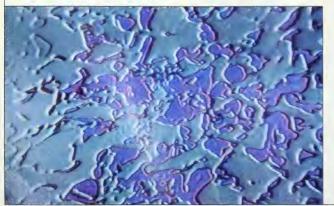
Unlike plastics and aluminum, however, HSLA steels have the same density as plain carbon steel. Weight reduction is achieved because thinner sections (less volume) can be used to carry the same load. Since the formability (ductility) of most high strength steels is poor, though,

it has only been possible to for simple shapes from it. This has sverely limited the widespread use a HSLA steels (such as SAE 980X) for auto components. New hope for thincreased utilization of HSLA stehas arisen, however, with the devolpment of a new dual-phase stef GM 980X, at the General Motors R search Laboratories.

General Motors is not in th steel business, and GM 980X is not brand of steel. GM 980X is the desi nation for a type of steel displayin mechanical properties similar t those of the samples first formulate at the General Motors Research La oratories. "GM" in the designation indicates that the steel is a variatio of the conventional SAE 980X grad In the standard SAE system for m terial identification, "9" designate that the steel is HSLA. "80" is th nominal yield strength of the meta in thousands of pounds per squar inch. The "X" denotes a micro-a loved steel-one containing on th order of 0.1% of other metals such a vanadium, columbium, titanium, c zirconium as a strengthening agen

GM 980X displays the sam strength, after strain hardening, a SAE 980X steel, but has far mor ductility. This characteristic allows to be formed into various comple shapes which were previousl thought to be impossible with HSL steels. The superior formability of GM 980X has substantially in creased the utilization of HSLA stee in the manufacturing of automotiv components such as wheel discs an rims, bumper face bars and reif forcements, control arms, and stee ing coupling reinforcements.

Dr. M.S. Rashid, discoverer c



e technique to make GM 980X sel, comments, "I was working on 10 ther project using HSLA steel, nen I noticed that if SAE 980X steel heated above its eutectoid temperure (the temperature at which the ystalline structure of metal is ansformed) for a few minutes, and oled under controlled conditions, e steel developed significantly gher ductility and strain-hardening inaracteristics, with no reduction tensile strength."

LURTHER experiments proved at the key variables to make GM 10X are steel chemistry, heating ne and temperature, and the rate at nich the steel is cooled. Specimens SAE 980X were heated in a neutral lt bath, then cooled to room temrature with cooling rates ranging om 5° to 14°C/sec. (9° to 26°F/c.). Dr. Rashid notes, "We found at the maximum total elongation sulted when the cooling rate was C/sec. (16°F), and the lowest total ongation resulted from the highest oling rate (14°C or 26°F/sec.)."

GM 980X steel has a high rain-hardening coefficient or n due, accompanied by a large total ongation. The n value gives a easure of the ability of the metal to stribute strain. The higher the n due, the more uniform the strain stribution and the greater the restance of the metal to necking (lodized hour-glass-shaped thinning at stretched metals display just ior to breaking). Tests have proved at GM 980X distributes strain ore uniformly than SAE 980X, has greater resistance to necking, and

thus has far superior formability.

"The superior formability of GM 980X compared to SAE 980X steel appears to depend on the nature of two microstructural constituents, a ferrite matrix (the principal microstructural component) with a very high strain-hardening coefficient, and a deformable martensite (the other crystalline structure) phase. In the SAE 980X, failure occurs after the ferrite becomes highly strained, but when the GM 980X ferrite is highly strained, strain is apparently transferred to the martensite phase, and it also deforms.

"Therefore, voids leading to failure do not form until after more extensive deformation has occurred and the martensite phase is also highly strained. Obviously, the exact nature of these constituents must be important, and any variations in the nature of these constituents could influence formability. This is the sub-

ject of ongoing research."

Dr. Rashid's discovery represents a significant breakthrough in the area of steel development. His findings have opened the door to a new class of materials and have completely disproved the commonly held belief that high strength steel is not a practical material for extensive automotive application. "At GM, we've done what was previously thought to be impossible," says Dr. Rashid, "and now we're hard at work to find an even stronger and more ductile steel to meet the needs of the future."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

M.S. Rashid is a Senior Research Engineer in the Metallurgy Department at the General Motors Research Labora-

tories. He was born in the city of Vellore in Tamil Nadu (Madras), India, and attended the College of

Engineering at the University of Madras—Guindy. He came to the United States in 1963 and was awarded a Ph.D. in Metallurgical Engineering from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign in 1969.



After a three year Post-Doctoral Fellowship at Iowa State University, he joined the staff of the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Rashid is continuing his investigations into the development of even more ductile high strength, low alloy steels. When not in the lab, he enjoys relaxing by playing tennis and racquetball with his wife, Kulsum.



of the horse, the United States still can confuse its own extinction with the end of the world and flatter itself with the habits of mind characteristic of an aristocracy that doesn't think it need concern itself with vulgar details. To Americans, machines have become symbols and metaphors as well as miraculous nostrums. Frogs turn into princes and helicopters turn into magic carpets. Because they embody the perfection of their passengers, helicopters cannot fail, and so there was no reason to take more than eight of them into the Iranian wilderness.

The same sort of magical thinking appears to have blighted the planning for the later phases of the commando mission. The newspapers to date have offered only the sketchiest of details (no doubt for good reason), but it seems that the Pentagon scheduled an air strike on Tehran in the event that the commandos missed their exit cue. In the Alice in Wonderland world of the hypothetical mission, the Iranians weren't supposed to discover what was going on until the captives had vanished into thin air. Even the Pentagon apparently thought this unlikely, and so the strategists prudently arranged for the descent of a deus ex machina. At precisely the correct moment in a feat of aerial timing worthy of a circus trapeze act, at least two C-130 gunships were to appear over Tehran in conjunction with a squadron of F-4s-the C-130s to hold off the entire Iranian Army, the F-4s to destroy the entire Iranian Air Force.

The more questions that one asks of the commando raid the more it retreats into the groves of fairy story and folktale. Suppose that the raid had succeeded and that the 53 hostages had been lifted out of durance vile? What then was to become of the 200 other Americans resident in Iran? If the revolutionaries had executed them, then Mr. Carter would have lost 200 lives in order to gain 53, a result that contradicts his supposedly "humanitarian" purpose. Or suppose that the raid collapsed into a bloody debacle, the C-130s and F-4s killing an impressive number of civilians and thereby provoking the outbreak of war? What military force could the United States count on in the vicinity of the Persian Gulf? Given the subsequent testimony of the authorities (Mr. Schlesinger et alii) the illequipped and poorly trained American

combat units could have offered meager resistance to a Soviet invasion of Iran.

S MUCH AS I would like to accept what has become the official explanation. I don't think hat the failure of the raid can be attributed to "technological incompetence." The evidence suggests instead that the fault lies with the somnambulist state of mind that makes of national policy an act of willing beyond one's means. The American public wants so many things all at once that it cannot pay enough for any of them. People feel they ought to be getting something better for the \$300 million the country spends every day on weapons, but they forget that Israel maintains the superb condition of its army at a cost of second-rate bus service and a 125 percent rate of inflation.

Although I cannot boast of an acquaintance with either Mr. Carter or Dr. Zbigniew Brzezinski, his National Security Adviser, their view of the world (at least what little of it I have been able to translate into plain words) appears to have much in common with that of Avatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. The adventure in Iran bears the mark of an impulsive and desperate gamble. as if it had been undertaken by men hoping for a lucky throw of the dice rather than by men who, after careful thought, accepted a calculated risk. The impression of recklessness coincides with Mr. Carter's continued dependence on advisers who, like Messrs. Lance, Powell, Jordan, and Bourne, display the attributes of gamblers and evangelists. To the best of my knowledge, none of these gentlemen thinks of money, drugs, or politics as subjects deserving of patient study; they rely instead on hunches and sleights of hand. The same can be said of Dr. Brzezinski, who most recently assured the Afghan rebels that "God was on their side" and who, in his geopolitical enthusiasms, goes at the fences of foreign policy with the abandon of a doomed Polish cavalry officer, Given their collective superstitions, I can imagine Mr. Carter and his confederates listening with rapt attention to Pentagon briefing officers with wands in their hands. I have attended enough military briefings over the past twenty years to marvel at the glaze of rationality that the more accomplished

briefing officers cast on the most pr posterous sets of facts. They star there pointing at maps, reciting a litar of numbers (nautical miles, guns, trod deployments, calibers, airspeeds, time of arrival/departure, et cetera, et ce era) in the calm voices that I associal with the inmates of asylums. The tecl nology of satellite communications a lowed Mr. Carter to talk directly to the commandos on the ground in Iran, an I don't think it inconceivable that h thought himself transported to the throne of Heaven. Every gambler play for sainthood; if God remains hidde from logic or experience, then perhan he can be won by a lucky throw.

The gambler and the evangelist hav so little faith in the hope of civilizatio that they have no choice but to wor ship an idol. Their fearfulness prohib its them from believing in the strengt of the merely human (and therefor in the constructs of art or constitu tional government) and so they hav an instinctive distrust of so frail and so impious a thing as an idea. This ac counts both for their weakness and their rage. The gambler trusts to luck and by so doing he confesses himsel impotent. If he loses, as he inevitable must (cf. the political promises o Jimmy Carter), he can blame his los on a world unaccountably indifferen to his desire.

 ← HE RESIGNATION of Cyrus Vance as Secretary of State of fered a variation on the theme of Mr. Carter's faithlessness and impotence. In contrast to Mr. Car ter and Dr. Brzezinski, Mr. Vance seems to think of himself as an acolyte instead of a pontiff. The persona excuses him from the necessity to take sides, to make enemies, or to involve himself in something so bestial as a fight. Instead he takes stances and strikes poses, which offend nobody and sustain his pretense of perpetual innocence. Who has ever said a harsh word about Cyrus Vance? Such a nice man. so well-meaning and intelligent, so steadfastly committed to the principles of democratic government and to the forms of civilized discourse. An ineffectual man, perhaps, too modest and polite for a world on whose board of governors he doesn't sit, but a man of rectitude and conscience,

The newspapers published testimo-

pials in this tone of voice for the beter part of two weeks, and I'm sure hat Mr. Vance possesses all the virues attributed to him. Certainly he possessed the virtue of not being a viionary. Knowing that the world was not likely to come to an end next Tueslay morning, no matter what the prophets might be saying at the Sierra llub or the Department of Defense. e must have seen the events in Iran s a cause for exasperation rather than numiliation. How could so reasonable man prevail against the spiritualism of the gamblers in the White House? Iis idol was made of more modest tuff-pasted together out of all the vell-meaning pieties characteristic of liberal education and the humanights policies coincident with Mr. Carer's first year in office. Against the ervor of Mr. Carter and Dr. Brzeinski, Mr. Vance stood as little chance s did Mr. Carter and Dr. Brzezinski gainst the recklessness of the Avatolah Khomeini. Maybe he knew that the ambling fever had captured the White Iouse, that the punters had begun to nvade their capital, and even good, old Ly Vance could no longer arrange to av off the casino management.

The circumstances attendant on Mr. Jance's resignation were consistent ith his talent for self-abnegation, Noody in the Carter Administration had een obliged to eat so much crow. his is what Cy did for a living, ut he did it with so diffident an ir of patrician grace that he conveyed he impression that he was dining on heasant. First he suffered the embarassment of Andrew Young (apologizng on Mr. Young's behalf to the South fricans and the British as well as to he Israelis and numerous other ales); he took the blame for the Rusian troops in Cuba, for the Pakistanis efusing a gift of \$400 million in miliary aid, for Mr. Carter's misconstrued ote on the Israeli settlements, for weloming the shah of Iran to New York lospital, and for the policy of unwaering accommodations with the OPEC ations.

The National Security Council eached its decision to launch the comnando raid against Iran on Friday, april 11, a few hours after Mr. Vance ad left Washington for a vacation in lorida. Although he had argued earnstly against such a raid for a period f several months (and had been in-

forming the NATO alliance for a period of weeks that no such raid would take place), nobody bothered to inform him of the decision until he returned to Washington on Monday, April 14. Mr. Carter once again had declared Mr. Vance's truth inoperative. On Tuesday, at Mr. Vance's request, the NSC convened another meeting on the matter, and Mr. Vance was allowed to recite his list of eminently reasonable objections. Undoubtedly couched in the most stately language, his statement failed to make an impression, possibly because he was still talking about an event in the real world, not about an epic poem in which the heroes come and go in a mist that makes them invisible. The assembled bureaucrats greeted him with the silence of Oom. Their own imam in the White House had announced a revelation, and who among them dared to question his vision in the desert.

It is conceivable that Mr. Vance considered the prospect of making some sort of a public statement, Certainly he had an obligation to do so if he thought, as some of his friends suggested, that in their foolhardiness Mr. Carter and Dr. Brzezinski might blunder into war. But how could a man of Mr. Vance's temperament do something so impolitic as to make a spectacle of himself in public? To whom would he speak? Mr. Vance could conceive of no audience for his objections. He was accustomed to speaking to the personae of power and money, not to human beings capable of thinking for themselves. In all his years of loyal service Mr. Vance had never said anything to anybody, not even a single speech or phrase, that might have been mistaken for, anything other than bureaucratic politesse. If he made so bold as to open his mouth, he was certain to be criticized by the press and by the oligarchy to which he owed his advancement. Those high-sounding, liberal notions (about human rights, the dialogue between North and South, the Four Freedoms, et cetera) were all well and good in their appropriate place, but not when it came down to the question of a man's career. Mr. Vance preserved his immaculate silence and endured an attack of gout; on April 21, three days before the raid was scheduled to take place, he submitted his resignation.

The evasion of the issue worked,

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Addres

as always, in his favor. The press was full of praise for his dignity, for his conduct as a gentleman, and, highest of all American accolades, for his stature as a "team player." Nobody had the bad manners to point out that as Secretary of State, Mr. Vance had established a record of unrelieved failure. Good old Cy had behaved with admirable restraint. He could return in moral triumph to his New York law firm, perhaps to his place on the Yale Corporation and the board of directors of the New York Times. Harvard University invited him to make the commencement address.

HY IS IT that I think of so many of the men in public office as somnambulists? The armies of the earth walk toward one another with guns in their hands, and nobody knows how to rouse them from sleep.

Within a week of the raid on Iran President Carter had relapsed into his habitual state of dreamlike calm. He summoned Mr. James Reston, the New York Times columnist who functions as the court chamberlain to official Washington, and granted an interview in which he declared that events were "manageable enough now." As reported by Mr. Reston in his newspaper, the conversation had an air of serene unreality. Mr. Carter said he had done his best in Iran; the trouble with the helicopters wasn't his fault, and the boldness of the gesture ought to convince people of his warring spirit. Even though the hostages had been removed from the American embassy in Tehran. Mr. Carter threatened further military exploits if the Iranians didn't come to their senses. Despite the continuing inflation in the United States, the rising rate of unemployment, and the signs of economic distress in every street, Mr. Carter announced that "the economy had turned the corner." Things were so good that he had decided to come out of his exaltation in the Rose Garden. He would travel up and down the country, campaigning for reelection on a platform of his courage and accomplishment. Maybe the electorate would compare the firmness of his resolve to that of Roosevelt or Lincoln.

Maybe the men in public office have little choice but to escape into dreams and sleep. What man could possibly understand, much less deal with, a world that shifts and changes at such colossal speed? Perhaps I do Mr. Carter and Mr. Vance an injustice. Bismarck could afford to concentrate his mind on relatively few subjects; even as recently as thirty years ago, an American Secretary of State could conceive of the world as a more or less orderly place. Mr. Vance might have twice the capacity of George Marshall or Dean Acheson, but the complexity of events has increased a hundredfold. The public asks to be comforted, and so what choice do politicians have but to strike representative poses or, like Dr. Brzezinski, to affect the necessarily absurd confidence of an Israeli Cabinet minister?

Something else that Mr. Peres said at lunch stuck in my mind. The departure of Mr. Vance, he said, assured the absence of the United States from world affairs for at least nine months, until the country had recovered from its preoccupation with the elections and had installed a new President.

Mr. Peres wondered how long the United States could afford to remain on vacation. If the United States possesses so much, he said, and yet remains unwilling to defend it, then who will lead the free world?

The question comes more easily from an Israeli. In large part, Israel can afford to concentrate its energies on the daily problem of its own survival vis-àvis the Arabs because the United States not only sustains its economy but also provides for its defense against the Russians and the Chinese, So also the Japanese can afford to concentrate on their factories because they spend only 1 percent of their GNP on weapons and so rely on the U.S. Navy to protect the shipping lanes in which the tankers travel between Yokohama and the Persian Gulf. By accepting the burden of generalization, the superpowers allow the smaller powers the luxury of specialization.

Even so, Mr. Peres asks a good question, and the answer to it has to do with the American unwillingness to pay the price of liberty. The price is paid not so much in money as in renunciation, in the willingness to serve an idea larger than oneself and the recognition that power is not force but the courage and capacity to speak to other people.

HARPER'S/JULY 1980

WOMAN MASK by Terrance Kistler

I spread down again distant, flat, dim, faultless as sand wrapping around him.

It is different yet the same, I have not known how they can make so much of it.

Is it not that way for them the few differences edged around? Blue eyes, brown eyes,

long fingers, so little to choose. Incidentals in such a sameness.

There are the old and the burnt-over lovers of course there is a certain elegance an ease in them

and the painters their careless force yet at an end they come to the same.

And I have my clothes bright, rich and separate pieces. My fish still more complete. My birds.

I feed them and they swim or sing. I bury them. When they die

I wrap them and drive into the country and bury them. It too

is always the same, their flesh stiff to the first earth, yet I never tire

of their need and their simplicity. Effortless travelers effortlessly with me.



INTERESTS AND ALLIANCES

The teachings of Vietnam

by George A. Carver, Jr

I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken.

—Oliver Cromwell, in a letter to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, August 3, 1650.

ANY OF America's current problems, and the world's, derive from our Indochina traumas. The divisive disputes and passions engendered by that war have weakened some of our basic institutions of government, including the Presidency. The impact of Vietnam debates has influenced the post-1975 conduct of American foreign policy and the prevalent view that America is unwilling to exercise effective influence. let alone power, beyond its borders. Such foreign readings of America's condition, in turn, have engendered some of the international crises that now confront us.

To understand geopolitics, the nation must first dispel Vietnam's shadows. To do that, it must reconsider rationally even the most basic questions about Indochina—in light of facts and history, not through the repetition of shibboleths. Given the emotions involved, no such endeavor will be fruitful unless all participants heed Cromwell's admonition, penned in another strife-ridden era, and become willing at least to "think it possible" that they may be, or might have been, mistaken.

George Will (paraphrasing T. H. Huxley) once remarked how sad it was to see a beautiful theory mugged by a gang of facts. Many still-prevalent Indochina theories have been more than mugged by the actual course of events over the past five years—they have been repeatedly rabbit-punched by real-

ity. The post-1954 governments of South Vietnam with which the United States was allied, and to which it made a long succession of commitments, had many faults, frailties, and less than admirable qualities. In the spring of 1975, however, South Vietnam's government was not overthrown by any popular southern rebellion led by the National Liberation Front. Instead, the North Vietnamese Army conquered South Vietnam in a classic military invasion -subsequently publicly acknowledged as such, and explained in detail. by the North Vietnamese general who commanded it.

Those who ousted the "unpopular, corrupt Thieu regime" were supposed to have been welcomed as liberators by the South Vietnamese, not loathed as draconian alien conquerors. With its allegedly broad base of popular support, the National Liberation Front was supposed to take peaceful control of South Vietnam after Thieu and the Americans were ousted, not be promptly dumped by Hanoi into the ashcan of history. The details of peaceful reunification were supposed to take months, if not years, to be amicably resolved by mutual consent between northerners and southerners. Instead, after militarily defeating the South, North Vietnam promptly annexed it and, five years later, still administers it as conquered territory. There were no boat people fleeing South Vietnam when Thieu or any of his non-Communist predecessors were in power-or, indeed, any in significant numbers fleeing from South Vietnamese government control to North Vietnam or Communist-controlled areas in the south while the war, with all of any war's attendant horrors, was still in progress-but more than 900,000 have found life un der the new order so intolerable that with their families and children, they have fled or been forced to flee in frai vessels, with no destinations and to ar uncertain fate. At least half of these refugees have died or will die from ill ness, starvation, or hazards of the sea including the depredations of pirates. Within Vietnam, at least several hundred thousand more have been sent away to remote "reeducation centers." Their curriculum must be lengthy, for few have yet returned home.

The pattern of actual events has been similarly tragic throughout the rest of Indochina. Life for the Cambodians was supposed to return to a pastoral norm after Lon Nol was ousted and the Vietnam war ended; instead, the Cambodian people are now threatened with extinction. The war's end was also supposed to have brought surcease from tribulation for the people of Laos; instead, those unwilling to accept complete Communist domination have become laboratory animals for Soviet and North Vietnamese tests of the military efficacy of poison gas.

That certain fashionable, still-influential Indochina theories have been confounded by brutal reality does not, of itself, mean that any other theories, or their advocates, were necessarily correct. Two things distorted our bitter Indochina debates: an ignorance of, or reluctance to acknowledge, the context of Indochina's history, and an analytic approach that was childishly simplistic. Many instinctively assumed that opponents of Vietnamese or Americans perceived to be sinners were

George A. Carver, Jr., is a senior fellow at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, D.C.

A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT WHERE THE RAILROADS ARE GOING.



When people think of railroads, hey too often think only of the "good old days": of chugging engines, lonesome whistles and the clickety-clack of steel wheels on steel rails.

And since those days are gone, hey think railroads are heading for extinction, too.

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themselves necessarily saints. Thus many Americans opposed to the war focused their critical attention on Saigon's and Washington's actions, seldom considering those of Hanoi.

INCE ITS INCEPTION, the Hanoi government of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, which now rules all of Vietnam and most of Indochina, has been controlled by the Vietnamese Communist Party, known since 1951 as the Lao Dong. It has always been, and still is, the lengthened shadow of its remarkable founder, Ho Chi Minh, who handpicked and molded in his image those who still dominate its politiburo.

In our secular age, it is difficult to comprehend the force of the doctrinal dimension in Ho's thinking and the Lao Dong's. The Lao Dong has always seen "counterrevolution" (in deed or thought) as something to be extirpated. root and branch, by any means that work; for Ho always saw "counterrevolutionaries"-i.e., any potential opponents-much as Torquemada viewed heretics. In this, despite his unquestionable nationalism. Ho was very much akin to Stalin, and to Hitler, Ridding Vietnam, and Indochina, of "undesirable elements" was as important to Ho, and still is to the Lao Dong, as acquiring unrivaled political power.

From 1951 through 1956, as its writ expanded in North Vietnam, the Lao Dong conducted a succession of ruthless programs to restructure North Vietnamese society along more doctrinally congenial lines. The barbarity and violence that marked these programs was staggering. No one will ever know the full human cost, but the number of people killed outright was in excess of 100,000, and the number who suffered personal hardship appreciably exceeded half a million. The doctrines and policies that have produced South Vietnam's reeducation camps, the boat people, genocidal carnage in Cambodia are simply the doctrines and policies that produced the programs of the 1950s, adapted two decades later to somewhat different circumstances and implemented on a larger scale. Though the actual figures will never be possible to determine, the death toll resulting from the Lao Dong's post-1975 victory policies in Vietnam alone (not to mention the rest of Indochina) is

more than half a million; the toll in shattered lives, far greater. Such figures render more than curious the often heard contention that no bloodbath followed the Lao Dong's conquest. The facts of what has actually happened since April, 1975, lend far more support to the argument that in its efforts to purge Vietnamese (and Indochinese) society of elements it considers undesirable, the Lao Dong has simply let fatigue, starvation, malarial mountain uplands, or inhospitable seas do the work others have done with firing squads, machine guns, and Zyklon-B.

During the course of America's direct involvement in Indochinese affairs. those in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos whom the United States supported all made many errors that were stupid, reprehensible, or even criminal. Such errors and actions are inevitable on the part of all protagonists in any war. In that sense, all wars are immoral; but this does not mean that all protagonists in any given war are equally immoral. The course of the past quartercentury's events in Indochina and their tragic legacies cannot be explained, or explained away, by any simplistic devil theory casting the United States, generically, or any specific Americans-Presidents or National Security Advisors-in the devil's role.

TRUGGLING TO PRESERVE their freedom and to resist the forcible imposition of an unwanted Jalien rule and doctrine were hardly intrinsically immoral actions on the part of those throughout Indochina who fought fiercely, many at the cost of their lives, against what they considered North Vietnamese Communist aggression-doubly so, since none of those who resisted the Lao Dong in their respective homelands ever tried to alter or dictate the political system of North Vietnam by force of arms. It was certainly not intrinsically immoral for America to help South Vietnamese, Cambodians, Laotians, and various tribal elements to resist a Lao Dong conquest that many feared, or knew from personal experience, would bring in its train precisely the kind of tragedies and suffering that the Lao Dong's victory has in fact engendered. This support, of itself, was not anything for which Americans need wallow in guilt, or seek absolution and atonement by forswearing future exercise of American power. Far graver moral issues, if fact, are raised by America's abandoing to their fate those in Indochina twhom it had pledged its continuin support and assistance in their sel defense.

Whether the United States shoul ever have become directly involved i Indochina's struggles is a far more legit:mately debatable question than partisans on either side of the argumer are wont to acknowledge. This, however, is a question of national interes of prudence and pragmatism—not a issue of morality.

American involvement came by in cremental stages. At each stage, unde five Presidents, there was little appre ciation of, or willingness to face, whal that involvement might entail. With hindsight's wisdom, the United States can now assess its total direct and in direct costs, and debate whether it Indochina objectives, even had they been achieved, were worth this price But in the early 1970s it was too late to debate, except academically, whether the United States should have got in volved in Indochina under President Eisenhower or heavily engaged therein under President Kennedy. The nation was there, and should have weighed the costs of various retreats more carefully and objectively than was then politically feasible. The record of what has actually happened both in Indochina and to the United States' international standing and domestic condition indicates that the costs of withdrawing from Indochina when we did, the way we did, have been high indeed.

Events of recent years and months have painfully demonstrated that the United States must now adapt to a different geopolitical environment, and one not to its liking. Those events have also underlined the necessity of looking at the world and at American interests realistically-in light of facts, not emotion-driven theories or hopes -and with some appreciation of the context set by history, which neither desires nor good intentions can change. Part of this context is a basic truism that recent events have certainly reaffirmed. No matter how unpalatable this may be to nobly intentioned idealists-including those in Congress or the Executive branch—the world is cruel. Its inhabitants who control our actual or potential adversaries-inuding the Soviet Union—are more kely to have their appetites whetted an assuaged by appeasement, and ey are singularly impervious to reprim by force of virtuous example.

America's belief in the intrinsic pow-

of virtue derives from a deep strain its heritage that complicates any fective address to foreign situations. his is the millenarian strain, which rives from the early settlers who ime to this country for religious reaons, wanting freedom to practice their articular faiths and create a New Ieisalem. Millenarianism has imparted impeccably intentioned but often ractically distorting quality to polital discussions and attitudes throughut the nation's history, and is very uch with us today. Reasoned disassion of Indochina-related issues beame difficult during the war, and is ill difficult, partly because such disission assumed a theological intenty, zeal, and shrillness. True believers of all persuasions) were impelled to ive no quarter to the "sinful error" f those with whom they disagreed. ad none were even remotely inclined "think it possible" that they might mistaken. Political theologues ofn forget that opponents of sinners re not themselves necessarily saints: or are opponents of autocrats necesrily Jeffersonian democrats.

F THE UNITED STATES can regain its perspective and face reality, it will see that the painful Indochina Lexperience has lessons relevant to ther situations in the world-with hich it will also be difficult for the nited States, and its kind of govrnment, to cope (e.g., the hostages 1 Iran). Pham Van Dong, a member f the Lao Dong politburo and prenier of the Vietnamese government, nce said that North Vietnam was ound to win its struggle with the Inited States because the North Vietamese would make that struggle long nd inconclusive, and Americans canot fight long, inconclusive wars. Politally, hence militarily, our sense of me is different from others' throughut the world-certainly different from ne Soviets', and radically different rom that of the Vietnamese, or the hinese. People who measure their hisory in millennia think of political me in terms of decades, generations,

or even centuries. The Soviets also pursue long, unchanging objectives and policies, alert and patiently waiting for years, even decades, for any opportunity to advance them. With respect to both Afghanistan and Iran, the present Soviet government is pursuing ambitions it inherited from the Romanov czars.

Tending to be oblivious to history and having an instinctive national preference for the immediate "quick fix," the United States seems to think politically in terms of weeks, months, or, at most, a few years. The national impatience is reinforced by Congressional and Presidential elections-imperatives greatly strengthened by the infatuation with polls, which are constantly being assessed by press and TV commentators in a manner reminiscent of priests in ancient Rome examining chicken entrails. The itchy impatience and political urge for tangible, immediate results make the United States demonstrably vulnerable to persistent, more patient adversarieswhether they be members of the Soviet or Vietnamese politburo or, at another level, Iranian "student militants."

America's political system both reflects and reinforces the national fixation on the eternal present-and the discount put on history or concern for the future-in a way that works against foreign-policy continuity, constancy, or even consistency. The United States tends to treat foreign policies (even allies) much as children treat toys or projects-things to be discarded or abandoned if they cease to be interesting, prove more troublesome or costly than anticipated, or do not quickly provide desired results. As do children, the United States has a low frustration threshold, a national characteristic easy for adversaries to exploit. If such adversaries can simply prolong any contest and escalate its cost to us (especially its domestic political cost), there is an excellent chance that we will tire of the game, give specific adversaries (e.g., the North Vietnamese) most of whatever they want simply to solve a particular problem, or perform the national equivalent of picking up our marbles and going home."

The enemy in Vietnam was difficult to combat, not only because it was quintessentially persistent and patient, but also because its strategic concept of struggle was the antithesis of ours. Americans have always wanted to separate military from political objectives (with an instinctive approach epitomized by General Eisenhower's famous remark in 1945 that he would not strike for Berlin, to beat the Russians there, because Berlin was a political objective, not a military one).

To the Lao Dong-as to many others around the world-struggle, including war, is a form of political theater. The Lao Dong's primary targets were seldom terrain, places or things markable on a map. Its targets were its adversaries' cohesion, will, morale, and resolution, for it felt that when these dissolved, its adversaries would abandon the fight and it would therefore win. Those who use against the United States the strategy of waging struggle, even war, as political theater are inevitably aided (as the Lao Dong certainly was) by the press and media, and their internal competitive imperatives.

In a democracy, the political influence of national media—both print and, especially, television—can hardly be overstated. Commercial competition for a mass audience, however, puts an inescapable premium on controversy, punchy brevity, and catchy labels, no matter what distorting oversimplifications result. It inevitably requires stress on the current, the interesting—preferably the dramatically graphic and the easily understood. Subtle nuances, complexity, and complicated historical background get lost in the competitive shuffle.

With respect to Indochina, such leverage played an enormous role in influencing the American people. American and South Vietnamese difficulties and shortcomings were subjected to daily newspaper and nightly television dissection before the American electorate. Communist behavior and problems were not. The political and propaganda advantages this asymmetry gave the Lao Dong was enormous. They enabled the Lao Dong to turn its greatest military disaster of the war -the 1968 Tet offensive, from which the southern "Viet cong" never really recovered-into its greatest single political victory in the United States.

An example of this phenomenon was Eddie Adams's February 1, 1968, picture of a South Vietnamese official, Nguyen Ngoc Loan, shooting a bound, civilian-clothed "Viet cong" prisoner in the head—a picture that was played in the media, won a his all arrelistic awards, and was regarded by many as incontrovertible proof of the evil nature of our South Vietnamese allies.

That General Loan did the deed he was photographed committing is of course incontrovertible. The background to that picture, however, tells much about the Indochina struggleand the difficulty of portraying it in a photograph or on television. At the time that picture was taken. General Loan had been on his feet for more than twenty-four hours personally directing the defense of Saigon. Saigon was never threatened in any conventional sense, but portions of the city were penetrated and temporarily occupied by Vietnamese Communist forces during the Tet offensive's initial phase. Among them were "action cadre." whose mission was similar to that of the SS Einsatzgruppe during World War II-liquidating those at the top of the Lao Dong list of "undesirable elements." High on this list were South Vietnamese policemen, soldiers, and their families. As the Vietnamese Communists moved temporarily into Saigon and Cholon, these special-action squads fanned out to do as much damage as they could. Some slaughtered South Vietnamese Army dependents in military housing compounds. Others went into policemen's homes and often started by killing the voungest child in front of its parents' eyes, working up through the family until they killed the policeman's wife and then, finally (if he was there), the policeman himself.

Late on the afternoon of February 1, a Communist officer-armed but in civilian clothes-was captured in combat by South Vietnamese marines, ing action from a curbside command post), and identified to him as a commander of such murder squads. In rage and the heat of battle, Loan pulled out his pistol and executed the Communist officer on the spot-as Eddie Adams snapped his shutter. This is something General Loan should doubtless not have done: but his action was similar to that of a Russian or Polish officer, or resistance leader in the Warsaw ghetto, meting out summary justice to an SS Hauptsturmjuehrer captured while directing an Einsatz-gruppe in its murderous work. No startling picture of the latter is likely to have been taken, let alone featured within twenty-four hours in all available American media. Even if it had been, it would hardly have proved the intrinsic "immorality" of resistance to the Nazis and the SS, or of those who resisted them.

HE COUNTRY will never be able to understand the world. or its challenges, unless it stops thinking of foreign policies, or wars, as crusades in which the godly or the revolutionary (even if the latter be atheists) go forth to do battle with the unrighteous or the reactionary: and unless it stops instinctively assuming that those doing battle with the forces of darkness or reaction must (by definition) be legions from the forces of light or progress, or vice versa. Indeed, we may not survive the last two decades of this strife-ridden and now thermonuclear century unless we stop confusing foreign policy with theology, thus inadvertently increasing the risk of thermonuclear Armageddon.

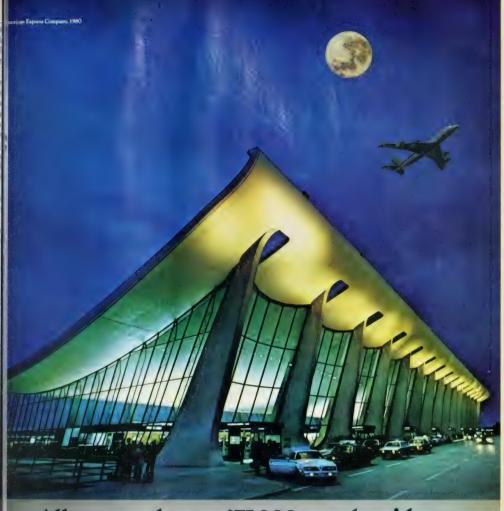
The United States can, and should, work to ameliorate the world's imperfections: but there will be many it can neither erase nor change. In an imperfect world, it is unrealistic to expect perfect allies. The nation should never turn blind eves to any ally's weaknesses or faults, but it should always try to keep them in proper perspective and proportion-particularly with respect to the faults and shortcomings of our, or an ally's, adversaries, Though the United States needs allies in this intricately interdependent world, however, it should always remember that interests persist longer than alliances: and though allies may have many interests in common, no two nations have truly or perpetually identical interests. If nothing else, the history of the past four decades and the tragic legacies of World War II should have taught us that enemies of our adversaries at any time are not necessarily our friends. The history of recent years should also have taught us that in international as in private life, a sophomoric quest for "popularity" is usually self-defeating. It is nice to

be liked, but it is better to be respected and those who perpetually attempt to curry others' favor—especially by self abasement—are unlikely to be respect ed by others or themselves.

To surmount, perhaps even to survive, the international and domestic challenges now confronting us, the United States must become less prome to focus in sequential isolation on single issues or goals, pursued with noble motive and pure intent to their logical conclusion, and more willing to accept reality, the extent to which all things, including policies, mingle, and the extent to which disaster and tragedy can be wrought by tunnel-visioned idealism, no matter how lofty its motive.

The United States likes its issues simple and separable, its villains and heroes neatly labeled as such, with no messy ambiguity or need for discrimination between subtle shadings of gray. It also seems to think that every international (or domestic) problem has some solution, which, once found, will enable it to shelve that problem and safely turn its attention elsewhere. What children have to learn and governments or nations should never forget, however, is that what one wants or prefers may not be sufficient to attain what one needs or has to have.

Childlike innocence may be endearing in children: childishness in adults is not, and it can be disastrously dangerous. An aversion to facing unpalatable facts, the lack of a sense of proportion, a reluctance to see things in perspective, an unwillingness to acknowledge that some things intrinsically desirable may be incompatible or cannot be simultaneously attained, a fixation on the present and immediate future (coupled with a lack of concern or knowledge about the past), a distaste for present sacrifice to attain future benefits or avoid worse future adversity, a propensity to abandon activities or projects that prove more difficult than expected or do not produce gratifying results as quickly as desired, or to abandon difficult friends in a constant quest for "popularity"these are all hallmarks of childishness. They are also, alas, hallmarks of current American approaches to many grave international and domestic issues, and of the Carter Administration's foreign policy.



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THE AMERICAN TEACHER

A gift for giving

by A. Bartlett Giamat

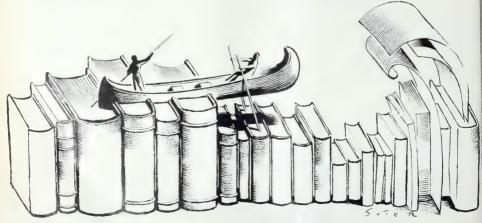
LIBERAL EDUCATION is at the heart of a civil society, and at the heart of a liberal education is the act of teaching.

To speak directly of how a liberal education prepares students for a civic role, I must begin with the teacher.

The teacher chooses. The teacher chooses how to structure choice. The teacher's power and responsibility lie in choosing where everyone will begin and how, from that beginning, the end will be shaped. The choice of that final form lies in the teacher's initial act. The phrase final form sounds more arbitrary and imposing than it should. No good teacher ever wants to control the contour of another's mind. That would not be teaching, it would be a form of terrorism. But no good teacher wants the contour of another's mind to be blurred. Somehow the line between encouraging a design and imposing a specific stamp must be found and clarified. That is where the teacher first begins to choose.

In selecting what will be taught, in that lifetime of selecting, the teacher decides what is first important, what skein of implications and affiliations and hints and directions waits to be woven. And in choosing where to begin, all these choices begin to be displayed, if only to the mind that hopes they will exist. Teaching is an instinctual art, mindful of potential, craving of realizations, a pausing, seamless process, where one rehearses constantly while acting, sits as a spectator at a play one directs, engages every part in order to keep the choices open and the shape alive for the student, so that the student may enter in, and begin to do, what the teacher has done: make choices.

These impressions of teaching will doubtless strike many as too unspotted by reality. In this account, there is no bad weather, no child at home wit strep throat. There is no unprepare teacher. There is no recognition that students, or teachers or books, can b boring or deeply garbled. I have pro jected a process of choice and shape a if teaching were really what the ar cients and their Renaissance emulator said it was, a sculpting process, where by the clay or stone or wax, inorgani material but malleable, could, through choices, be made to take a shape that nature never saw, a shape art supplie to the stuff the world provides. Whil I do not think teaching is as painles or effortless as I may have made sound, I do believe it is essentially th ethical and aesthetic activity I propose I do believe it involves the making and setting of right and wrong choices it the interests of a larger, shaping pro cess, and that the deep thrill a teache A. Bartlett Giamatti is president of Yale Un





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© 1980 Media Networks, Inc., 600 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. n experience comes from the combition of these activities, so that you al what you think, do what you talk out: judge as you talk about judgeent, proceed logically as you reveal gical structure, clarify as you talk out clarity, reveal as you show what ture reveals—all in the service of couraging the student in imitation, d then repetition, of the process you we been summoning, all so that the ident may turn himself not into you t into himself.

o HUMAN ACTIVITY can proceed without making choices—critical acts of the mind—and teaching, which embraces y subject or discipline, is about how make a choice. That is the ethical upulse in teaching—to tell how to go out acquiring the material and then illding the edifice of a belief. And om the architectonics of choices, a rson will emerge, a person who ows how to cope with the radical neliness we all inherit and the vast pulation of decisions we all live in, person who can carry on.

If choosing is what the teacher does do wants the student to learn to do, oosing is that which also binds them, acher and student, and binds us all, ch to the other. It is not the only ing, but it is an essential thing. How e choose to believe and speak to and eat others, how we choose a civic role rourselves, is the deepest purpose a liberal education and of the act teaching.

Teaching is an emblem of our civic e because teaching is, in every sense the word, a deeply conventional act, at is, an act of convening, sanctioned usage, for the purpose of making a venant. In an agreed-on context, it ings together minds so that a second reement may be struck and acted on, agreement that there is, for the susnance of our lives, a principle of aring. Teaching is an assertion of the mmon capacity of the human mind make and sustain a context in which other mind makes back, and thus akes anew. In the mutuality of minds -which does not necessarily mean reement or acquiescence or dominaon-there is a recognition of mutual ceptivity. And in that receptivity ere is, every time, every day, everyhere, another example of the way human minds can find a common ground and clear it and build a city where people live together.

In this civic sense, teaching is a political act in that it seeks to construe a polity, defined by shaped responsibility and authority. Every classroom is an act of making citizens in the realm of that room, and every room is a figure for the larger community. And the purpose of that activity-beyond the content of the class or the subject matter or discipline, regardless of what "level" the activity occurs at-is the perpetuation of how knowledge is acquired and shared and made perpetual. When in Canto XV of the "Inferno" of the Divine Comedy Dante meets his old teacher Brunetto Latini, he says to Brunetto with respect and affection, "You taught me how a person makes himself eternal." Beneath the fact that Brunetto, minor poet, taught Alighieri, God's scribe, how writing poetry allows us to outlast time, is a deeper perception. And that is how teaching is self-perpetuation, perpetuation of the self in the students who find themselves. a perpetuation not of blood nor even of similarity, but a disinterested perpetuation, a giving to others the gift of how to share their desire that humankind survive as it should, with dignity and energy and moral purpose. At its best, teaching must lead us out of ourselves, into an understanding that our hope for a decent, civilized life depends for its very existence on others having the same hope.

WISH TO SPEAK of teaching in a civil society because I have sensed for some time how undervalued the profession of teaching has been. Here is the shadow in my subject. Teachers, in grammar or high schools, in colleges or universities, in places large and small, public and private, new or old, have never truly been cherished by this country in a way that is equal to the importance the country so clearly attaches to them. An excessive assertion? Consider some of the folkmyths or popular images about teachers to which America steadfastly clings.

There is the vision of the one-room schoolhouse, once a reality, now a fact in only remote parts of the country. It is, however, still a benign image, burnished by nostalgia—particularly by

those who never knew one-because it seems such a perfect form of the collaborative society. Then there is a more problematic figure, the mythical splendid spinster, the "schoolmarm," a version of the Minerva Armata, the single-minded, much-corseted, always middle-aged female, childless and endlessly maternal, whose role in society was to take care of its children without having any of her own-a figure meant to teach man how to make himself eternal but springing full-grown herself from the Iovian brow of Normal School. That mythical figure begins to tell us that in America, teaching is "female," or at best androgynous, a necessary art whose potency must be contained-and kept peripheral.

The college teacher, who is my special focus, is a bumbler in popular myth, prey to malign influences because he is so innocent, a figure unfit for the rigors of what is still constantly called "the real world," as if schools at any level were not "real," or were not part of the reality of America. At best the popular image of the college teacher, endlessly retailed by television or popular literature, is that of a rumpled child, fit to tend his grazing herd of adolescents across academic groves but totally lost before machines, money, and worldly temptation. He is always dressed out of season, often has an accent, and he is, if anything, more peripheral and weaker than the frontier woman who teaches below him in the "system." If she was your maiden aunt, he is her pale brother.

Beyond caricature, there are other misapprehensions. There is, for instance, a widespread conviction that college and university teachers seem to require a peculiar form of job security. called tenure. Such has been the result of the academic community's remarkable lack of success in communicating the nature of its work. Academe has never persuaded the society at large that tenure is not job security only, as it can (perhaps improperly) be construed in civil services or labor unions or the partnership of law firms, but that it is the manifestation of a principle called academic freedom, a principle that says one must have the right, responsibly, freely to pursue and express the truth as one sees it. The principle of academic freedom is not intended to buffer incompetence in teaching from the consequences of an

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open, competitive marketplace of ideas. Tenure, embodying in a word a principle and a whole set of policies for its assumption, is not a perfect device for the protection of the free inquiry into the truth. But tenure is essential to the ideal of free inquiry, and that ideal is the essence of the mission of a college or university in a free society. Have I strayed from the subject? I think not. The role of the teacher is linked to the nature of the institution in which the teaching is performed, and to the nature of the society that the institution serves.

HE POPULAR VIEW of the marginality of certain types of teachers has traditionally found its response in academic hauteur, in college and university teachers overreacting to a sense of marginality by asserting a view of themselves as a mandarin class. This new class believed that if society would not value them, even as it sent them society's young, then they would scorn a society that entrusted its future to those it treated as servants. In short, college teachers in this country have often been defensive and at times have allowed teaching to go undefended. And in the past twenty-five to thirty years in America certain events that have had an impact on how college and university teachers believe themselves viewed by the larger society have not enhanced either the academic profession's estimation of itself or the society's judgment of the profession. I refer specifically to the era of Sen. Joseph McCarthy in the Fifties and to the period of the student disturbances in the middle Sixties and early Seventies. In both instances, the academic profession-in the first instance more as individuals, in the second as individuals involved in a certain activity-felt itself under assault. Regardless of the precise issues, in both periods there lingered, within colleges and universities and without, a sense of misplacement and incapacity. Whether the code word was subversion or irrelevance, whether the epithets were egghead or pointy head or Archie Bunker's meathead, whether the insult to the body of the academy was coming from the center of government or from the center of the campus-which is to say, from the citizenry-it was an assault on those who had chosen in some form to make with their minds, and it reminded the teacher of his supposedly marginal status.

There were those teachers and others who resented this view, which they knew to be false but which they believed to be the inevitable consequence of certain strains in the culture: there were others who embraced this view. their reason being that if such were the centers, they would gladly be eccentric; if such were the inhumane values of a Senator or the SDS, they wanted none of it. But when the waving of lists and of placards passed, when the similar sloganeering of Right and Left had grown hoarse and was discredited. when ideological frenzy had revealed itself as a lust for personal power masquerading as the Public Good, what was left? A profession remained that had never relied on politicians for approbation but that had never before suffered the opprobrium of students. A profession survived that, while never counting on society's smile from the center of political power for a sense of reward, had always counted on, and now had lost, the center it always knew best, the students. A profession survived, but baffled, shocked. The profession that McCarthy and the Movement said had betrayed its deepest obligations to the country and contemporary society felt itself in the early Seventies more isolated than ever, made up of people more alone than anyone elsewhere could know. It was a profession that, in secret ways, at recesses that no one talked much about, had lost something more than the approval of the world; it had lost that without which none of us can be effective as people at all, its sense of self-respect and self-esteem, its sense of dignity, What was left behind was uncertainty, anger-at worst, self-hatred.

LEAVE OUT of this account the complex matrix of causes and motive that historians and sociologists and cultural analysts can and will adduce. I give you the view of one who by circumstances of background and choice has seen the past quarter-century or more of academic life close up. I describe the growth of a sensibility; no more. But I can trace the growth of a crisis of confidence in the academy, and particularly at the heart of it. I

can note the gathering conviction th the act and activity of teaching, which for me include finally research and it vestigation and civic effort, is no viewed by those who do it or wh would do it with the degree of fail in it as a noble calling, important | the country, as they must if it is to l done as well as it must be on behalf the country. It is one thing to kno that others questioned your worth an the worth of the subject matter vo professed; it is much more serior when because of them and other received events you question your worth and th worth of what you do as a teacher i an area of intellectual inquiry, and be gin to lose all faith.

The economic contractions no spreading deeper and deeper in ever institution of higher education in th country come, therefore, at the end of a long series of events. The gradual ex pansion of research money and str dents and faculty and physical plant i the past twenty years is not the onl backdrop against which to see the i sues within the college and universit teaching profession. To understand the perturbations of soul nationally in th teaching profession only against thos economic issues falsifies the picture; truer perspective is one that sees th various patterns of economic growt and contraction within the context of a vocational crisis that has been goin on much longer and cuts a muc deeper wound.

What does one do? In addition t understanding this crisis and constan ly making its consequences the prist through which one regards the spiritua health of the liberal arts and profesional educational process, there ar several things one must do.

The first thing is to act on one's cor viction that excellence is transmitte within colleges and universities (an) all other schools) through individual This conviction places the quality an well-being of the faculty as the mos important of all the issues facing us i education for the next difficult year Such a conviction, when acted or means making every effort at least t pay the faculty at a level commensu rate with its dedication and its exce lence and its dignity. It means puttin the genuine needs of the people wh teach at the center of the institution concerns, for they are the heart of th place; they perform the essential activ

y of the place, without which no eduational institution exists, and through hich the quality of the place, and ence of the nation's life, is maintained and made better.

The second thing to do is never to se sight of the special needs of the ounger faculty, those in the profession lready and those who are about to ener it. Swooping demographic curves. conomic forecasts about inflation, govrnment laws concerning retirement, atistics about the lack of new jobs for h.D.'s between 1983 and 1989, the erceptible patterns of young faculty aving teaching for other professions r of people refusing to leave other proessions to enter teaching, or projecons about "a lost generation of scholrs"-all such measures and indicators ell only the surface of the narrative. 'he deeper text tells of the longerange problem, the ferocious frustraon and feeling of futility experienced y many young people when the proession, the way of life, that they love ith all their beings cannot or will not eturn that devotion in any measure. 'he feeling of disproportion, the belief hat one is playing as hard as possible n a game where the rules are susended, the visceral feeling of the unairness of it all, when all one wants is chance to do one's job, exceeds anyhing felt by the younger people in my rofession since the Depression. Again, ne solutions can be envisaged, are diffiult to implement, necessary to find.)ne must never lose sight of the basic reed of all institutions, and particulary educational ones that are intended very year to welcome new students, to ring new and vital people into them; ne cannot lose sight of those who will ead the teaching profession into the ext century; one must find and enourage and reward the best of them, y paying them well, by appreciating heir teaching, their scholarly work, heir engagement in the institution's ceneral life, by finding them time to ake leave to pursue their research, by eeping the faith with them, by never

HERE IS ALSO something else one can do, with the younger faculty and the older, something that assumes the economic needs of all people who teach n today's inflationary time and knows

orgetting.

the brutal pressures on the young and the others, and that speaks to the deepest spiritual issues of a sense of selfworth and dignity and to the calling of teaching itself. I can say again that those who teach have done something without which most people could not do for themselves whatever it is they do: that the act of teaching is an exemplary act, of self-fashioning on behalf of knowledge that teaches others how to fashion the self: that no teacher is due more respect or affection than he or she has earned, but that the drive behind the teaching effort is a positive one. It is a drive for civic engagement that in innumerable ways, through millions of individuals, over a period of time that embraces generations, results in the transmission of the values and standards and new knowledge in all forms that a society must have if it is to be civilized.

Does that sound too grandiose? I do not believe it is, for that statement simply recognizes the central importance, regardless of context or content or subject, of those who have made the first choice teachers make. They have chosen, every day, to make themselves vulnerable, vulnerable to those others who are the future, in order to make what is made by the mind eternal. The human race survives despite itself in many ways, but it survives because of itself when it passes on the best of its past and the best of its aspiration through the open sharing of the mind.

That moment of poise when what is known becomes accessible and must then become what is to be found, is the act of teaching, and those acts in sequence are a life, in which, once we learn how, we are all teachers and students of ourselves. Those who choose to renew constantly those moments of poise with their lives, throughout their lives, are not by that choice an elect. a race apart. They are vessels as others are. But teachers do believe they have a gift for giving; it drives them with the same irrepressible drive that drives others to create a work of art or a market or a building. It is the instinct to give shape to what constantly needs shaping so that others may have contour and meaning to their own lives that tells the true teacher that there is nothing else to be done with one's life but teach.

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SWEATING OUT BEGIN

Depressed Israelis, cynical Egyptians

by Lesley Hazleton

E IS THAT "veteran observer" whom foreign correspondents based in Jerusalem are forever quoting. His voice has a somber, measured cadence, each sentence with the weighty resonance of having been right too many times in the past. "Of course you know about the attempted coup," he says, "the one on March 11. Well, it's all been hushed up, of course, but in strictest confidence. . . . Arik Sharon [Israel's agriculture minister and settlement czarl and two other Cabinet ministers planned it for that morning. They had half the central staff of the army in with them. It was scheduled to begin during the Cabinet session, and with any luck the shock of it would finish off Begin's heart, saving them the problem of arresting him and killing him later. They had it all worked out very well-military men, after allexcept that they forgot one tiny detail: to overthrow a government you first have to find it . . . and, this one, they couldn't."

This sampling is just one of a new variety of jokes making the rounds in Israel nowadays, bitter, helpless jokes burgeoning as Israelis read the latest blow-by-blow newspaper accounts of their government. After each Cabinet session, ministers rush to the press with details of exchanges of insults, often on the level of "You're a liar." "And you're a fool," "It's you who's the fool," "Tis not," "Tis too." In a country so small that everyone knows everyone else's past, the current bemused question is: "Have you realized just who is ruling us?" And not only

from opponents of Menachem Begin's Likud government. One ardent Likudnik, once a confidant of Begin's, sadly commented: "Thirty years we waited in the wilderness to gain power, and then we brought the wilderness in with us."

e-gin lehit-pa-tar, ha-sha-lom shaveh yo-tar" (Begin resign, peace is worth more), chant Peace Now demonstrators outside the prime minister's office, drowning out Begin's voice as he gives details of the latest settlement decision to the press. But Mr. Begin shows no sign of resigning. He is in an ebullient mood. Everything is fine. True, there is a bit of an economic problem (125 percent inflation at last count), but nothing to worry about.

"Friends, why don't you ask me about peace?" he asked querulously during an hour-long television interview, waving his hands in invitation, When his interviewers finally did so. focusing on the problem of autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza, he replied: "I'll tell you a story, a story told me by a very important international personality, so important that obviously I can't identify him. But the story he told me . . . actually, the story is very sensitive, you know, so you'll understand if I can't tell it." And breaking off in what was evidently meant to be a charming giggle, he waved his hands again and changed the subject.

At that point I turned off the television set. But then not being able to sit through a full interview with Menachem Begin is nothing new for me. What was surprising was that the next day I could find no one, no matter what his political views, who had been able to sit through the entire hour. In Israel, with its painfully high level of political understanding and its hunger for news and comment, this was a sign of something amiss.

I must admit to a certain perverse fascination, however, with that part of the interview that I watched. Here was a country enmeshed in its own anxiety—agonizing over the economy, over autonomy, over the future—and here was its prime minister evidently living in another country altogether, a country with bright, rosy prospects where all was cheer and lightheartedness. "God, I just wish I had whatever pills he's taking for his heart," said a friend of mine. "They look like good ones."

It is small consolation to most Israelis that Begin must submit to elections next year. He can do too much in the meantime. Most Israelis saw as a disaster the March decision to establish a Jewish seminary in Hebron, taken in knee-jerk response to a Security Council resolution backing Palestinian rights in East Jerusalem as well as the West Bank. Even those who agreed with the principle generally disagreed with the timing. The sight of fanatic Gush Emunim leader Rabbi

Lesley Hazleton is an Israeli journalist and psychologist. Her new book, Where Mountains Roar: A Personal Report from the Sinai and Negev Desert, is being published in July by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

Aoshe Levinger and his wife gloating ver the decision on television did othing to help. A few days later, halom Rosenfeld, right-wing editor of ne popular newspaper Yediot Aharoot, joined centrist newspaper editors a calling for Begin's resignation. He's still under the illusion that this overnment listens," scoffed one politual scientist. "In fact, it's back to here it was before it began—Begin and one aide closeted in a room, isolation the country and from the orld."

N EGYPT, they watch the political disarray with sardonic fascination. "Tell me," said one Cabinet min-Lister close to President Anwar eladat, his Oxford English becomig more pointed with each word, when is Mr. Begin going to make a raceful . . . exit?" There is, of course, alv one graceful exit that Mr. Begin ould make, and though the Egyptians ay hope for that, together with many raelis, they can count on nothing til next vear's elections, when it ems certain that the Begin governent will fall. Egyptian officials refer the interim period as "the vacuum." heir aim, stated and restated by Present Sadat, by Foreign Minister Bouos Ghali, and by Prime Minister Musfa Khalil, is to follow through on e autonomy negotiations until they ach a stage where someone else can ep in to replace them-whether Palesnians or Jordanians or both-allowg the Egyptians to step aside. But ey have little hope for any substanal progress so long as Begin remains power, "The problem," the minister lmitted, "is to fill up the vacuum."

Polls in Israel indicate that a Labor palition led by Shimon Peres would in the next elections with ease. The gyptians have high hopes for greater egotiating flexibility from such a govnment-far too high, reply many isillusioned and politically weary Isselis. Although a majority would vote or a change in government, only 34 ercent think that a new government ould do any better than the present ne. Israelis feel helpless and hopeless olitically, as though the whole couny were in a state of depression. They ok at the government-democraticalrelected, as Begin never ceases to emind them, for he lectures Israelis on democracy with the regularity that he lectures foreigners on the Holocaust —and see a specter of what they voted for.

Deputy Premier Yigael Yadin opposes current government policy on the West Bank. He could bring down the government if he resigned, but, with the same determination with which he has abandoned nearly every principle for which he was elected, he has effectively abandoned this one, too. Knowing that he has no popular support left and would not be reelected, he is sticking fast to his Cabinet seat.

Moshe Dayan, who seemed to be one of the few rational voices in the Cabinet, has resigned. And Defense Minister Ezer Weizmann has been noisily threatening resignation for months, leaving Israelis with the nightmare vision of Arik Sharon wielding Israel's defense policy with the same heavyhanded bluster and disregard for due process that he has demonstrated on settlement policy. Since Israelis take everything so seriously, they are understandably depressed. They could well use some of the cool elegance of their Egyptian neighbors, who could never be disillusioned with politics, since they take it with a degree of cynicism that Israelis may aspire to but, over-involved as always, cannot reach. Though some Israeli intellectuals may like to think of themselves as political cynics, they cannot prevent earnestness from rising into impassioned speech. One almost envies the Egyptians their cynicism-the result, one Cairo intellectual observes, of living under dictatorships for so long.

HOSE ISRAELIS WHO envisioned a new era dawning with the peace treaty with Egypt have discovered that new solutions create new problems. It is bad enough that any progress in the autonomy talks can satisfy neither Palestinian irredentism nor Israeli messianic nationalism of the Gush Emunim type. But even "normalization"—the gradual application of the principles of peace to building up a network of relationships between Egypt and Israel-is far slower than most Israelis would like. One reason is the rift between Egypt and the Arab countries as a result of Egypt's signing the peace treaty with Israel.

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WATER

by Judith McPheron

There is always a journey to the sea, friend. Put my bones in a good jar for the salt is very hungry

and I want to rest a while on the water. Waves, like the cool white hands of my dreams, lift me, carry

me home.

"Egypt is the only real country in the Middle East; all the rest are tribes with flags," a senior Egyptian official said contemptuously when asked about the rift. I have heard the same thing many times, though never quite so elegantly expressed. Some Cairenes would add Israel in with Egypt, clearly more as a matter of polite deference to myself than out of conviction. In an area of cultural and political primitives, they say, Egypt stands alone as the only possible leader, whatever temporary deviations there may be, "The Arab countries need us far more than we need them," a senior minister said. But, in fact, it is a mutual dependency, and the attempted boycott of Egypt by Arab countries makes a resolution to the autonomy issue more urgent than Egyptian officials like to admit. Meanwhile, as Boutros Ghali puts it, "no outcome to the autonomy talks in the near future will stop normalization, but it will affect the quality of it."

So far, the Arab boycott of Egypt has had little effect. Most Arab airlines still fly to Cairo: Arab oil money still lies in Egyptian banks; oil sheiks still celebrate their weddings in Cairo hotels. Official Arab financial aid has indeed been stopped, but that amounted to less than half a billion dollars a vear in recent years, and Egypt is now receiving more than \$1 billion from the United States. Arab embassies in Cairo have closed down, but the consulates are working as usual. And most important, more than a million Egyptian professionals and technicians are still working in oil-rich Arab states, sending home remittances totaling more than \$2 billion by formal reckoning, and probably twice that if the total were really known. Egyptian officials argue that the Arab states would not be able to function without these highly trained Egyptians, but if they wanted to strengthen the boycott, the Arab states would not have to deport them-they could merely limit the amount of money that could be transferred to Egypt, thus directly affecting the one-quarter of Egypt's population supported or partially supported by these remittances. The damage of such a move creates a clear pragmatic problem, and Egyptians are therefore wary of moving too fast on normalization. Yet what is said officially may be denied unofficially. Egypt's doctors', lawyers', and journalists' unions have all passed resolutions calling for a ban on formal contacts with Israelis until the autonomy talks are resolved, for instance. "It's mainly to protect our members in Arab countries," a senior official of the medical union assured me—a matter of discretion. But, in fact, he and many other professionals will be traveling to Israel during the year.

Even Cairo's neo-Nasserite intellectuals, who oppose the peace treaty on principle since it does not include a pan-Arab solution, are remarkably good-humored about the political situation, almost refusing—out of dogma, perhaps—to take it seriously. Their opposition is based more on Sadat's domestic policies—the liberalization of the economy and the turn away from Nasserite socialism—than on foreign policy.

With some of them, there is also an element of sheer snobbery. There is nothing quite like sitting in a superb restaurant by the Nile savoring succulent Red Sea shrimp while your socialist dining partner leans over the table and whispers, though no one is within earshot, that after all, Anwar Sadat used to be a truckdriver, "and no one of family becomes a truckdriver."

"But surely," I reply, "that might bring him closer to the people."

"The people are no fools," he retorts. "They want someone better than themselves."

If this is so, the people are keeping rather quiet about it, by and large. For the whispering was not as out of place as it might seem. Never have I met so many people who have been in jail as I did in Cairo—all for political reasons, many repeatedly. Though the concentration camps and routine tortures of Nasser's day have been stopped and the atmosphere seems to be liberalizing to some extent, the threat of jail still hangs over the heads of many in opposition. Discretion is not merely a style in Egypt—it is a necessity.

In Israel it does not exist. It is as though no one ever heard of the word. One might think, for example, that Israel's first ambassador to Cairo would consider his every word and action in the light of the delicate and complex process of moving toward peaceful relations. Instead, just before taking up his post in Cairo, Ambassador-designate Eliahu ben-Elissar de-

clared Israel's right to settle in the West Bank as inalienable. In Egy, they refer to him derisively as "teminiature Begin," and politely wondowhy the first Israeli ambassador was not a man of considerable diplomate experience.

SRAELIS NO LONGER even wonde Most Israelis now seem to exper the worst of their government Menachem Begin pursues his sion of Jewish settlement in the who of "the land of Israel" (the co phrase for Israel proper plus the We Bank) while attempting to ensure the West Bank autonomy does not led to eventual Palestinian self-determin tion. For a growing number of Israel his is a losing battle. Many who agr in principle with Jewish settlement the West Bank no longer believe it be feasible given the existing politic situation.

One can argue that Menachem B gin is as much a visionary as Anw Sadat. Yet both men's visions hav produced unforeseen complicationsfor Sadat with the Arab countries, ar for Begin with the implications of h autonomy plan. Any vision has to a commodate itself to reality, yet vision aries, by their nature, find this har to do. Sadat ignores the reality, least in public, by calling the rift wil the Arab countries a passing phenon enon, confidently asserting that the will "see sense" in the long run. Begin method is the long and tortuous pat of legalistic interpretations and fac saving maneuvers that can only defe Israel's moment of truth on the We

As the calls for the resignation of the Begin government mount, and a Begin appears as determined as eve to serve out his appointed term of office, Israelis despairingly discus what damage can still be done. The are far too close to the source of the trouble to consider it merely a matte of a political vacuum to be filled. O the last day of my stay in Jerusalen when I, too, was passionately involve in such a discussion, a fellow journa ist who also knew Cairo looked at m in amazement and said, "Why take all so seriously? It's obviously tim for you to go back to Cairo."

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FLOWERING POLITICS

And literary wilt

by Tom Bethe

VERY MORNING I am confronted by twenty-odd newspaper and magazine articles about the Presidential race, articles that for the most part seem to have been written for an audience of campaign directors and pollsters. I am invited to study "premises" with Jack Germond, "options" with Joseph Kraft, "tentative lessons of 1980" with Jules Witcover, local color with Mary Mc-Grory, and, in one issue of The New Yorker, not just one but several speeches delivered by Sen. Edward Kennedy in various Iowa townships. A friend of mine who came here from England not long ago, and now finds himself professionally obliged to wade through daily acres of this arcana, finally concluded in bafflement that "politics is the American pyramids."

Why is politics so important in America? Curiously enough, the question is rarely raised—the pervasiveness of politics in the United States making it to lifelong residents almost as tasteless as water. This was brought home to me last fall when I returned to England for a visit after a long absence from the country of my birth and upbringing. (I have lived in

the United States since 1962.) I was looking at one of the London newspapers one day when I noticed a paragraph about a homesick American. He was dying to get back to New York, he said, because he "missed the politics." Although I was not myself hankering to get back to America on that account, I knew what the man meant; and not only that, I felt that he had perhaps unwittingly illuminated an important cultural difference between the two countries.

Politics in America seems to have become more important than ever in recent years, and simultaneously the literary life seems to have declined. It was while I was in England recently that I first noticed something that I had always taken for granted before coming to America: that the culture, the fabric of English life, has, in some hard-to-define way, a "literary" thread that is inconspicuous or entirely missing in America. Here politics is overpowering, not to say overbearing.

I do not wish to put too narrow an interpretation on the words *literary* and *political*. They refer to domains far broader than the symbolism of Melville on the one hand, or the Iowa

caucuses on the other. Perhaps the be way to describe the crucial distinction that the two words make is to say the literary point of view conside people individually, one by one, where as the political point of view consideration in blocs, collectively (the farters, the aged, blacks, Reaganites).

IRST, the ascendance of the plitical: Can there be any dout that political considerations one sort or another increasingly occupy the attention of peopwho were in an earlier period—t 1950s, say—engrossed by literary terpretation or expression? The salotoday are political. The dissection policy, not the novel, is the order the day. One thinks immediately the blossoming think tanks, the A "Round Table," tax-deductible convession, proliferating analyses print on the best paper.

Tom Bethell, a contributing editor of Ha er's, has been awarded the top prize in mational-magazines category of the 1979 Io Hancock Awards for Excellence in Busin and Financial Journalism. The award to given for his article "Fooling with the B. get," which appeared in the October issue.



Meanwhile, as some of the literary agazines have suffered, others have rned political. The New York Times ook Review, weak at the best of times, sems to consist now primarily of genflections in the direction of an aproved academic coterie. Commentary, hich once had an important literary amponent, is now overwhelmingly potical, and its editor, Norman Podhotz, remarks that his "most difficult sk" as editor is to unearth worth-hile literary contributions.

Podhoretz himself, it is surprising recall, once sat at the feet of F. R. eavis, the eminent critic and literary rbiter of Emmanuel College, Camridge. In the 1950s Podhoretz wrote olemn analyses of the novels of John 'Hara and Mary McCarthy. It is hard imagine him doing anything so ecreational today. His recently pubshed book Breaking Ranks is apropriately subtitled "A Political Memir." He describes, for example, "the ampaign against the [antiwar] Moveent that began with the June, 1970, sue," a campaign that soon turned ito "all-out war." At the end of the ook Podhoretz criticizes the late litcary critic Lionel Trilling for being sufficiently forthright in his opposion to affirmative action.

As for other magazines, The New 'epublic' is still divided into political in by far the more interesting of the non-a testament to the current vitaly of political ideas. (Its book reviews so often as not are devoted to political atters—Marxist thought, for example.) Harper's has been similarly affected by the change in intellectual limate, as is apparent if you leaf arough the back issues of a few decdes ago. Politics, broadly defined, as replaced literature in the table of ontents.

Why this sea change? One reason as been suggested by Irving Kristol, ormerly an editor of Encounter (at a ime when it, too, was a more literary agazine than it is today), who is low largely preoccupied by issues of ublic policy. Look to "the burgeong of the universities," he says, for t least a partial explanation of what has gone on. At first, of course, this must seem to be a paradoxical explanation for the decline of literature and he rise of politics. Is that what universities were meant to bring about?

What has happened, Kristol suggests, is that a much-enlarged academia has absorbed a good many people of literary bent who would in earlier years have been hanging around in New York—hanging around the magazines, in particular. And they would have been trying to make a living—which is to say, they would have been forced (by the exigencies of the market) to sharpen their literary talents.

The universities mopped them up and dispersed them across the country. Credentials and other academic qualifving hurdles were lowered for the benefit of undoctored writers who would teach undergraduate litterateurs how to put a sentence together. Writers-in-residence waxed mightily. The end result was that a good deal of potential literary talent was nullified. The principal effect of university tenure is to place its beneficiaries at several removes from the ever-challenging laws of supply and demand. When you are paid a salary for writing prose poems, structuralist criticism, and other such ventures in obscurantism whose fate is to remain unread, then it is no longer necessary to write readably. (As George Orwell pointed out long ago, to write readably is a more laborious undertaking than to write obscurely.) But the important point is that an earlier generation of literary aspirants-and here one thinks particularly of Edmund Wilson-was fortunate enough not to be tempted away by the comforts of academe, "If someone came to me today and said he wanted to meet the literary crowd, I wouldn't know where to take him," Kristol says. "Twenty years ago I would have."

At the same time, the growth of government in recent years has provoked a contrary migration: droves of professors heading for Washington, where they find a fate more rewarding than grading papers and mulling over Thomas Pynchon: to wit, the moral task of devising ever new ways of transferring money from the unworthy to the worthy. (In much the same way, the new, Greater Washington offers many lawyers who formerly led humble, useful lives attending to wills and estates the opportunity to redirect the lives of their fellow citizens into more righteous directions.)

The new agenda of government (the redistribution of wealth) has tremen-

dous appeal for intellectuals of every stripe. It holds out the prospect—as the former semantics professor and current Sen. S. I. Hayakawa has pointed out—of "the dictatorship of the professoriat." The phrase, although an exaggeration, undoubtedly gives us a truer reading of historical development than the Marxism it mimics. It partially explains why literary output has turned so political.

LTHOUGH VASTLY EXPANDED, the government today is paradoxically much weaker than it used to be. This has furthered the politicization of life. Despite all the attention paid by the press, the Presidency is a shadow of its former self. An unruly Congress (now with the manpower and expertise to form independent judgments after a fashion) goes its own way. The President proposes—Congress disposes; more and more it can do so without the original proposal, Probably, from the point of view of deciding where the nation is headed, next November's Congressional elections will be more important than the Presidential vote.

The President, of course, is not completely without power. He can make a couple of thousand appointments. The appointees will welcome their brief Washington interval as an opportunity to improve their résumés before flying off to more lucrative perches. Meanwhile, under their nominal guidance, the bureaucracy steams forward with all the momentum of an ocean liner. There is little that the President's appointees can do-in the end, even attempt-to change the course of events. (This is not true of the President's most important appointments, to the federal judiciary.)

The U.S. government was designed to be weak, but today, as never before, it is divided against itself. In this internal division it reflects new fissures in the nation. The famous Watergate scandal was nothing more than a manifestation of an internally divided government, subsequently dressed up for our edification as a moment of heroism by the press. The Ervin hearings were above all shots fired from the legislature into the Executive ranks. The recent "Abscam" scandal, in which the Justice Department seems to have gone out of its way to film the

W.ASHILAGIUA blink-rate of Congressmen when dollar

bills were dangled before their eyes. can be regarded as shots fired back

at the legislature.

When we look for the cause of the internally warring nature of the government, one of the most striking things we notice is that the new fissures and strains began to show up after we entered the so-called Era of Détente. I take détente to mean the tacit understanding that the country is no longer confronted by an external threat. This assumption came in handy when we were in the process of losing a war with Soviet-backed Vietnam. President Nixon spent a few days in the Kremlin, enemies became friends, the war was perceived as pointless, therefore easier to extricate ourselves from. So, as I say, détente had its temporary use as a face-saver. But it may well be that a nation cannot long survive the illusion that it is not threatened externally. It may be that the very idea of nationhood depends to some extent on an externally directed mistrust, this being the only sentiment with enough glue to bind naturally warring tribes together.

Without such a binding force at work, the enemies will inevitably reappear-internally. That is why, incidentally, whenever the dreams of the international civil servants begin to look as though they might at last materialize-with the nations united, markets in common, North-South in dialogue, East-West in accord-we are always rather rudely brought back to earth by separatist groups with internal division on their minds: Welsh nationalists, Basque separatists, Quebec breakaways all gain ground at such

Something like that happened in the United States following the declaration of détente. No sooner did the Apollo-Soyuz linkup occur in space than we began to see an ungluing here below, a newly dis-United States. There was a growing concern for ethnic membership, a multiplication of minorities, a Babel of bilingualism, then multilingualism, with many different groups vying for privileges, Congressional subsidy, or judicial preferment. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission found time to designate humanism a religion, with all the protections attendant thereto. I suggest, then, that at a time when group (po-

litical) affiliation becomes paramount, literary (individual) pursuit begins to take on a luxurious air.

OW I WANT to look at a government that is internally much stronger than ours: that of England. I am drawing attention here to a difference in constitutional construction, rather than to a country that has preserved internal cohesion by maintaining external mistrust. (In fact, England, like America in recent years, has suffered a diminished unity as a result of embracing such utopian globalisms as the "European Community.")

But the constitutional contrast with America is considerable, and worth considering briefly. With its Executive and Legislative branches rolled into one, Cabinet Ministers also Members of Parliament, the government is far more monolithic than in America. Once a political party wins its parliamentary majority, as Margaret Thatcher's Conservatives did last May, then the subsequent decisions of government are faits accomplis to a far greater extent than they are here.

Consider the budget, for example, In England it is simply announced in the spring, with the Chancellor of the Exchequer emerging ritually from 10 Downing Street, and holding up the traditional battered budget box in the traditional way. And that's the budget. Parliament proceeds to vote it through. Here, of course, the budget is proposed by the Administration in January, then wrangled over for eight or nine months in Congress, subject to the appeals and outcries of this or that special interest, caucus, lobby, or minority group.

Further, because there are no primaries, Members of Parliament in England are far less amenable to pressure than are their Congressional counterparts in the States. The parties, whether Conservative or Labour, decide which candidate will run (or stand, as they say), not the electorate. The rather surprising result of this different political strategy is to depoliticize life. Members of Parliament spend a good deal more of their time worrying what those at the top of the party think about them than they do worrying about the views of their constituents. Constituents, therefore, don't bother to shout when they know r one is listening.

This, of course, is the reverse of what happens here. The Americal body politic is determinedly down ward-looking. Most Senators are fa more interested in taking the temper: tures of their constituents (calle polling) than they are in listening t Senate Majority Leader Robert Byr play the fiddle. In fact, so moribun are the political parties here now that Congressmen scarcely listen to him (d to Minority Leader Howard Baker).

In England, the voter knows that his MP isn't greatly interested in h opinions (this is not hard and fast, be cause in certain marginal constituer cies the nervous member will obviously be inclined to do a certain amount of canvassing). But on the whole, English lishmen don't spend a great deal of their time writing to their representatives in Westminster. Why bother And this lack of a perceived "gras roots" power to influence events releases considerable energy-energ that in America is directed into po litical channels. If the system is mad in such a way that it is readily ame nable to pressure, there is a consider able temptation to apply it.

One of the first things you notic in England is neither the political no the literary, but rather the horticu tural obsessions: a vast amount of er ergy directed at nature-lawns lik billiard tables, flowerbeds manicured borders barbered, watered, clipped

pruned, swept, and labeled. Horticulture is to the common ma what literature is to the sophisticated If there are only a limited number of things you can do to influence you fate, you may very well settle for de scribing it. In any event, you are like ly to have some time on your hands If the potting shed holds no charms you may turn to the library; the ir dividual displaces the collective. Th portraval of character, the annotatio of foible (or the appreciation of i because a literary life obviously er tails an audience) absorb the ener gy that otherwise would be directe toward political carpentry: hammerin planks into platforms. Mrs. Thrale diaries, Dr. Johnson's dinner conver sation eclipse manifestos and ten-poir plans. The high standard of respons to the weekly competitions in The Spec tator and The New Statesman-literar

orticulture—would be improbable in ation of petition signers.

HE IDEA that literary life flourishes when governments are strong I propose simply as a theory. As such it at least as the merit of leading to predictions. oo many counterexamples and I vould have to discard it. A strong overnment, I am suggesting, prevails then there emerges in a nation a widepread consensus that a certain course f action or policy should be pursued. such a consensus is most likely to exst, obviously, at a time when a counry perceives itself as facing external anger. Such conditions prevailed durng World War II, for example, and uring the 1950s. Did literature floursh in those periods? I leave it to the rofessors to decide.

I am also suggesting that a governnent is strong when it is not greatly menable to influence by the citizenry. looked at this way, the Soviet govrnment is undoubtedly strong. Has iterature flourished in the Soviet Jnion? Now may be too early to say, out it possibly has, to a greater extent han we are at present aware. In any vent, the subversive thought occurs hat tyrannies may be good for literture, in an underhanded sort of way. Not only is it difficult to influence yrannical rulers, it is downright danerous for writers to try to do so since heir criticisms are committed to print.

Shakespeare had a sufficiently wellleveloped sense of self-preservation ot to write tracts against Queen Elizabeth I. His plays wisely conentrated on long-dead monarchs. Dicators thus summon forth a certain ubterfuge, a degree of artifice, in ommentators who want to go on commenting. Such artifice is a close elative of artistry, of course, Strict ibel laws have the same effect. To woid being sued, satirical journals in ingland resort to numerous stratagems, which, in their subtlety, are nore creative than any direct (libelous) assault.

Maybe it's a coincidence, but Amerca has the weakest of libel laws, the freest of free presses—and no satirical journals. Perhaps necessity, not inspiration, is the mother of literary invention.

HARPER'S/JULY 1980

LETTER TO FRANCES

by Terrance Kistler

Was that love or just a room on the outward stream we wandered into and couldn't leave with its bed too short for sleeping and the passion and the anger and the dreams that mixed like blood along the walls and burned the air each time we came in.

And I never wrote you. And after all those letters.

It wasn't you well know for lack of caring.

No it was simply that so much was spoken so much written and felt and seen that only silence itself could both give back and open. Was that Frances? Was it separate? Did we ask? Yes and just as I remember curving

into a silence this very evening as of the bone and blood wrap of your arms it wasn't just sex the flesh I kissed, it wasn't only breast erect to my touch, it was the all of the whole warp, eye, mind, and spirit force stretching out beyond each sense I could arouse.

And it's all always you altogether. Waking out toward me and bringing that sheer cloth of life and womanness, that bent and turning, difficult, not quite devious, up and down interior constantly seeking and masking itself in an endless, perpetual, perpetuating change

which like a river branching and forking you alone have and keep and know. And if there were any simplicities I might have some proposal or ending, this might be a letter or you might walk on in, sit down, stretch out those hands and the alabaster grain of your face and stay.



"WATCH YOUR STEP If you pass through this part of the country, take things nice 'n slow. Because if you don't, you could find a Rabbit on your tail.

NORTH CAROLINA" been chosen from

a large line-up of cars to be a new member of the squadron.

Why the Rabbit?

Maybe it's because it offers a brilliant combination of acceleration and handling. The Rabbit jumps from 0 to 50 mph in 8.3 exhilarating seconds. Meanwhile the rack-and-pinion steering helps it handle some of the quickest turns on the trail.

And besides performance, there are lots of other things that make the Rabbit an easy overall choice. Take passenger space, for instance. The Rabbit has plenty of it. With enough legroom and headroom

to fit four police officers – with their caps on.

In addition, it's so ruggedly constructed it has been compared to a Mosler safe. Which means it can take just about all the stopping, going, banging, slamming and bumping that the police can give it.

Shift after shift. Chase after chase. Now, you're probably wondering which part of North Carolina the Rabbit is hiding in – well, we

promised not to tell.

But if your foot ever gets heavy around here, you'll find out quicker than you can say Volkswagen.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



Harper's

CONSORTING WITH ARABS

The friends oil buys

by L. J. Davis

I. Saudis in Southern California

HE BRITISH had their seas of destiny, but Americans have never been particularly good at grandeur, possibly because the country is run by lawyers nd because its issues are defined by a curious purnalistic predisposition to see as news only hat is happening now. This leads us to view vents compactly. Instead of a sea of destiny, e have a gulf-Arab or Persian, depending n the shore from which it is seen. It is a body f water bounded on three sides by volatile ydrocarbons. Most likely, American Presiential elections will be decided there for some me to come, and much that is precious to our ational life will be affected by what occurs nere. As it happens, the shores of the gulf are lso inhabited by Persians and Arabs, people bout whom we know little but who neverheless hold a number of aces. The Arab proensity for dwelling over enormous lakes of etroleum is, however, widely understood, as is he ability of petroleum to transmute base moives into gold. There are some interesting essons to be learned from this. One of them s that having a vast lake of petroleum is a ittle like having a globe-girdling empire and in invincible fleet-it goes to the head. The saudis, for example, take an interest in Amercan domestic life, not merely in U.S. foreign olicy, and no sparrow is too small to escape heir regard. This was seen as recently as May, luring the row over the PBS broadcast of the British television movie The Death of a Princess. The Saudis were upset. It was their royal adulteress who gets executed in the film. The Mobil Oil Company, a big PBS benefactor, was also upset. It has enormous investments on the gulf, and The Death of a Princess isn't exactly the sort of British import it sees artistic merit in. The acting U.S. Secretary of State was upset. He had a Constitution to defend, but the Saudis are our friends—powerful friends of the Pitiful Helpless Giant. Here one detects the faintest kiss of the future's lash.

The same caress can be detected in the curious raids of Mr. J. Robert Fluor on the University of Southern California and the Aspen Institute. Another can be found in the apparent Libyan attempt to turn Idaho into a client state, unseat the chairman of the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and obtain some airplanes. These stories developed in strange ways.

Convinced that the Arabs are robbing them blind at the gas pump, Americans have ignored the demonstrable fact that Arab purchases of machinery and services have almost completely erased the trade deficit. Indeed, Arab purchases have done more: in certain parts of the country, particularly Southern California, the Saudi Arabians have become the greatest sweetheart clients since the invention of the Defense Department. Not only do the Saudis have enormous projects in mind and seemingly limitless amounts of money to spend, but they permit cost overruns and know little about Western business practices.

Among the chief beneficiaries of Saudi largesse are the California-based, tightly held

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L. J. Davis CONSORTING WITH ARABS

firms of Ralph M. Parsons, Bechtel, and the Fluor Corporation, big turnkey construction companies that specialize in the design, construction, and delivery of factories, installations, support facilities, and even whole cities. Parsons holds more than \$10 billion in contracts for work on the Yanbo and Jiddah airports. Bechtel, the general contractor for the new city of Jubail and the Riyadh airport, stands to gross more than \$50 billion over the next twenty years. Fluor is building a \$5 billion natural-gas-processing plant-a project that, combined with other endeavors and the usual cost overruns, will probably top \$20 billion. Twenty billion dollars is a lot of money, and such staggering sums have a way of disconcerting sober men of affairs. For example, the money does much to explain the behavior of Fluor in the months following his February, 1978, meeting in Houston with Dr. Ghazi al-Gosaibi, the Saudi minister of industry and electricity.

Considering the vast stakes, Fluor's executives conduct their Saudi operations under a number of astounding handicaps. Although the largest part of the company's foreign business is done on the Arabian Peninsula, few of Fluor's employees speak Arabic. The company pays the Saudi trading firm of Ahmed Juffali a king's ransom to pick up its Telexes and make plane reservations, and except for the presence of Goanese houseboys, Fluor's Riyadh villa might just as well be in Southern California. Fluor executives are notorious for being unable to tell one Saudi from another, and according to Riyadh sources a Fluor public-relations consultant named Christopher Beirn once rose respectfully to his feet when a Yemeni tea servant entered the room. Such little things add up to the impression that the people at Fluor know little about the goose that lays their golden eggs.

Clumsy bedfellows

ROBERT FLUOR HIMSELF, who has been called a typical Orange County construction boss, appears to be something of a zircon in the rough. "If Bob Fluor were to walk into the Council on Foreign Relations, it would be assumed that he was delivering something," says an acquaintance. While there may be nothing wrong with having a raw edge here and there, raw edges imply certain limitations that can become glaringly apparent when the possessor decides to enter the groves of academe.

At the February meeting in Houston, Gosaibi, a thoughtful and eloquent man,

obliquely lamented the poor image the Saud have in the United States. He quoted Coctean "Mirrors should reflect a bit before they fori an image." Thinking hard about his \$20 bi lion, Fluor immediately sprang into action; h joined others among the Saudis' suppliers i an intensive lobbying campaign to convinc Congress that the Arabs should be sold F-1 fighter aircraft. It was Fluor's good fortun also to be the chairman of the board of trus tees of the University of Southern California an institution long favored by the Saudi roya family and the country's educated elite. Th university had tailored part of its curriculur to Saudi needs, establishing a secretive an costly Middle East/North Africa program ur der the directorship of Dr. Willard A. Beling a former ARAMCO employee whose academi credentials and performance left something t be desired but whose contacts were excellent Not only did Beling seem to feel that fund raising for his Middle East program took prec edence over teaching his scheduled classes, bu in 1963 he established a journal called the Maghreb Labor Digest, a publication that received much of its money through the Func for International Social and Economic Educal tion, a Philadelphia-based conduit for CIA cash. When the Saudis were persuaded to es tablish the King Faisal Chair of Islamic and Arab Studies, Willard A. Beling was its na tural occupant. The endowment itself was chan neled through Gosaibi, who, as a student had lived in Beling's house.

Bob Fluor unveiled his plans in May, 1978 at a breakfast meeting at the Biltmore Hotel in Santa Barbara to which he had invited execu tives from forty large and powerful companie doing business with the Saudis. It was Fluor's scheme to establish a \$22 million Middle Eas Studies Center at USC. In a speech to the as sembled businessmen, Gosaibi again rumi nated on the bad press his country was getting and the Saudis made it clear that although Middle Eastern center might be a good idea they knew from bitter experience that their motives would be misconstrued if they donated any money. In short, they wanted no part o funding it. Fluor, the Saudis' self-appointed agent, then went into high gear. It is gener ally agreed that Fluor's approach lacked sub tlety. At the door on the way out, the executives picked up glossy brochures and learned that Bob Fluor was expecting between \$100, 000 and \$1 million from each of them.

In the end it came to nothing—nothing, that is, but a shaken university, a furious Jewish community, general confusion, and another gratuitous blot on the Saudi reputation. While the country undoubtedly needs a Middle East

n center. Bob Fluor's version turned out to awful. At the center's head would be the ell-connected Willard A. Beling. The center self would be run-and its faculty hired and ed-by the Middle East Center Foundation, nich would also set the curriculum and choose e student body. The president of the Middle ast Center Foundation was Willard A. Beling. other words, the man who administered the oney was also the man who would administer e center, right down to the minutest detailid a lot of the money came from Fluor. Alough this is not the way an academic body nnected to a university usually is governed. suggests the way a certain kind of businessan thinks when he donates money: it's his oney, by gum, and he feels strongly that he ight to have a say over how it gets spent. very university has to deal with such donors, sually by either politely showing them the ght or politely showing them the door, but ob Fluor was the chairman of the board of ustees.

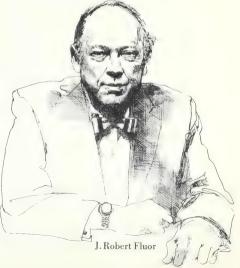
John R. Hubbard, the university's president, ound it prudent to go along. The faculty, hower, thought otherwise. So, citing the putative audi connection, did many Jews in Southern alifornia. Fluor and Hubbard then caused the jundation's contract to be amended so as to oscure who controlled the as-vet-nonexistent enter. Thus it appeared that the Saudis sought university facility that would be an outlet or academically disguised Arab propaganda. Thile this is far from what the Saudis had in und-keeping as distant from the mess as ossible was what the Saudis had in mindtere are indications that creating such a ropaganda vehicle was not far from Bob luor's thoughts. For one thing, Paul Etter, luor's vice-president of public relations, asrted that the affair had been distorted by the Jewish press." For another, there was hat Fluor was doing at Aspen.

Founded on Goethe's bicentennial in 1949, ie Aspen Institute devotes itself to bringing ie elite of the business world (at \$3,000 a not) together with prominent second-string itellectuals in the rarefied atmosphere of its olorado center, its castle in Berlin, its plantaon in Maryland, or some other equally conenial setting. There, moving their lips slowly, ne executives relive freshman year, reading ristotle and Pascal and indulging in heavy iscussions on the timeless relevance of great linkers to modern corporate ethics, often in ie presence of a living thinker like Mortimer . Adler. Aspen's idea of a proper intellectual tmosphere is a little odd. Although the instiite prides itself on attracting the presence of on ich luminaries as Henry Kissinger, W. Mi-

chael Blumenthal, and every Supreme Court Justice but William H. Rehnquist, these gentlemen seldom appear except in the institute's literature. (A better example of the institute's method of operation is afforded by its wooing of the Empress Farah of Iran. Approached by Joseph E. Slater, Aspen's president, in her suite in a New York hotel, the then-shahbanou did not hesitate. In a twinkling, she had a party of very reluctant Iranians shipped off to Aspen, where they mostly got drunk, behaving like paratroopers on furlough. This was not the happiest cross-cultural meeting on record, but Slater thought it was a wonderful thing, and he expressed bright hopes that the program could be continued. Shortly thereafter, the shahbanou's name made its appearance on the institute's letterhead, as an honorary trustee.)

Under the best of circumstances, the institute's seminars aren't exactly taxing. Aspen's treatise on terrorism is six pages long, small pages on which it is explained that terrorism is caused by terrorists causing terror by terrifying means. The tract on "governance" by Slater is fourteen pages long and contains no big words. The exact purpose of this cross between Western Civilization I and People magazine is a trifle obscure even in the institute's own pronouncements, but one thing is clear: any exec tapped by his company to go to Aspen is an exec who's going places. The institute itself might not do much, but attendance there is a sure sign of professional advancement, and it was on this harmless exercise in corporate self-congratulation that Fluor and his man Beirn fell like a pair of vultures.

"Under the best of circumstances, the Aspen Institutes' seminars aren't exactly taxing."



L. I. Davis CONSORTING WITH ARABS

In March, 1978, a month after the Houston meeting with Gosaibi, the East/West Foundation announced that it was extending substantial aid to the Aspen Institute with the object of establishing a Middle Eastern program. At least 65 percent of East/West's money came from the Fluor Corporation. The rest came from Fluor's suppliers, including those that in 1975 helped Fluor finance a series of classy films on Arab themes. Fluor assured the Saudis that the films were intended for circulation in the United States. In fact, about the only people outside the Fluor Corporation ever to see them were the Saudis themselves, something that Christopher Beirn thought was pretty smart. Christopher Beirn, who at one time had worked as a publicist for a Saudi importer of frozen chickens, was in control of the East/ West Foundation.

Slater describes the events that followed as a bureaucratic mixup. His words would have considerably more force if he and the institute had maintained a proper ethical distance from Beirn, the Fluor Corporation, and the foundation-Slater gave the impression he was operating in uncomfortable proximity to all three. In any event, Beirn immediately set about demonstrating what might have happened at USC if the faculty had failed to intervene forcefully. A Middle Eastern program was established, at least 80 percent funded by East/ West. Beirn repeatedly objected to the inclusion of any Israeli in any of its projects. He reviewed corporate guest lists. He sat in on at least one seminar. Matters finally came to a head in the spring of 1979, when Beirn threatened to cancel East/West's grant if an Aspen program scheduled for Jerusalem wasn't relocated. He also threatened to cancel the grant if two Israeli scholars, Menachem Milson and David Harmon, weren't excluded from another seminar. After a brief, sharp debate both within and outside the institute, Aspen terminated its relationship with East/West on July 22, but not before the dispute had attracted the attention of Congress and the Securities and Exchange Commission, which began to raise some pointed questions about East/West's tax exemption as well as Fluor's lobbying campaign on behalf of the F-15s. Unfortunately for the investigators, Mr. Beirn suffered a fire in his California home, and many of East/ West's records were lost.

Fluor's and Beirn's behavior strongly suggests that the Saudis aren't so well served by some of their friends as they ought to be; but in Saudi Arabia Mr. Fluor's preposterous antics cost him precisely nothing. His tractors are still at work near Dhahran, his cost overruns are appreciating nicely, and Southern California continues to flourish in Riyadh and on th gulf. In money terms Mr. Fluor is doing fin-

If Fluor's behavior at Aspen and USC di him no harm and the hapless Saudis no good it did happen to bear a strong resemblance t the behavior of a real Arab leader. This wa Libya's Col. Muammar el-Oaddafi, whos agents were even then attempting to buy load of wheat in Idaho.

II. Libvans in Idah

HE STORY OF what has come to h known as the Libya-Idaho Connectio is at once complicated and simple, t say nothing of simpleminded. Th brouhaha is by no means over yet, but it ha already convinced the chairman of the Senat Foreign Relations Committee that he is th victim of a Libyan plot. It has materially dan aged the hopes of a rising young star of th American Right, made the leaders of the Idah Farm Bureau and a number of other peopl look foolish, reinforced a growing and hostil regionalism in the area, and got mixed up wit some airplanes. The airplanes are real enough they can be seen in Marietta, Georgia. All th other stuff is based on a big mistake.

While Beirn and Fluor were running aroun the country making enemies by trying t please the Saudis, Colonel Qaddafi's Libyar were as busily at work in Idaho, giving th impression that they were trying to destro Sen. Frank Church and take over his state Actually, they were trying to make som

Aside from the character of Libva's chie of state, there are a number of objective rea sons why the eagerness of the Idaho Farr Bureau, both of its Congressmen, and one c its Senators for doing business with Libya ar pears to make no sense whatever. Idaho har pens to be halfway around the world from Libya, while France, the granary of Europe is but a short hop across the Mediterranean Idaho's natural export market is in the Fal East. Furthermore, Idaho just doesn't grow lot of wheat, and only about 20 percent of what it does grow is the hard, red winter va riety compatible with the Libyan diet. The cos of shipping Idaho wheat-40,000 metric tor of it, as the deal was eventually worked or —to Galveston and thence to Libya is prohib tive. Last, Libva's approximately 2.8 millio people aren't much of a market; no matte how much money the Libyans have, there a limit to how much bread they can eat.

All of these objections were raised in th press at the time, but they are, for the mos art, beside the point. In 1977, when the deal as being negotiated, Idaho farmers faced of the a drought and low domestic grain prices, hey were hurting, and the Libyans offered od terms.

Although there are indications that at first e Farm Bureau thought it could physically eliver actual Idaho wheat, it soon learned herwise. It is hard to keep any particular 0.000 metric tons of wheat distinct from any her wheat: wheat is wheat, and when it is ombined with other wheat in a boxcar, a rain elevator, or the hold of a ship, it loses s identity. It made considerably more sense or the Farm Bureau to broker the deal. stain the wheat in the Midwest, and pocket ie proceeds, having thus created a small hole the nation's grain supply that Idaho could ien proceed to fill. But wheat was just part of the story. The Libyans had estabshed a \$20 million line of credit, and they ere also talking barley, corn, soybean meal, ad refined sugar. They held out the prospect f educational contracts with the University of laho that could have been worth \$500,000. erhaps most important, they were junketing Jaho officials and numbers of perfectly ordiary citizens to exotic Libya itself and giving jem the full treatment, Oscar Field, the preslent of the Idaho Farm Bureau, went at Liban expense, and so did Wavne Henderson, a tember of the Idaho Wheat Growers Associaon. Rep. Steven D. Symms visited Tripoli in ebruary, 1977, and he was followed by Sen. ames A. McClure in January, 1978. Repreentatives of the press and local television ave gone. So have farmers and people conected with the Mormon church. While it is ntirely possible to meet an Idahoan who asn't visited Libya-the state's few good inestigative reporters and its single first-rate olitical columnist, for example, as well as the lemocratic governor and Senator Church-: is growing extremely difficult to find any uch person among the Idaho conservative stablishment.

From the Libyan point of view, spending 5 million to import 40,000 metric tons from ,000 miles away was no big deal; they Iready fly their mutton in from Bulgaria. Goag to Idaho for wheat was a choice initially ictated by the very personal way the Libyans o business. The connection between Idaho nd Libya long predates the grain deal and he subsequent controversy, and it centers on he School of Agriculture at the University of daho, as embodied by an agricultural econmist of Iraqi extraction named Dr. Ahmed A. "Jim") Araji. The student exchange program metween U. of I. and the University of Tripoli

was established in the first place because one of Tripoli's deans happened to be an Idaho graduate. In the normal course of events, many of the Libyan students ended up in the classes taught by Professor Araji, and one of them has since entered the Libyan Cabinet. Araji also knows the Libvan minister of planning from their student days together at the University of Wisconsin. When the Libyans needed to import a lecturer on agricultural economics, therefore, the logical choice was Professor Araji, who has accordingly visited the country a number of times. Professor Araji was therefore the obvious choice of go-between when, in a bad year, the Idaho Farm Bureau felt an urgent need for a foreign outlet for its members' wheat. Before the kamikaze instincts of the Libyans took over, it was all as innocent as that.

"The connection between Idaho and Libya long predates the grain deal and the subsequent controversy."

T A TIME when the Libyans needed friends, they suddenly found themselves approached by as close an analogue to their native land as exists within the United States.

Idaho and Libya are both basically desert polities with small populations and an oppressive sense of moral isolation. If you talk to enough Idahoans, you get the impression that they feel the rest of the United States, with the possible exception of Utah, has become a foreign country bent on their destruction through such instruments of the devil as the Occupational Safety and Health Administration.

Both Idaho and Libva, though well-off compared with the rest of the world, have economies based in varying degree on outside sources. Although Libya has one of the highest per capita incomes in the world, it would have to fall back on exports of esparto grass and Rommel's old scrap metal if the West ever figured out how to do without imported oil. Idaho is unique in having twenty-five millionaires for every 10,000 people (New York and California each has only three). Last year Idaho paid \$239.1 million in federal taxes. It received back \$311.4 million, which means that \$1.30 returned for every dollar Idaho kicked into the national treasury. (By contrast, New York State received 66 cents on the dollar.)

Although Idaho and Libya have certain socialist trappings, they are both extremely conservative. While the rebellion by Qaddafi's young officers in 1969 was in large part a Bedouin phenomenon, Libya's economy is characterized by a number of large state-controlled enterprises and at least the formality



he West began.



Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid would find little changed since their last visit in such key things as the easy-going and out-going manners of their hosts, daily cattle auctions, weekly rodeos and the casual boots-jeans-and-Stetsons style of dress.

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of central planning. This is mostly a matter of necessity. Libya achieved independence and wealth with no national capitalists capable of making the large-scale, coordinated investments essential to development, and public corporations were the obvious answer. They are also a logical extension of the harsh necessity of Bedouin communal life, where everything must be shared—as are many of Qaddafi's seemingly capricious decrees, such as limiting every Libyan to the ownership of only one house. While he has been hospitable to Marxist terrorists abroad, Marxism among his native Libyans is another matter. It isn't allowed. Nor are labor unions and creative dissent.

As for Idaho, it's about the closest thing to a pure Marxist entity as can be found on this imperfect planet. Its government has almost withered away. The legislature goes for months at a time without doing anything important. Gov. John Evans, a large, vague, pleasant man who bears a close resemblance to Clark Kent. appears in the news scarcely at all, and then usually while eating lunch with schoolchildren or attending some ceremony. Indeed, if it weren't for the presence of a bureaucracy that devotes much of its time to administering and monitoring federal programs, it would be possible to be in Idaho for weeks at a time without realizing it even has a government. Nevertheless, and despite the handsome federal subsidy, Idaho's closest personification of a socialist is Sen. Frank Church, a free-enterprise Democrat, Its other Senator, James McClure, is a traditional conservative who regularly thumps the tub for fiscal responsibility. The First Congressional District is represented by the aforementioned Steve Symms, a former apple farmer whose speeches and press releases suggest he doesn't believe poor people should be citizens. The Second District is represented by the incredible George Hansen, who was sentenced to spend two months in prison in 1975 for violations of the campaign-financing laws but beat the rap when his lawyer moved the judge to compassion with the words: "I hesitate to say this. Congressman Hansen was stupid, but he wasn't evil." In 1977, Hansen attempted to pay off his personal indebtedness with a mail solicitation—a possible Congressional first. Last year, as everyone knows, he stopped in on Tehran, visited the hostages in the embassy, and did some unhelpful freelance negotiating.

Libya and Idaho are alike in one last, crucial aspect. In both places, it is remarkably difficult for the common citizenry to find out much about the world. The Libyan press is controlled by Qaddafi and his associates, who themselves don't know much about the world.

In Idaho, the papers just don't print a lot o news. A few good reporters exist, mostly youn and mostly looking to leave the state. All the know about Libya is where to find it on a mar

Trading partner

T SHOULD HAVE BEEN so simple. The Idah Farm Bureau wanted to sell some wheat The Libyans wanted to make some friends At first, they didn't know what kind of wheat they wanted. But once it was established that the Libyans needed the kind of grain tha turns into bread, the Farm Bureau shifted the deal to North Pacific Grain Co-op, a coopera tive with headquarters in Portland, North Pa cific quite reasonably explained to the Libvan that buying western wheat made no sense The Libyans wanted Idaho wheat anyway bu neglected to explain why. Northwest Pacifisatisfied itself that Libva was solvent and that the State Department had no objection, and i arranged for the purchase of a quantity o midwestern wheat. The practicalities of the situation finally prevailed over the Libyan ob jections, and the deal was closed. The whea was then shipped to Galveston, where the gran ary holding it blew up. More wheat was ob tained and finally dispatched. No sooner was the grain safely delivered than a tremendous political storm broke in Idaho and spilled over into the national press. An official of the co operative reports that it will have serious sec ond thoughts if anybody ever asks it to sel something to Libva again.

The Libyans have proved themselves adep at self-destructive acts, but in Idaho they go some assistance. In May, 1977, while the grain deal was shaping up, an official named Ahmed al-Shahati visited Idaho as the head of a nine member trade delegation. Through the good offices of Professor Araji, who is somewhat naive in political matters, a meeting was ar ranged with Governor Evans. Governor Evans though vague, is also remarkably well-informed for an Idahoan, and he had previously declined to accompany the Idaho group to Libya on the grounds that Qaddafi was not one of the world's good guys. But with Libya seemingly on the verge of buying \$5 million of more of his hard-pressed constituents' grain. however, he was unable to maintain this commendable posture. Unfortunately, Shahati and his associates proved to be far less interested in discussing trade than they were in obtain ing some C-130 cargo planes from the state

of Georgia.

The Libyans are keen fans of the C-130. At the time of their conversation with Governor

vans, they owned eight of the planes (a numer later reduced to seven when one was deroved at Entebbe airport), and they had purpased eight more. These planes were sitting Georgia, contracted and paid for, and emargoed. Because it was not thought to be a ood idea to give an international bandit aditional troop-lifting capacity, the export of e planes had been banned by President Nixn in 1974, rebanned by President Ford, and anned yet again by President Carter. While e Libyans can buy military hardware from te French, the French do not manufacture a emparable aircraft; nobody does. The Libans want those eight planes.

If they had asked almost any other goveror in the United States for help, probably othing would have happened. But John Evans the governor of Idaho. Idaho is the home ate of Sen. Frank Church, who was then bout to assume the chairmanship of the Forign Relations Committee. If the Libyans were obtain their airplanes through Senatorial ressure, the Foreign Relations Committee was ne logical place to start. Governor Evans, a lemocrat, is a close political associate of Sentor Church, Governor Evans therefore put two nd two together and drew the inevitable con-

usion.

E WAS ADDING the wrong set of figures. The Libyans probably didn't know Frank Church existed, much less what he did for a living. Even en nothing might have happened, if the Reublicans hadn't got into the act. Senator Mclure said he thought the Libyans ought to get ne planes because they'd obtained their exort license before the ban was imposed. Conressman Symms gueried the State Department n the subject. Senator Church, a liberal from conservative state, is also a staunch suporter of Israel. He had been saying all along nat he saw no compelling reason to refuse to ell wheat to the Libyans, but the C-130s were nother matter; he could not condone letting he Libyans have them, and now, with the isue out in the open, he had to say so. It was ot a good position to be in. The good citiens of Idaho knew that the Libyans wanted o do business. Business meant money. And ecause the Libvans wanted their C-130s in he worst way, because the Libyans were geting pretty angry about their C-130s, Frank hurch was made to look like a dog in the nanger, spoiling that wonderful deal. Church, argeted for defeat in 1980 by everything from he Liberty Lobby to the Committee to Defeat Jnion Bosses, was in the opening phase of a tough campaign. Now it looked as though the "The Libvans Libyans were out to get him, too.

To facilitate their purchases, the Libyans offered to open a trade office in Boise. They asked for only one quid pro quo: they wanted a letter from each member of Idaho's Congressional delegation, asking them to do so. From the Libyan point of view, it looked like a routine matter. They were seeking allies, not looking for trouble. They knew little about American politics. They were brought up in the Bedouin tradition of tribal consensus. It therefore seemed not only wise but necessary to obtain the permission of the relevant Idaho sheiks. If one of the four objected or refused, it would not serve their purposes to go further.

McClure, Symms, and Hansen sent the letter. Protocol insists, however, that the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee be approached by another government in one of two ways: through its embassy or through the State Department, Innocent of the protocol, as of so many things, the Libyans did neither. Church couldn't have sent the letter even if he'd wanted to, and he didn't. The Libyans therefore did not open their trade office, making it again look as though Church was refusing to open the spigot of cash. In certain quarters it began to be rumored that "the Jewish interest" had something to do with his behavior.

The Libyans still didn't give up. The junketing of Idahoans to Tripoli began in earnest as the Libyans pressed their case. Idahoans, like Libyans, are great believers in personal contact, an open manner, and simplicity. (One of the main reasons Church is perennially in such trouble in his home state is that, after twentytwo years in Washington, he is no longer perceived as a westerner but as someone interested in things easterners are interested in, such as urban poverty and the subtleties of foreign policy.) The Libvans were searching for allies, and they had found willing marks.

Meanwhile, the Democrats and the young reporters drew their own conclusions-which soon took on the force of prophecy when the Saudis seemed to get into the act too. Morrison-Knudsen is a large Boise construction company and a major subcontractor at the new King Khalid Military City in Saudi Arabia. Shortly after Church delivered a speech critical of the Saudis before the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the Morrison-Knudsen office in Riyadh was visited by either the deputy minister of planning or a member of the Saudi chamber of commerce or someone from the ministry of defense and aviation-nobody seems to know for sure-who may have said that Church ought to watch out or maybe he were searching for allies, and they had found willing marks." L. J. Davis CONSORTING WITH ARABS

said Church ought to shut up. M-K interpreted this to mean that it, a powerful Idaho corporation, was expected to relay the message to the powerful Idaho Senator and possibly even take steps. M-K relayed the message to the press instead. That so basic a fact as the identity of the Saudi messenger was unknown did not get reported, however, nor did anyone seem to observe that the warning was not repeated, nor was any official pronouncement issued, nor could diligent checking by M-K's Boise office later in 1979 determine anything useful about the incident or even if it had actually occurred. There is no question whatever about the effect on Senator Church's thinking. however. "They have to be after me," he said over breakfast one morning in the Senators' private dining room. "What else could it be?"

Part of the secret of Church's remarkable longevity in a state as conservative as Idaho has been a cool, intelligent campaign style. This year things are different, and some of his friends are worried. For the first time, Frank Church is standing for reelection as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Already targeted for defeat by a coalition of right-wing nut groups that have flooded the state with mindless but cleverly packaged propaganda, Church has managed to convince himself that the Libvans and the Saudis are out for his hide too. It is an understandable delusion: if the Foreign Relations Committee is the logical place to begin prying loose the C-130s, it is also the logical place to launch a raid on the Senate-if Church is defeated, his likely successor in the chairmanship will be the ineffectual Claiborne Pell. Frank Church has more than his own career to worry about, and his initial response was uncharacteristically confused, shrill, and perhaps a little desperate. With the Right snapping at his heels and the Libyans seemingly maneuvering with Islamic subtlety, the Senator tried to garner votes by caving in to the Congressional war party on military spending, and some months back he discovered a clear and present danger in the form of a Russian combat brigade in Cuba.

Purveyors of goodwill

Lisewhere, the comedy continued. In October, 1978, a People-to-People Conference was held in Tripoli. Though called a dialogue between the American people and the people of Libya, it was clear from the outset that it was a monologue. Libyan officials pressed their curious view of the world with typical zeal. The conference organizers were Richard C. Shadyae, a Wash-

ington lawyer of Lebanese extraction; D Michael Hudson, whose Center for Conter porary Arab Studies at Georgetown Universit was partly funded with a \$750,000 gift from Libya; and Professor Araji, who entertains a gressive doubts that the Libyans have eve done anything wrong. The American delegtion included J. William Fulbright and forme Federal Aviation Administrator Najeeb Hale by, and about 20 percent of it was made u of people from Idaho, as usual flown in an accommodated at Libyan expense. While Shad yac and Fulbright attempted to put up a spin ited defense of American policies, the big new from the Libyan point of view was the Staff Major Jalloud, Shahati, and, on th last night, Qaddafi himself were finally able t present their case to a group of sympathetil Americans. There were the customary attack on the Zionists, Israel, the American media, an "bad motives," and the usual line on terrorisr was advanced-i.e., that Libva was not a terror ist country, but the United States is. Qaddat attacked the Camp David accords. It was al quite amiable.

In January and February last year, Shahat returned to America for a goodwill tour. Th trip was not without its moments. In Georgia the President's brother disgraced himself. A Miami Beach, Shahati met with officials of the national Farm Bureau and started its officer thinking that the bureau itself might be abl to trade food for oil, although the Libyan don't need any food. In Washington, Con gressman Symms planned to have Shahat meet with the members of the House Foreign Relations and Agriculture committees, bu Jack Anderson got wind of the plan when Symms circulated a note promising the mem bers that the press would not be notified. Only about a dozen or so Congressmen showed up along with a couple of representatives from Anderson's office, who cornered one of the leg islators in a public lavatory. Shahati also vis ited Harlem, where he gave an anti-Zionis speech, offered the black American community the same sort of deal that Idaho got, and gave his listeners the impression that black Ameri can workers and businessmen would receive preferential treatment in future commercial ar rangements. In short, the goodwill delegation succeeded in further eroding Carter's abil ity to govern the country, encouraged a major farm group to believe the impossible, gave some Congressmen an opportunity to look like a pack of fools, and sprinkled a few more grains of gunpowder on the racial situation Shahati informed the State Department tha

he was pleased with his success in bringing

his message to the American people.

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THE ENEMIES OF INTIMACY

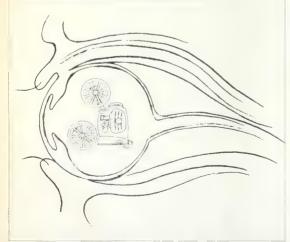
What is lost to pseudoculture

by George P. Elliot

George P. Elliott taught English and creative writing at Syracuse University in New York. This article was written as a lecture, and was edited for publication after the author's death. envy, venality, hatred of difference, stupidity, bigotry, negligence. But these and other attitudes like them are such familiar old enemies, their ways so well known, that they are easy to spot and it is pretty clear what can and cannot be done about them. Culture has another enemy, however, which did not exist to any alarming de-

gree before this century and yet is here to stay. Its ways are so imperfectly understood that many people either do not see it as a threa or else underestimate it. This enemy, which I call pseudoculture, seems to me no less danger ous than the others. My purpose here is to speculate on it and on the desolation it is capable of spreading.

The root of the word culture means "to till," that of the word create, "to grow." Genuine



culture, high or low, is connected with, comes out of, and reaches into our deepest nature Pseudoculture, however, is a consciously manu factured construct that does not grow but is calculated together; it is a product of ideology and technology, not of custom and tradition: it so resembles the real thing that one car easily pay no attention to how or whether it is connected with our deepest nature. In 1953 when media was still the plural of medium and television was so new that no adults had grown up with it, I visited a young air force couple who were putting in a miserable year in the Cotswold Hills in England. They disliked just about everything British, and the homesick young wife, pregnant for the first time and idle, was sentenced to watch the telly for hours every day. Among her many complaints against the BBC was its lack of advertising. At the time, I found her rancor against the British for depriving her of her TV commercials little more than funny, a matter of taste. But I never forgot that reaction of hers, and over the years

ceased to be amusing. It took on a serious macter, it became mysterious to me. That preferred (and still prefers) advertising to, and television to play, has come to seem a and less important; instead, I keep woning what goes on in one for whom such astitutions have been made. What happens the self when pseudoculture substitutes for mine culture?

Attending to the sublime

N ORDER TO IMAGINE reality, we must dream our own dreams. Among other things, pseudoculture interferes with our dreaming and thereby pollutes our imagint, especially our imagining of reality.

A way to clarify what I mean by pseudocule is to take a look at surrealism, at what it ginally aimed to do and what has become it.

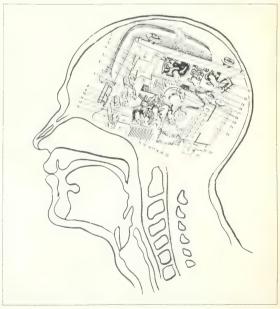
According to the surrealists, Freud taught us use dreams to discover what the unconscious ntains, which is far more real than what the nscious, rational mind apprehends. Art must stroy the stale rigidities of rationalism and for mankind at large what dreams do for dreamer. Dreamlike art will create a new ality superior to other realities. (Pluralizing ility-realities instead of ways of apprending reality-is characteristic of the suralists.) This new reality should not just be matter of art but can and should be part of r social, as well as of our inner, lives. The rrealist movement did not claim to invent eamlike art in painting or in poetry; what did lay claim to was an assortment of techques by which to achieve dreamlike effects. ne of these techniques was automatic writing after Freud's method of free association. erhaps the most important of the techniques juxtaposition, as explained in André Bren's first Manifesto of Surrealism (1924):

The image is a pure creation of the mind. It cannot be born from a comparison but from a juxtaposition of the two more or less distant realities. The more the relationship between the two juxtaposed realities is distant and true, the stronger the image will be—the greater its emotional power and poetic reality.

addition to automatic writing and juxtaosition, there are rhetorical techniques: Lewis arroll's scattering reasonable-seeming nonords into strict verse forms and simple sennces, John Ashbery's causing elegantly conructed sentences to fade into and out of onsense, leaving an exquisite fragrance of despair behind. And there is a whole bagful of visual, typographical, mechanical high jinks—printing the same word all over a page or alternating lines in italics with lines in bold-face—that seemed a lot more energetic fifty years ago than they do now, after having been repeated thousands of times.

Fundamentally, the strategy called surreal, whether in the verbal or the visual arts, combines lucidity and illogic in such ways as to conjure forth some of what psychoanalysis says is in the unconscious. In the hands of authentic, risk-taking artists able to look into themselves, surrealism has produced some considerable works of art. Outside the realm of genuine art, its overwhelming effect has been not to create a superior reality, as Breton and his fellow ideologues intended, not to enlarge and enrich, but to stultify; what it produces is never a tale to add to the great store of tales, and seldom a true playing with an old tale, such as Cocteau's Beauty and the Beast, but usually a Walt Disney prettification, neither out far nor in deep, a Bambi. That young air force wife, I conjecture, wanted her TV commercials not just because they were spry and fun, insulating her from the terrors and lusts they teased up in her, but also because watching television, commercials and all, for a sizable portion of her waking life accomplished

"We need dreams in order to keep in touch with ourselves."



George P. Elliott
THE ENEMIES
OF INTIMACY

for her something like the radical intention of surrealism, which aimed, according to Breton, to do no less than revolutionize human existence by altering the relation between dream and reality. In her, this relation had been altered.

I conjecture that the main cause of the stultifying effect of surrealism in the great world has been motion pictures. Whatever it is that high art does, the cinema can do. But it also does a surreal thing no other art can do a hundredth as well, and its offspring television does this even better: it makes dream-substitutes.

I mean literal dreams, not figurative ones like the "American dream" or Martin Luther King's "I have a dream." How extensively a movie or TV show can substitute for a dream is a matter of unprovable hypothesis-more in some people than in others, of course, and never more than half, since a dreamer makes up his own dreams. But sometimes, especially in TV addicts, this substitution can be substantial. Consider: the viewer is physically passive, may be as inert as a sleeper; the images can be hallucinatory in their vividness, and their sequence need have little or nothing to do with rational consciousness; they can evoke, and can be calculated to evoke, strong emotions that do not follow from anything the viewer decided or did and that do not immediately cause him to choose or do anything. The crucial question is: How are these images connected with reality? I argue that movies and TV shows, while having the power, need not and usually do not come from or reach into reality in any way that matters. Most of the time they use methods taken from dreaming and art-methods honed by the surrealists -not for the purpose of revealing a truth in disguise or of creating something beautiful or of playing or of doing most of the other things dreams and art do: they do it, if not immediately then finally, for the purpose of selling something: sometimes a product, sometimes an idea, always themselves.

We need dreams in order to keep in touch with ourselves. One who is chronically exposed to pseudodreams, voluntarily or not, is likely to lose touch with his deep self; his imagination does not shape and unify but squanders in the shallows and swamps of day-dreaming, becomes pastime fantasy; his connections with reality become confused in many ways. One of these ways is his muddling propaganda and truth, that error without which the people cannot be deformed into the masses. Another is his blurring his own memories. To remember fully is to imagine, and to daydream is to remember in a fog. Foggy memories, foggy self.

SEUDOCULTURE, HOWEVER, means fa more than pseudosurrealism or pseudo art. It also means ideas and attitude that, when put into practice, interfer with people's ways of being together. In th broader sense, pseudoculture's ideology pro duces such notions as that masculine aggre siveness is pathological in nature and up to n good-whence it follows that aggression something to be cured, not put to use; to h outlawed, not civilized; only to be feared, no marveled at as well. One consequence of the attitude in America, where it prevails to some degree, is an ineptitude at magnificence: w have made discouragingly few monuments of magnificence, and most of us, even the rich have only the foggiest understanding of wha magnificence is. Pseudoculture is great at de foliation: it defoliates evil till all that is vis ble of it is bad guys; success till all that i left of it is a pile of money; communication till it is a colorless, odorless exchange of ir formation; injustice till it is that big stump inequality; guilt till it is guilt feelings. But t illustrate my larger point, I am going to con sider somewhat more amply one of pseudo culture's variations on love-gourmet sex.

In order to achieve literal sublimation, no the figurative kind for which Freud expropri ated the word, mystics recommend that the pleasures of the senses be refused, especially sexual pleasures-not repressed in Freud' sense of the word, but deliberately suppressed protecting the self from them so it will be free to attend to the sublime. Most people, how ever, as all religious systems acknowledge, are not capable of doing that; indeed, the Enlight enment holds that the contemplatives did no do it either but just thought they did; for ex ample, V. S. Naipaul applies to Gandhi's suc cessor, Jawaharlal Nehru, the phrase "the stu por of meditation." Puritans of every religion aiming to get at everybody, teach that nearly all pleasure, and especially sexual pleasure, is sinful. As the Calvinist of the joke puts it, "We may not be able to keep our people fron sinning, but we sure can keep them from en joying it." But both mysticism and puritanism have lost authority among us; believing, as we by and large do, that psychology knows, and religion does not know, what reality is, we relegate mysticism, or at least we try to rele gate it, to history, India, and abnormal psy chology; and puritanism, having fallen into disrepute, has gone underground, though wha it is doing down there I am not sure, nor hov violently it will break out again, nor when.

Pseudoculture teaches us not to sacrific any sexual pleasure in the name of some higher good, since presumably there is none

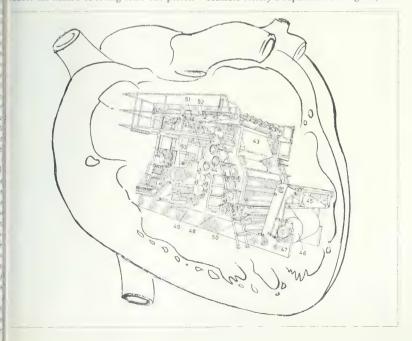
ot homosexuality or sadomasochism is the erversion, but chastity. Now, to say pleasure and should be one of the true sexual goods not the same thing as saying it is the sueme sexual good; to say that sacrificing sexal pleasure to a perhaps illusory religious beof is perverse is not the same thing as saving at every sacrifice of sexual pleasure is pererse. The subtitle to Alex Comfort's lov of ex should have been "The Gourmet Guide to exual Pleasure" instead of "to Making ove," for, to the contemporary hedonist, the eatest threat comes not from puritanism or e ideal of chastity but from love. Love is still spectable, and it has strong advocates who old that sexual pleasure, a splendid good in self, serves the higher good of helping to nnect two selves profoundly; that is, pleaire helps to make love and keep love made. urthermore, they hold that fidelity, too, helps keep love made.

Now, fidelity is a dangerous principle to a edonist, for it entails sacrifice, giving up all ose other partners for just this one. When leasure is the highest good of sex, it doesn't uch matter which body or how many you get with so long as you get it; besides, variety a source of pleasure in itself, and also educes the hazard of loving some one person

long or deeply. In an age of the Pleasure Ethic, pornography, that depersonalizer, is a functional art, teaching by example how to keep from making love by divorcing sex from the self; hence the popularity of pornography has increased, not diminished, as the prohibitions against it have been removed. To hedonism, faithful sexual love is an abomination because it not only can, and sometimes does, take you higher than pleasure ever can, thereby making pleasure a lesser thing, but also can, and probably sometimes will, take you down into the horrors as pleasure never does. So can love of your child do such things to you: hence hedonism's enthusiasm for abortion-if you have to give up something, let it be an embryo, not your due allotment of orgasms.

Love pulls us into reality, and reality is what pseudoculture likes least, what it is contrived to protect us from, but the trouble with reality is that it is always there, and every once in a while it may compel us to recognize that what we have been telling ourselves is not what is. When those who have lost faith in the exalted begin to suspect that things are not as they seem, they always assume that things must be worse than they seem, not better. Those who consider ecstasy a euphemism for orgam, who

"There seems no end to the ways in which intimacy is violated, the sense of intimacy mangled."



George P. Elliott THE ENEMIES OF INTIMACY

think feeling guilty about it can atone for an injury done, whose dreams lie to them, learn to suspect that almost nothing is what it seems, not even such portions of reality as they are unavoidably confronted with from time to time. I love you even though—or is it because?

—you blame me for not loving you enough. I will try to love you more. But is it really love? Is it really you I love?

The rock on which the sense of reality stands is one's own emotions. Those who are unsure of what they feel, of how their feelings are connected with reality, are full of suspiciousness, are given to fantasies of conspiracy and persecution, are prey to delusions, to disorders of self-assertion. The madness that best characterizes our time is paranoia, or, in dilution, paranoid tendencies. An example is the enormous overvaluation of a novel like Thomas Pynchon's Gravity's Rainbow, which does not realistically portray complex characters who, among their other qualities, take a paranoid view of the world, nor does it sanely portray a mad world in the manner of great satire, nor does it, as Beckett does, perform astonishing arabesques in the narrow strand between lush paranoia and nothingness. Instead, it projects paranoia—sometimes with enormous subtlety and force, paranoia being the madness by which the intellect can be most fully engaged and pressed into service.

Malice flourishes in the dark of ignorance. Unsure of my own self, I am even less sure of your selves. You are my mirrors. The malice I cast at you I see as coming at me. You are guilty of my blame.

Violations of the self

NTRINSIC TO PSEUDOCULTURE, as I see it, is violation of the sense of intimacy—that outreaching in mutuality which, when it is not sentimentalized or perverted, informs the deepening consciousness.

Absolute violation of intimacy is an aspect of totalitarianism. What better way to undermine the individual, purposive self than to render intimacy impossible (as in a concentration camp); to make it an object of suspicion and hostility, as everywhere in a totalitarian state, to limit its choices with mass activities of all sorts, to put a taboo on privacy? But this kind of assault is beyond what I mean by pseudoculture. I am interested in our homegrown, less directly obliterative varieties, the first of which, public intimacy, should be a satiric oxymoron but is instead bitterly literal.

Familiar examples of public intimacy, of

making public what ought to be kept privat are gossip columns, pornography, true-confe sion magazines. The camera also has mad possible violations of the self that were no could not have been, imagined before. Ti camera intrudes on ordinary people withou their consent: the newspaper shot of the mot er at the moment she learns her child has bee killed. It encourages people who want cele rity—that is, many people—to do and say c camera what is normally done and said in pr vate, what should be done and said in publ only by actors. Finally, the camera, along wit the microphone, can become the object of ge tures that should be offered in private only t another human being.

There seems no end to the ways in whicintimacy is violated, the sense of intimac mangled. There is the how-to handbook a sexual intimacy; the medical technician's is stant intimacy with a patient's name; the mas acceptance of voyeurism; intimacy as therapy intimacy with Jesus, as though because he a lamb he is not also a tiger. The kind I a most concerned about, however, I call mirro

intimacy.

Pseudoculture has been preaching mirror in timacy for years and shows no sign of lettin up. It is everywhere about us. Two examples In the June, 1979, issue of Good Housekeep ing there appeared a page of typographicall free verse entitled "My Ideal Man," by Dina Shore,* The verse opens: "My ideal man many men." I assume she means, literally, tha if you keep looking at the same man for long the self of his otherness is likely to show, and the more you see of his self, the harder it to use him as a mirror; and, metaphorically that if you conceive of a man as having man facets, each facet is usable as a mirror. Wha Dinah Shore does not want, at least does no say she wants, is one integrated man, the kine you see whenever you look at him, from what ever angle, no matter what else you were look ing for. She goes on: "We will share." Wha "we" will share she leaves unspecified, bu why is clear-so "he will care so much that For once I can tell him what is in my soul. Nowhere does she say she will love her idea man or that he will love her. "He will know My day begins and ends with him, And that the way I treat my friends, my helpers, my dog,/My work, my play depends on how/I fee he feels about me on that day." Not "how feel about him" but "how I feel he feels about me." Fortunately for Dinah, there are many men-not all of them in show business-who

*"My Ideal Man," by Dinah Shore, copyrigh © 1973 by Dinah Shore, reprinted by special per mission of the author.

"ANYONE WHO'S THINKING OF SPENDING 524,000 FOR A LUXURY CAR SHOULD TALK TO A PSYCHATRIST." -Dr. John Boston, psychiatrist and Volvo owner. Austin, Texas

John Boston, a Texas psychiatrist, owns a '73 Volvo. He bought that Volvo because, as he puts it: "I had idmired what Volvo had done in the area of safety. The ar seemed well-built. It offered solid European raftsmanship without the inflated price."

We wanted Dr. Boston's opinion of the new Volvo JLE, which has a full assortment of luxury features as tandard equipment - and a price tag thousands of dolars below that of the well-known German luxury sedan:

"It's an excellent value. In my opinion, the individual buying this car would have a strong, unsuppressed need

to get his or her money's worth. He or she would probably also have a strong enough self-image not to need a blatant status symbol.

When we told him that some people were actually paying five to ten thousand dollars more for a luxury car, Dr. Boston's response was characteristically succinct.

"That's not using your head." Finally, we asked Dr. Boston if, when he was ready

for a new car, he'd consider the Volvo GLE for himself. "I'd be crazy if I didn't." VOLVO



*Volvos start at 57,965. GLE model shown suggested retail price \$13,310. P.O.E., taxes, dealer preparation, delivery charges and Lamda Sond additional. • 1980 VOLVO OF AMERICA

George P. Elliott
THE ENEMIES
OF INTIMACY

want from their women what she wants from her man.

What do mirrors do in bed with one another? A new slick magazine called Self is devoted to instructing young women on how to be good to themselves; a recent issue gives this quintessential advice: "Make love unto others as you would have them make love unto you." Remember reactionary old Freud's "Anatomy is destiny"? Nous avons changé tout cela.

More is less

seudoculture regularly appropriates the goods of high culture and misuses them. Two I especially notice being violated for their depth of intimacy are realistic fiction and psychoanalysis, both of which assume the supreme value of the mature individual, the self-knowing person.

Often in life, civilized people of sufficient intelligence and sensibility, as well as leisure, cultivate the art of intimacy; when both the author and the characters of a story are of this disposition, the resulting fiction can be of a refinement as profound and exact as it is possible for the mind to imagine-Lady Murasaki's Tale of Genji, Proust's Remembrance of Things Past, Henry James's great fictions. To observe the limits such novelists respect, transgressions they do not make, mysteries of otherness they will not intrude on, is to understand right intimacy itself. For example, they do not share another's sensory experience except as he can talk about it; they leave unnamed some of the story's most important motives and meanings; they take the reader up to the moment of a great choosing and then away from it: they do not tie down, stultify, cramp with causation the conscience itself; they leave their characters alone to choose in that darkness where the great moral choices are made. What pseudoculture does in respect of such transgressions we know well enough, and not the least of the reasons why it is so expert at false intimacy is high fiction itself. Over the past generations of its great popularity, high fiction has taught many readers a taste for intimacy. So why not tinker with the rules a little here, a little there-be unmistakably clear about what is right and what is wrong, for example, search every wound, make every decision a visible process, get in bed with lovers, such like? That way, intimacy will be available to the masses. Of course it won't be the same any longer. Worse, they'll get into the way of thinking that intimacy is easy and no more than their due—in life as in novels.

As for psychoanalysis: what Aguinas wash scholasticism in the thirteenth century, Fred is to psychology in the twentieth. Like scholticism then, psychology permeates both wit we apprehend of reality and also, to some degree, reality itself; what you do to a convict criminal, for instance, has a great deal to with why you think he committed the crin and that in turn frequently has more to with what your philosophy tells you is the than with what really is there: if he's pdsessed, beat the devil out of him; if he did of his own free will, punish him; if he's a da ger to society, warehouse him; but if, as lieral psychology teaches, he is mentally ill, hell him-which mostly means keep him drugge Psychoanalysis is an instrument which sub people use in order to think superbly about imost matters, which the crude use to knd many things that cannot be known, and while everybody can use to move in on everybody

Freud has told us about our secret selves much we had not known before, or had on half known, and he speaks with, and has been invested with, such authority that many thir that what he says is there is what is thereall that is there. Worse, because Freud's wr ings have made secrets public, and because h therapeutic method involves a partial but e treme intimacy in which the patient may sa anything without restriction—any indecenc any accusation, any blasphemy, irrelevance craziness, betrayal of confidence-and because this method works in treating certain othe wise intractable disorders, psychoanalysis ha contributed to the blurring of the sense of in timacy, the sense of what nudity is appropriate there but not here, then but not now, wit you alone and with no one else. Freud himse did not blur such distinctions. He knew ho to make public a secret without betraying confidence: he would tell it as a pseudonymou case history. Revering high civilization as h did-and being, as he was, fully aware of the many forces, some of them in himself, the want to bring it down, wreck it, smear it, stri it—he always dressed properly.

You can be intimate with only a few friend only with the few who know how to accept the privacies you offer them and how to offer yo privacies in such a way that you can accept them; and not even to these few friends, not even to one, do you tell everything. To te many all is not being intimate, it is rubbing in this as in much of civilized life, the mor the less.

Those without intimacy have their identitic assigned to them—by biology, by the state finally by pseudoculture.

HARPER'S JULY 1980 ntroducing Cambridge Box:

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Discover Cambridge contentment. The very special satisfaction of knowing that with Cambridge Box-less than 0.1 mg tar-vou're getting the lowest tar cigarette ever made, yet still enjoying the unique pleasures of smoking.



100's



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Philip Morris Inc. 1980

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Cambridge

Box: Less than 0.1 mg "tar;" 0.01 mg nicotine—Soft Pack: 1 mg "tar;" 0.1 mg nicotine—100's: 4 mg ''tar,' 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

BEARD'S BESTIARY

In a successful attempt to amend the Endangered Species Act, Rep. Robin Beard (R.-Tenn.) threatened to filibuster the Interior Department's appropriations bill by bringing up for review and debate on the House floor each endangered species separately. House rules would permit about five min-

utes of debate per animal. "We could have kept 'em there nine and a half weeks," said an aide to Congressman Be. Here is the list of endangered species, as compiled by Department of Interior in 1978, and published in the Ggressional Record:

Pink fairy armadillo African wild ass Avahis Ave-ave Barred bandicoot Desert bandicoot Rabbit bandicoot Lesser rabbit bandicoot Pig-footed bandicoot Banteng Hawaiian hoary bat Indiana bat Grizzly bear Mexican grizzly bear Wood bison Tiger cat Cheetah Red colobus Zanzibar red colobus Eastern cougar Slender-horned gazelle Rio de Oro Dama gazelle Moroccan gazelle Mhorr gazelle Cuvier's gazelle Clark's gazelle San Joaquin kit fox Northern swift fox Mountain tapir Brindled wallaby Tiger Onakari Vicuna Banded hare wallaby Brazilian three-toed sloth Snow leopard Cuban solenodon Haitian solenodon Delmarva Peninsula fox squirrel Barbary stag Kashmir stag Tamarau Brazilian tapir Central American tapir Gila trout Snail darter Arizona (Apache) trout Gila topminnow Western tragopan pheasant Azores wood pigeon Chatham Island pigeon Puerto Rican plain pigeon Wattlebird piopio Attwater's greater prairie chicken New Zealand shore plover Aukland Island rail California clapper rail Light-footed clapper rail Yuma clapper rail Darwin's rhea Long-tailed ground roller

Columbian white-tailed deer

Santa Barbara song sparrow

Cedros Island mule deer

Eld's brow-antlered deer

Ponape mountain starling Rothschild's (Myna) starling Hawaiian stilt Oriental white stork California least tern White-breasted thrasher Large Kauai thrush Molokai (Olomau) thrush Small Kauai (Puaiohi) thrush Martinique brown (thrasher) trembler Plain wanderer Bachman's warbler (wood) Barbados yellow warbler (wood) Kirtland's warbler (wood) Reed warbler Rodrigues warbler Gorilla Pileated gibbon Kloss gibbon Swamp deer Persian fallow deer McNeill's deer Marsh deer Key deer Southern planigale Thin-spined porcupine Mountain pygmy possum Scaly-tailed possum Mexican prairie dog Peninsular pronghorn Sonoran pronghorn Ouokka Volcano rabbit Morro Bay rat kangaroo Stick-nest rat False water rat Utah prairie dog Tecopa pupfish Owens River pupfish Devil's Hole pupfish Comanche Springs pupfish Blue pike Noisy scrubbird Cebu black (thrush) shama Newell's Manx shearwater Cape Sable sparrow Dusky seaside sparrow Chinese giant salamander Japanese giant salamander Houston toad Texas blind salamander Santa Cruz long-toed salamander Desert slender salamander Stephen Island frog Israel painted frog Indian python Desert monitor Bengal monitor Yellow monitor Komodo Island monitor Peacock softshell turtle Black softshell turtle Cuatro Cienegas softshell turtle Indian flatshell tortoise

Angulated tortoise Geometric turtle Burmese peacock turtle Indian sawback turtle Three-keeled Asian turtle Spotted pond turtle Philippine crocodile Cevlon mugger crocodile Mugger crocodile Siamese crocodile African slender-snouted crocodile Congo dwarf crocodile African dwarf crocodile Tomistoma Dibatag Shon Barbary serval Seladang (gaur) Mediterranean monk seal White-nosed saki Sifakas Sumatran rhinoceros Northern white rhinoceros Javan rhinoceros Great Indian rhinoceros Rhim Queensland rat-kangaroo Plain rat-kangaroo Dibbler Asiatic wild dog (Dhole) Dugong Black-footed ferret Tasmanian forester Ivory billed woodpecker Imperial woodpecker Seychelles white-eye Ponape white-eve Puerto Rican whippoorwill Western whipbird Seychelles warbler Semper's warbler Pahranagat bonytail Cameroon toad Monteverde toad African viviparus toad Panamanian golden frog Red Hills salamander Pine Barrens treefrog Golden coqui St. Croix ground lizard Giant anole Ala balik Avumodoki Mexican blindcat Warm Springs pupfish Colorado River squawfish Unarmored three-spine stickleback Shortnose sturgeon Catfish Giant catfish Humpback chub Mohave chub Cicek

Longiaw cisco

Oui-ui

Kendall Warm Springs dace Moapa dace Bayou darter Fountain darter Maryland darter Okaloosa darter Watercress darter Big Bend gambusia Clear Creek gambusia Pecos gambusia Scioto madtom Asian bonytongue Brush-tailed rat-kangaroo Gaimard's rat-kangaroo Lesuer's rat-kangaroo Vinaceous-breasted parrot Red-spectacled parrot Bahaman or Cuban parrot Mindoro zone-tailed pigeon Khar turuut tsakhiai Nordmann's greenshank Lord Howe wood rail White-naped crane Black-necked crane Cuba sandhill crane Merriam's Montezuma quail Elliot's pheasant Black-fronted piping guan Greenland white-tailed eagle Harpy eagle Pink-headed duck Campbell Island flightless teal Andrew's frigatebird Abbott's booby Solitary tinamou Lavsan duck Masked bobwhite (quail) White-eared pheasant Swinhoe's pheasant Palawan peacock pheasant Mikado pheasant Bar-tailed pheasant Edward's pheasant Brown-eared pheasant Hawaiian goose (nene) Hawaiian (Koloa) duck St. Lucia house wren Guadeloupe house wren New Zealand bush wren Tristram's woodpecker Red-cockaded woodpecker Swayne's hartebeest Pygmy hog Barbary hyena Brown hyena Pyrenean ibex Walia ibex Black-faced impala Eastern gray kangaroo Red kangaroo Western gray kangaroo Leopard Ring-tailed lemur Jaguar

ght whale ack lemur exican wolf av bat eensland hairy-nosed wombat ild vak rnard's wombat d wolf orthern Rocky Mountain wolf aned wolf stern timber wolf erm whale i whale impback whale ay whale lered aback whale whead whale ue whale llow-footed rock wallaby estern hare wallaby rma wallaby escent nail-tailed wallaby oundfin eenback cutthroat trout hontan cutthroat trout iute cutthroat trout inus Island tree snail ue langur wler monkey olden langur matran scrow twaiian monkey seal apo lou ilden-rumped tamarin (goldenheaded tamarin; golden-lion marmoset) ed tamarin rdwing pearly mussel comedary pearly mussel *llow-blossom pearly mussel irtis's pearly mussel impson's pearly mussel hite cat's eye pearly mussel reen-blossom pearly mussel thereled-blossom pearly muss argid-blossom pearly mussel ne-rayed pigtoe ile crocodile orelet's crocodile aban crocodile merican crocodile .maican crocodile zerto Rico boa merican alligator arianas mallard ellow-shouldered blackbird ed siskin 'hite-breasted silvereye estern rufous bristlebird hite-winged cotinga anded cotinga elmeted hornbill iant scops owl esplendent quetzal ook-billed hermit (hummingolden parakeet ittle blue macaw ed-capped parrot idigo macaw laucous macaw cupre agi Island langur lack lechwe ormosan clouded leopard siatic lion panish lynx ion-tailed macaque mazonian manatee 7est Indian (Florida) manatee ama River mangabey largay roboscis monkey louded leopard obcat

Andean cat Marbled cat Jaguarundi Leopard cat Temminck's cat Costa Rican puma Black-footed cat Flat-headed cat Southern River otter Marine otter Long tailed otter Brown hear Spotted linsang Australian native mouse Hispid hare Scaly anteater Giant armadillo Gibbon Goeldi's marmoset Golden marmoset Eastern jerboa marsupial Large desert marsupial-mouse Kemp's (Atlantic) Ridley turtle Aquatic box turtle Short-necked or swamp tortoise Madagascar radiated tortoise Galápagos tortoise River (Tuntong) terrapin San Francisco garter snake Blunt-nosed leopard lizard Anegada ground iguana Barrington land iguana Round Island day gecko Day gecko Gavial (Gharial) Orinoco crocodile White-footed tamarin Asian tapir Philippine tarsier Tasmanian tiger Southern Sea otter Shiny pigtoe Higgin's eye pearly mussel Pink mucket pearly mussel Alabama lamp pearly mussel White wartyback pearly mussel Miyako tango Japanese crested ibis Helmeted honey eater Crested (Akohekohe) honeycreeper Hawaiian (Io) hawk Galápagos hawk Anjouan Island sparrow hawk Audouin's gull Horned guan Atitlan grebe Eyrean (flycatcher) grass-wren Slender-billed grackle Christmas Island goshawk Aleutian Canada goose Hawaiian gallinule Seychelles (weaver finch) fody White-necked rockfowl Tahiti flycatcher Seychelles black flycatcher Scarlet-breasted (flycatcher) Palau fantail flycatcher Gray-necked rockfowl Pahrump killfish Ikan temolek Hawaii (honeycreeper) akepa Maui (honevcreeper) akepa Kauai (honeycreeper) akialoa El Segundo blue butterfly Lotis blue butterfly Smith's blue butterfly Mission blue butterfly San Bruno elfin butterfly Lange's metalmark butterfly Euler's flycatcher Chatham Island robin Laysan and Nihoa (honeycree) er) finche Arctic peregrine falcon

Chinese egret American peregrine falcon Spanish imperial eagle Southern bald eagle Monkey-eating eagle Broad-snouted caiman Appaporis River caiman Black caiman Chinese alligator Yacare (caiman) South American turtle Leatherback sea turtle Hawksbill sea turtle Kauai and Maui (honeycreeper) nukupuu Formosan yellow-throated marten Spider monkey Red-backed squirrel monkey Woolly spider monkey Field's mouse Gould's mouse New Holland mouse Salt marsh harvest mouse Shark Bay mouse Shortridge's mouse Smoky mouse Eastern mouse Western mouse Eastern native-cat Numbat Ocelot Orangutan Arabian oryx Cameroon clawless otter Giant otter La Plata otter Florida panther Little planigale Orange-footed pearly mussel Rough pigtoe Fat pocketbook Cumberland monkeyface pearly Appalachian monkeyface pearly Pale lilliput pearly mussel Nicklin's pearly mussel Tampico pearly mussel Cumberland bean pearly mussel Bahama swallowtail butterfly Schaus swallowtail butterfly Maleo megapode Nihoa (willow warbler) millerbird Tinian monarch Akiapolaau (honeycreeper) Short-tailed albatross Western bristlebird Mauritius olivaceous bulbul São Miguel (finch) bullfinch Great Indian bustard Cahow (Bermuda petrel) Andean condor California condor Hawaiian coot Hooded crane Japanese crane Mississippi sandhill crane Siberian white crane Whooping crane Hawaiian creeper Molokai (Kakawahie) creeper Oahu (Alauwahie) creeper Hawaiian (Alala) crow Mauritius cuckoo-shrike Réunion cuckoo-shrike Red-billed curasso Trinidad white-headed cura Eskimo curlew Cloven-feathered dove Grenada dove Palau ground dove Mexican duck White-winged wood duck Sclater's monal pheasant Palawan peacock pheasant Imperial pheasant Chinese monal pheasant Cabot's tragopan pheasant

Blyth's tragopan pheasant Hawaiian dark-rumped petrel Galápagos penguin Brown pelican Maui (honeycreeper) parrotbill Long-tailed marsupial-mouse Kauai oo (o-o-a-a, honey eater) Arabian ostrich West African ostrich Ou (honeycreeper) Anjouan scops owl Palau owl Sevchelles owl Mrs. Morden's owlet Palila (honevcreeper) Forbes's parakeet Golden-shouldered parakeet Mauritius ring-neck parakeet La Pérouse's megapode Red-faced malkoha Seychelles (thrush) magpie-robin Kokako (wattlebird) Everglade (snail kite) kite Grenada hook-hilled kite Cuba hook-billed kite Seychelles kestrel Mauritius kestrel Kakapo (owl-parrot) Kagu Hog deer Musk deer Bactrian camel Babirusa Mountain zebra Przewalski's horse Ochre-marked parakeet Orange-bellied parakeet Paradise parakeet Scarlet-chested parakeet Turquoise parakeet Ground parrot Imperial parrot Australian night parrot Puerto Rican parrot Red-browed parrot St. Lucia parrot St. Vincent parrot Thick-billed parrot Philippine deer Asian elephant Chimpanzee Pygmy chimpanzee Tonkin snub-nosed monkey Purple-faced langur Long-tailed langur Toque macaque Japanese macaque Formosan rock macaque Gelada Stump-tailed macaque Black howler monkey Lesser slow loris François's leaf monkey Mandrill Black colobus White-collared mangabey L'hoest's monkey Red-hellied monkey Red-eared nose spotted monkey Diana monkey Yellow-tailed woolly monkey Cotton-top marmoset Argali Urial Chiltan markhor Kabal markhor Straight-horned markhor Apennine chamois Mongolian saiga antelope Giant sable antelope Lechwe Mountain anoa Pudu Pampas deer North Andean guemul

South Andean guemul

COSTING OUT IRAN

Six cents for lost prestige

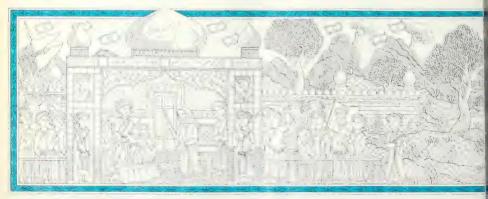
by George Plimpth

HAVE A FRIEND who likes to tot things up -especially the cost of exercises in futility. During the Vietnam war he was especially interested in the cost of the naval barrages pumped into the empty jungles along the Vietnamese coastlines by a succession of U.S. ships, including the battleship New Jersey. The naval personnel used to call the biggest of the shells lobbed in there "Cadillacs" because they believed the cost of each approximated that of the General Motors productthousands of "Cadillacs" detonating in the jungle and dislodging parrots from their treetop perches hundreds of yards away from impact. My friend once started writing a fantasy epic poem in which the navy actually carted ashore real Cadillacs and set them about in the jungle weeds at the edge of each shell crater-Eldorados by the hundreds with their headlights on and their stereos playing until the batteries began to fail. He thought of how puzzling the sight would be to North Vietnamese agents venturing into the area, and how it would confound General Giap back at headquarters, and that maybe, after the war closed down, the luxury cars could be used as little houses, perhaps even mobile homes if they could get the engines humming again and roads cleared through the jungle; at least, the jungle vines had grown up around the and the cars could not move, the Vietname could turn on the headlights and play t stereo radios. They could play dominoes them.

My friend is now working on the Irania hostage problem. He has figured out that to operations linked to bringing the hostage home and "resolving the situation" have, date, totaled \$6.4 billion, with the sum, course, mounting daily, until it is now mothan enough to bail out New York City, Clevland, and the Chrysler Corporation, and haenough left over (as he put it) "to save the snail darter and the humpback whale."

My friend pointed this out without rance but with wonder that money enough to minter to the welfare of institutions with rolls th total 10,734,949 people (my friend is ve exact with his figures, and those I was able check proved correct) is being used on beha of a number that totals about half the capaci of a Lexington Avenue bus. The economic deferential has led him to come up with a plato save the hostages, which he told me I would describe after showing me some of h figures.

George Plimpton is the editor of The Paris Review and a contributing editor of Harper's.



He had three lists (Schedules A, B, and C) insisting of many pages of items. Schedule was made up of what he called "operational ists." The recent tragic desert caper was, of uses, a major item. My friend could not ing himself to work out any figures on the iman casualties; the loss was incalculable. It among the other items I noted were:

One lost C-130 transport \$5,200,000 Seven lost RH-53 Sea Stallion helicopters \$25,200,000

Cost of construction of fake Tehran in Arizona, complete with embassy and grounds on which Col. Charles Beckwith and his Delta commandos could practice the operation \$4,000,000

Cost of Hollywood extras to play roles of "hostages" and "students" in fake Tehran in Arizona \$150,000

Whistle for Colonel Beckwith \$.49 90 Persian-English/English-Persian phrasebooks ("Where is the nearest post office?" et cetera) \$180.50

Cost of buying 25 Iranian trucks for ferrying hostages from compound to "secret rendezvous" \$220,000

Amount of ready cash for truckdrivers to offer Iranian citizens to get proper directions to "secret rendezvous" \$5,000

Payments to Iranian insiders in police, army, government to "look the other way" during hostage-recovery operations (to be deposited in numbered Swiss bank accounts) \$50,000,000

Payment to a meteorological service for pointing out to the U.S. military that the nights are shorter in the summertime and the temperatures in the desert are higher \$5,300 Bus fare refunded to 44 Iranians detained on the highway going by the "deserted airfield" \$88

Loss of 4 Port-O-Sans in the Dasht-e-Kavir \$1,400

Cost of reseeding and refertilizing the Rose Garden, worn down by the occupancy of President Carter \$35

Approximate cost of deploying U.S. Navy ships in and around the Persian Gulf for one year* \$1,000,000,000

There were other miscellaneous expenses listed—page after page of them: weaponry, electronic gadgetry, ammunition, gear, payments to Saudi Arabia and Egypt to overfly their air space, uniforms, special "jamming equipment," immobilizing-gas canisters, the little scooter on which Colonel Beckwith was to tear around the desert, and so forth. The total of Schedule A was in the neighborhood of \$5 billion.

FAR MORE DIFFICULT compilation of costs (Schedule B) was what my friend spoke of as "personnel costs"—namely, the expense associated with human mental effort. "It's a large portion of the costs of the hostage problem, and hard to

"'I have excluded the military brain-power because in theory it is being paid to concentrate on such things anyway.""



Jill Karla Schwarz

^{*}My friend has not entered the entire cost of keeping the fleet on the go in the Persian Gulf, because (as he says) they would have been "skulking around somewhere anyway." "Still," he said, "it is costing the taxpayers a lot more than if the ships were tied up in San Diego and their personnel were ashore playing softball." He likes to think that at times there are exactly the same number of ships (53) as hostages, and he wonders which hostage believes himself to be represented by the 91,487-ton U.S.S. Nimitz aircraft carrier.

George Plimpton COSTING OUT IRAN

work out," he said. "Because it's complicated to determine how much of the President's annual salary—which is \$200,000—could be apportioned to the time he has spent thrashing out the hostage problem. But human effort, in terms of highly paid executives, such as leaders of countries and oil company officers, is costly. We all remember Lloyd George's remark that a 'duke costs as much as two battleships and lasts a lot longer."

"Of course," I said.

"After much thought," he went on, "I have excluded the military brainpower because in theory it is being paid to concentrate on such things anyway. But for many others-including the President, the Vice-President, the Cabinet, the State Department, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the CIA, the United States U.N. staff—it is a unique situation for them. So I have taken their estimated combined pay and divided it by 4—I think one could say, conservatively, that a quarter of their working days is probably spent worrying about the fifty-odd hostages. And that amounts to . . . \$3.74 million! And that's per day! Two hundred days of captivity totals nearly threequarters of a billion dollars of mental consternation!"

"My God."

"Yes, a rather tidy sum indeed. Here are some further items on Schedule B, many of which, as you'll see, are 'down the stream' costs."

Cost of telephone calls, cables, diplomatic visits, et cetera, to explain to foreign dignitaries "what the hell happened" and especially about the curious timing of the operation vis-à-vis the Luxembourg conference on economic sanctions ("Our expert told me, Mr. Minister,

that the nights get shorter in the summertime....") \$250,000

The cost of breaking through the incredulity of Giscard d'Estaing, the president of France, to explain the above to him \$250.000

The cost of post-mortems in the appropriate branches—the Defense Department, the War College, the military academies . . . blackboards, revised field manuals, chalk, et cetera \$610,000

Fees to helicopter experts and consultants \$40,000

Loss of revenues from the potential sale of Sea Stallions to black Third World strong men (especially those from countries with sandstorms), who will no longer trust the machines for escapes from incoming juntas \$72,000,000

Redesigning, retesting, and renaming of Sea Stallions* \$15,000,000

On his list is a curious item, which I aske him about.

Loss of prestige abroad

\$.06

"Is that six cents?" I asked. "Isn't this sur a bit too small?"

"It may be too high," my friend said. "The fact is that there is no such thing as 'loss of prestige abroad.' It's a hoax. Indeed, the United States is at its most popular when is seen by others as a 'pitiful giant.' The sense of this is that the worst a pitiful gian.

*My friend has a fixation about the Sea Stallic name given the RH-53 helicopters. "That name just wrong for a machine that is supposed to fly he says. He suspects the name was originally meat o designate a line of submarines. "The Pentago got it mixed up," he told me. "There's probably class of submarines being launched in New Londo called "The Flying Squirrels."



in do is stumble, fall headlong, and crush a withings under its length, whereas a healthy beget'em giant can crash around and realty reck things. The phrase as gobbledegook can ly be matched by that other catchall about e 'national patience wearing thin.'"

"You don't think that the national patience

ears thin?'

"Only in bars at midnight. That should have effect on national leaders. It is *their* parece that wears thin."

"What then," I asked, "is the cause for in-

gnation in the bars at midnight?"

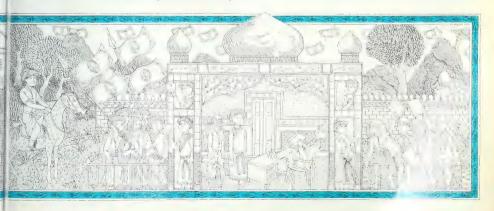
"One of the problems is that we have a itural built-in sympathy for the hostagesnocent people held in there against their ill. It's immoral. The blood boils in indignaon. But the fact is that the hostages enjoy rtain advantages denied the rest of us and hich we look forward to when we retire. elaxation. Nothing much to do. A lot of readg. Our leaders don't tell us this. But we learn om the German press that Leland Holland, ho was the security chief at the embassy, is ading through the encyclopedia and for all e know has reached volume 12 (Hydrozoaeremy). William Royer is continuing his re-The arch in Islamic art. William Keough is writing the text of comic books in verse. thers are brushing up on their Persian, udying aspects of thirteenth-century thought, arning Zen, et cetera. The food is apparentgood. On occasion, they get visited by Greek ishops. The only thing that disturbs the equaimity of their days in an occasional march-by -by people outside the embassy beating themelves with chains, and the awful thought that ie U.S. government (as, we know now, repreented by Delta Enterprises) wants to save nem and that they may very well get killed

in the process. My guess is that every evening the hostages pray that the Delta team in any future attempt will crash through the door of the wrong place, ending up breathing heavily and waving their Uzi submachine guns around in the shadows of the downstairs cloakroom of the deserted French embassy.

"Of course, the problem," my friend went on, "is that Colonel Beckwith and the boys may very well try again. As we know, the President has promised to keep open his option of sending in the Delta commandos. He has flown out to see the wounded in the hospital in San Antonio, and they have assured him that they are ready to hop out of their beds and clump right back into Iran on their crutches. The healthier members of the Delta teams are regrouping in the deserts of the American Southwest, presumably to do some more rehearsing. Since the hostages have now been spread around the Iranian countryside in seven or eight towns, the commandos will have to be increased in number five-fold Four or five more fake towns, complete with sugs and minarets, will have to be built in Arizona to represent where our satellite system shows us that the hostages are." (Cost, according to my friend's Schedule C, which is devoted to "future costs," of constructing eight fake Iranian towns peopled with Hollywood extras—\$129 million.)

"It's an interesting development," my friend pointed out. "The American Southwest will become dotted with an increasing number of ersatz Iranian villages. It used to be Old Tucson. Now it will be Old Qom. Old Yazd. Old Tabas. In fact, after it is all over, the government may be able to recoup some of its losses by selling these ghost towns to tourist-trap entrepreneurs."

""Of course, the problem is that Colonel Beckwith and the boys may very well try again."



George Plimpton
COSTING
OUT IRAN

HAT DOES THE TOTAL of all this
—these three schedules—come
to?" I asked.

"\$13 billion." My friend tapped his pencil sharply. "The big question is this: Would the hostages in the embassy in Tehran rather have those billions spent on funding rescue attempts—Colonel Beckwith on the loose—or would the hostages prefer to have a share of that sum put into tax-exempt bonds for them to enjoy the income when they get out?"

"Well. . . ."

"The second option, obviously. If you don't believe me, let's send them a Telex and have them vote on it."

"How would this second option work?" I asked.

"Well, part of the \$13 billion—not the whole sum, because that would be obscene, but let's say \$1 billion of it—would be put in a pension-plan scheme of some sort—savings certificates, perhaps—which would yield, let's say, 10 percent. That would make available to each hostage—let's round them off at fifty—about \$2 million a year, which breaks down to approximately \$5,479.45 per diem, and \$228.31 an hour, day and night. There might be an uproar from Senator Proxmire about this—he would threaten the plan with his Golden Fleece Award—and perhaps the total would be cut down somewhat, but that is the plan, in effect."

"How do you think the President can explain this plan to the American public?"

"With ease," my friend said. "He should go on television and explain to his fellow Americans that we should think of the fifty hostages as being the chorus line of an extremely unwieldy American musical drama that bombed in New Haven, or, more precisely, in the Dasht-e-Kavir desert, and should thus be closed out of town. Then, he should go on to say that to save the taxpayers money, the hostage pension plan is being set up (Proposition 20) and that the whole hostage situation henceforth is going to be put out of mind so that the government can get down to work and spend its time on the more pressing problems of energy, inflation, and reseeding the Rose Garden after such heavy use."

"How do you think the hostages would react to this idea?"

"Well, I would think with leaps of joy and cries of 'Amen!' and 'Allah is great!' "

I asked, "Why do you think this plan of yours would eventually bring the hostages back?"

"Frankly," my friend said, "the hostages

might not want to come back for a while, ter all, mankind has learned to be deprived the comforts of home for long periods whalers, military men, explorers, tollbooth clectors, forest-fire wardens, the inhabitants Soyuz II—and certainly it's made easier while in exile one is getting a vast income a is visited on occasion by bishops."

"So you don't think they'll come back?" "The student militants will send them bad The militants will begin to realize they longer have political pawns in their contr No one is interested in them. And beside imagine the state of mind of a 'student' w is getting paid maybe 200 rials (about \$2.50 a day, standing at the doorway with his G automatic looking in at a hostage who h his feet up on a desk, eating a date, and rea ing up on James La Cloche, the impostor wh claimed to be the natural son of Charles in volume 13 of the 1962 Encyclopaedia Bi tannica (Jerez-Liberty) and making \$228.3 an hour while he reads. Either one of tw things will happen: one, the guard will co sider the chore beneath the dignity of a tru revolutionary-to be spending his time guar ing a budding millionaire (after all, as Ban Sadr said so aptly—doubtless infuriating th Swiss—'we are not a nation of hotel-keepers' or two, and far more likely, he will want pa of the action."

"What does that mean?"

"He will offer to become the hostage agent. The two will start quibbling ow whether the agent's fee should be 10 or 1 percent. The Iranian student will plead, wit some justification, that if it weren't for hin the hostage wouldn't be a hostage, and woul simply be a foreign-service employee makin the usual \$9,000 to \$44,000 a year, dependin on length of service."

I asked, "Would the hostages ever comhome under these circumstances?"

"Eventually," my friend said. "Becaus there are all kinds of extremely lucrative an cillary possibilities once they do get homemovies, television series, books, lecture series commercials. For example, the hostages as group would certainly be a welcome relief af ter all those athletes, umpires, and manager in the Lite Beer commercial series. A mob of agents is going to meet them when they land at Dulles Air Force Base. I certainly intend to be there. I reckon the chances of representing one or two are fair if I can just elbow my way past those student-militant agents-let's hope they've put aside their G-3 automatics-and Sue Mengers, Irving Lazar, William Morris Inc., and the boys from International Creative Management."



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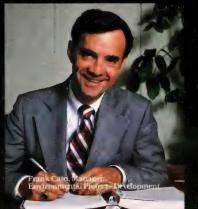
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FASCISM WITHOUT SWASTIKAS

lisreading the Iranian revolution

by Fergus M. Bordewich

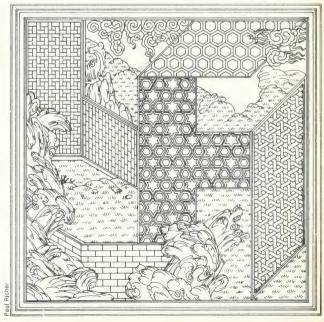
Vietnam war has so fascinated the American public as has the Iranian revolution. id no story has been more heavily d passionately covered by the press. nfortunately, however, far too much the news from Iran has been a study ore in myth than in the politics of itional development. The worst reorting has tried to tell us variously at the revolution was a Russian plot, Palestinian plot, or a plot of the adical Arab states," that it somew sprang full-blown from the Ayallah Ruhollah Khomeini's furrowed ow, that it was just a province of at convenient, mythical land dubbed e "crescent of crisis," or that it was other fanatical aberration of that ligion of maniacs known as Islam. s recently as this January, Time magine could still write off the entire fair as "the Ayatollah Khomeini's sgracefully successful tent show." he best reporting, meanwhile, has ent a great deal of time painting exuisitely detailed, if often none too ertinent, Persian miniatures of real r supposed conflicts among the memers of the Iranian leadership, and f the almost immobile negotiations free the American hostages, Ameran readers have been told intermiably that the Iranian economy was irning to dust, the army was dissolvig, the ruling clique was splintering, nd the nation itself was on the verge f evaporation. Typically, the Chica-

ergus M. Bordewich, a writer living in New ork, has been associated with the Columia University Graduate School of Journalism nd has edited an English-language daily ewspaper in Iran.

O FOREIGN EVENT since the go Tribune editorialized last Novem-Vietnam war has so fasci- ber:

Iran is an ungoverned nation. The helpless titleholders who call themselves the government are really nothing of the sort. They neither make policy nor execute it... The provinces are in revolt. The economy is in chaos.

The chaos that so many observers have recorded has frequently been in the eye of the beholder. Over the past year, in fact, the Khomeini government has quelled armed dissension in three provinces, and, to all appearances, retained the loyalty of the general populace. It has maintained commerce and some level of industrial production. It has written a constitution, held three nationwide elections, and trained a new, 25,000-man army. The revolutionary leaders have methodically been working to restructure Iranian society, but even the most careful readers of the American press



would be hard put to say just what it is the ayatollahs have in mind. That is unfortunate, because they appear to be leading one of the most comprehensively fascist movements the world has seen in thirty-five years.

◀ ODAY WE SEEM to be able to imagine fascism only through the veil of German Nazism, with all its unique horrors and Nordic trappings. But fascism was only incidentally a thing of swastikas and goose steps, and it needn't liquidate 6 million people to earn its spurs. The radical right-wing movement that holds sway in Iran speaks in the idiom of Islam, but it represents the interests of the same classes, and springs from the same social and economic conflicts, that produced fascism in Europe half a century ago. The press has been obsessed with discovering tensions between the clerics on Iran's Revolutionary Council and seemingly secularized intellectuals like Abolhassan Bani-Sadr and Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, but it has rarely tried to understand their far more important identity of belief. Like the European Right of the early twentieth century, the reactionaries who rule Iran see the political state as an "organic," or inherently spiritual, entity. They are savagely idealistic. They spiritualize the peasant virtues of faith, loyalty, and obedience at any price. Despite the republican facade of their government, they detest democracy and insist on the rule of an authoritarian elite. They preach a form of racism, and their movement carries within it the seeds of militarism. The historian John Weiss wrote prophetically in 1967:

As a variety of right-wing extremism, fascism must always adapt itself to the unique conservative traditions and values of the particular society it hopes to dominate. . . . The greatest potential of fascism lies not in the liberal West, but rather in the dialectical polarities even now increasing in non-Western or underdeveloped countries.

The shah tried to telescope hundreds of years of Western social, economic, political, and (implicitly) psychological change into a forced march of twenty-five years. He achieved at least a facsimile of the modern in-

dustrial state that he craved. But by so doing he put in motion the same forces that generated fascist reaction in Europe: dynamic capitalism corroding a passive, traditional economy; the individualism inspired by industrialization competing with a constricting web of medieval relationships; indigenous values versus half-understood foreign ones. Set against one another by the extraordinary speed of social change were a new, rootless, urban proletariat, a suddenly rich industrial elite with its brash Western habits and morals, a traditional merchant class squeezed ever more tightly by mass production, and the theocracy of mullahs ready to use any means to preserve its power. But for the past year we have been able to see little more in the ruins of the shah's empire than medievalism gone wild, and it has left us trying to analyze the effects of causes that we can't even envision. much less explain.

For twenty-five years the American press remained blissfully ignorant of life in Iran. No news organizations except the wire services had full-time correspondents there before the revolution, and the rare reporters who spun through Tehran to cover the oil market or the shah's birthday maintained a stubborn disregard for the effects of the monarch's development policies, the profiteering of American companies in Iran, American relations with Savak, and the evolution of opposition to the imperial rule. Rarely did news reports reach beyond the squeaky-clean image of prosperity and self-inflating statistics supplied by the shah's press agents. No one bothered to ask Shahpur Bakhtiar, Karim Sanjabi, the thousands of Iranian exiles scattered across the Western world, or, for that matter, the Ayatollah Khomeini and his colleagues what they thought about the shah's "White Revolution" or anything else. Few journalists, apparently, even knew they existed. Persistent reports of torture in the shah's prisons were left to peripheral publications like the Village Voice. To journalists who had never heard that dissension existed in Iran, the tidal mass of revolutionary agitation remained little more than the work of "students and bazaar-wise toughs," as one magazine patronizingly remarked. The sad fact was that almost no one in the press knew anything

about Iran when the revolution final came.

Even when the ayatollah at last N gan to appear as a stock character coverage of the opposition's activiti it seemed clear that no one writiabout him had even the dimmest i tion of what the clerical party tended for Iran or what an "Islan" State" could possibly mean. No o seemed to think it worth the effe to seek out and translate any Khomeini's voluminous writings a speeches on the subject. For examp a profile of the ayatollah written f the New York Times by Nicholas Ga in December, 1978, included not word about Khomeini's intellectul character or his conception of gover ment, except for a vague reference the "conservative Islamic tradition th he represents." Political figures fard no better. Ramsey Clark walked out a meeting with the avatollah cheeri labeling him "a brave man." And ju as the ayatollah was about to topp the government of Shahpur Bakhtia the blithe Andrew Young infamous asserted that Khomeini would turn on to "be somewhat of a saint when w get over the panic."

Such ignorance of the ayatollah beliefs warped coverage of the revolution from the start. On January 1979, Jonathan Randal of the Wasl ington Post, writing from Pari quoted without comment Khomeir aides' description of Bakhtiar and Sar jabi, longtime leaders of the secula middle class, as "members of the up per-crust aristocracy." Randal the went on to write that according to "ir siders" whom he declined to identify Khomeini's proposed governmer would "put a special stress on ope government after so many years of the shah's authoritarian one-man rule, and that the ayatollah intended t "avoid the excesses of other Islami regimes in Saudi Arabia, Libya, o Pakistan." Randal, in other words simply recorded what the ayatollah spokesmen told him, because h couldn't distinguish the ayatollah' philosophy from Aristotle's. A fev days later, Joseph Kraft asserted tha the "ayatollah almost certainly lack the capacity to put together a govern ment, or even a consensus of religiou leaders," when, in fact, Khomeini had been working in concert with Iran' most influential clerics for many years the New York Times, R. W. Apple, stated definitively that the ayatollah spouses a vague philosophy blend; elements of Islamic fundamental: and political democracy." Such athoritative" comments only helped: public to misunderstand or trivial-the reactionaries' actual ideology en their movement seized the government of Iran and began to transmits vision into policy.

shah in January, 1979,
American journalists
converged on Tehran by
score. But virtually none of them
bke Persian, had any background in
mian culture or politics, or had ever
orted from there before, however
iefly. Bert Quint wrote in TV Guide
it by the time the Americans were
pelled a year later,

CBS, for example, had a bureau chief, three producers, four correspondents, five camera crews, a radio editor, two tape editors, a troubleshooting expediter, four translators, six automobile and two motorcycle drivers. From Rome and Atlanta, from Paris and Houston, Caracas and San Francisco, Tokyo and New York, from London, Beirut, Nairobi, Johannesburg came CBS staffers.

ext to none of them came from anynere in the Middle East. Without terpreters, the journalists were at sea the midst of an inexplicable and er more hostile revolution. They ere cut off from local newspapers d radio, and dangerously dependent r news on English-speaking governent spokesmen, whom they commondistrusted. After the American hosges were taken, the journalists beme more isolated. They formed what uint warmly called "an us-againste-world camaraderie, . . . a tight tle island mentality." More comfortple for the beleaguered journalists, it not the best way to discover the ibtleties of the revolutionary mind. Like most Americans, many jourilists tended to turn the ayatollah mself into a scapegoat for their inpility to comprehend the revolution. he worst in this regard were columsts and critics sitting 6,000 miles way from the scene of the action. he normally wise and circumspect John Oakes of the New York Times likened Khomeini to "Vlad III, Prince of Wallachia (otherwise known as Dracula)," while the New York Post. in one of its lesser paroxysms of mindless rage, wrote him off as a "bitter and vindictive old man." The New Orleans Times-Picayune denounced him as "out of the Barbary pirate days." A Chicago Tribune editorial put him down bluntly as a "lunatic," as Tribune columnist Michael Killian nailed him as leader of Iran's "raving, homicidal holy men." The ayatollah, a legal scholar acting rationally if fiercely on behalf of a political constituency, was turned into Rasputin returned or a Fu Manchu. However, the prize for babble must go to Prof. Bruce Mazlish of M.I.T., who weighed in with a "psychohistory" of the avatollah, published in New York magazine, which explained in suitably therapeutic jargon that the nasty old gent was really just a "classic narcissist" "filled with tremendous anger and resentment," and that his pathological nationalism derives from subconscious discomfort with the fact that a century

ago his great-grandfather lived briefly in India, where his grandfather was born. Pathetic name-calling did not help explain the revolution to Americans. It pandered to their ignorance.

The dogmatically "Islamic" character of the revolution only added consternation to confusion for the press. For if journalists knew little about Iran, they seemed to know even less about its religion. "The Ayatollah Khomeini has become for an entire nation what the Reverend Jim Jones was for a small sect," Reg Murphy announced in the San Francisco Chronicle, and went on to say:

For the awful truth of religion run amok is that it calls for one last wrenching bloodbath which will become the last testament to the leader of the sect. The ayatollah shows all the signs of wanting exactly that fate as the marker on his grave.

A more rational but no more accurate writer declared in the *Times-Picayune* that "Islam [which means submission] is a religion which concentrates almost



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JOSEPH P. LASH

Radcliffe Biography Series A Merloyd Lawrence Book

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exclusively on the tough, hard, moralistic... side of human nature." Some publications, notably the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal, tried to give their readers an intelligent explanation of Islamic history and beliefs. But, for the most part, reporters who had perhaps never even heard of Shiism before they arrived in Iran began to pontificate on the Iranian sect's allegedly unique preoccupation with martyrdom and its authoritarian tendencies, as seemingly self-explanatory references to "Islamic fanatics" became a staple of the news.

PPALLING though it was, the seizure of the American embassy was a godsend for the press. At a single stroke, it enabled the media to abandon the exhausting task of trying to make sense of the revolution and to put Americans on center stage in the role of martyred victims. Since the takeover, the entire revolution has been interpreted through the negotiations for the hostages' release, as if the embassy were a sun around which the entire revolution revolved. No one would argue, of course, that the hostages' plight had not become an urgent element of the Iran story. The trouble was, there was a lot less news to be had about the hostages than there were journalists. "Some of the journalists, attempting to satisfy the demand for news," wrote the New York Times's John Kifner in December, 1979,

endlessly attempt to discern some movement, usually a "softening" of positions by revolutionary officials. Sometimes this is done by formulating questions that, in effect, put words in an unfamiliar language into the officials' mouths. Since the official position has changed little since the takeover of the embassy, few of these reports have turned out to be true.

The hostage issue was rapidly converted into a simple yardstick applied to the entire Iranian political spectrum. Suddenly, where there had been ideological "chaos," now there were two tidy camps: "moderates," who seemed to favor early release of the hostages, and "militants," who opposed it. These two tired journalistic conventions magically made the entire revolution coherent by defining it as

the old contest between good guys and bad guys. "All the networks did stories about the Iranian world outside the embassy," Quint wrote, perhaps a little defensively. "They were few compared with those about the embassy, but we tried, unsuccessfully, to explain that as long as Americans are being held captive there, it's hard to find news interest in a sale being held at the Kurosh department store." The revolution that gave meaning to the seizure of the hostages was continuing in the slums and villages, the schools, universities, factories, offices, and city halls of Iran, not to mention in the minds of its people. But to journalists relieved to be dealing with the starkly drawn situation at the embassy, the whole of the nation had shrunk to the proportions of a boxing arena. The April attempt by American commandos to free the hostages fell far short of its military objective. But it succeeded in administering the coup de grâce to the last primitive journalistic efforts to monitor the course of the revolution.

American journalists are masters at reporting political strategy. But they are profoundly skeptical of ideology, as if grand theories and principles serve no purpose but as hiding places for the contest of personalities they usually prefer to see at the heart of the news. By last summer, most journalists covering Iran had at least identified the Khomeini regime as a "reactionary" one, but few seemed to care just what the term meant beyond its use as a label. Rowland Evans and Robert Novak cautiously suggested in early 1979 that the ayatollah and his colleagues were heading a movement toward "religious 'fascism.'" They backed up their assertion, so tremulously circumscribed by quotation marks, by citing the following passage from Khomeini's book on Islamic government: "We want a ruler who would cut off the hand of his own son if he steals, and would flog and stone his near relative if he fornicates." Oriana Fallaci was more to the point in an interview with the ayatollah that appeared in the New York Times Magazine. But her use of the word fascism is interesting. She had observed to Khomeini that the Iranian masses' adoration of him seemed like "fascist fanaticism," and when the ayatollah vigorously demurred, she responded thus: "Perhaps we don't understand each other or the meaning of the word facism, Imam. By fascism I mean a poular phenomenon, the kind we had Italy when the crowds cheered Muss lini, as here they cheer you, and the obeyed him as they obey you now."

Those selections sum up the sir plistic views of fascism that have he sway since World War II. To Eval and Novak, fascism is synonymol with simple tyranny and brutality, ar for Fallaci it is mainly a thing charisma and mob passion. Fascis is neither so shallow nor so senseles Nor is it, as Marxists tend to believ a political expression of the bourgeo sie desperate in the face of imminer socialist revolution. Fascism is rathe as John Weiss put it in his study Th Fascist Tradition, the effort of en trenched conservative groups to sav their way of life, privileges, and clasvalues from destruction by industrial zation, urbanization, and socialist of liberal social policies.

HE SHAH TOLERATED COTTUR tion in his civil service as we as the hideous torture of po litical prisoners. His secre police were omnipresent, and his cen sors shackled the press. Surveillanc was carried to absurd extremes: whil working for the English-language Teh ran Journal in 1973, I was arrested and briefly held by Savak for the ap parent crime of "interviewing poo people" at a model low-income housing development. The shah was a despot He was never anything resembling "liberal" in the contemporary Ameri can sense of the term. Yet many of his policies were unquestionably radical in an Iranian context.

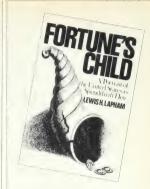
The shah often declared that he wished to make Iran the equal of the Western industrial states by the year 2000, and, like many of the capitalis architects of nineteenth-century Eu rope, he promoted social reforms that would stimulate the growth, efficiency and sophistication of the Iranian econ omy. In 1947, Iran's industrial work force consisted of about 100,000 work ers in only 175 major industries, but by 1972 the figures had risen to 1.8 million employed in some 6,000 large industries. Adding suppliers, distribu tors, and middlemen to factory workers and their families, Iran may have had by the last years of the shah's reign a larger proportion of its population

enendent on industrial production an did some northern European naons in the 1920s. Meanwhile, the shah aught to break the power of the old udal hierarchy and to subvert the aupority of the country's 200,000 mulhs, who controlled education, public elfare, private lands, and the local ow of information throughout much f the country: in 1973 the shah estabshed a paramilitary force, the Relion Corps, which was designed to reace the mullahs in the performance all but their religious duties. The ah also drew women into schools and e work force, established a vast (if ediocre) public-school system based 1 Western models, and stimulated the evelopment of a secularized middle ass of technocrats and bureaucrats ominated by the 100,000 young Iranins who annually attended foreign hools.

The movement that now rules Iran omprises the classic fascist constirencies. The spearhead of the moveent the mullahs, is at the same time class of conservative intellectuals and major landholding elite that was ripped of some 10,000 revenue-proucing villages during the shah's land form of 1963. The mullahs are at east tacitly supported by other landwners: "Ironically," wrote a bewilered journalist, "some feudal famies, in the name of the revolution. ave forcibly reclaimed land that had een distributed to peasant farmers uring the shah's reign." The bulk of he movement's rank and file is drawn rom lower-middle-class property ownrs, shopkeepers, traditional merhants, and craftsmen-the groups that ave been most threatened by indusrialization and modern mass marketng. It has been estimated that the vealthier bazaar craftsmen alone, by xerting the authority of their pariarchal system, could mobilize as nany as 2.5 million workers for politcal action. Most of the students who belong to radical religious organizaions probably come from this class. Beyond these well-organized and sophisticated groups lies the vast, until now torpid, mass of peasants displaced from the countryside and thrust nto factories and cities, where they were stripped by circumstances of their feudal security and forced to measure heir poverty against the freedom and incredible wealth of the new Iranian middle class. It is perhaps more to this proletariat than to any other that the ayatollahs' fearsome rhetoric has been directed: nationalistic xenophobia finds scapegoats for their rage, explanations for their fear, and pride in place of their misery.

The Avatollah Khomeini is not Hitler, nor is the Muslim religion, which has been sufficiently maligned since the revolution began, somehow "fascistic," The avatollahs, however, have plundered the Shiite mythology of martyrdom and the pseudoreligious idea of a fagih, or philosopher-king, for political ends. "Religion," as the Egyptian journalist Mohammed Heikal pointed out recently, "has become an idiom for political expression, a fact that should be kept in mind by those who regard the new Islam in terms of a return to the veil and public floggings." The version of Islam proclaimed by the fundamentalist thinkers in Tehran and Oom is simply an interpretation of faith. It serves to provide an ideological basis for intellectual, political, educational, and moral conformity under the pervasive supervision of the mullahs, who have become in effect the Gauleiters of the revolution. It also deflects the masses of the poor from pursuing the political advantages they might gain by supporting the Left, and pushes them into an archaic, spiritualistic miasma in-

Religion and fascism can all too easily coexist or overlap. As Mussolini once put it. "Fascism is a religious belief in which man is seen in imminent relationship with a superior and objective will that transcends the particular individual and raises him to conscious membership in a spiritual society." Il Duce further preached "a life in which the individual, through the sacrifice of his own private interests, through death itself, realizes that complete spiritual existence in which lies his value as a man." Notions of "race" or "Volk" and the "spiritual community" are all embodied in the avatollahs' rigidly exclusive conception of the Islamic State. The Avatollah Khomeini has told the movement's supporters not to "rely on this world or trust it," but instead to "take up the divine morals . . . so that people may follow the example of the pride and the loftiness of your souls." His vision of the higher morality may



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To readers who have followed Lewis Lapham's writing in this space over the past few years, Harper's takes pleasure in offering an autographed copy of Fortune's Child. Most of the articles and essays printed in this collection have been revised and improved as a result of suggestions from the readers of this magazine.

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be gleaned, at least in part, from his remarks to a papal envoy last November. "Our nation looks forward to an opportunity for self-sacrifice and martyrdom," the ayatollah said. "We are men of war, we have been born to struggle." Since last year, however, the divine morality has mainly been employed against civil opponents of the regime, whose newspapers have been closed and whose offices have been fire-bombed.

O ASPECT of the revolutionary movement has so confused journalists-and the Iranian Left. for that matter—as its belligerent opposition to capitalism. The Ayatollah Khomeini has, for example, referred to capitalism as "organized usury," while President Bani-Sadr has sought to abolish interest rates, supported the confiscation of some large industrial holdings, and planned the return of millions of urban poor to their villages. In the folklore of American journalism, that sort of talk comes only from shifty-eyed Reds of one brand or another, and it spurred more than one writer to declare, like Newsweek's Arnaud de Borchgrave, that the "ayatollah's socialist Islamic republic . . . would be similar to Libyan leader Muammar Qaddafi's volatile brew of Muhammad and Marx," That sort of thinking has led to much journalistic and diplomatic handwringing at the prospect of American policies driving Iran, as it is so repetitively put, "into the arms of the Russians." If anything, the reactionaries who rule Iran fear and hate Communism even more than they do democratic liberalism. Liberalism bodes the slow, relatively benign elimination of the interests and values that the ayatollahs' movement stands for; Communism promises their quick and probably violent demise. The Communist Tudeh party and the Marxist Fedayeen are not the natural inheritors of the revolution. They will far more likely be its victims.

Fascists have always fought capitalism at the start. They must at least be seen to oppose it, because it is a genuine danger to their followers. In Europe, artisans, shopkeepers, and other traditional groups commonly thought of capitalism as an alien, foreign, Jewish, and even revolutionary

force. Fascist leaders discovered that they needed the support of the conservative industrialists in order to attain power. They made the accommodation by jettisoning their own left wings, and channeling the anticapitalism of the lower middle class into militarism and anti-Semitism. The Iranian revolution is still young, and the dearth of reporting on the subject makes it impossible to know precisely what the government's relationship may be to the country's remaining industrialists. It is clear that the avatollahs have whipped up a spirit of xenophobia that could be manipulated in much the way anti-Semitism was in Europe.

There is no trace of anti-Semitism as such in Iran, but the avatollahs have given their cachet to a different kind of racism by translating the notion of "spiritual purity" onto the political plane. In their ideology, foreign customs are not merely different or challenging: they are "poisoned cultures," they are "sick." Political opponents are not just competitors: they are "vermin," Provincial rebels have not got reasonable problems: they are agents of the "great Satan." And secular education does not have simple shortcomings: it "injects poisons into the people's minds and ethics." In this climate, the racist impulse can be turned against anyone who can be accused of being "Western-influenced." Anyone with unusual ideas or habits can be a carrier of "disease." Leftists. liberals, intellectuals, and artists, for example, could all be tossed eventually into the same category as prostitutes and homosexuals, whom the government has methodically persecuted for "corruption." How nauseatingly familiar it all sounds. Heinrich Class, head of the Pan-German League and one of Hitler's mentors, wrote in 1912: "So-called 'humanity' can be reestablished once we have been reformed politically, morally, and hygienically." Thirty years afterward, amid the extermination of the Jews, the pupil declared proudly: "The battle in which we are engaged today is of the same sort as the battle waged during the last century by Pasteur and Koch." The Iranian reactionaries, like the Nazis, have depersonalized their opposition. In the logic of racism, it seems simply wise and healthy to wipe out dangerous "bacteria." "If your finger

suffers from gangrene, what do y do?" the Ayatollah Khomeini asl Oriana Fallaci. "Do you let the wh hand, and then the body, become fil with gangrene, or do you cut the f ger off?" With cool logic, he add "We want to implement a policy purify society."

The government of the avatolla has at the very least established an i tellectual and "spiritual" rationale f political repression. Since taking po er, the regime has driven parliame tary liberals like Bakhtiar and Sa jabi out of Iran, and diminished tl power of some of its own moderni supporters, like Mehdi Bazargan ar Ibrahim Yazdi. The government h shut down dozens of publications ar intermittently suppressed leftist pa ties, while a goon squad that calls i self Hizb-i Allah, or "God's Party has wrecked newspaper offices, di rupted political meetings, sacked bool stores, and assassinated leftists with apparent impunity. The ayatollah version of religious education ha been made mandatory in the schools and the government has made itse. the arbiter of thought, belief, and pr vate behavior. The Ayatollah Kho meini has urged that university lectur ers with "Western" and "Eastern" views be dismissed from their jobs and has denounced "corrupt intellec tuals and the poisoned pens of con spiring writers and democrats." Revo lutionary politics has rationalized the rule of a traditional, clerical elite with "immutable" laws, which, of course only the elite are capable of interpret ing, and the constitution has reserved the most power for the office of the fagih, which is to divine and execute the "order and will of God." Iran has a variety of political parties for the time being, but the Ayatollah Khomeini has declared that, in the end, "there can be only one party in Iran. The Party of the Disinherited, the Party of God." All this is not just religion gone awry, or an expression of unfathomable chaos-it is fascist politics.

HE EVENTS IN Iran have demonstrated that fascism is neither historically nor culturally bound to Europe. Iran did not have to learn its reactionary politics from Hitler or Mussolini: those politics were inherent in the straining

wth of the nation from a medieval ard a modern society. In the course eighteen months, a vigorous and ular fascist movement has gained trol of a large, strategically cruand relatively industrialized state. we still know dangerously little ut the revolution that made that nen. The revolution's mysticism and ism are as important as its econombecause they, too, are instruments policy. And there is a history to ry seemingly aberrant emotion the olutionaries have expressed, but we st search for it. We don't know h any clarity how the revolutionary ime is consolidating its revolution. don't know how the economy is ng managed, how the young are ng educated, what the impact may of returning the poor to the counside, or how savagely the regime suppress its enemies on the Left. as long as we treat the revolutiones as actors in some esoteric passion v. or as lunatics, we don't have to such questions.

ndeed, instead of the real and deepchallenging politics of revolutionary n, the press has mostly given us th and theater. Since the revolution an we have been treated to a vicars view of civilization in collapse. have seen the superstructure of a dern state splintered amid the surlistic imagery of monkish robes, itents' chains, and children toting machine guns, while the benighted h flutters about the earth like the aith of the Flying Dutchman searchfor a place to rest. We have been wn our countrymen penned up in embassy, like Pilgrims trapped in Massachusetts wilderness by whoopsavages. And over it all, looming like Satan from the roots of hell, have been given the extraordinary ure of the Avatollah Khomeini, his ehead knotted like the brow of a zantine icon, his eyes burning with essence of malignant will. Perhaps has somehow been cathartic for us. s vision of an inferno. Certainly it relieved us of the need to analyze ly what we are seeing, and enabled to look to blind patriotism for our swers instead of to history.

No small part of the problem lies our very perception of revolution. ving in a stable society, we see revoion as inherently a condition of disder, a terrible and violent coming

apart. We cannot see it as a creative -if sometimes ugly-force. Journalists who had spent all of 1979 telling us that Iran was forever in the midst or on the brink of chaos could not see the January, 1980. Presidential election as just one more experimental step in the social restructuring of a nation. They grasped at it as a watershed of normalcy. References to "postrevolutionary Iran" proliferated in news copy after Bani-Sadr's election, but one example is especially instructive. In a personal interview with the Avatollah Khomeini, Time's Middle East bureau chief. Bruce van Voorst, asked a revealing question:

The economy has not revived. The poor in South Tehran are as poor as ever. The armed forces probably could not defend Iran against attack. There is no normal political activity. In light of this, is it not fair to say that the revolution has failed?

Forget about the sheer callowness of van Voorst's reference to "normal political activity," by which he presumably meant something like a Minneapolis mayoral contest. More important, his remarks betray someone disturbingly ignorant of the pace of radical social change, or the nature of it. The ayatollah, with uncharacteristic restraint, explained to van Voorst that the revolution could take twenty years to complete.

MERICAN REPORTERS in Iran were burdened with many practical constraints. They lacked the native language, and they lacked historical background. Sometimes they had to tailor their reporting to editorial decisions made back home, or to the patriotic expectations of the American public. Sometimes correspondents were rotated in and out of Tehran so quickly that they never had a chance to grasp what they were seeing. The time limitations of the six o'clock television news and the space limits of the 800-word newspaper story chronically breed oversimplification of complex issues. The bluntly authoritative and uncontemplative style of American journalism tends to repress or obscure a reporter's doubts about his judgment.

Despite these drawbacks, much of

the reporting was good by conventional standards. Some of it was heroic under virtual battlefield conditions. The sequence of riots and rebellions, the public actions of the new regime's dominant personalities, were all carefully recorded. Coverage of the hostages and of the host of international ramifications has been uniformly impressive in the way that a 50,000-power microscope is impressive. Reporters worked ungodly shifts, they tried to cope with hostile and sometimes deceptive officials, and most of them struggled to find the truth.

They failed in the way that coverage of Vietnam failed before the cost and size of the war became too great to ignore, and as so much reporting from elsewhere in Asia and from Africa and Latin America continues to fail. Many different kinds of Irans and Vietnams lie waiting for us in the future, as battles that took place in Europe fifty or eighty years ago are refought throughout the developing world. The same warriors as those who have climbed to power in Iran, their minds groaning with the same fears and hopes, are abroad in Egypt, El Salvador, Uganda, Indonesia, and many other states. But we hear for the most part when we turn toward the developing world only the slow growing of the African jungle, the mere shifting of sands in Asian deserts. We don't know how to listen, and we need perhaps subtler people to listen for us. We need people with as much curiosity about ideology and as much respect for the reality of factions that may not be found in the American political spectrum as they have for random conflict and the pure tactics of politics.

We have misunderstood not just the Iranian revolution, but revolution itself. We have misunderstood the implications of modernization. In a sense, we have been our own captives in Iran, held hostage by our ethnocentrism, the inability to see anything in an alien culture but our own reflection.

For twenty-five years we measured Iran's "progress" by the number of cars and the tons of steel produced, and we ignored the more accurate charts of the human mind. Unable to find ourselves in the Iranian revolution, we have found chaos.

HARPER'S/JULY 1980

LINES OF SIGHT



IMPORTANT HORSES

rving human purposes

by John P. Sisk

dhe Electric Horseman is a movie about three handsome creatures, one of whom is a horse. The horse's name is ing Star, but even while watching movie I was not aware that a parilar name had been assigned to Rob-Redford, an over-the-hill rodeo whov, or to Jane Fonda, a television irnalist. This may have been because actors were not so much portrayconventional roles as presenting to ir numerous fans another episode in ir cinematic lives. But perhaps, too, s kind of dramaturgic anonymity is : inevitable consequence of sharing billing with a beautiful horse.

This is the way it was with the legdary cowboy movies of the Twenties d the Thirties. The horse had all the arisma, and it was the horse's name, t that of the human characters, that e remembered. I am thinking, for innce, of Tom Mix's Tony, Gene Au-'s Pal, Roy Rogers's Trigger, the ne Ranger's Silver, and Ken Mayrd's Tarzan. Who could remember a name of the character played by m Mix. let alone the name of the man who was the object of his lowyed amorous pursuit? The final shot a Tom Mix movie showed hero and roine posed with Tony's photogenic ad between them, which always emed to be a way of saying not only at all conflicts had been resolved but at even in the woman's view the manrse bond was finally stronger than e man-woman bond. Here, although e did not know it, was what would in ne come to be known as structuralm: recurring pattern and theme were ore important than character, and e theme was horse.

In classic horse opera it was the

horses of the bad guys that were anonymous. Who could imagine a rustler or a stagecoach robber thinking enough of his mount to name him, let alone curry him or deck him out in leather and spangles like a Tony or a Trigger? That the hero thought enough of his mount to name him and otherwise treat him like a valued peer was a sign that he was, like the heroes of the movie Star Trek, basically committed to large transpersonal issues. Meanwhile, the egocentric, mercenary, and secular rustlers never scrupled to ride their non-descript nags to death.

Certainly, the horses of legend and

story are not anonymous. How could

it be otherwise when, according to

Greek mythology, Poseidon, the Lord of the Sea, was also the creator of the horse? It was Pegasus the winged horse that produced, with a stamp of his hoof, the fountain Hippocrene sacred to the muses. Apollo, Pluto, Hercules, and Hector all had named horses. Alexander the Great thought so much of his Bucephalus, which would kneel down so that his master could mount him with ease, that he named a city in his honor. The Muslims could think of no better way to get Muhammad from earth to the seventh heaven than by putting him on the back of al-Borak, a milk-white, lightning-fast steed with the wings of an eagle and a human face. "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" cries Shakespeare's desperate Richard III, who, being a rustler at heart, deserved to be separated from his favorite White Surrey on whose

back he might have escaped. The true

hero stays with his horse and we re-

member them together: King Arthur's

Spumador, "the foaming one"; Sir

Tristram and his Passe Brewell: El Cid

and his Babieça, which no one was allowed to mount after his master's death; Warwick and his Black Saladin; Wellington and his Copenhagen; Napoleon and his Marengo, whose remains, it is said, are now in the London Museum. And let us not forget Don Quixote's Rosinante, which, bony nag though it may have been, is no less immortal than the original Trigger, which is on display, stuffed, in the Roy Rogers Museum.

ORSES, it is apparent from their long involvement with gods, goddesses, and heroes, are everywhere connected with the human effort to refine and civilize-to ward off the wild, the primitive, and the savage. This is beautifully illustrated in Plato's dialogue Phaedrus, in which Socrates divides the soul into a charioteer and two horses. One horse is white, well-conditioned, and well-formed, "a lover of honor and modesty and temperance, and the follower of true glory." The other is so misshapen, insolent, proud, "full of tickling and desire," so shameless and uncontrollable, that he must be tamed and humbled if the soul is to go about its proper business: its initiation into the mysteries of true love. The shameless horse anticipates those eruptions of passion that function as temporary exits from the humdrum of the bourgeois world-pornography whether hard or soft, for instance, or libidinal enclaves like the house of orgy on West Seventy-fourth Street in Man-

John P. Sisk teaches English at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington. His essays have appeared in a number of national magazines. IMPORTANT HORSES

hattan, once the home of the Continental Baths but lately known as Plato's Retreat. The white horse looks ahead to the Houyhnhams, the urbane and civilized horses in Dean Swift's Gulliver's Travels, which must make out as best they can with their wards, the misshapen, intemperate, and beastly Yahoos, whose ids are so randy that no decent orgy could tolerate them.

Swift's reactions to the human scene were often distorted by black pessimism, vet he was right when he cast his Houyhnhnms as champions of civility. But the Greeks, who sometimes chose the horse when they wanted to represent the threat of the monstrous. were right too. There were, for instance, the flesh-eating horses of Diomedes, tyrant of Thrace. These frightful creatures ate the strangers who wandered into Diomedes' domain, and in due time, after Hercules vanquished him, they ate Diomedes as well. To an American, of course, the idea that some horses eat people is less monstrous than the idea that some people (Europeans and Japanese, for instance) eat horses. True-blue Americans-who, as foreigners sometimes observe, will eat almost anything so long as it is served up with catsup and french fries-still believe that hippophagy is a form of cannibalism. So they contemplate sadly the likelihood that the sons of Redford's Rising Star may someday be ground up for dog food, but censor out of mind completely the possibility that they might end up in some franchise's hamburgers.

In Greek mythology one of the most memorable battles for civilization (really a precursor of the conflict between Plato's two horses) was the battle between those man-horse monsters, the Centaurs, and their neighbors, the hospitable Lapithae. The latter invited the former to the wedding of their King Pirithous. The Centaurs, being Yahoos at heart, drank too much and tried to carry off the bride Hippodamia and the other women. In the ensuing battle (sculptured fragments of which are on display with the rest of the Elgin marbles in the British Museum) the Centaurs were defeated and driven out of the country.

But the most enduring of all horse monsters so far as the founding of Western civilization is concerned is the Trojan Horse, that equine con job the unintended consequence of which, according to Virgil's Aeneid, was the founding of Rome. This horse was loaded with crafty Greeks whose weapons "clashed loud inside the belly" as the beguiled and unheeding Trojans moved the creature into Troy (according to Woody Allen, at least part of the noise was Greek giggling). And so Troy was burned, and so Aeneas began his travels, which, after a variety of heroic adventures, including an interlude with Dido, the amorous Queen of Carthage, culminated in the founding of the Eternal City.

In America, too, everything begins with the horse. The horse, which was a legacy of the Spaniards, revolutionized the culture of the Plains Indians, the western historian Francis Haines tells us, and made possible their tragically brief Golden Age. Indeed, good horses became so important in their buffalo economy that in order to protect them from thieves the Indians sometimes stalled their horses in their tents and made their women and children sleep outside, like twentieth-century teenagers protecting their ten-speed bicycles. The horse, Haines says, changed the stubby-legged, unprepossessing Comanche, who had previously been a skulker in the foothills, into "a dashing mounted warrior of the plains," with leisure, abundance of food, and security from his enemies. Paul Revere carried his famous warning on horseback. The Civil War, no less than the Revolutionary War before it, was a horse war: General Grant's Traveller will surely be remembered longer than General George Patton's pearl-handled pist. Indeed, the imprint of the horse on American imagination was such when the steam engine began to capete with horse power there was alternative but to call it the Iron Hose

ORSES ARE involved not che with the effort to establi civilization, as the legendbattle between the Lapit and the Centaurs suggests, but with question of whether in the conflict tween the civilizing impulse and forces of nature the right side wa Our modern Rousseauean doubts ab the outcome are dramatized in Per-Shaffer's play Equus, in which emotionally disturbed adolescent, A Strang, for whom horses (and es cially one named Nugget) are sacr creatures, has nevertheless put out to eyes of six horses. Here the psychia trist, Martin Dysart, himself a victa of sexual starvation, has the assignmen of reclaiming the boy for normal botgeois life, an assignment that in time makes him see the hollowness and a tificiality of that life, cut off as it i from the "sacred streams" and "tho sand local gods" of the ancient Greek Realizing that the boy has establish a vital contact with "Equus the God" Dysart knows that Alan has expen enced "a passion more ferocious tha I have felt in any second of my life and that to reclaim him for normal cit ilized life may be only to emascula him as a human being. What is broug. on stage here if not Plato's shameled and uncontrollable dark horse, the tru precursor of all those later intrans gent, vital individualists whose sour are offended by the humdrum conver tions of the world's Lapithae?

It is no wonder that Shaffer's play and, to a degree, the movie made from it, met with critical and popular suc cess in America, where it is alway easy to believe that the horse, eve when domesticated into a gorgeou numbskull, provides a way of keepin in touch with elemental sources of awe. The horse symbolizes the domain (often violent) of the antisecular; ever a racing form has an aura of the ar cane about it, as if it were a hermetimessage communicated from a sacre netherworld in hieroglyphics only ini tiates can read-and one that the read not as the rest of us read stock



Paul Deger

rket reports and computer printouts to escriptures of civilization at its st mundane), but as one reads po-

But give Shaffer this: among us it adolescents who are most likely not have lost the intimations of awe and erence associated with the presence horses. Thus in Steinbeck's Red my, the boy, Jody Tiflin, discovers brute facts of the human condition ough the deaths of his beloved pony ibl bilan and the mare Nellie. In Hemfind zway's "My Old Man," the boy naror experiences the trauma of the e we ult world's corruption in relation to innocent beauty and wonder of the Pel cehorses Kzar and Gilford. In Sherhand Anderson's "I Want to Know hy," another boy narrator, whose elings for the horse Sunstreak are st as innocently sexual as are Alan at rang's in Equus, must grapple with the fact that the trainer of Sunstreak to consorts with low prostitutes. So e boy falls painfully into civilization. d one suspects that he will never ain be at ease in it.

The fact that adolescents are our eal discoverers of the incompatibilbetween the secular world of buyg and selling and the world of virtue Ind transcendent energies explains why lults in horse stories are so often only lolescents in disguise. The essential yishness of all the classic western roes is apparent enough. The plots which they exist leave them no alrnative but to be champions of law ad order, yet at the same time those ots commit them to a series of acons that lead precariously to the foot f the altar, which is the dangerous ortal of civilization with all its adult estrictions. Who could imagine Tom Iix or Buck Jones as a contented sarried man? A child bride is one ning, but a child bridegroom verges n the monstrous, like the eating of orsemeat. Still, married they will be. nd in the context of the story the rospect is a happy one: promises, in act, an ideal ménage à trois that thanks in great part to the presence of the horse) will demonstrate in its wn mythical way the reconciliation of civilization and wilderness.

Arthur Miller's first and probably ast western, *The Misfits*, appeared wenty years ago to be "a writer's picure, philosophic and static" (or so said *Newsweek*). But insofar as its

central characters (played by Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable, Montgomery Clift, and Eli Wallach) were adolescents masquerading as adults, it is in the tradition of classic horse opera. Also in the tradition is the conflict between the compulsion to conformity with the strictures of civilization and the liberating energies of wilderness. The only horses in the picture are the wild mustangs the three men periodically capture and sell to the knacker. This involves them in a contradiction. since the mustangs no less than the men are misfits with respect to the homogenizing and commercializing middle class. Marilyn Monroe, who cannot stand to see any animal killed (her image of nature has no room for Centaurs), forces the men to give up this Yahoo practice. The captured mustangs are released, and she and Gable ride off into the starlit night, whether to be married or to continue their love affair is not clear.

There is a kind of despair in this ending, at least relative to the reconciliation of civilization and wilderness in classic horse opera, and this may be why Newsweek called the movie philosophic. And there is despair, too, at least relative to the same standard, in the fact that Monroe is on the side of wilderness, as if she were an embodiment of that ancient stereotype of the woman as essentially a passion-ruled and untamable creature. Her sisters in classic horse opera, in any event, were always on the side of the Lapithae and civilization.



he Electric Horseman, I suspect, owes a good deal to The Misfits, except that its pessimism about civilization is muted and sentimentalized (which is not to ignore the sentimental flaw in The Misfits). In the latter the corruption of nature by civilization is represented by Reno, while in the former the scene has shifted to Las Vegas, but both places symbolize the worm in the great good apple that the West once was. It is in Las Vegas that Redford, the corrupted cowboy hero, who is no less an adolescent than Tom Mix or Roy Rogers, decides to act against the cereal company that has been ruthlessly exploiting the stallion Rising Star in its advertising. The inciting event is Redford's discovery that the horse has been so doped up in order to make it docile that it may very well be sterile. He escapes on its back hotly pursued by a Yahoo combination of law, order, and commercial greed, intending to save it by returning it to nature. He is joined by Jane Fonda, who has hopes of exploiting the caper for television, but to no one's surprise she is converted as they become lovers under the Western sky, and in due time Rising Star is released to join a herd of wild mustangs. Off he gallops, tail up and virile once more, expecting no doubt to get his quota of mares, and never suspecting that he may have been so cripplingly domesticated that he cannot survive the sexual competition of the wilderness.

But in the meantime hero and heroine have been saved by Rising Star just as surely as Rome was saved from nonexistence by the Trojan Horse. Perhaps Rising Star has even saved them from marriage, that ultimate threat to the freedom of ageless adolescents. The last we see of Jane Fonda, she is making it clear that she has been born again and so sees the whole escapade in a new and even transcendental dimension -one that will probably complicate her subsequent life. As for the bornagain cowboy, the last we see of him, he is walking down a country road, like Richard III without a horse and with no specific destination. Perhaps, like Huckleberry Finn, he is lighting out for the Territory, that utopia of the American adolescent's imagination where the Centaurs and the Yahoos have more fun than anybody.

HARPER'S/JULY 1980

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe



The Lord's Work

"... and his lord answered and said unto the servant who had buried his talent, his piece of gold, in the ground: 'Thou wicked and slothful servant! Thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not and gather where I have not strewed. Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received my own ... with interest!' Now, friends, if you've got your money lying around in a passbook savings account down at the bank ... you ... are like that wicked servant! You ... have got your gold . . . stuck in the ground! Wouldn't you rather be able to answer, in the Final Hour, when the Last Questions are asked: 'Oh, yes, Lord! I took my gold . . . out of the passbook savings account! I put my gold . . . into the Gospel Money Market Fund!' Fourteen-point-five percent per annum as of June 15! Interest compounded daily! Withdrawals in part or in full . . . at any time! Check-writing privileges ... of course! Bank by wire ... available! Call me tonight, toll free-the Reverend Bob Lee Boyd, Gospel Money Market Fund, Incorporated-and wake up tomorrow . . . on the side . . . of the Angels! This is not an offering, which can be made by formal prospectus only."

ON BUSING IN BOSTON

immers of understanding

by Martha Bayles

N THE BOSTON public schools, headlines are made each year in the fall. when a new desegregation plan goes into effect. Each year the plan different, based on the latest enrollent data, and each year the readjustnumbers translate into readjusted es. Transfer requests are denied or anted: students are or are not reasmed; routines, good or bad, are errupted. If the changes aren't farsching enough for the pro-busing oups, they cry racism. If the disrupn is too much for the anti-busing oups, their bitterness breaks through surface in the form of walkouts, monstrations, hooliganism, and vioice. Thousands of whites have left system-some because they were ing to anyway, others, undeniably, cause of the turmoil. White students e no longer in the majority, and next ar there may not be enough to go ound. Yet in liberal circles, the subat of white resistance is passed over thtly-with a groan, a joke, a bittenf word: racism.

But what if we can't accept a single ord as an explanation? What if we n't help wondering about this bitterses, this resistance—where it comes om, and why it persists? If we don't low the situation firsthand, or even we do, perhaps we will look for the iswers in books.

Liberty's Chosen Home (Littlerown, 1977), journalist Alan Lupo's imbling history of the politics of busg, shows (among other things) how the Boston School Committee was able to ignore blacks for so long because an at-large system of elections put the place eighty years ago by liberal Yankee reformers to keep out the Irish. Fifty years ago the Irish took it over, and they have been using it for the past twenty years to keep out the blacks. And the blacks in turn, through protest, boycott, and litigation, have gained the support of liberals, Yankees, and reformers-for a court order that breaks the Irish stranglehold once and for all. Thus when black children ride buses in Boston today, it is not only across racial barriers, but also into an old and bitter political crossfire. The book makes a valuable contribution insofar as it suggests the depths to which white working-class Bostonians have felt disenfranchised by the arbitrary authority of a liberal suburban judge. But possibly because it despairs of reconciling the various sides of the various rifts it opens, the book degenerates into campaign literature for Mayor Kevin White-a hope of reconciliation most readers would find naive.

OR THOSE who care less about the particulars of Boston politics than about the larger meaning of the busing crisis, there is another kind of book, another journalistic mode with claims to being at once more personal and more universal, which might be called the "authentic vignette." Instead of history, the journalism of the authentic vignette is mixed with psychiatry-a cross between the human-interest story and the clinical case study. Its inventor and chief practitioner is a native son of Boston, Robert Coles. Hardly a group in America has failed to have its session with Dr. Coles, a child psychiatrist who began writing about the lives of the poor in the early 1960s. In 1975 in the New York Review of Books, he put quotes around the word racism and suggested we shouldn't let our minds stop dead when we encounter it, but rather seek further, A worthwhile suggestion, but unfortunately every time Robert Coles seeks furtherwhether it be with blacks, Chicanos, Indians, women, or "racists"-he always finds the same thing; a sense of being exploited and oppressed by the ruling class. It is a finding popular in liberal circles today, but less because it answers our questions than because it stops our ears against those cries of Kill Niggers, White Power, Keep the Boneheads Out of Southie.

For authentic vignettes focused exclusively on busing, we can turn to a student of Coles's, a psychologist and writer named Thomas J. Cottle. Like Coles, Cottle has spent years talking with people and relating their stories from the point of view of a sympathetic, if somewhat consciencestricken, scribe. But unlike Coles, Cottle pursues his subjects beyond class resentment, His book Busing (Beacon Press, 1976) presents seven vignettes, three of which portray busing opponents-one of whom, a woman, is allowed to confess that she hates not only the rich and powerful but black people, too. To his credit, Cottle doesn't reduce the latter hatred to the former, but follows it into deeper, more troubled waters than Coles ever would. He relates how, for sleeping with her boy-

Martha Bayles, who has taught in the Boston school system, is a novelist and teaches writing at Harvard.

friend, the woman was disowned at eighteen by her father, an old-fashioned Irish Catholic who detested two things: black people and sin. With the aid of a heavily explicit dream at the end, Cottle's narrative makes it clear that the woman has confounded the two, fighting desperately to keep them both out of sight and out of mind. Equating white racism with sexual anxiety is hardly a new slant on the question, but at least it takes into account the vehemence and seeming irrationality of the passions lately displayed on Boston's streets. But it is also a sop to the conscience of liberals and other nonracists whose minds really do stop dead at the word racism, as though it were an epidemic for which they alone are clever enough to know the remedy. This psychologizing only helps them do what they tend to do anyway: place the anti-busing movement into strict mental quarantine, where its hot indignant protests show up not as real complaints but as symptoms of disease.

Thus, for all its professed claims to richness and complexity, the authentic vignette tends to reduce anti-busing sentiment to either of two grudges: a healthy and admirable grudge against better-off whites, or a sick and shameful grudge against worse-off blacks. Of course there is some truth in both formulations. But together they make it possible for the reader to pity the racist as a victim of economic oppression while neatly dissociating himself from the pathology, racism. Perhaps we can tell whether this shortcoming belongs to the genre in general, or to Coles and Cottle in particular, by seeing how the genre works in other hands.

AMELA BULLARD and Judith Stoia, authors of The Hardest Lesson: Personal Stories of a School Desegregation Crisis,* are Boston television reporters, not clinicians. But no matter; the authentic vignette has as one of its chief conventions a finicky dismissal of education and training as being useless in understanding human beings. Off the experts, it cries at every turn. Likewise Bullard and Stoia: "We've heard from the psychologists, the politicians, the educators. But the students who daily lived through desegregation have been *Published by Little-Brown; 223 pages, \$8.95.

silent. And it is perhaps their simple stories that are the most important lessons of all." Such words are enough to impress even the expert, for they promise the most complete possible answer to our questions, something more profound than mere intellectual understanding: the wisdom that comes from experience. But although they promise, they do not deliver. For it is another convention of the genre—a particularly annoying one—that stories good enough to impart wisdom are easy to tell.

The Hardest Lesson contains twice as many narratives as its predecessor, Busing, but surpasses it in no other way. Bullard and Stoia tell their stories with all the brevity, literal accuracy, and utter superficiality of the television tapes from which the accounts were derived. In fact, the tapes are better, because they provide vivid pictures. But even if Bullard and Stoia were poets (and none of these writers is, although Thomas Cottle comes closer than the rest), their account of the conflict would still fall short of wisdom. Take "Vinnie," their final vignette. Vinnie is the only kid in Charlestown willing to ride the bus to all-black Roxbury High. At first we are refreshed by his lack of bigotry, taking it as a sign that maybe Charlestown isn't all that bad. But then we realize that Vinnie is being held up as the noble exception in more ways than one. Unlike his backward and ignorant neighbors, he wants to go to Harvard. Unlike his insular neighbors, he intends to leave Charlestown and never come back. Unlike his conformist neighbors, he thrives under ostracism. Unlike his insecure neighbors, he isn't afraid of Roxbury. Unlike his touchy neighbors, he never experiences any hostility from any black person. Unlike his sexually repressed neighbors, he sees no harm in unmarried girls having babies. In short, he's hip; he's just like us. The point is that Bullard and Stoia. in their zeal to show how busing has cured Vinnie of racial prejudice, show also how it has cured him of numerous other beliefs and values. Instead of describing a Charlestown boy who has overcome racism, they describe a Charlestown boy who has overcome Charlestown.

Many of those who would hand out rights like loaves of bread to the starving balk at the right to be backward. They are dismayed when people not only believe in backward ideas, consider them worth fighting for. 14 root out aspects of backwardness to particularly abhor-corrupt polity old-fashioned Catholicism, racial prodice, traditional sexual morality-tithink nothing of ripping up a neigh borhood or insulting a way of life, Al the backward know this, which is vi they get hysterical. Perhaps in Bosti. as in Iran, they wouldn't get so hystical if it hadn't been done to them's many times before. But progress its costs. The authentic vignette is of one form of hypocrisy accompany one form of destruction entailed one form of progress-busing. Prea ing reconciliation, it actually arguone side's compliance-not just with court order, but with the other side system of values.

RT, ON THE OTHER HAD doesn't bother with progre When we pick up a noll about busing, we expect breathe the bracing air of battle wiout therapeutic or conciliatory pipose. In some ultimate sense, art my hope to reconcile, but in the shortmiddle run, it couldn't care less, i thrives, in fact, on the differences la tween people: sniffing them out, reving in their conflict-tending, if ar thing, to exaggerate them for effect And for a while The Fire Watch,* Alan Dennis Burke, satisfies this e pectation, this urge to be there, the craving for direct experience. The no el's protagonist is Peter Lyons, a fort ish high-school teacher promoted security officer in a recently desegn gated school, clearly modeled on Sou Boston High. To anyone who has spel time in a racially tense school, this w be the only book in the lot that eve begins to describe the overwhelming stupidity, ugliness, and persistence the conflict-or the myriad ways which people give up in the face of i the delusion, despair, and smug sel righteousness in which they indulg Burke seems to attempt a rough para lel between the degraded condition certain kids-portrayed with all the un caring scorn and disgust felt by adul who have to deal with them every da -and the moral state of those sam adults, in its own way just as d

*Published by Atlantic/Little-Brown 386 pages, \$11.95.

ided. The kids succumb to lying, ints, drug-dealing, promiscuity, and bbings. The adults are corrupted by bery, infighting, alcoholism, infideles, and arson. In addition, Peter ons's moral sense is shown to be no ferent from the kids'. Wrong is ting in trouble, getting caught, or t getting the kicks you expected. ght is getting away, getting ahead, d, finally, getting the hell out.

The novel, in a word, is mean. Burke s no sympathy for liberals, black ders, or idealists. He laughs at them, ks out their stuffing. This is quite a nic after the relentless tolerance of se history, but as for giving us a eper understanding of the meaning the conflict, it's a larger failure. At ist the authentic vignette does some stice to the people it agrees with. But ng before the bodies start flying in irke's final riot scene, he has made clear that all of his characters-not st the liberals-are made of straw. rents, priests, lovers, coaches, stuents, wives-all are animated solely the crudities of money and sex. Any :liefs beyond that, whether the proessive hopes of a young idealistic acher or the conservative counsel of priest, are dust, Perhaps Burke means represent Peter Lyons as a homeless jul in the no-man's-land between losg one set of values and gaining anher, but the novel betrays no evidence at Burke is that much in control of is material, or above the cynicism he ortrays. His book gives us a notion of hat a South Boston High can be likene hopeless feeling that, black or hite, the human race needs to interate not with itself but with angels erhaps, or Martians. But it's difficult o feel true hopelessness or lovelessness r senselessness without at least a conasting notion of hope or love or ense

The practitioners of the authentic ignette are generous enough to listen o the opponents of busing, to see that hey are not monsters—all the while using a self-consciously egalitarian and inticlinical method. This makes them opular among liberals, who like to hink that the differences between people are reconcilable. But in order to inchieve their goal of getting everybody o dig where everybody else is coming from, Coles and his followers have to become more clinical with some people han with others. They tend to take at

face value people whose values they share. But when they deal with the bigoted and the backward, they start probing beneath the surface of the person's words for grudges, motives, explanations—anything to make those words easier to take. In order to sustain the generosity of its original impulse, their method presumes that certain people just don't mean what they say. It begins in sympathy, but it ends in diagnosis.

The trouble with the diagnostic

frame of mind is that it can extend quite easily to everybody. The same strategy that tries to make South Boston palatable to Cambridge can also be used to undercut Cambridge—as indeed Coles does, on numerous occasions—or discredit Roxbury. And cynicism, of the sort manifested in Burke's novel, is the inevitable result. Either we pay people the compliment of assuming they mean what they say, or our own words will turn to ashes in our mouths.

HARPER'S/JULY 1980

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The Keynesian Episode

By W. H. Hutt

An unsparing reassessment of the dominant economic movement of our century. The Keynesian Episode looks back to tell us why Lord Keynes' economic doctrines had such great appeal among academics and politicians—with such disastrous results-and looks ahead to tell us how to restore a sound economy. Long a leading critic of Keynesianism, Professor Hutt first attempted to prepare a second edition of his 1963 book. Keynesianism—Retrospect and Prospect. but ended up with a new book. The result is a fresh masterpiece of economic history and analysis.

Born in 1899, W. H. Hutt graduated from the London School of Economics and based his academic career at the University of Cape Town. He is presently Distinguished Visiting Professor of Economics at the University of Dallas. Hardcover \$10.00, Paperback \$4.50.

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COUNTRY WISDOM

Ruminating on farmers, kingpins, and squash

by Jeffrey Bu

Lost Country Life, by Dorothy Hartley. 374 pages; illustrated. Pantheon, \$14.95.

Three Farms: Making Milk, Meat and Money from the American Soil, by Mark Kramer. 274 pages. Atlantic/Little, Brown, \$12.95.

Where is that station which can confer a more substantial system of felicity than that of an American farmer, possessing freedom of action, freedom of thoughts, ruled by a mode of government which requires but little from us?

—J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, Letters from an American Farmer

STARTED FROM SCRATCH, petting goats and sheep at the kiddie zoo, planting peach pits in the sandbox ("If you swallow those seeds you'll grow a watermelon in your stomach" -but spitting them on the ground is disgusting). Tag, ring-a-levio, and hide and seek around the parked cars, then coming home dirty: "This room looks like a pigsty"; "The houseplants are soiled, too"-early wordplay. Pigs are dirty, pigs are clean; they can't sweat. Horses sweat, men perspire and wipe the sweat of their brows with big red bandannas. The salt of the earth gets in their eyes. "Once upon a time there was a nicens little moocow coming down the road.

So that my wife could pursue the arcana of linguistic theory, we moved to rural western Massachusetts, and I lived and worked weekdays in my hometown of Manhattan, a full-time Jeffrey Burke writes the "In Print" column in monthly alternation with Frances Taliajerro.

part-timer partout—a.k.a. the best of both worlds. Late summer, before harvest or classes start, outside the study window stretch fields of tall corn and sprightly onion shoots and cheesecloth-covered leaf tobacco—the local great, white way.

"What is that?" (size of an Irish football with warts) "That's a blue Hubbard squash." "Never saw one of those before." (ugliest piece of foodstuff this side of a saggy haggis)

Preparation of the blue Hubbard squash, according to Mr. Graves of the River Road Millstone House Farms fruit-and-vegetable stand: "Throw it down on the road hard so it cracks into a lot of smaller pieces."

Cooking of same, according to same: "Bake it in the oven till it's tender, then scoop the meat out. Best-eatin' squash there is."

My wife spotted four walleyes floating head to tail in a stream next to Old Amherst Road; I thought all fish were walleyed.

Dorothy Hartley, in Lost Country Life, explains the origin of a phrase I grew up hearing as spitting image. It comes from medieval building techniques, in which "evenness and symmetry are got by pairing the two split halves of the same tree, or branch"—thus, she says, splitting image. An entry on page 1,027 of Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable would have it yet otherwise:

Spit and image, or spitting image. An exact likeness or resemblance—just as if one person were to spit out of another's mouth. That, too, is disgusting; it must been what the walleyes were up they all look alike to me.

I'm inhaling the sweet perfumea silage with Mark Kramer, the aut of Three Farms, when a cow comes behind me and licks my shirtslet from elbow to shoulder. While I rep to myself, mantralike, "cows have teeth, cows have no teeth," Krarseeing me jump, asks if I want to le the barn. I laugh the suggestion and remark for the fifth or sixth to on the astonishing size a cow atta when seen up close. He brushes the aside with gentle shoves and endo ments.

On this fortunate farm in west Massachusetts, the business of mak milk is conducted to near-perfecti Lee Totman, the fourth generation work the family land, has his cogiving enough milk "to fill betweethere and four thousand quart cart at the processing plant" every ot day. That's the best production in county and "over three tons more the national average."

I stand in the yard outside the far house, behind me a huge machine sh full of just precisely the requinequipment, between it and the kitch door the woodshed, across the roplots of feed grass (timothy, alfal Kentucky blue, dandelion) alternati with freshly plowed rows of rich so and, completing the view around in the barn, which houses the cows free stalls, feeding room, and, twice day, milking parlor—I stand and gin to realize the remarkable fidel of Kramer's written description to to original: a spitting image.

n Three Farms, Kramer studies this w England dairy farm (100 acres). Iowa corn-hog farm (500 acres), l a California corporate farm ,000 acres). That progression in follows one in the author's attie from unqualified admiration, to nect and concern, and then to skepsm and fear. All three farms demtrate the increasing dependence on hnology-equipment and know-how hat, though it saves labor, demands investment and competence beyond reach of more and more farmers: I though it increases production, eatens the free-market system and ors nonfarming principles of busis management at the expense of ciency. (See also William Mueller in merican Miscellany," page 82.) ese various interconnections bode nopoly, high prices, tomatoes made playing stickball, and the consignnt to memory of all that is repreited in tradition, skill, flavor, and egrity by the family farm. Kramer's ectionate profile of the Totman famand farm, their prosperous survival withstanding, emphasizes the tragv of that loss.

In my nonage I farmed a shallow x $10^{\prime\prime}$ plastic tray from Woolrth's. I watered its vermiculite surce, and when those eighty square hes (.00014 acre) of lawn grass me in I harvested them with a pair nail scissors.

Hartley's book is a cornucopia of e on how people lived in rural gland from the twelfth through the theenth centuries. She begins with nuary and devotes a chapter to each onth's particular labor, following and panding on a sixteenth-century farming calendar by a knowledgeable verier named Thomas Tusser. A sample unza from "May" demonstrates the nemonic potential of rhymed inforation:

In May get a weed-hook, a crotch and a glove.

and weed out such weeds as the corn do not love.

For weeding of winter corn, now it is best;

but June is the better for weeding

usser's verses, Hartley writes, "were

used as teaching devices as late as the nineteenth century." I imagine those dactyls took quite a pounding in the classroom.

The irony of Lee Totman's success in producing ever-greater quantities of milk from his herd of fifty-five and his hundred acres of pasture and cropland is that it forces the rest of the farmers to compete at the same level in a market of stabilized demand-and few have been blessed with his smarts and as much good land in one place. Most farmers cut the wrong corners in order to keep the banker at bay. (Kramer and Totman meet in the fields during my visit: I watch them shake their heads over a neighbor's decision to save money by not fertilizing this year.) Farmers who can't match the pace of technological improvement the way four generations of Totmans have are soon left behind: "Less than a sixth of the farm families that were in business on the eve of World War II are still farming in Massachusetts."

In the workings of water mills where corn is ground may be found the kingpin, which is both the axle of the water wheel outside and the drive shaft of the grinding mechanism inside. At her local mill in Wales, Dorothy Hartley discovered that kingpins have to be replaced about once every hundred years, according to the millwright's careful, colorful reckoning of the mill's history from 1650, through three generations of his family, and up to the time of her visit in 1945.

After my guided tour of the Totman farm, Kramer and I have lunch in a Sunderland truckstop called Steeple Jacks. He talks about the five years of work that went into Three Farms: the long search for the most illustrative farms; visiting, living, and working with his subjects; and the painstaking research to assure himself that he was, in all he wrote about, as expert as 'he most expert reader, if only for the length of a paragraph's digression.

While describing his method of filling out the forty or fifty categories he used to organize his material, he mentions his fondness for "set pieces," the self-contained short essay or narrative that either forms an integral part of the text or else stands apart as important background. However they function structurally, they always delight and instruct, and the book abounds in them. For example:

—Adolph Oien's invention of the "free stall barn":

—how to make hay, haylage, and silage;

—the use of fish as fertilizer;
—the workings of the Holstein-Friesian
Association of America;

-the history of Creston, Iowa;

—how to replace the rotten post sup-

-the "reflex sport" of sorting hogs;
-the steady loss of Iowa topsoil:

—harvesting a field of 105,708,000 tomatoes:

—how to form a corporate farm of 21,000 acres.

You have to be at least half in love with barely useful facts or imbued with selective nostalgia to get through Hartley's dense encyclopedia. Browse instead—maybe on a month-by-month schedule—with particular attention to the many odd and helpful illustrations, which comprise line drawings, reproductions from medieval manuscripts, and even a photograph of "muck-spreading in the twentieth century."

The sound of clanging pig-feeder flaps continues night and day—a perpetual Balinese pig orchestra.

The six harvesting machines drift across the gray-green tomato-leaf sea. After a time, the distant ones come to look like steamboats afloat across a wide bay.

Besides knowing whereof he speaks, Kramer writes thereof with wit, economy, precision, and insight, and *Three Farms* reads better and rewards more than many novels.

My wife is debriefing me on my visit to the Totman farm. Halfway through the report she dissolves in laughter at the idea that anyone would let a cow frighten him. Until her merriment subsides I can only scratch absentmindedly some nonspecific itch of impatience near that bane of all barbers, my cowlick.

HARPER'S/JULY 1980

GROWING WITH THE TIMES

The grim yield of modern farming

by William Muel

N THE EARLY SIXTIES, two of my uncles and my father ran a fertilizer operation that covered more acres than anyone else's in the state of Iowa-30,000 per season. They used up 50,000-gallon tank cars as fast as Spencer Petroleum could ship them. They were the first sign of bigness that any of the farmers in Cass or Hardin County had ever seenthe first glimpse of the future. My uncle's eyes glowed when he recalled how the boys down at the M & M cafe would scoff at anhydrous ammoniathey thought it would burn the hell out of everything. They laughed when Uncle Vern put 120 pounds per acre on his prime bottom land. Everyone thought it would be another Hiroshima, all the corn burned to a crisp. They didn't laugh when he walked away with the state yield contest that year. Back then it was fun to shake up the old traditions. But there was also a good deal of pride connected with the job. For my uncles and my father, that fertilizer business was the closest they would ever get to a true adventure. The long days, the expert work, being first—all of this made them a local legend among their peers. Who would have thought they were ushering a monster in the door?

In 1967, two years after I went off to be "formally educated," as my family put it, there came a season when my uncles and my father sat down in early spring with the beat-up notebooks and scraps of dirty paper that recorded deals made in feedlots and cafes, at pig auctions and outside church doors -deals for 10 acres here and 200 there, of 80 pounds to the acre to be preplanted and 120 to be side-dressed -and as they leafed through the smudged pages, adding it all up on the Burroughs calculator, it was clear even before Dad hit the "total" bar that the oil companies had Sunray Fertilizer licked.

Farmers who had done business with the brothers for years looked the other way now when they met them on street. Call-backs, and tokens, was they got. They drew the dangerous de toured hills and tight tag-ends, will the co-op, with its cheap fertilizer, cheap tracted for the bottoms, flat as table Who needed quality, when Phillips Farm Service could sell fertilizer for nickel a pound-half what the broers had been charging when to brought the new business to the sta Sunray Fertilizer could not even its own product wholesale for the pi the petroleum companies were chall ing directly to the farmer, which course was the whole point-to dr the small, independent service comnies out of business.

As a kid of fourteen I never lieved that the family farm might threatened with extinction. A cl friend of mine lived on a farm; I sumed he would always be there.

William Mueller has worked in various pects of farming for more than ten years a now makes his living as a writer in Iowa.



igh he and his dad added a special 1-drying operation and increased r storage capacity a dozenfold, and igh he pointed out to me the varsmaller farms around his own they planned to buy one day, I er thought much about that. He you had to get bigger to stay in petition. My friend was a bullshit-When he began his Harold Robspiel about bigger and better. I gave him the fisheve and asked his love life was coming along. he owns more than a thousand s of good Hardin County land, most acquired from retiring small farmwho have moved into town. The ration is worth a couple of million. flies a private plane and won't talk ne anymore-he's on the Jaycees. ne bullshit.

always assumed that my own farm n in Cass County was more or less institution, along with the family nions each summer, the same neighs, the same dog running out to t us. Little things might changesize of tractors, a new building or the number of cattle being run ough the feedlots-but the big igs never changed. There were still rries to pick in the orchard, even new combine sat in the shadows, ting to ravish rows of corn in the . My family farm was sold to setthe estate. I don't know who owns 10w. Somebody does.

LL THESE CHANGES did not in themselves corrupt the rural system. If it had been as easy as that—if the devil bestrode International Harvester-we would re been on the alert. In fact, people re too cautious at first. When radios could bolt to the fender of your ctor came out, they met with a good al of resistance. They were enorous red boxes that could be seen for les. A fellow would be driving along d look out into a field and say, larry's got himself a radio-what a am puff." But the guys with the lios claimed it kept them from gocrazy, and to prove it they put in me terribly long days. Then came bs for the tractors and headlights d heaters for inside the cabs. That ved a few cases of frostbite; but even ore, at harvest or planting, farmers gan running the beasts around the

clock in two-man shifts. Driving home from a date, I would see their lights out in the fields at three in the morning. What did it mean? Well, it didn't mean they were still farming the same old 160 acres their fathers had farmed, that's for sure. Now one man could handle 300. With the right equipment, a couple of sons, maybe a hired man, he could go more than 500 acres.

No farmer used the new equipment just to make his life easier. He wanted to show that he could do more—and the new prices demanded that he do more. Farming became an adventure in the same way it had been for my family's fertilizer company a few years earlier. Science and industry had finally provided the farmer with the proper tools to perform miracles. Along with the inherent values of hard work, ingenuity, and determination, the combination of rural man and modern technology could only result in an agricultural revolution.

Yields skyrocketed. In the late Fifties my uncle won three state vield contests in a row with a little more than 150 bushels to an acre. By the Seventies. with new hybrids, that would have been a laughable figure for a corn contest. Once the countryside had embraced change, the family farmers brought agriculture to levels of productivity and efficiency that had even the Japanese taking notes. In my hometown newspaper, the Herald-Index, hardly a month went by without a front-page photograph of visiting dignitaries inspecting some grain-processing and -drying operation, an automated feedlot, or a high-production farrowing system. There would be a half-dozen short folks in their trench coats, looking keenly interested, alongside this big German in his bibs, looking slightly embarrassed. We all knew why that was. Down at the auction his neighbors would be passing that photograph around and laughing their heads off-because that old bird was only the third-best hog producer in Buckeye Township. But that was okay, because third-best in Buckeye Township was still better than anything the Japanese had.

In the beginning there was a good deal of excitement and quite a lot of pride connected with the agricultural revolution. You had to be impressed the first time you watched an unloading semi at the grain elevator get tipped like a Matchbox toy to spill its load into the bowels of that place faster than the driver could swill down an Orange Crush in the office, with the scales manager waving a tare slip in his face and velling for him to get a move on. There was no time to shoot the breeze between loads anymorewe had a world to feed. Power and pride were reflected in the Omaha stockvards, in the semis, filled with beef and hogs, backed up for miles along access roads, the patchwork of pens stretching to the horizon, and the hulking packinghouses scattered throughout the latticework. It was hard to look at the new machinery and methods, the ways people used the technology for high production, and feel anything but good could come of it.

INDSIGHT REVEALS the agricultural revolution to be a double-edged sword bring-Ing disaster to the rural way of life. But farmers were aware of the dangers years ago, and felt they had more options. Some tried to stay small: one tractor, only enough cultivation equipment to get by, hire out the special work, and hold down the size of the farm. This worked as long as they could avoid any contact with the new technology, for the price of chemical fertilizers alone might wreck their budgets, as would a single new tractor or a four-bottom plow. To ignore the future, a farmer had to retreat deeper into the past-more manure spreading, smaller herds of cattle and pigs, strict crop rotation, and, ironically, more reliance on neighbors who owned combines and new hav balers. But if he was finally faced with the need to buy a new tractor, the only ones available might cost as much as \$50,000, and to justify such an expense he had to increase production, which meant acquiring more land and more equipment. Less and less were people offered the choice of remaining small or growing with the times.

An offshoot of all this, beginning in the Sixties, was the educational revolution that came to the agricultural belt, especially through Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the northern plains states. The older folks, only two or three generations removed from Europe, were barely literate in English. They knew that dignity was often tied

to a man's education. With a propertybased tax system for education, the farmers saw to it that schools were properly staffed. They raised hell with the teachers-not always in the most enlightened manner, but at least they were concerned about what went on inside the schoolhouse. So their children did fine-no, they did marvelously-and as a result they went off to college and continued to excel, usually in professions other than farming. The father, a second-generation man himself, watched his sons and daughters finish high school and college and settle in strange places he tried to visit each winter, and then he got tired, and land speculation began to boom. and there was his daughter in Arizona or his son in California. So he sold the old place, and maybe he bought a trailer to go from kid to kid, or maybe he moved to the county seat and bought one of those prefabricated homes with two bathrooms-his and hers, he liked to joke-and hung out all day at the cafe or the auction, as he said he would on so many of those busy days when he had to go out and work his honest day's portion.

The younger farmers who stuck around and bought up the small farms from the older men became industrialists. They brought to their farms that same pride in bigness and power that my father and uncles had found in their fertilizer operation. As prices rose, these new farmers began expecting more from the technology. There were practical considerations: horsepower, gearboxes, turning radius, instrumentation, and flexibility of usage. Enormous balloon tires allowed a tractor to enter a field while it was still muddy. Implements were being built that could do two and three operations for each pass through the field. The interior environment of the cab continued to evolve for greater comfort over longer periods of time, with not only heat and air conditioning, but also radios, CBs, bucket seats, and even shock absorbers. Styling also began to crop up. Tractors were sleek, and they could do thirty in road gear. They had enough power to push over a building, and they kept growing in size. Their prices reflected the new signs of status. Today, an operation with a pair of good tractors, a combine, and the necessary related equipment spends as much on the machinery as the entire farm would have cost fifteen years ago.

LTHOUGH THE PRICE of land now draws some farmers deeper into debt, others are being tempted off their land by the money to be made in selling out, and the heirs of family estates now find it impossible to avoid selling off the original farm, because the economic stakes are far too high to allow one or two of the remaining sons to take control. The complexities of capital gains, land rentals, capital improvements, and escalating land values conflict with the moral issue of how to do right by those who decide to stay on the farm, who want to carry on the tradition their fathers and grandfathers started.

This past year, a certain parcel of land in Hardin County sold for \$4,000 an acre. That was strictly land-no buildings, no home on it-but it was adjacent to one of the largest cattle operations in the state and the owner had wanted to remain on it as long as he could. Hardin is not even among the leading counties in terms of average land values. Several hover just under \$3,000 an acre. Considering that 500 acres is a fairly modest operation to support the overhead that results from the basic equipment, we're talking about a \$1.5 million outlay for land, plus another half-million for more equipment and additional investments in seed, grain, livestock, fuel, fertilizer, fences, and thousands of other essential items. This man with a high-school education or two years at a junior college is looking at a balance sheet of nearly \$3 million, and it scares the hell out of him.

That is why there are now 11,000 millionaires in an agricultural state of less than 3 million population. Yet it is a tenuous wealth, which has only the sale of the land as a concrete sign of value. To stay in farming means to live with perpetual debt of astronomical proportions-sometimes carrying more than \$1 million in liabilities while awaiting the harvest. And then there are the unknowns. It is the unknowns that turn modern farming into a nightmare: grain sales to the Russians, a petroleum shortage, no natural gas for the corn dryers or the fertilizer business in the South, a discovery by the FDA or OSHA or Ag Department that some feed surle ment you've been using is toxic or cinogenic. Or maybe the conservanboard determines that your cattle eration pollutes the stream runing through your property; or you can the morning paper and discover the Deere employees are on striking Waterloo, so the tractor you orde for the planting will not arrive time; or your prime-beef buyer been indicted on five counts of fra or the truckers are on strike; or railroad has just gone bankrupt was you are sitting on top of 100,000 by els of corn worth more than hall million dollars and nowhere to sin it. You can see this mountain of can from your kitchen window, and i just sitting there, with rain falling it, while the Secretary of Agricult is telling you what a great service mankind you are performing, and (ter is assuring you that this is the ly way to stop the Russians. The plement company is not so patril about withholding its bill, nor is feed-service company or the fertil company.

I am not surprised when each vo ter these crazy coots jump into the heated tractors and drive east, like gratory waterfowl, to be enjoyed ogled by the cosmopolites in Washir ton, who try to read the logos on the feed-service caps. There is a ragel this pilgrimage, and what these rehave to say is simply this: I have learned how to produce more for than anyone else in the history of world; I can handle the chemistry the economics, the heat and the co the dust and the insects, and I even be a patriotic son of a bitch turn over my sons to your army w hardly a flinch; but it just pisses hell out of me to see all my care work get screwed up because of so fool ass who has never set foot on land. Point out this idiot to me, a maybe we can have a cup of co and chat. Where is this jackass w can't manage his own railroad, w can't even add up a few barrels of on a sheet of paper? You say the m claims that we live in uncertain time I'll show him uncertainty in the f rowing pens, staying up two and the days straight with thirty sows-th: uncertainty.

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IT'S TIME TO CURE DIABETES....
IT'S TIME WE ALL HELPED



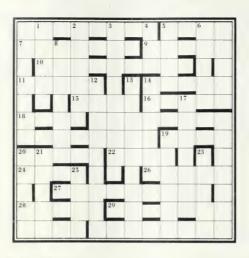


Solution to the June Puzzle Notes for "Coordination"

A slash (/) separates the explanation of the clue from the explanation of the coordinates for that entry.

1. bargained/ten-d; 2. shoe(r), anagram/ 12(high time)-I; 3. B(yron)-odes/ (som)eone; 4. th(Ron)e/2-B, homonym; 5. locals, anagram/e-seven, hidden; 6. shrub, anagram/ (100-l); 7. buckshot, anagram/ten-vevea, anagram; 8. otic. hidden/1. At (team-ace); 9. Ch(in)a-Ch(in)a/A-1 (exc.); 10. oppone(anagram)·N.T./B-4, homonym; 11. bee(RCA)n/nine-a, anagram; 12. vine-yard/K-2 (mtn.); 13. sandal, hidden/1-one; 14. p(a-bu.)lum/ J-one(S); 15. S-cant/h-eight; 16. O-N(L)-Y/eight-a, anagram; 17. hob(n)o-B/a-s even; 18. c.-hide/9-H (Muses-h.); 19. can-can/l-l-f; 20. bag-pipes/Le; 21. plea(sure)/5-I, homonym; 22. Coupe(rin)/4-A, homonym; 23. psy(chic)s, partial anagram/i-f I've; 24. needle(ss)/L-seven(a), anagram; 25. hierarch, anagram/5-5; 26. prop-he-Cy/d-one; 27. C-U.S-p/one-A (United-A.); 28. pimp-le/(dis)h-one (sty); 29. din(ner)-ah/J-8, homonym; 30. Th-pound/4-F; 31. CL-ergyman, anagram/S(even)-D; 32. La-Va./2(due in Ital.)-I; 33. Geo.-me-try/for g-one; 34. pole(M.)ic/C-six(shooter); 35. ap(pet-it)es/six-a, reversal; 36. aerodrome, anagram/three-a, anagram/anagram/

PUZZLE



DOUBLE OCCUPANCY

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Each clue answer is longer than the space allotted to it in the diagram. Therefore, two letters will have to be put in some squares. Words crossing these doubly occupied squares necessarily must use both letters, but not necessarily in the same order. Unchecked squares (i.e., those without a cross-

ing word) always contain only one letter.

Ten words are unclued. They all share something in common, which must be deduced. They are to be entered one

letter to a square.

As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 87.

CLUES

ACROSS

- A tax service: travel where one can taxi (8)
- A lot of the earth is processed in coils (7) 10. Pungency you get with tires and plants (11)
- 11. Grain's a source for fruit drink (7)
- 14. Bring more feverish, has row (7)
- 15. Pipe line around NE state (5)

- 16. Disease contracted year after falls (6)
- 18. Conceived long after love died (6)
- 19. Track record (5)
- 20. In the interest of oneself, be in front (6)
- Not still curious about me (5)
- 24. Stakes a nest off (5)
- 26. Spanish lady and a Latin like a ball (7)
- Marksman notes slightly higher owl (12)
- 28. Wait, I remember coming back to bury retirees (7)
- 29. Kind of novel, getting tailored in son's size (9)

DOWN

- 1. Inscription on tombstone was upsetting for woodcutte
- 2. Gave credit cards out, I bet, with time off for enclosur (8)
- 3. Suffering so in trial, but set free (12)
- 4. Did she cut the ends off, serving (4) 5. Flooring turns off subway entrances (5)
- 6. Some entertainment inspires one internally (6)
- 8. Where to look for evidence of marriage; touch girdle first (4, 6)
- 12. High and mighty ground or air tactics (12)
- 13. Cheer six in horn section—I'm orchestra leader (10) 14. Bridle, etc., when lying about Democrat's temper (8)
- 17. Singers seek a part in Frenzy (9)
- 19. Making big blasts, jockey shot pony (8)
 21. Prompt me after I goof up, not before (2, 4)
- 23. Listen, I'm truckin' rotten meat (7)
- 25. Avoid quiet worry (5)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Double Occupancy, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by July 11. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription

to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the August issue Winners' names will be printed in the September issue. Winners of the May puzzle, "Quotation Marks," are: Shirley Bentley, Peoria, Illinois; Karen Hertzog, Tacoma, Washington; and Andrade Thompson, Hopkinton, Massachusetts.



Alfred North Whitehead

The vitality of thought is in adventure. Ideas won't keep.

Something must be done with them.

Great Ideas: one of a series artist: Agnes Denes

In either length—King or 100's:

ariton lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar compared with U.S. Gov't. figures for brands that call themselves low in tar:

	mg./cig.	mg./cig.			
Carlton Box (lowest o	Box (lowest of all brands)				
·	less than 0.01	0.002			
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1			
Carlton 100's Box	1	0.1			

Carlton 100's Soft Pack less than 6 0.5 0.9 14 1.0 Kent 100's 0.6 Merit 8 0.7 Merit 100's 10 0.8 11 Vantage 12 0.9 Vantage 100's 14 11 Winston Lights

Winston Lights 100's



The lighter menthols.



King-

Less than 1 mg. tar,

0.1 mg. nic. 100's-Only

5 mg. tar, 0.4 mg. nic.

Carlton

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health. Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine;

100's Soft Pack: Less than 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine;

100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

The Ministry of Culture

by Michael Macdonald Mooney

August 1980 \$1.50

GOD'S OWN NETWORK

he electronic kingdom of Pat Robertson

by Dick Dabney

AISE

GOD!

PRAISE

6001

PRAISE

600

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VANI.

MESHS



Annie Dillard: IS ART ALL THERE IS?

Hugh Kenner: DECODING ROLAND BARTHES

Lewis E. Le

01096 W3

CONFINCAME

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BURLINGAME PUB LIB

302496 LBR LP0,00097 H43J JUNB2



When is a bubble not a bubble?

Answer: When it's a magnetic bubble—a tiny magnetic area less than 1/10,000th of an inch in diameter contained in a thin layer of crystal. About five million bubbles have been stored on a crystal chip about the size of a dime.

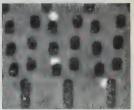
The presence or absence of bubbles (the white dots in the photo at right) represent bits of information—ones and zeroes. They can be moved about at high speeds to perform memory and logic functions. Two perforated metal sheets (the holes appear as dark rectangles in the photo) create the alternating magnetic field that moves the bubbles around.

Putting them to work

Bubble memories have a simple structure and are relatively inexpensive to make. They are rugged and reliable. They use little energy and do not lose the information stored in them even if power is lost.

That's why the Bell System uses bubble memories, manufactured by Western Electric, for storing recorded voice messages such as: "The number you have dialed..." We're also using them for testing microwave transmission systems that carry voice, data, and television signals, Someday, a bubble chip the size of a postage stamp may store the contents of an entire telephone directory.

Magnetic bubble memories were invented at Bell Labs in 1966. Since then, we've been improving the technology constantly. With our latest advance—using the perforated metal



In this photo, magnetic bubbles (white dots) are magnified 1,000 times

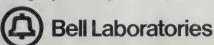
sheets, instead of a pair of external coils, to move the bubbles —we've been able to cut the size of bubble devices by about a third, move the bubbles ten times faster, and cram four times as many of them on a chip.

Bubble devices are being put to use in telecommunications, data processing, and consumer electronics industries. Bubbles are particularly attractive in combination with microprocessors, providing program storage for a computer on a chip of silicon.

Inventions such as magnetic bubbles don't occur every day at Bell Labs. But innovation is an everyday occurrence. Our bubble patents are among nearly 19,000 we've received since our incorporation in 1925. That's an average of nearly two per working day.

Often our inventions—such as magnetic bubbles—find use in other industries. But always, the ultimate goal of our work is better service for Bell System customers.

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Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

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be great highway damage and an expenditure of more than three times as much fuel.

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This message is from the Americar Railroad Foundation, an organization of companies supplying and servicing the railroad industry. An industry that's carrying the lion's share of the load.

AMERICAN RAILROAD FOUNDATION

1920 L. St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

FRAT PERSONNEL SELECTION TO SEL

- Michael A. Scully

 11 WELL-MEANING GOVERNMENT

 Can a government held responsible for social well-being, a government that tries to remedy the most sensitive, personal maladies, also be a representative government? Will the republic slump under the weight of so much human desire?
- Lewis E. Lehrman 16 REAL MONEY

 To end inflation permanently and to bring about stability and trust in the U.S. currency, the dollar must be defined in law as equal to a quantity of gold, and be convertible to gold.
- Michael Macdonald
 Mooney

 By 1985, the National Endowments for the Arts and the Humanities will be spending \$300 million to create the just and beautiful society. Commissars in Washington promulgate a new ideology of culture.
 - Dick Dabney 33 GOD'S OWN NETWORK

 Pat Robertson, whose Christian talk show, "The 700 Club," has more viewers than Johnny Carson, is the president of a growing and wealthy TV empire that takes in more than \$1 million a week. Robertson has plans for America.
- George V. Higgins 54 THE DUBLIN COAT A short story.

Hugh Kenner 68 DECODING ROLAND

Annie Dillard 61 IS ART ALL THERE IS?

The only thing modern novelists seem to be sure of is that every thought is a fiction and nothing is certain.

ARTS AND LETTERS

- BARTHES
 The meaning between the lines of his obituary.

 David Sanford 72 THE FOURTH ESTATE
 Newsmaker in transition.

 5 MacNelly
 Lewis H. Lapham
 On the political animal.
- Frances Taliaferro 76 IN PRINT
 Making art of genealogy.

 Making art of genealogy.
- Matthew Stevenson78FOURTH AND GOAL FOR
AMERICA
Huddling with Jack Kemp.60THE COUNSEL OF
THE DEADThe eruption of Vesuvius.
 - Sloan Wilson 79 AMERICAN MISCELLANY Down to the sea in very small ships.

DEPARTMENTS

4 LETTERS

 $\begin{array}{ccc} E.\ R.\ Galli\ and & 84 & \text{PUZZLE} \\ Richard\ Maliby,\ Jr. & & \text{Parting Words.} \end{array}$

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LETTERS

The propriety of fiction

After a brief preview of the fiction in the June issue ["Good Morning to You, Lieutenant," by Larry Heinemann] our Harper's hit the garbage bin. The language and subject matter were beyond what we find acceptable for the coffee table of our home.

Mr. and Mrs. Nels B. Sorensen Penngrove, Calif.

While there no doubt were bestial acts by soldiers, to say that an entire company of men could be so absolutely lacking in feeling and humanity is outrageous. If that could be possible, then I'm afraid there is little hope for any of us.

DOROTHY EATON Highland Mills, N.Y.

Another of your devoted readers told me yesterday that in her opinion you had run the war story because of the flurries of saber rattling in Washington. I cannot accept that things—and Harper's—are nearly that simple.

MICHAEL O'MALLEY Fair Lawn, N.J. I have just read "Good Mornings You, Lieutenant." To congratulate L. ry Heinemann in a way that will justice to his story I must quote frait: "... this is a moment of evil ... will never live the same." There a very, very few stories written that cadjust—even if ever so slightly—thine of life as lived by a reader.

SHANNON RAVEN University City, M.

LARRY HEINEMANN REPLIES:

Any work of fiction must speak for itself. But I insist that a writer mu write about those things that he fell strongly about, without minci words. The reader must be given chance to see and respond fully what the storyteller sees, with nothing left to the imagination; no polite e phemisms, no tasteful dashes, no time ly ellipses. Writing asks every read to see and feel as vividly and power fully and compellingly as possible, i ing the dynamic and intrinsic langual of the event, as well as the characte and their states of mind. This is tri for any event, any order of languag

When Miss Eaton doubts that an etire company of men could be so lac

Announcement

This August issue of Harper's will be its last under the ownership of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, and further publication of the magazine has been suspended. We come to this decision with great reluctance, for we have been attempting for many months to find new ownership committed to continuing the great traditions of this magazine.

During the 15 years our company has published Harper's we have been proud to provide the country with an independent and sometimes unconventional editorial voice in the world of ideas and public affairs. We made a very substantial investment in this magazine, but it would no longer be prudent for us to continue that support in the face of steadily rising costs of production and distribution.

We much appreciate the editorial excellence brought to the magazine by its staff. We also thank the writers, artists, suppliers, advertisers, and subscribers for their loyalty and participation. For 130 years it is they who made Harper's such a respected name in American letters.

Ato Silha

Otto A. Silha Chairman of the Board

John Cowles, Jr. President

Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company

in feeling because it strikes her outrageous, I can only respond that is outraged not one notch more n I. What happens to the girl uldn't happen to a dog. What we, a nation, did to Vietnam and Camlia and Laos shouldn't happen to a t. The ground-pounding grunt intry is some of the meanest, most eling, back-breaking work ever dead. There is no honor in it. Any coning son of a bitch rattling a saber ds to hear that, and the message—trary to Mr. O'Malley—is not simpleminded.

Any man about to be snatched up I slammed into grunt infantry, and woman with such a son, should e the story for exactly and precisely at is meant by it.

Textbook politics

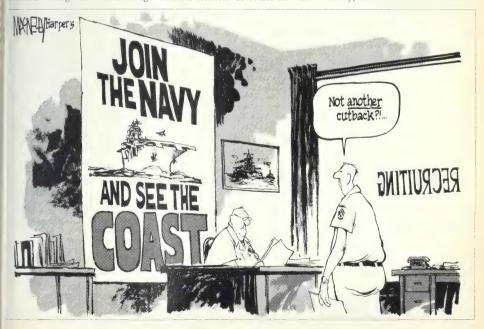
I rarely write angry letters to edis. (I rarely write letters at all, else would have written to congratulate a on the Conor Cruise O'Brien piece t month.) But Walter Karp's piece "Textbook History" [May] is a all lulu, It manages to be both wrong

and dishonest. I mind the dishonesty

Karp writes that I have done "nothing but the scutwork" in America Revised and that I do not understand the politics of textbook history. Karp is, of course, entitled to his opinions—weird as they may be—about who is attacking "the Republic" from what side. But he is not entitled to plagiarize my book and then criticize me for not having written what he himself has plagiarized.

If you had read my book, you would realize that all of Karp's information about textbooks comes from America Revised. The second half of his piece (from the capital on page 84 to the end of the piece) is nothing else but a direct or indirect quote from my book. That plus a few snide remarks about my failure to understand this or that point. This is doubly irritating since not only does he fail to acknowledge the source he has used but he has read it so badly that he does not realize it is the source of his own criticisms. Of course the civil-rights movement prompted the rewriting of history circa 1965-that is in plain print in America Revised, Of course the "impersonal social forces"-type history prevents kids from understanding politics and therefore, perhaps, from acting politically—that, too, is obvious in the book. Earlier Karp says that I do not try to explain why American parents, teachers, and local school boards resisted the Progressive educators (circal 1911). He has got the date wrong, but apropos of the 1916–18 innovations, my book says plainly that the school system, being decentralized, accepts new ideas with glacial slowness, if at all. (Which is about what he says without the political twist.)

Where Karp does not quote my book directly or indirectly, he is in trouble. Textbook histories were not invented in the twentieth century. It was not an "oral tradition of schoolmarms" that promoted the free-and-brave tradition of American history in the nineteenth century; it was the nineteenth-century textbooks. Karp misquotes me twice when he writes, "According to FitzGerald the first history text taught children that the colonists had come to America for commercial motives" and not religious freedom at all. In fact this interpretation belongs to his hero, Muzzev, and the other text writers he



claims to admire (though I am sure from this he has never read them) who published around 1911. Muzzev et al. were not at this point resisting the Progressive Education movement, How could they? It had not happened yet. Karp's history is here quite original to himself and quite wrong. (Ask anyone, or, better still, read Hofstadter on the subject. It is not a matter of opinion; it is not open to dispute.) Muzzev et al, were a part of the academic-reform movement of the 1890s. and they wrote their textbooks because of it. Muzzey, Charles Eliot, and other such Mugwumps believed they could raise the abysmally low standards of public secondary-school education to the standards of the elite academies. They did not believe in "the masses" (they thought the presidents were responsible for everything that happened in American history), but they believed in education-such was their idealism. In the period 1916-18 they were finally outnumbered and overruled by the secondary-school teachers and administrators in the National Education Association, who had completely traditional goals for the secondary schools.

Apart from his confusion about the influence of the Progressive educators over the "first" American history texts, Karp seems to believe that Dewey and his intellectual heirs changed the goals of history teaching in the secondary schools. This is not true. Read the American Historical Association and the NEA committee reports of the 1890s (written by such as Muzzey and Eliot) and you will see that the purposes of the nineteenth-century writers were no different from those of the twentieth-century Dewey-influenced text writers. The goal of the public-education establishment has always been to keep the children of laborers in their place. In the world of education and textbooks nothing is ever new.

I will stop here. Were you interested I could show you that almost every sentence in Karp's piece comes from America Revised or is untrue.

Frances FitzGerald New York City

WALTER KARP REPLIES:

Frances FitzGerald accuses me of doing what I quite explicitly said I was going to do—namely, take her description of school textbooks and give it a historical context and a political meaning. FitzGerald provided neither, and her letter itself is proof.

Political history did not survive in the schools because "the school system, being decentralized, accepts new ideas with glacial slowness." That limp generality obscures a fundamental political change. Since the late 1930s, the school system, by FitzGerald's own account, has adopted new ideas with remarkable swiftness. The Muzzey-style texts, as she wrote, "abruptly" ceased to be written with the outbreak of the second world war. The new propaganda textbooks swept the country in the space of a few years. Something important had happened to the school system between 1911 and the 1930s. A genuinely decentralized system became, in fact, a centralized monolith. FitzGerald calls my pointing this out a "political twist." To her, the change from rule by the many to rule by the few is at most a mere trifle. Such is the political axiom she brings to bear on American public education, which throughout its history has been a battleground between the friends of popular government and the friends of oligarchy.

FitzGerald does not know the one from the other. As a result it is not "obvious" from America Revised, for example, that the sociologized history texts rob future citizens of political understanding. In fact, FitzGerald lauds them for being "democratic," which is absurd, and attacks them for being "dull," which is trivial.

It is FitzGerald who has her chronology wrong. The Progressive Education movement was a powerful force well before Muzzey published his textbook. Its basic precepts had been laid down by Dewey twenty years before Muzzey wrote. Educational leaders were crying them up energetically by 1904. U.S. Steel embodied them in its much-praised Gary, Indiana, school system in 1907. To say that the movement "had not happened" as of 1911 is quite erroneous. To say that "academic" educators were "overruled" by a vulgar crowd of high-school teachers is equally false. When Americans began attending high school in great numbers, many of these academics-Eliot and Woodrow Wilson conspicuously-changed their tune and decided that what American high-school students needed was not severe academic

training but "industrial educatic," They did so many years before NA administrators fell into line with this

Educators such as Muzzey did have the same "goals" as "Dewey id his intellectual heirs." The form wanted to teach political history future citizens. The latter wished no. teach political history to future well ers. The difference is vast, FitzGer cannot see it because she cannot dista guish between a citizen and what calls a "laborer." That distinction fundamental, however, It is precisbecause FitzGerald fails to make it to she can laud as "democratic" tell books whose very purpose is to bols? political oligarchy. That failure is reason, too, she can argue in Ir book that "nation-state" history "useless" in a world economy of mu national corporations. It is not usel in the education of American citize who live, act, and have their being a political community, the "natio state" known as the American Repul lic. It is only useless if you take i granted that a citizen who labors just a laborer and nothing more. The is the fundamental principle of corru education in America, and FitzGeral takes it for granted. What use is 1litical history, she asks, to childre "who will grow up to work for Ger eral Motors"? In America Revisi FitzGerald traced the changes in Amican history textbooks over the deades. Now she tells us in her letter the nothing in education is ever new, the the changes she traced are not change at all, that those who tried to teal politics to future citizens are indistiguishable from those who wish to ke them ignorant of public life. Under t pressure of a book critic's alleged "pl giarism," FitzGerald has retreated a cheap and vapid cynicism.

We are proud to announce that Tom Bethell, a Washington editor of Harper's, was recently awarded first prize in the 1979 Media Awards for Economic Understanding for his article "The Gas Price Fixers" (June, 1979). Mr. Bethell also received Honorable Mention in the 1980 Gerald Loeb Awards for distinguished business and financial journalism for his article "Fooling with the Budget" (October, 1979).

HARPER'S/AUGUST 19

Lives Without Choices

A young mother repairs to her room and sheds tears of shame after rebuffing her daughter's plea for help with her school homework.

A housewife is upbraided by her husband for buying unwanted groceries they can ill afford — she has a hard time reading the labels on supermarket shelves.

A warehouse worker turns down a job promotion without explanation, hiding the fact that he's illiterate.

In this land of vaunted educational opportunities, more than 23 million teen-agers and adults can't read at the minimum level needed to get by as productive citizens. Things like prescription instructions, job applications, and safety signs are beyond their understanding. They are functionally illiterate.

Illiteracy afflicts dropouts and high school graduates, young and old, native Americans and foreign-born.

Many are scarred by guilt. They go to lengths to hide their handicap, in constant fear of being found out, devising strategems and practicing deceptions to avoid exposure. On the job: "I forgot my glasses; Can you read this for me?" In a restaurant: "Why don't you order for both of us?" A high school student, terrified that she'll be called on to read aloud in class, takes her textbook home and has her sister read her the entire chapter the class is studying so she can memorize every line.

One in five Americans, age 16 and older, lacks the basic skills and knowledge to cope with life effectively as a citizen, worker, or parent. Some 13% of 17-year-olds still in school read below functional levels. An estimated half of the nation's unemployed young

people between the ages of 16 and 21 are functionally illiterate. Fifth-grade reading material is out of reach for between 25% and 50% of prison inmates, depending on the state.

Traditional definitions of functional illiteracy have been pegged to reading ability below fifth-grade level. In today's increasingly complex and technological society, a more realistic measure of functional competence is eighth-grade skill.

The reasons for illiteracy are numerous. No one cause can be singled out. Literacy Volunteers of America, Inc., notes that among the illiterate are people who didn't get the individual help they needed as school children; had non-reading parents, unable to provide guidance; attended inadequate schools; left school to support a family; came to America from other countries.

Literacy Volunteers of America, with affiliates in 25 states, is an organization whose members tutor illiterate people, one on one. It also provides training and materials to help others set up tutoring programs in literacy. (For more information, write: Literacy Volunteers, 700 East Water Street, Syracuse, New York, 13210.)

For the non-readers among us, hurt and humiliation and frustration are everpresent. Imagine the feelings of a mother who struggles in vain to open a bottle of medicine for her sick child, unable to make out the instructions on the cap telling her to press down while turning.

Illiteracy wastes human potential and resources. A life of illiteracy is a life without choices. It forecloses opportunity. It locks people to the bottom rungs of society.



POLITICAL DISCOURSE

On the despotisms of everyday life

by Lewis H. Laphal

T IS THE HEIGHT of the summer political season, and for the past several weeks the newspaper columnists have been making their customary moan about the torpor of the electorate. Not even William F. Buckley, Jr., professes to understand fully the public indifference to the presidential campaign. Here it is the beginning of a new decade, the United States seized by ravaging inflation and beset by rumors of war, and yet the surveys of popular opinion report widespread antipathy toward the candidates, the "issues," the fate of Western civilization, and anything else that gives off the stench of politics. The campaign has been playing in the media theaters for the better part of two years (complete with hundreds of millions of words of program notes), but the audience appears to have gone elsewhere. Mr. Buckley and his fellow seers sift the weekly polls and ask one another momentous questions: What has become of the Republic? What is the matter with those people out there on the other side of the television news? Why do they fill out their questionnaires with adjectives implying scorn and disgust?

Columnists get paid to provide momentous answers to their own questions, and they like to attribute what they call "the malaise of the American people" to the conduct of politicians. They compare a candidate's early statements on energy or defense policy with the legislation subsequently amended by Congress or by a level of applause; if the distance between the word and the deed seems to the columnist too great, well then, obviously

the candidate failed to perform the acts of government. This explanation enjoys an enthusiastic following among the mandarins of the press and universities; aside from being sentimental and wrong, it insults the intelligence of a citizenry already afflicted with an imaginary malaise.

SOMETIMES THINK that only editorial writers employed by the New York Times dare to precent lieve a politician's campaign promises. The ordinary voter would no more expect a politician to make good on his promises than he would expect to find true love and happiness in the company of a twenty-dollar whore. Bevond the lawns of the bureaucracies I have yet to meet anybody who did not instinctively know that a politician makes a profession of compromising his principles and betraving last week's constituencies. That is his métier, and he deserves to be admired for the complacence with which he revises his opinions and the agility with which he bends his knee to the prevailing truth. In 1860 Abraham Lincoln received the Republican nomination on the clear understanding that he would do nothing to emancipate the slaves; Woodrow Wilson campaigned in 1916 on the slogan "He kept us out of war"; in 1932 Franklin D. Roosevelt promised to balance the budget. Once elected to office, a president has no choice but to drift with the tide of events. He finds himself constantly taken by surprise, ceaselessly forced back from his commitments, obliged to learn the names of molecules and terrorist organizations that he didn't know exist Usually he is the last man in the rot to discover the emergence of a nation issue, and by the time he musters to appropriate committees and proclarations, the issue has changed into son thing else.

The voters recognize and accept to watery character of politics. They is so not because they are cynical (is the professors and columnists would have it) but because their own experience instructs them in the corrutibility of their fellow men. Who except Mr. Joseph Kraft has not encountered the despotisms of everyday life. Who except Governor Reagan's feeign-policy advisers has not been sujected to the tyranny of an assistativice-president, the cowardice of a nework executive, the ambition of a ship steward?

Any platform that any candidal may construct the voters know to a house of straw. What they look f in political discourse is not a progra of specific action but a tone of voice They listen for a definition of libert for an awareness of the ambiguity in plicit in the weight of things, for rhetoric that conveys some sense their own fleeting and precarious e istences. Unlike the custodians of tl political mysteries, the voters kno how much they don't know. No matt how imposingly wrought the facal of permanence, the earth shifts ar slides beneath their feet. One year th newspapers tell them they have tl Russians for friends and the Chine for enemies; a year later the Chine become friends and the Russians tur Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper

to be enemies. Somebody builds actory and thinks he has done a thing for his town; a year later hears himself reviled for having soned a river. Somebody else sets with the noblest of intentions to k for racial equality; after having sued the twists of logic into the e of affirmative action, he finds self arguing on behalf of racial ilege. Who could have imagined. a ten years ago, that a decision winterize one's house would be a ter of foreign policy? Nothing ains as it was, and the voters know their lives tremble in the balance decisions taken by people whom have never seen and whose names don't know how to pronounce. owing themselves to be transients a world of ceaseless change, the ers also know that no politician can live their doubts or put to rest ir entirely reasonable fears. If a itican spoke to them as if they were senting adults, maybe he could ree them of at least a little of their jety. Maybe the voters would listen a politician who told them what igs cost, who said, with Bismarck, t nations are made with iron and od, not with street fairs and parliantary resolutions. Or maybe they uld pay attention to a politician who l, as did Lincoln eighteen months er the Emancipation Proclamation. claim not to have controlled events. confess plainly that events have trolled me."

But it is precisely this human voice t never interrupts the broadcast of presidential campaign. It is their ech that renders politicians imusible, not their actions. The candies address the voters in a language street cries and press clippings. They come characters in the soap opof the television news, their slois and phrases worn so smooth by eated use that they resemble ancient ns to which nobody can assign eir a value or a city of origin. Instead using words that awaken in people sense of the unfamiliarity of what y thought was familiar (this being prerequisite to discovery and to hope of human possibility), the adidates use words as if they were ells and palliatives, seeking to lull children to sleep, assuring them at the world's arrangements are fixed d certain.

F POLITICIANS SPEAK a ceremonial language, maybe this is because their offices have become increasingly ceremonial. What, after all. can a politician actually do? President Carter and Governor Reagan might receive the fealty of the nominating conventions (in the midst of balloons klieg lights, and loud applause, but they preside over political mechanisms that function at an ever-increasing distance from the act of governing. The Democratic and Republican parties have dissolved into so many conflicting factions that they no longer can be said to work as organized systems. If I think of what it means to comprehend the contradictions of government (even to read through the tax laws, the federal budget, the thousands of pages of Congressional testimony). then I don't wonder that politicans try to compress the complexities of government into poetic phrase and gesture. So few citizens can devote the time necessary to the study of even a fragment of the political process, and the politicans despair of having to respond coherently, often within a matter of hours, to the eruption of Mount St. Helens as well as to the shooting of Vernon Jordan, the OPEC oil price, the unemployment rate, and a riot in Miami. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the candidates appear to be actors in a Kabuki theater. Even when safely elected to office. they continue their endless campaign. The political season never stops,

If only the candidates could emerge from behind the screens of metaphor, maybe they could engage the voters in a dialogue of ends and means; maybe they could talk about inflation as a vested interest and foreign policy as an art of war. Maybe they could say, with Machiavelli, that it is better to be feared than loved, more prudent to be cruel than compassionate.

and politics never goes away.

The light-mindedness of their talk prevents them from saying that the United States stands as a force in the world not because of its collection of weapons but because it embodies an idea of liberty struggling to free itself from the overhanging debt of the past, from the encumbering and familiar lies (frequently defined as "vital issues" or "the national interest"), from the fathers who say, in effect, we all would have been so much better off if you

(i.e., the voter) hadn't been so inconsiderate as to have been born.

HIS STRUGGLE goes on every day, and most people, most of the time, find excuses for letting it pass by. They neglect to make the distinction between the kind of fighting that civilizes the earth and the kind of fighting that reduces it to barbarism, A politician who would earn the ear of the public would need to describe this struggle in a way that draws the analogies between the lives of individuals and the histories of nations. He could say that barbarism shows itself in many formsin the heroin traffic between Iran and Los Angeles as well as in the interest rates charged by the Chase Manhattan Bank. The hope of liberty demands a ceaseless struggle against the tendency to confuse freedom with a license to exploit, against the temptation to define self-destruction as self-fulfillment and the willingness to think that getting one's way is synonymous with inner peace, against the notion that what is wrong with the world is inside oneself or that truth is a disease for which the doctors can find no cure. The candidate might also say to people that maybe they're not supposed to let themselves die so easily, that nobody suffers the pain of birth or the anguish of loving a child in order for presidents to make wars, for governments to feed on the substance of their people, for insurance companies to cheat the young and rob the old. So eloquent a man might also say that the toxins in the Love Canal correspond to the drug of pornography, that energy can be measured both in terms of kilowatts and misdirected rage.

If he cannot offer the voters reassurance, the candidate at least can address them as adults who know their own minds and can come to their own conclusions. The circumstances of the modern world make nonsense of the pretensions to moral or intellectual grandeur. The spirit of the age constantly calls into doubt the maxims that large numbers of people had thought to be immutable, and so a politician who would speak to them convincingly would do well to remember that the world is larger than the architect's models made by his speechwriters.

ONE MAN, ONE MOAT

URING THAT PERIOD of turmoil when ailing parts of the shah of Iran were being elevated to the strategic heights of Jenkins's ear, I set about to compile a guest list from the shah's \$100 million feast at Persepolis nine years before. It will be recalled that to establish his dubious lineage from the Persian dynasts, the shah invited the world's nobility to water at his luxurious tents and thus confer upon him their blessings of political sanctity. A royal claque arrived in force and spent four days feeding at troughs of caviar and French wines. The fiendish purpose of my list was to chide those who by their presence at his festive court were willing to pamper the shah's delusions of another Persian empire.

I consulted the usual sources, but none gave the names of all 600 guests, as might a dispatch describing a lost airliner.* More than 5,000 reporters from around the world attended the jamboree, but few came back with anything more than color slides of Iranian soldiers strutting about in lavish Achaemenian costumes. (Sally Quinn of the Washington Post, however, looked upon the proceedings with the same detail that surly Internal Revenue agents use when stubs of a weekend in Acapulco are passed off as business expenses.) My phone call to the State Department was received at a halfdozen extensions with polite bewilderment. And crack researchers for the Library of Congress could only come up with familiar clippings plus a few

obscure references to the *Teheran Journal*, which proved hardly a social register. Thus the last resort was the archive of the *New York Times*, the newspaper of record.

Once confronted with the spools of microfilm, however, I found it difficult to concentrate on the subject at hand. In short, I got waylaid on the road to Persepolis. The Pirates were deadlocked two games apiece with the Orioles in the 1971 World Series; H. Rap Brown blasted his way onto page 1 with a stickup and shoot-out at a bar several doors down from where I now live; and sober editors weighed in on Nixon's hope for law and order.

One piece that caught my eye ran on page 5 of the *Times* on October 16, 1971, under the headline: "REAGAN MEETS THIEU IN SAIGON AND DEFENDS ONE-MAN RACE." The story, which told of the governor's three-hour visit to South Vietnam to congratulate Thieu on his election, is worth quoting at some length:

Mr. Reagan linked the vote for Mr. Thieu, who won 94 percent of the ballots running unopposed, to the "fantastic progress" that he said South Vietnam had made in the last 15 years. Governor Reagan is making a 16-day, six-nation Asian tour as a special Presidential representative.

Speaking at a news conference at Tansonnhut Airport after a luncheon meeting with Mr. Thieu, the California Republican said he had delivered the letter from President Nixon to the South Vietnamese leader and had conveyed Mr. Nixon assurances "that there will be nechange in the course of our policie with other nations.

"I am unable to understand wh so many people in our countrespecially in the communication media, are so charged up by the one-man election," Governor Reag an told newsmen.

Mr. Reagan referred to Mi. Thieu's election as a "referendum... He said that if Americans wante to criticize the one-man ballot, "w should start with a whole list o nations like the Soviet Union Czechosłovakia, and North Viel nam." In the North, "they had street corner election, without ever secret ballots," he added.

Mr. Reagan said he thought President Thieu's victory was much likthat of George Washington's, who had also run unopposed in his firs Presidential campaign.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the microf the *Times* reporter in Persepolis not

Kings and princes, who don't nor mally wear crowns to parties any more, mingled democratically with commoner presidents, while queens and princesses, most of whom still believe in tiaras, tried not to stare at one another...The Shah ha Queen Ingrid of Denmark on his right and Queen Fabiola of Bel gium on his left.

The seating, the reporter added, "according to protocol, which seems have been observed."

* A sample of the list includes; Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia Prince Philip and Princess Anne of England King Hussein and Princess Muna

of Jordan President Nikolai Podgorny of the Soviet Union

King Moshoeshoe II of Lesotho Prince Franz Josef II of Liechtenstein Premier Prince Makhosini of Swaziland Princess Bilgis of Afghanistan The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg of Monaco President Yahya Khan of Pakistan Mrs. Henry Ford II Maximilien Cardinal de Furstenberg, representing the Vatican Marshal and Madame Tito Ambassador Chang Tong of China

Prince Rainier and Princess Grace

King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola of Belgium Vice President and Mrs. Spiro T. Agnew Prince Juan Carlos of Spain Mrs. Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines President Svoboda of Czechoslovakia The Emir of Qatar Begum Aga Khan, step-grandmothe

Begum Aga Khan, step-grandmother the leader of the Ismaili Muslims Crown Prince Carl Gustav of Sweden Roland Michener, the governor-gener of Canada

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands President and Mrs. Nicolae Ceauçesci King Mahendra of Nepal King Frederik IX of Denmark

King Olav V of Norway Prince Jean, Grand Duke of Luxembou

WELL-MEANING GOVERNMENT

ze and possibility

by Michael A. Scully

HERE IS ALWAYS, when we talk about the things we love, a temptation to idealize. This tendency is perhaps all the later for Americans pondering their intry's institutions, for our nation can as ideas, and for most of our tory not only we but much of the rld as well thought that origin suitor to birth from mere geography. It is and other reasons, it is worthile to recall the rejoinder to the n who complained that the world that it used to be—namely, that orobably never was.

Certainly there is little evidence that ngress is in decline from what it s in some Golden Age. Writing in masterful survey *The American mmonwealth* in 1893, Lord James yee observed a situation about which ne commentators complain today:

Few young men of high gifts and fine tastes look forward to entering public life, for the probability of disappointments and vexations of a life in Congress so far outweigh its attractions that nothing but exceptional ambition or a strong sense of public duty suffices to draw such men into it. Law, education, literature, the higher walks of commerce, finance, or railway work offer a better prospect of enjoyment or distinction.

Yet to suggest that any institution of human creation has always had its troubles is to say merely the obvious. Any institution always does, and to state that fact puts us neither in the camp of the optimist, who proclaims this the best of all possible worlds, nor in that of the pessimist, who fears it is true.

Because our nation's founders understood the difficulties of maintaining institutions that could both function effectively and do so without jeopardizing freedom, they set American government's true Golden Age on paper—in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. Not the least of our legacy is the explanation of the latter. The Federalist.

Many will say, correctly, that this is quite another era from that of the founders, and the nation with whose problems we concern ourselves in the 1980s is far different from that of the 1780s. True enough, so long as that observation does not cause us to neglect the telling similarities between the founders' situation and our own. The question of their time was this: Can representative government work at all—except perhaps in some tiny, homogeneous township? And if it can work for a large and populous nation—how? The question for our time is

this: Can a government held responsible for social well-being, a government that attempts to remedy maladies often even of the most sensitive—and once thought exclusively personal—kind, also be a representative government in any serious sense; and if so, how?

Perhaps it is this similarity of the two eras' questions that makes the observations of the founders seem so appropriate to our own time. Tomorrow's newspaper could present no fresher summary of the problems of representation in the 1980s than this from Federalist No. 62:

It will be of little avail to the people that the laws are made by men of their own choice, if the laws be so voluminous that they cannot be read, or so incoherent that they cannot be understood; if they be repealed or revised before they are promulgated, or undergo such incessant changes that no man who knows what the law is today can guess what it will be tomorrow.

In his new book, In the Absence of Power, Haynes Johnson, a reporter for the Washington Post, describes an exchange between President-elect Carter and House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill. Michael A. Scully is the managing editor of The Public Interest.



O'Neill and Carter have drifted from the other participants in a postelection conference in Plains, Georgia. Concerned about the president-elect's attitude toward Congress, O'Neill counsels:

"Mr. President, I want you to understand something. Some of the brightest men in America are in this Congress of the United States. Don't make the mistake of underestimating them. They've been there for years, and on any specific piece of legislation they know why every comma, every semicolon, every period is there." . . Carter instantly replied: "I'll handle them just as I handled the Georgia legislature. Whenever I had problems with the Georgia legislature, I took the problems to the people of Georgia."

The inadequacy of the president-elect's reply owes something to his misunderstanding of how Congress operates, and why, within certain limits, that is the way it now must operate. The problem is summed up in this anecdote from a bureaucrat, Howard Messner, whom Johnson quotes later in the book:

"A while ago we were giving the President a briefing about the size of government, and we were trying to describe GSA [the General Services Administration]; we pointed out that the government has two hundred thirty-five million square feet of leased space. Well, he stopped for a minute. He was trying to size that back to his experience in Georgia, But two hundred thirty-five million leased square feet! You could see in his mind: What the hell do we need two hundred thirty-five million square feet for? You want more, you're coming in for more, and you own almost everything in the United States! Or the same for numbers of people, or amount of equipment."

Winston Churchill wrote in 1937 that "the leadership of the privileged has passed away; but it has not been succeeded by the leadership of the eminent. We have entered the region of mass effects." Churchill was not writing of "mass" in reference to government size, and yet that sort of mass is surely not unconnected to "mass effects" of the other, and more blatantly political, kind. Indeed, certainly some, at least, of the current national mood stems from concern that government systems of such mass as ours make im-

possible any intended effects-and stymie all efforts at control. As with American government in general, so with Congress in particular: the effect on Congress, and indeed on the meaning of representation, of the national government's expansion, has been enormous. I submit that the question is no longer whether citizens can know much of what laws are passed and regulations promulgated. The question is whether and to what extent representatives can know, and what representation means when mandates from Executive departments can fill 60,221 pages in The Federal Register, as they did in 1975.

T HAS BEEN SAID that there are two theories of history: conspiracy and blunder. If there is some truth to that, it is surely equally true that blunder seldom receives all the credit due it as an explanation of complex events. Yet whether the result of government enormity is that small, willful groups have greater opportunities for marginal gains-because of the greater likelihood that attention is being focused elsewhere-or that issues "slip through the cracks," in a government of increased size each theory's adherents are likely to have an increased number of examples to cite.

One phenomenon often noted by commentators is the greater specialization in the modern Congress. Like most "solutions," however, this response to an increased work load produced other problems of its own. For specialization is a process that begins as an attempt to develop experts who will then inform the whole body. It can end, however, and sometimes does, in the removal of any inclination to question supposed "experts"—who themselves are sometimes not all that expert.

For example, during 1978 I interviewed a number of officials in the endangered-species program, which at that time was under review by Congress and being subjected to heavy attack. One of the officials offered this explanation: "I don't think Congress knew what it was passing, and when [the members] found out they got angry." The Congressional Record for the 1973 deliberations on the bill supports this suggestion. Floor speeches in each chamber regularly referred to

such relatively well-known species the bald eagle, the grizzly bear, peregrine falcon, and the sperm who Only by reading committee testim y does one gain an understanding at the larger intentions and motivation of the legislation's sponsors.

Perhaps significantly, 1973 was the first time Congress had legisla on the issue of endangered-species the tection. It is possible that legislate not on the committee from which legislation originated assumed they knew all they needed to kr about the matter, or that they felt the could not oppose such a bill, or they genuinely believed the legislat in this form was desirable. In event, the 1973 legislation was c siderably different from that of vious years, and when Congress pas the legislation, by votes of 92-0 in Senate and of 386-12 in the House extended potential protection from act to any of the world's 1.4 mill species of animals and 600,000 speci of plants.

Congress had done more than the however, as Chief Justice Burger scribed in TVA v. Hill, the 1978 continuouslying the snail darter:

Section 7 reveals an explicit Congressional decision to require agencies to afford first priority to the declared national policy of saving endangered species. The pointed omission of the type of qualifying language previously included in endangered species legislation reveals a conscious decision by Congress to give endangered species priority over the "primary missions" of federal agencies. [Emphasis added]

The chief justice discussed in a sequent note a statement by Sen. Jo Tunney of California during deba on the Senate version of the bill, the in light of the rest of the legislathistory of the act, seems very peculindeed:

Senator Tunney opined that Section 7 of S. 1983 would require consultation among the agencies involved, but that the Corps of Engineers "would not be prohibited from building such a road if they deemed it necessary to do so." Petitioner interprets these remarks to mean that an agency, after balancing the respective interests involved, could decide to take action which would extirpate an endangered species. If that is what Senared

or Tunney meant, his views are in listinct contrast to every other expression in the legislative history is to the meaning of Section 7.

Vhat makes Senator Tunnev's views somewhat more than passing interis that he was the majority floor pager of the bill. The chief justice ers the possibility that the differes between the Senate version and final version of the bill might exn the senator's remark, and he es that the qualifying phrase "as cticable" was dropped in the Connce Committee's House-Senate commise version of the bill. If this, in t, explains the discrepancy, then the ference Committee bill the Senate tily approved in its December 19 h to Christmas recess was considbly different from that it had passed previous July 24. The merits of tecting endangered species are quite ide the point. For the history of legislation suggests two possibili-, neither of which is agreeable: that majority floor manager of the bill not himself understand a crucial tion of the bill: or, that the bill on ich the full Senate focused its attenn, however briefly, was not that ich became law, and that the difences between the Senate and final sions explain not only the Tellico m controversy of TVA v. Hill, but o how endangered-species protecn came to have priority in law over primary missions of every departnt of government, including those arged with national defense.

The Court's pointed refusal to "secd guess" the Legislative branch reted finally in major changes in the when it came up for reconsideron by Congress. In the Court opin-1, Chief Justice Burger wrote:

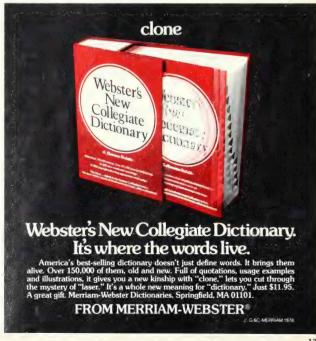
Here we are urged to view the Endangered Species Act "reasonably." and hence shape a remedy "that accords with some modicum of commonsense and the public weal." . . . But is that our function? . . . We do not sit as a committee of review, nor are we vested with the power of veto.

n civil but firm tones," Sen. Daniel Movnihan wrote of the decision, he Congress was informed that it ust expect that, when called upon. e Court will enforce such laws as ongress enacts regardless of any individual appraisal of the wisdom or unwisdom of a particular course."

ELATIVELY FEW legislative enactments receive Supreme Court scrutiny, however, and fewer still the public scrutiny accorded the endangered-species program as a result of the snail darter and the Tellico Dam. (Nor is every Supreme Court or federal court opinion so moderate in its exercise of judicial power.) Recent attempts at bilingual education are perhaps more representative of government programs, the unexpected ways in which they sometimes evolve, and the difficulties involved in curtailing them once they are enacted.

The 1968 Elementary and Secondary Education Act included a new section, Title VII, regarding bilingual education. There was at that time-and there remains-serious question as to what benefits were to be derived from bilingual-education programs, and who among children of limited Englishspeaking ability would benefit. As with most legislation, bilingual education's genesis was largely a product of enthusiasm among some members of the committees with jurisdiction over the matter. And as with most legislation, the committee hearing process was less to enlighten than to build a case record for predetermined conclusions. Hearings on the Bilingual Education Act. Harvard educator Abigail Thernstrom wrote recently, "both opened and closed with the committees convinced that there was a real need and that bilingual education would meet it." By calling few educational experts to testify but many ethnic lobbyists, the committee made likely this reassuring outcome. But because much question remained of what exactly bilingual education was, the legislation allowed great local flexibility. The program initially served somewhat more than 25,000 children through seventy-six projects; an income limitation restricted eligibility.

The purpose of this program was to help children to speak English, to help them with their studies, and to prepare them for life in an English-speaking nation. But in the program's early vears the traditional-American first. hyphen second-notion of ethnicity was in the process of change, and spurred by the fact that at both local



and national levels the programs were run mostly by Hispanic activists, bilingual-education efforts mirrored a new view. When renewed by Congress in 1974, the national program became in law, as it had been becoming in practice, geared to maintaining Hispanic culture. (Congress found it necessary, in fact, to insist that children in such programs have at least some exposure to English-speaking children, in music, art, and physical-education classes, to thwart the programs' strong tendencies toward ethnic segregation.)

Following a four-year study of more than 10,000 Hispanic children that seriously questioned the programs' effectiveness—and reflecting the nation's shifting mood—Congress in the late 1970s became more critical. When it reenacted Title VII in 1978, Congress made major alterations in the bilin-

gual-education program. But what if Congress had decided, or were to decide in the future, that the program should be eliminated? By 1978, bilingual education was included in more than a half-dozen education acts other than Title VII. And the Supreme Court had ruled in Lau v. Nichols in January, 1974, that children from other language groups (the case involved a class-action suit on behalf of non-English-speaking Chinese students) had a statutory right to special assistance. (There are some 300 language groups in the United States.) The Court's decision was based not on Title VII nor on any other education act specifically, but on the HEW guidelines to Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which banned discrimination in any federal program.

My point here, as with endangered species, does not concern the merits of bilingual education. Rather, it is that innovations in law, whether good or bad, spin an entangling weave far more often than they sew a straight stitch. Division of labor can make for great efficiency; too great a division of labor in lawmaking can instead create a crazy quilt.

Yet the demands of Congressional life explain many Congressional short-comings, and also give us reason to sympathize. Several years ago, when the Obey Commission studied House operations, its members undertook a survey of how House members spend their time. One of the discoveries was that members have, on average, eleven

minutes a day to think about public policy. The Commission on the Operation of the Senate in 1976 similarly noted the rigorous nature of a senator's day. In the years when most Great Society legislation was passed—1965 and 1966—the House had 201 and 193 record votes, the Senate 258 and 235, respectively. A decade later, in 1976, the Senate had 683 record votes and the House 661. That is merely one measure, but an important one, of how extensively the increased scope of federal government activity has taken revenge on our national legislature.

Congress has reacted to meet the challenge. The Congressional response, if not always wise, has nevertheless not been nonsensical. Faced with a growing work burden, senators and congressmen further specialized. To deal with its increased legislative, casework, and mail chores, the House and Senate have roughly tripled their staffs since 1957. The Senate employed in 1976 better than 1,500 staff members to assist its committees, as well as some 3,200 personal-staff aides. The House had 1,548 committee-staff employees, and close to 7,000 aides on personal staffs. And, of course, each house increased its high-technology arsenal with computerized letter-answering and automatic-signature machinery.

Partly because of these changes, Congress underwent other changes as well. I shall mention only one, the senator's journey into "the region of mass effects."

HE GREATNESS OF KINGS is made at the margin; the greatness of legislatures, at the mean. That is to say, a monarch is judged by individual virtues and performance, but no legislature could be called great because it contained one or a few impressive individuals, to whom it paid no heed. The standard of judgment for monarchs and legislatures is always the same: the happiness and well-being of the

Yet, though the standard is unswerving, in a democracy one question is more highly focused: What is "the people," which is really to say, what is the nation? The problem is perhaps illustrated best by a crass example. If a monarch ran off with the national treasury, we would find the

explanation that he is the nation that it is therefore his treasury, wea bit limp? But what if, on the o'er hand, some legislature, acting on he wishes of the populace that select it and with their full knowledge approval, enacted measures specifially designed to enrich the present le izenry, though just as certain to in poverish future generations? Such populace would be a pathetic breat and no serious theory of government would license their avarice. For the is. I think, in most of the earth's livi at some level a sense of being a merely the earth's "temporary poss sors and life-renters," in Burk phrase, possessing no right to "comin waste upon the inheritance."

At this point in the discussion, her ever, the example of greedy kings a citizenries ceases to be very use For nations that waste their inh itances-even nations that are progate-usually do so in ways m subtle than do individuals. Bad h its and bad advice take longer to flict their damage; nations, too, har their reckonings, but they can surv many more nights before the hangov This seems one reason the found believed the legislative process to one properly slow, even tedious p haps, and why they seemed to have preferred the possibility of inactiv to misstep. From this prejudice, Senate was fashioned to be both a tarding and elevating influence in la making. It was to be the great "hed on our bets," in the not unlikely even that our opinions, like those of ever public in history, might at times wrong. That we might need such institution is a humbling thought; a among this century's strengths, of seldom thinks to list humility in political life.

And so it is helpful to recall sor others of the founders' explanations the benefits of a Senate. By bringi a stability to government they consi ered otherwise unlikely, the Sena promised great practical effects.

For example, Madison in Federal. No. 62 says that unstable laws give

... unreasonable advantage ... to the sagacious, the enterprising, and the moneyed few, over the industrious and uninformed mass of the people. Every new regulation concerning commerce or revenue, or in any manner affecting the value of

the different species of property, presents a new harvest to those who watch the change, and can trace its consequences-a harvest reared not by themselves but by the toils and cares of the great body of their fellow citizens.

e Senate, with its longer tenure of ice, more politically experienced mbership, and insulation from shiftpublic moods, would guard against ravages of unstable laws. Yet the nefits would be as much in foreign in domestic affairs.

Havnes Johnson describes a 1977 nite House breakfast session. Consswoman Shirley Chisholm told esident Carter: "I hear many of the unger members in the Cloak Room by d I know that they're so committed human rights that they lose sight of ramifications of their votes on other untries." House Majority Whip John ademas at the same meeting is said have asked the president to consult ire frequently with members of Coness "to give them an idea of what u're thinking more broadly about eign policy and give them an indiion of what you're going to do."

There is reason to think, however, at not even the steady hand of some esidents is, over time, adequate to nal the American perspective to the orld. Not merely because the exuberce of young congressmen, and ofof their older colleagues as well, nfuses those signals, but also because two decades this nation has had e presidents. Thus even in the Exutive branch there is a tendency ward instability in foreign policy. hat follows from such disorder? gain, Madison in Federalist No. 62 the passage is chilling:

The best instruction on this subject is unhappily conveyed to America by the example of her own situation. She finds that she is held in no respect by her friends; that she is the derision of her enemies; and that she is a prey to every nation which has an interest in speculating on her fluctuating councils and embarrassed affairs.

I suspect that much of the change the Senate since the second world ar has had the unfortunate effect of minishing that body's potential to stalize government policy, both foreign id domestic. The vastly altered funcming of majority leadership, the onerous work load, the reliance on staff, and a vain attempt to do "all" its work, which has resulted in a degree of specialization that precludes some of the body's more important deliberative functions, suggests that the Senate is as likely to carry as to heal the disease of instability.

The Senate in this, like Congress in general, is a victim of its own enthusiasm, and the public's, for an increased federal role. Many of the inconveniences that have resulted can be remedied by thoughtful statecraft. Reacting to the same external forces, for example, the two-chambers became increasingly similar in operations, focus, and political culture. But that can be changed, most easily by the Senate's recognizing how absurd it is for any body of 100 members to attempt "oversight" of a \$600 billion budget. The time saved by refraining from attempts at the impossible can be used in ways that deepen members' understandings of, and encourage them to think more generally about, government and its directions.

T IS PRECISELY this need for thoughtful statecraft that makes the challenge of the founders' time so like that of our own. Indeed the need even arises from a similar source: much of their concern about the possibilities for representative government-much of their "new science" of politics-involved coping with questions of size.

For when the founders boasted that they had discovered a solution to the ancient concern that a healthy polity be limited in area and population, they were claiming no small achievement. And we now know they were right: A democratic nation, at least when organized to secure the political rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, can be a large and populous nation. For better or worse, our own age will likely determine whether democratic liberties have been threatened by such additions to the role of government as programs involving income distribution, family life, and the particulars of commerce. The question of size the founders did not address was this: Can there be a republic that does not slump under the weight of so much human desire?

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REAL MONEY

Buttressed by gold

by Lewis E. Lehrm

HE WORLD ECONOMY of the nineteenth century was, above all, characterized by the gold standard. Each great power defined its currency by a weight unit of gold and guaranteed such convertibility. Thus all national currencies were linked by a specified ratio to an underlying and universal common denominator, gold, which functioned as a neutral world currency. The gold standard was the impartial arbiter of the world financial system. Though linked to all national currencies, gold was nevertheless a reserve currency asset, "outside" and beyond the manipulation of any sovereign country.

World War I ended the preeminence of the classical European states system. On the eve of war, the belligerents suspended the gold standard-the guarantor of a hundred years of price stability. War and the prospect of inflationary war finance doomed the maintenance of a gold-linked currency. In order to stem runs on central-bank gold reserves, the governments of Europe ceased to honor the gold convertibility laws. The expansionary credit policies subsequently pursued by the European central banks led, during the next decade, to the great paper-money inflations in France, Germany, and Russia-among other European countries.

An Age of Inflation began. Writing as early as 1919, while attending the Paris Peace Conference, John Maynard Keynes argued that there was no surer means of "overturning the existing basis of society than to debauch the currency." Inflation, he warned, "engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million is able to diagnose."

ECADES LATER, I watch-both at home and abroad-the disintegration of the value of the paper dollar. Inflation is upon us once again. The astronomical rise of the price of gold from \$35 in 1971 to \$600 in June of 1980 merely denotes the meaning of inflation-i.e., the debasement of the dollar and all other paper currencies. This corrosive process began, however, after the early years of the Great Depression (1929-32), when President Franklin D. Roosevelt abruptly ended the domestic gold standard in 1933 and in 1934 devalued the dollar by raising the price of gold from \$20 to \$35 per ounce.

At the time, Roosevelt and his economic advisers believed that in order to arrest the deflation of prices it was necessary to stimulate the economy. To this end they raised the price of gold, and thus lowered the value of paper money, hoping also to raise depressed commodity prices. By manipulating the gold price and depreciating the currency, FDR hoped to cause all other prices to rise and, as a result, restore prosperity. The dollar was, as the phrase went, no longer "as good as gold." For Americans, the dollar would no longer be linked domestically to an article of wealth. In the future, the dollar would be a managed currency, its value substantially determined and regulated by the opinions of the members of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System. But the dollar-depreciation policy failed. Five years later, in 1939, unemployment still exceeded 10 percent of the work force. Later, World War II ended the Depression.

At Bretton Woods in 1944, ten years after Roosevelt's dollar devaluation, an international monetary agreement,

largely determined by the Americ and the British, was concluded. Bretton Woods agreement establish the dollar as the "official" world serve currency. The values of fore currencies were to be determined their relationship to the U.S. curren which was convertible only for i eigners at \$35 per ounce.

Between 1945 and 1958, the Eu pean countries ran huge governme budget deficits and financed part their debt by creating new money their central banks. At that time, U.S. government budget deficits we not chronic, nor were they very lar. Keynesian fiscal policies were possib in Europe because European curre cies were not mutually convertible in gold at a fixed rate. Convertibil would have limited the freedom of the central banks to create new mon-Thus the European governments c ated excess money, which caused the currencies to be chronically weak co pared with the relatively stable dollar The economic experts called this pro lem the "permanent dollar shortage.

After 1958, the leading European ritions reestablished mutual convertibity of their currencies, limited the budget deficits, and ceased to finan government debt with the creation new money. But the United States, epecially after 1960, developed annu budget deficits and practiced the sar expansive central-bank credit policithat had characterized the Europea countries during the 1940s and 1950 Predictably, the excess dollars, creat by government budget deficits and "a commodating" central-banking mon tary policy, gave rise to chronic be

Lewis E. Lehrman is president of the Leh man Institute, which is dedicated to econor ic and foreign-policy research. xe-of-payments deficits and a weak rency. Almost overnight a glut of lars replaced a shortage.

HROUGHOUT THE 1960s the American balance-of-payments deficit, generated by these expansive U.S. monetary polis, led to periodic foreign-exchange ses and eventually to foreignhange controls. The Bretton Woods tem groaned under the flood weight excess U.S. dollars in financial mars abroad, where they were accumued in the official foreign-exchange erves of America's trading partners. us was the U.S. deficit recycled. Exs dollars went abroad: they were rchased by foreign central banks and re then reinvested in dollar securi-3. often Treasury securities. In effect excess dollars went abroad, but dollars then returned from abroad finance the U.S. Treasury deficit. is legerdemain was described by one tic as "a deficit without tears." In word, the reserve currency country, : United States, had no incentive to d its deficit. The adjustment mechism of a true gold standard, needed ensure equilibrium in the budget d in the balance of payments, had en immobilized. This failure of the justment mechanism was the chief fect of the Bretton Woods system, sed, as it was, on a managed national rrency-the dollar.

Indeed, the United States enjoyed the orbitant privilege of running deficits finance inordinate social programs home and irresolute and costly wars, e Vietnam, abroad. Only the reserverency country gained this unique igniorage, at the expense of the rest the world. Even the nominal gold was diminished during the 1960s abolishing the domestic gold reserve quired to back the dollar. And prectably, with the discipline of a legal-required gold cover brushed aside, udget deficits, inflation, and the balue-of-payments crises intensified.

During the 1960s, professional econnists—Keynesians and monetarists ike—made the case for a new era of entral-bank "managed money." A anaged currency was especially the iumph of Keynesian economists, who ominated economic policy and acaemic circles between 1945 and 1965. heir "demand management" policies, designed to eliminate recessions, relied on federal budget deficits substantially financed by the Federal Reserve's willingness to create new money.

On the international side, both Keynesians and monetarists criticized the faltering Bretton Woods fixed exchange rates. Ironically, on this issue these intellectual enemies agreed, but not on the reform of Bretton Woods. Instead they advocated its demolition. In the place of the convertible currencies of Bretton Woods, they proposed central-bank-managed currencies, floating exchange rates, and the demonetization of gold.

Even Richard Nixon as president was gradually converted to Keynesian economics. ("We are all Keynesians now," he remarked.) But Nixon also absorbed some of the teachings of the monetarist school-in particular, the desirability of replacing the Bretton Woods fixed-rate system with floating exchange rates. On August 15, 1971, Nixon closed the gold window, refusing to redeem excess dollars for gold, as the British government had demanded a few days earlier under the terms of the Bretton Woods treaty. The last remnant of a tattered gold-exchange standard was discarded by the leader of the free world. Thereafter, the dollar ceased to be a real money-that is, a money linked objectively to an article of wealth such as gold. Now it would be a nominal money, a paper monetary token, linked to nothing but the subjective opinions of its regulators at the Federal Reserve System.

ENIN ONCE OBSERVED that gold should adorn the floors of latrines. Keynes labeled the gold standard a "barbarous relic," and Milton Friedman has recently said that for a monetary standard one may as well use pork bellies.

When President Nixon demonetized gold in 1971, Henry Reuss, chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, predicted that the price of gold would fall to \$6 per ounce. It is true that gold remained below \$40 until 1972. But by January of 1980, the price of gold was soaring above \$800. Recently it has fluctuated between \$500 and \$600. What caused the exponential rise, fluctuations, and fall of the gold price? I believe that the cause of the violent rise was the same as the

cause of other commodity-price rises. Indeed, the same cause was behind the balance-of-payments deficits of the 1960s and the inflation of the 1970s: quite simply, the excessive expansion of money and credit, engineered by the Federal Reserve System in order to finance the Treasury deficit and fine-tune the economy.*

Thus there is irony in the comments of the monetary authorities who declaim that gold is too volatile to stabilize the monetary system once again. On the contrary, it is not the gold price that is unstable. From 1540 to 1976, the purchasing power of gold has remained constant, according to Prof. Roy Jastram in his book The Golden Constant. In fact, it is the value of the dollar that is unstable, an instability caused in the past by the Fed's unpredictable and expansionary monetary policies.

The truth is that the Federal Reserve managers are honest and well-intentioned. But they believe they can achieve a goal that is not within their power to achieve—namely, to manage the currency. Moreover, they believe they can fine-tune the world's most complex economy by changes in credit policy. The Fed's ever-changing open-market interventions to this end have only created uncertainty and disorder in the financial markets.

HE FUNDAMENTAL problem of Federal Reserve monetary policy is that the amount of money in circulation cannot reliably be determined by the Federal Reserve board of governors. Therefore, the Fed should stop trying to do so. The Fed simply cannot either accurate-

*The credit policy of the Fed can be observed in the following numbers.

TOTAL FRE CREDIT EXPANSION (Average annual compound rates) 1960–65 8.6% 1965–70 8.8% 1970–75 8.4% 1975–79 8.7%

As the table shows, the expansion of central-bank credit has for two decades been almost three times the rate of economic growth. The excess credit created by the Fed went abroad in the 1960s when it was known as a balance-of-payments deficit. The same excess credit also caused domestic prices to rise in the late 1960s. During the 1970s the excess money created by the Fed caused inflation at home and the decline of the dollar abroad.

ly know the demand for money in the market or fix precisely its supply. Nor does the Fed possess the information. the operating techniques, or the vision to bring about a certain rate of growth of money supply and credit. Nor could this growth of supply be consistent with the precise demand for money in the market. Moreover, as history shows. no stipulated level of money supply during a specific market period is necessarily correlated either with a specified rate of inflation or deflation or with price stability. For example, during part of 1978 the quantity of money in Switzerland grew approximately 30 percent, while the price level rose only about 1 percent. While inflation rates in Switzerland have subsequently accelerated, inflation has persisted at a modest fraction of the growth in the quantity of money. Conversely, in the United States in 1979, the money supply grew about 5 percent while the consumer price index rose 13 percent and the wholesale price index even

Previous experience also gives one little confidence in the limitless discretion of the Federal Reserve governors under the present system of floating exchange rates. Consider what the Federal Reserve is: First and foremost, it is a bank. More precisely, it is the "bank of issue." It has a balance sheet and it has an income statement. As a banking institution it can perform no magic with money. The Fed buys assets with the resources provided by the liabilities it assumes. But it is important to recognize that, within limits, the central bank can also vary the composition of Federal Reserve credit, its assets. Federal Reserve credit is a precise magnitude that tends to regulate the rise and fall of credit and money supplied by the Fed to the banking system. If the credit or money supplied is actually desired in the market, the price level will tend to be stable. If some of the new credit created by the Fed is undesired, it will quickly be spent at home and abroad, the price level will tend to rise, and the value of the dollar at home and abroad will tend to fall.

This problem of equalizing the supply of credit and the demand for it in the market illustrates the problem of monetary policy and central banking. To conduct the operations of the central bank, there must be a goal. If the goal is both price stability and a specific amount of money in circulation, the Fed must know precisely, among other things, not only the amount of money in circulation but also the volume of money and credit actually desired in the market. For only when the supply of money equals the amount desired in the market will there be no inflation. If by open-market operations the Fed unwittingly creates excess money in the market, prices will rise, as the excess money is rapidly used for purchases.

But if, instead of a specific quantity of money, the goal of the central bank were primarily price stability, the Fed would promptly reduce the amount of credit it made available to the commercial banks when excess credit was causing inflation. As Fed credit growth contracted, so would the money stock. As a result, excess money would be absorbed until the level of actual cash balances in the market was strictly equal to the amount of cash balances desired for economic growth. During such a market interval, inflation-or excess demand-would dissipate and prices would gradually stabilize.*

If the goal of the central bank during a period of inflation must be to restore reasonable price stability, then the central bank should reduce the quantity of money in circulation to make it once again equal to desired cash balances. Under this restrictive monetary policy the banking system must tend to avoid making new bank loans. This is a monetary policy that will work, because the supply of money and credit will, as a result, tend to decline and to equal the desired amount. If cash balances are strictly equal to the level of desired cash balances, prices will be stable. If there is no excess money in the market, there can be no inflation.

The consequences of such a monetary policy will make themselves felt throughout the economy. Since the supply of money will tend to equal the level of money desired, consumers as a whole will not wish to make pur-

*Cash balances are the ready means of payment we hold in our pockets or at the bank. So is money. Money is often used by people to mean wealth. But money is not the same thing as wealth. Modern money consists of currency and checkbook deposits. Money is, therefore, that balance of our wealth that we choose not to hold in the form of financial assets, goods, and services. This money balance is cash. Money, strictly defined, is a synonym for cash balance.

chases with their existing cash balans until they first produce something no. In a word, consumers will not medemands in the market without first befring supplies. Under such condition the price level will be stable. It vary moderately around unity, at there will be no inflation arising freexcess cash balances created by central banking system.*

JISTORY AND ECONOMIC an ysis show that the policy be suited to ensure price stality is to make the value paper money equal to a weight of go. Thus the volume of currency would linked to a real commodity, gold, supply of which grows over the lorun at 2 percent a year, roughly performed to the rate of economic growth over long periods.

A currency convertible at a fix price into gold is a long-run stabilize of the money supply, while central banking discretionary instruments a useful only for providing elasticity a credit and currency supplies in to short and intermediate term.

Although one wants to give the ma agers of our central bank a certain of gree of discretion in order to supprmoney for the market, one doesn't was to give them so much discretion the in the short run, for political reason they might abandon the goal of resonable price stability—a goal that on the convertible currency will ensure. Indeed, a convertible currency costrains all central-banking technique

*This concrete monetary policy final comes to grips with the quantity theo of money and Jean Baptiste Say's La of Markets, famous classical issues economics that preoccupied Lord Keyn in The General Theory. Say's Law hol that the value of total supply alwa equals total demand. Keynes disagree and he was right. If Say's Law were carect, there could never be an imbalan between supply and demand; therefor no inflation could occur. But inflatio does occur.

The monetary policy to be derived fro a modified Say's Law is clear: minimit the difference between actual and desire cash balances, and supply through the regulating mechanism of the central bar only the amount of money actually disired in the market.

** A favorite gambit of presiden seeking reelection is to throw monetal sheets to the wind and expand the moey supply, thus inducing a false sense of prosperity among the electorate.



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For if money is pumped into the system, there will appear on the market a surfeit of cash balances. Those receiving money in excess of desired levels would then appear at the central bank with a demand for redemption in gold. Such evidence of excess money offered at the fixed price for redemption in gold will signal unequivocally to the monetary authorities that there are indeed excess cash balances. The true signal of excess money can be given only by people and firms, concretely expressed by those who would desire to convert such excess funds at the central bank for gold. Such money would be clearly unwanted or it would not be brought in for redemption at the bank. On this signal the Fed would gradually reduce credit to absorb these excess cash balances. The inflationary episode would be cut short because of the requirement to sustain the fixed convertibility ratio between the limited quantity of gold and the undesired currency.

Some would argue that a gold-backed currency is costly, in social and economic terms, compared with a pure paper currency. But whatever the minor social cost of a currency convertible at a fixed parity into gold, it is a superior monetary stabilizer and a more efficient price regulator. As Professor Jastram shows in The Golden Constant, the history of the gold standard provides evidence of reasonable, long-term price stability. If the goal of the United States is an end to inflation and reasonable price stability, it is not an excessive cost to allocate a minor share of our resources to the regulating mechanism of the money supply. Nothing else but real money will assure the indispensable virtue of permanent trust in the currency. Without real money, saving evaporates, investment languishes, and the future is impoverished.

Consider also that Americans are required by law to accept paper dollars in exchange for production and labor of a stipulated value. Money, therefore, if it is to be anything, must be at least an efficient and trustworthy instrument by which working people accumulate savings. Men and women carefully save cash balances from the proceeds of their labor. Surely they must insist that the future value of their money closely approximate the objective present value of their labor. The implied convertibility between a unit of real money produced by labor and an article of wealth created by human labor for the market must be assured. Therefore, the value of the monetary unit should have a real objective regulator. But the value of money has an objective regulator only when it is linked to a real commodity, like gold, itself requiring the cost of human labor to be produced. By comparison, the value of inconvertible paper money has no objective regulator, its marginal cost of production being nearly zero.

HE COVENANT between any worker and society must be underwritten by something more lasting than a nominal paper currency or mere monetary tokens. In exchange for work, there must be the payment of real money, the value of which endures. Over thousands of years a gold-related currency has performed this function for civilized men. By establishing real money, men rule out its debasement. In the long run, the value of an ounce of gold is proportionate to an objective quantity, namely the amount of labor invested to mine and to fabricate it. Moreover, a gold currency exhibits the properties that make real money the foundation of an exchange economy. It is scarce, storable, measurable, divisible, immutable, transportable, malleable, and fun-

Above all, the value of a monetary unit, defined by a weight unit of gold, has a fair and efficient regulator of its value in the world economy, namely, its costs of production. For example, if it requires fifty man-hours to produce one ton of coal and a hundred man-hours to produce one ounce of gold in an open market, then approximately two tons of coal will be exchanged for monetary units sufficient to buy one ounce of gold. If men were able to exchange one ton of coal (fifty hours of labor) for the money to buy one ounce of gold (one hundred hours of labor), men would cease to mine gold in a free market and they would dig enthusiastically to mine coal. They would produce more coal for money and purchase the gold they desired. The increased demand for gold and the increased supply of coal would gradually reestablish an equilibrium ratio between the two commodities-a ratio roughly proportionate to the quantity

of labor required to produce them Therefore, in order to end inflation permanently and to bring about la bility and trust in the U.S. current the dollar must be defined in lawn equal to a weight unit of gold, statutory convertibility rate that sures that average wages do not Nothing less will yield an endur currency and a stable social order. rency convertibility into gold at a fi rate is virtually a constitutional gua antee of the purchasing power money and, therefore, of the fut value of savings. The legal framewa of a convertible currency makes money a lasting political institution It is now time for the United Sta to offer the world a real money, derwritten by a guarantee of gold c vertibility.

As a result of a true internation gold standard, no central bank, even the Federal Reserve System, col expand credit beyond the desired le in the market. This self-denving or nance of central banks is the princial foundation of financial order. The dinance must work, because to crean excess supply of money and crein the market would cause the price to rise and the exchange rate to fl -while the gold-convertibility price the currency would remain the sar Therefore, the stable gold price would be falling relative to rising gener prices. The demand for the relative cheap gold would create an increasi cash demand for a limited supply gold. This unique signal of excess ca balances now offered for exchange to gold at the bank would alert to Fed to the danger of inflation.

It is clear that a true gold standa will assure that the supply of monwill tend to equal the quantity of mo ey desired for steady economic pro perity. What matters is that the amou of cash balances and the level of i terest rates be determined in the op market, not in the Open Market Cor mittee of the Federal Reserve System There is no need in such a market f monetarist fine-tuning of the monstock through continuous open-mark operations. Indeed, the effects of Ke nesian fiscal fine-tuning and monetari money-stock fine-tuning are the sam they create chronic instability of tl price level and, in this expansioni era, inflation.

HARPER'S/AUGUST 19





One of these drivers had a head-on collision and walked away without a scratch.

"I'm Dr. Arnold Arms, the man on the left. In 1975, drove one of the American cars equipped with r bag restraint systems being tested in this country, t 6 p.m. on October 7, I left my office to make a house all and never made it. I had a head-on collision with city bus. I was travelling at about 25 miles an hour.

"I recall very well what happened. The air bag led in front of the steering wheel and deflated right way. I could see I was alive. I could see that I had o broken bones. To my surprise, I didn't even have headache or whiplash injury. I was able to walk away om the crash." Arnold V. Arms, M.D., Kansas City, MO

In 1979, 25 million auto accidents occurred in the S. Millions of drivers and passengers were injured; 7,000 of them died. The cost of hospital and medical eatment for auto injuries was astronomical. And with illation continuing to spiral, these costs continue to par

Many deaths and injuries could be prevented if eople would use seat belts and shoulder harnesses, which are standard equipment in all new cars. Unfortuately, fewer than 20% of all automobile occupants use leir seat belts.

A federal standard requires that all full-size 1982nodel cars automatically protect front seat occupants om serious injury in crashes up to 30 mph.

The auto industry has proven technology to meet nest new federal requirements. Safety belts that autonatically restrain you is one approach. The air bag astraint system is another. Extensive testing has proven that air bags can absorb the impact forces in head-on and front-angle crashes, with a cushioning effect that dramatically reduces serious injury. Research has shown that air bag protection can reduce the frequency of head, face, neck and torso injuries by as much as 40%. And the cost is less than many car stereo systems.

Air bag protection is automatic. No initiative is needed from the occupant. However, manual lap belts will still be provided for those who desire additional protection in other than front-angle crashes.

If there are fewer injuries, there will be less medical, hospital and legal expenses. And we will be better able to keep the cost of your auto insurance at a reasonable, affordable level.

Here's what we're doing to control costs:

- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars more crash resistant and highways safer.
- Lowering premiums for cars with air bag or automatic seat belt restraint systems.
- Asking for stricter enforcement of the 55 mph speed limit.
- Encouraging increased use of safety belts.

Here's what you can do:

- Use your seat belt regularly.
- Work in your community to make sure speed laws are enforced.
- Don't drink if you're going to drive.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

This message is presented by the American Insurance Association, 85 John Street, New York, New York, 10038

"Waiter, there's a tree in my soup."

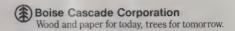


It's one of our Hemlocks, and it's there for reasons of nutrition.

You see, once we've turned the bulk of our Hemlocks into wood and paper products, we use some of what's left over to make a yeast that's added to soups, gravies and snack foods to boost their protein and vitamin B content.

We also use other leftovers to make other useful products. Particleboard for furniture. Chunk bark for gardens and playgrounds. Chips for fuel.

Using all we can of every tree we harvest helps us to provide the jobs and products all of us need while sustaining the forests all of us love.



Harper's

THE MINISTRY OF CULTURE

uving the just and beautiful society

by Michael Macdonald Mooney

The guys on the inside track...they set each other up to banquets in rooms where each other up to bandquess in rooms where everything's velvet an' soft an' sit there eatin' pheasants an' french peas an' Phila-delphia poultry, an' beautiful actresses come up out o' pies like blackbirds an' dance all naked 'round the table.

-John Dos Passos, The Garbageman

EAR THE END of July, 1978, the Washington Post took a swipe at Joseph D. Duffey, chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanes (NEH). Post reporters Lon Tuck and onnie Radcliffe had dug up a list of some rty parties given by the NEH "to make new iends."

Chairman Duffey explained: President arter had expressed his concern about the EH's reputation as an exclusive preserve of e academic establishment. The president sugsted that it would be appropriate for the EH to shed its "elitist image." Duffey said at the parties were organized to boost the ıblic image of the NEH, to raise its public sibility.

According to the Post story, the parties ere paid for from money contributed by inviduals, hospitals, museums, art trade asciations, and "discretionary funds" availle to the chairman of the NEH. Some penses were even paid out of Joe Duffey's vn pocket. Nearly a year later a congresonal investigation found that "all expendire documents reviewed of this type of tivity were charged against 'regular unrericted gift' [i.e., private] fund accounts. . . .

The General Counsel of each Endowment has offered an opinion that such expenditures are within the purposes and authorities for the funds."

Surely. The NEH parties were organized by its press officer, Kay Elliott. When five summer interns and a public-affairs consultant to the NEH were suspected of having leaked news of the "authorized" parties to the press, they were fired. Their actions had been inappropriate. Meanwhile, other groups of morefavored members of the press had attended small luncheons at which orchids floated in brandy snifters filled with Perrier water.

To shed its elitist image, the NEH invited fifty guests to a lunch on February 24, 1978, in a dining room at the Capitol. The guests heard House Majority Whip John Brademas and Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill express their devotion to the arts at a seated luncheon set with the silver and crystal of Congress. Five round tables were decorated with large baskets of white tulips and violets. After sherry, the menu was cold artichoke, marinated beef, zucchini, and poached pears.

April 19, 1978, thirty guests attended a luncheon in Chairman Duffey's NEH office to brief Joan Mondale, then newly named chairperson of the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities. NEH staff members were joined by "several figures from the academic community." Apparently Mrs. Mondale was impressed. After thinking things over, her campaign speech for the arts included a new declaration: "We must reject the imperialist aristocracies of academia." A caterer was said to

Michael Macdonald Mooney is a Washington editor of Harper's and the author of a forthcoming book entitled The Ministry of Culture (Wyndham Books), from which this article is adapted.

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THE MINISTRY OF CULTURE

Recent NEH Grant Awards

Archaeology & Anthropology David Prince; Ohio University Department of Film, Athens, Ohio: \$65,833. Supports the production of a documentary film on recent anthropological discoveries in the story of human ancestry.

Archival Jack C. Thompson; Northwest Archivists, Inc., Portland, Oreg.: \$7,705. Supports a series of one-day workshops in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana on disaster preparedness for archivists.

Arts—History & Criticism

Dorothy H. Coons; Institute of Gerontology, the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.: \$9,976. Supports planning of a traveling exhibit of folk art that will highlight the contributions of older American folk artists to American arts and culture.

History—Non-U.S. Ray Hubbard; Unicorn Project, Inc., Potomac, Md.: \$108,558. Supports script and animation text for a film on life in and around a Welsh medieval castle.

History—U.S. Roger Fortin; Cincinnati Fire Museum Association, Cincinnati, Ohio: 8,910. Supports development of an overall interpretive program for the Fire Museum. have donated both the food and her services for Mrs. Mondale's briefing. There was \$150 worth of flowers. The menu was mixed cold vegetables, cold pork, and fresh fruit.

The large reception on May 3, 1978, at the Library of Congress following the NEH's annual Jefferson Lecture was attended by approximately 1,200 guests. To coordinate such a large affair, Phoebe Franklin, described as a private consultant, was hired at a cost of \$8,000. She was reported to have raised "in excess of \$25,000" in contributions for "the discretionary fund," described as a traditional money-raising function in connection with the Jefferson Lectures. The reception itself, it was said, cost only \$15,000. Jefferson always made for a good fund-raiser.

The formal luncheon for about 100 guests on May 12, 1978, was held under a greenand-white striped tent on the grasses of the Great Mall in Washington, A baroque ensemble serenaded present and former members of the councils of both Endowments-Arts and Humanities. The year's appropriations hearings were over, hard questions had been met on "how to build a culture," how to get "a national culture to take hold," how to answer questions on the national agenda of ethical choices. "Curiosity in the humanities is a free person's humility," Chairman Duffey had told Congress, "and a humble person's freedom." The bill for wine and Perrier came to \$411. Washington area artist Lou Stovall provided silkscreen menus at a cost of \$12.96 each. The menus listed cole slaw, tunafish salad garni, cherry tomatoes, and angelfood cake. Council members, staff, and representatives from the invited media could take home special souvenir mugs and vellow tote bags inscribed: "Humanities: Civilization's Study of Itself."

Money for art's sake

When they want to do a thing in business, of course they must wait till there arises in their brains, somehow, a religious, or ethical, or scientific, or philosophic, concept that the thing is right. And then they go ahead and do it, unwitting that one of the weaknesses of the human mind is that the wish is parent to the thought.

-Jack London, The Iron Heel

O DISTINGUISH the activities of the National Endowment for the Humanities from those of the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA), Chairman Duffey frequently explains that the NEH's responsibilities are "interpretative." Exactly

what might be meant by "interpretative" particular instances is subject to Duff, interpretation.

Officers of the NEH sometimes company that the NEH is not as well known as le NEA; but if the NEA is a guiding-lightthe-arts-as-the-very-essence-of-our-lives. NEH is the central institution to an-act well-coordinated-national-cultural-policy. though Mrs. Mondale is well known as honorary chairperson of the Federal Coul on the Arts and the Humanities, Joseph Duffey is the actual chairman of the WI House Ministry of Culture. When author tions for the NEA and the NEH were approin 1980, the expenditures for the twin endo ments were projected through 1985. By the each agency would be spending about \$3 million per year, but the amounts spent either agency are meaningless unless the history is remembered: a deal struck at the founding during LBJ's administration is si being kept, and the "shotgun wedding" tween arts and academia is a marriage that I ripened. Expenditures for the two Endowme have continued to rise year by year, side side, as they march hand in hand toward magic total of \$600 million per year in a tional funds. To the extent that projection made by the Endowments themselves can trusted at all, their national appropriations \$600 million will be matched by combination of "matching grants," "challenge grants "treasury funds," and state appropriations f culture. These sums will add up to a total \$3.6 billion engendered by the Endowmen Yet \$3.6 billion represents only a fraction the combined national billions spent for co ture by 300 other government programs coo erating with universities that are working t gether with corporations and corporate fou

The social and political ambitions expresse by these dollar totals are extraordinary enough in themselves; but the sums are distributed I amazing secret procedures. One close guarded secret is the precise meaning of the word humanist. Secrecy in national studies humanistic interest corrupts university ind pendence, and secrecy contradicts any cor mon definition of the humanities as the stud of human affairs, or human nature, or tl lessons of antiquity, or the joys of literatu or philosophy, or the publication of bell lettres on any of these topics, or any relate topics of ethical, moral, social, or politic choice. Secret procedures connected to the i terpretation of learning clash with learning purpose, and are anachronistic to learning circulation and illogical to learning's trac nal values. The only kind of secret justible to knowledge is a temple secret—the
id of secret kept by priests as a mystery
om on the uninitiated.

Because the National Endowment for the manities claims secrecy as necessary to procedures, it suggests that, according its definition, a humanist is a believer in religion of mankind. Founded by Auguste mte, usually identified as "positivism," netimes as "pragmatic humanism," the reion of humanism proposed a system for a rulated society with love as its first prinbe le order as its base, and progress as its med. The difficulty in assessing any religious actice was that no true believer ever agreed it he or she was practicing a religion, even a theoretical possibility, although faith ght be the identifiable source of the bever's strange behavior. When a Calvinist ssed greed, the Calvinist was doing the ight thing"; when a cannibal boiled a mismary, he believed the ceremony to be nae's own way; when an eagle flew up at the ath of Augustus, the Vestal Virgins, who lieved Caesar to be God, did not have any ficulty rendering to Caesar all that God is due.

Giving grants

HERE SEEM TO BE FEW LIMITS whatever to the extension of the state's ideology. Livingston Biddle, chairman of the NEA, was asked what he estiated the federal share of total arts philanropy might be. Biddle thought the federal are was probably about 10 percent, and he id he wouldn't want the federal share to ceed 25 percent of all arts support. One onth later Biddle was asked the same queson. His estimate of the current federal share is still 10 percent, but Biddle said he would ver want it to exceed 33 percent-a 32 recent increase in ambition within one month. The federal government has to have a certain adership role here," Biddle explained. "The talyst has to be more than a responder. We ust initiate."

What is significant to the new initiative is at the arts are articulated political systems, it merely aggregate dollar budgets. Joseph Duffey's principal constituencies at the EH are the university corporations, but the EH has incorporated many others as well. Ithough the NEH is relatively small as overnment agencies go, with only 240 fullme employees and a budget of just \$150 million, the Humanities Endowment is advised

by a national council of twenty-six members appointed by the president for terms running six years. Each member of the National Council for the Humanities in turn represents other constituencies, all of whose activities in either the arts or humanities are officially blessed by tax exemptions: among them, General Motors Corporation, the Rockefeller Funds, the Museum of Modern Art, and Columbia, Stanford, and Princeton universities. Each of these tax-exempt institutions in its turn has councils, commissions, and directorates representing corporate activities approved for other tax exemptions. NEH grants are effective not only as marginal investments but as imprimaturs to an entire range of still other culturally "approved" activities, and their supporting councils, advisory boards, committees, "support" organizations—all of which are tax-exempt because they are engaged in the good works necessary to the incorporated national culture.

The NEH operates its grant-making process by divisions, and these are designated as Research, Fellowships, Public Programs, Educational Programs, State Programs, and what are called Special Programs. Not only is each of these NEH activities coordinated in its objectives, not only does each of these divisions approve grants and subsidize activities coordinated with still other federal programssuch as the Public Broadcasting Service and the International Communication Agency—but each NEH grant-making division also creates still other constituencies of its own. A state program for the humanities, for example, created by the federal NEH, is operated as a regranting subdivision, which in turn raises "matching funds" to write state histories to be published by a commercial New York publisher, who in turn sells the authorized histories by approved professors back to each state's own department of education, which pays for them with state funds appropriated to match federal funds, but appropriated from budgets funded through the U.S. Department of Education.

Any financial analysis of such a labyrinth of good works fails. No calculation of sums invested for stated purposes is commensurate with any measurable result. Every expense is a portion of some other cost. Nor does study by function or by systems analysis provide any conclusions as to cost and benefit, or categories by which it might be understood whether some end had been met. Since the objectives of incorporated national culture are indeterminate, each day's progress is but a wandering through still other shadowed corridors. No one knows how much the national

"When a Calvinist blessed greed, the Calvinist was doing the 'right thing.'"

J. Craig Jenkins; Center for Policy Research, New York, N.Y.: \$49,365. Supports a study of the role of "support organizations," such as churches, unions, and corporations, in shaping the social movements of the 1960s.

Ann J. Lane; Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass.: \$80,000. Supports a biography of Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1860-1935).

Joyce D. Miller: Amalgamated Clothing & Textile Workers Union, N.Y.: \$317,316. Supports continuation and expansion of a program of humanities seminars for ACTWU members. Seminars and accompanying discussion materials are designed to help members see their own life and work experiences in a broader historical and cultural context.

Mary T. Murphy, age 25, and Helen Bresler, age 24; University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C.: \$8,513. Youthgrant supports an oral and photographic history of Butte, Montana.

Intercultural Studies
Jan Demarest;
University of Colorado,
Boulder, Colo.: \$29,993.
Supports an exhibit of
French novelist George
Sand's letters, manuscripts, drawings,
photographs, paintings,
and objects from
Sand's puppet theater.

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Sarah Faunce; The Brooklyn Museum, N.Y.: \$149,620. Supports an exhibit that is part of the Belgium Today International Symposium, on Belgian art between 1880 and 1914, focusing on Belgium's international role in the development of early modern art.

Interdisciplinary
Clay Boland; Colorado
Mountain College,
Glenwood Springs,
Colo.: \$50,000. Supports the development
of a two-year humanities program for community-college students
who expect to transfer
to four-year institutions.

Ellen M. Campbell; Marymount College, Tarrytown, N.Y.: \$11,000. Supports a project to open the Marymount College library on three Sundays during the academic year to local residents for their private research projects.

The following grants support humanities seminars for medical and health-care teachers:

H. Tristram Engelhardt, Jr.; Kennedy Institute of Ethics. Washington, DC: \$35,893. Samuel Gorovitz, University of Maryland, College Park, Md.: \$30,348. Karen A. Lebacqz; Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, Callif.: \$25,434. ministries spend directly, indirectly, or any other way.

The many temples of the NEH

◀HE OFFICES of the NEH do not look at all like those of a church. It is housed in a commercial office building at 806 Fifteenth Street in downtown Washington, about two blocks from the White House, within two blocks of Washington's squalid zone of porno bookshops and skinflick theaters, and near the center of the main business activities of what amounts to a company town, where 30,000 lobbvists-about 60 for each elected representative-work their trade. By the elevators in the NEH building the directory includes the names of activities typical of Washington's devotions: United States Parachute Association, Conrail Freight Sales Office, Population Association of America, Migrant Legal Action Program, Inc., and the local lobby office of Northwestern University, Inc.

In the anteroom of Suite 1000, office of the NEH chairman, catalogues and "interpretative" explanations of the King Tut museum show grace the coffee tables. Some NEH officers are wistful that the NEA and Exxon seem to have got most of the credit for exhibiting the gold of ancient Egypt, whereas it was actually the NEH that had sponsored King

Tu

Chairman Duffey agrees that the NEH's public relations have often been inept. There was, as Duffey said, "almost an air of secrecy" about the NEH when he took over as chairman. That was why he promoted the NEH by a series of parties in Washington-and put up green-and-white striped tents on the Great Mall to advertise that the humanities are "Civilization's Study of Itself." When I asked Duffey if humanist meant a man who believed in the religion of mankind, he looked surprised. A quotation from the Oxford English Dictionary defining the humanities as a religion apparently also surprised him. He said he'd never heard that definition. I read off the definition from the *OED*:

Any system of thought or action which is concerned with merely human interests, or with those of the human race in general, the religion of humanity; the devotion to those studies which promote human culture, literary culture, especially the system of the Humanists of Auguste Comte, or positivism.

The OED definitions, Duffey said, are not his interpretation. Not at all. Joe Duffey is

self-evidently a man of goodwill: charming the extreme, quick-witted, well-read, though ful at the right moments, mindful of the deficulties, as he explained it, of coordinatig demands of public policy with the contriltions academic humanists can make. Duffy said it is possible to define the fields of "1. manities" and "public policy" with reasonals precision, though he agreed that definition will naturally differ. He supposed, when comes to the humanities, he would be "son thing of what in Scotland they would call 'broad church' man." On the other hand, wouldn't want to say that any and all subject belong to the area of human inquiry defin as the humanities. He is satisfied with the l of disciplines that Congress wrote into the N tional Endowment for the Humanities legisle tion in 1965: "language, literature, histor philosophy, and so forth.'

Any activity of declared goodwill not coered by an interpretation of language, liter ture, history, or philosophy can be certific under the guidelines provided by "and forth," although the definitions applicable "and so forth" will naturally differ. If doub remain about the good news now enacted a matter of law, Joe Duffey can explain. I hopes the humanities can house "our mo creative efforts to make this a beautiful ar just society." Although the definitions of whi might constitute a "just society" are subject many interpretations, Joe Duffey's explan tions are rooted in a habitual goodwill all men. He is a native of West Virginia, graduate of Marshall University, and hold graduate degrees from Andover Newton Th ological School. He started off as a Baptiminister, studied Lewis Mumford's social ana vses of cities and power, taught at Hartfor Seminary, and founded the Hartford Cente for Urban Ethics. Then he gave up the min istry, took up politics, ran for the Senate i 1970 against Lowell Weicker, Jr., and lost.

ARLY IN the 1976 campaign bot Duffey and his wife, Anne Wexler backed Jimmy Carter. In 1977, Ann Wexler became a trusted White Hous adviser to the new president and Joe Duffe was named assistant secretary of state for educational and cultural affairs. When the White House reorganized this office out or existence by merging it into the U.S. Information Agency to create the new International Communication Agency, Duffey was nominated, and eventually confirmed, as chair man of the NEH. Simultaneously, he too over the chair of the Federal Council on the

ts and the Humanities—the White House nistry of Culture. Duffey effected the minry's various agreements to coordinate nanal culture between the NEH, the NEA, the A, the Smithsonian, the General Services Iministration, the National Science Foundan, the Public Broadcasting Service, the rporation for Public Broadcasting, the Derment of Education, the programs under Comprehensive Employment and Training t, and so forth. Although habitually modand casual, Joe Duffey is the statutory nister of Culture, even if Joan Mondale is all the publicity.

The goals of the NEH, Duffey says, are to mote public understanding and use of the manities, and to relate the humanities to rrent conditions of human life. The tranndental values of the humanities are useful understand the ethical choices of human Relating the humanities to the American ople is something more than "merely a pros of disseminating a national culture." Duffey's view, a "national culture" had gun to take hold in American life as early the mid-nineteenth century-a culture aprently different from the Western tradition at preceded the new revelation. To teach lues and history, and to promote among nerican citizens a sense of their human conion, the NEH cannot accomplish its ends ectly. Duffey says, but relies, instead, on the ency of hundreds of academic and cultural titutions, media groups, and community ornizations. Yet Duffey hopes that carefully nooled thinkers and lay persons alike will rk together "to build a culture." Duffey lieves that the humanities are not above eryday life, but inseparable from it; that visions of the humanities are developed in long tradition of thought "about what is oral and beautiful."

Defining what is moral and what is beautil in the "humanities" and "public policy" quires "interpretation," of course, and deftions will naturally differ, but the NEH rives at pragmatic conclusions through the ocesses administered by the NEH. Because e motives of academic ethical choices are vond criticism, and because the NEH, the EA, and all the other agencies of the Minisv of Culture always express their goodwill American society for all the programs their airman approves, there can be little doubt at whatever the agencies undertake is, by finition, "good." To explain the benefits of e "humanistic perspective" in achieving the ms of a moral, beautiful, and just society, uffey says, the perspective of the humanities fines and sharpens present questions by

placing those questions in history's context; as a result of the "complexity" of history's lessons, the humanities encourage a habit of mind "which accepts contradictions and learns to anticipate objections."

The catalogue of the NEH's good works provides lists of grants to interpret-by dialogue—an unlimited list of topics. Humanists claim moral authority over a range of ethical and political choices greater than the authority once claimed by bishops over intellectual, religious, scientific, social, political, economic, and military procedures. Although the NEH's claims are, in themselves, odd, and are radical departures from the traditional limits to democratic politics, humanistic authorities are advanced as a complete system of thought, not merely as the result of a radical but independent insight. Strangest of all, the broad social questions advocated by the system of academic humanism are announced as a method to do away with limited definitions of reality andat the moment of epiphany-to replace the inheritance of "parochial" communities with a new radical vision of society. According to Duffey, "Even the private and intimate issues, our sense of inner being and solitude, are expressed in humanistic tradition."

Cultural commissars

T WOULD BE extremely difficult to formulate a more exact definition than Joe Duffey's for the social ambitions of a religious sentiment. When the procedures of the Ministry of Culture are examined in detail, what the NEA and the NEH say and do often appears to be contradictory to any common-sense analyses; but when the coordinated activities of the Ministry of Culture are examined as the good works of a systematized faith, they are entirely consistent. Thereafter, there is nothing ridiculous about humanism at all-love and peace and understanding one another will heal the human condition. In support of such vast goodwill, humanism is a theological idealism, absolutely perfect and infallible, and those "born again" by acceptance of humanism's moralities and beauties hold an evangelical conviction, as Duffey explained it, and never need be troubled by any material realities. The dogma of humanism "accepts contradictions."

After it was entitled by the establishment of the NEH in 1965 and institutionalized by coordination through the White House Ministry of Culture in 1978, what humanists said and did could no longer be mocked—just as an atheist should restrain his laughter when

"To manage an advanced, complex, technological humanist society to gain the goal of unity, an elite is necessary."

The following grant supports academic year-long programs of fellowships for working journalists:

Lyle M. Nelson, Stanford University, Stanford, Calif.: \$263,736. Ben Yablonky, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.: \$382,500.

Jurisprudence The following grants support humanities seminars for teachers in law schools:

Derroy A. Ben, Har vard University, Cam-Ludge, Mass (\$19,6,5)

Leonard W. Levy, Claremont Graduate School, Claremont, Calif.: \$59,864. Supports the preparation of a one-volume encyclopedia on American constitutional history and law.

Joel Sucher, Pacific Street Films, Brooklyn, N.Y.: \$20,000. Supports the planning of a film series entitled "The Law, the Courts, and the People."

Language & Linguistics Germaine Brée, Wake Forest University, Winston-Salem, N.C.: \$56,185. Supports a summer seminar in the field of French.

William E. Coles, Jr., University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.: \$48,171. Supports a summer seminar for college teachers in th fields of composition and rhetoric.

Macdonald Mooney THE MINISTRY

OF CULTURE

Michael

manists are true believers, sometimes impatient with reality, but only because they are required to abandon the whole truth in order to concentrate on their special version—they are anointed as responsible for the salvation of all mankind. Thereafter, humanists live largely with their own thoughts. Just as the ordained ministers of established churches did, humanists have to arrive at conclusions from premises that dictate what the conclusions ought to be. Consequently, their intellectual difficulties are soon compounded by moral ones. Like ordinary ministers, the moral regeneration for which humanists labor always ennobles them to such an extent that no checks or balances remain on the extravagance of their thoughts.

granted an audience with the pope. The hu-

James Gray, University of California— Berkeley, Berkeley, Calff.: 8180,000. Supports the nation wide expansion of the Bay Area/National Writing Project. Through a series of institutes, publications, courses, and in-service programs, the project will develop a cadre of teachers informed about teaching composition from kindergarten through graduate school.

Literature
Fred E. Carlisle,
Michigan State University, East Lansing,
Mich: 848,970. Supports a summer seminar
for college teachers in

Robert Celler, Learning in Focus, New York, N.Y.: \$50,000. Supports the development of scripts for a television adaptatior of James Baldwin's Go Tell It on the Mountain.

Robert Kotlowitz, Educational Broadcasting Corporation, New York, N.Y.: \$330,000. Supports the production of a ninety-minutfilm on the life and work of American poet Carl Sandburg.

Yuri Rasovsky, National Radio Theate of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.: \$299.960. Supports the production of twelve sixty-minute radio programs dramatizing Homer's Odyssey.

Were these humanists-insistent as they are for a national culture—an isolated platoon and merely concerned with the civic good of placing folk art in the gift shops of the National Park Service, it might be possible to dismiss their yearnings for national conformity as the expression of an arrogant few. But just as there are commissars of the arts and humanities, so, too, has there emerged from the stark, air-conditioned offices around Washington a praetorian class dedicated to protecting the citizenry from its own excesses. And what is necessary to accumulate power and position in Washington is deemed good for the people at large. A national culture in the arts and humanities becomes, in its political apparition, the government's campaign to dissuade citizens from smoking or, abroad, the attempt by the United States to solve the Palestinian question without consulting the Palestinians.

To manage an advanced, complex, technological humanist society, to gain the goal of unity, an elite is necessary. The humanists frequently explain how government, corporations, and universities can work together; it doesn't matter at all that there are no provisions in the Constitution for them to do so, nor any provisions in democratic tradition for these institutions at all. Peace and progress are overriding national interests, therefore the members of this ruling class circulate freely among government, corporation, and university. All boards of directors, advisory councils, advisory committees, or commissions are constituted of members drawn from the three new institutional powers, and no one else need be included. All public functionaries who serve these governing institutions are expected to name their successors—after appropriate discussion among themselves. Any election of elite officials by their social inferiors would be absurd to the new established order. Beside the anarchy exemplified by legislative assemblies, local, state, or national, is sufficient bar their opinions from serious considerate—as long as national unity is at issue.

The elite are the major officials of the N Order: all others are considered minor offici without standing to decide the great ethir choices-artists, writers, workers, old peol and young, minorities, students, soldiers. understand how the theocratic, as opposed the political, necessities of the New Order decided, it is necessary to examine why manists are opposed to personal indulger of any kind. They are as earnest as purita and as suspicious of laughter, because the N Order's visions of love, peace, and und standing cannot accommodate comedy eroticism. Consequently, the ethical choice proposed by humanists prodigiously exagg ate the necessity for moral restraint. Becau no citizen can believe he exists solely for l own benefit, every indulgence-no matter ho it is expressed—is, by nature, an offense to t "overriding national interests." Humanis carry to extraordinary lengths their purits righteousness in opposition to personal dulgence: wine, laughter, and sex are alwaexcesses, never pleasures.

Tobacco, for example, was determined be harmful to community health, but the Ne Order continued to pay workers to grow it a moral entitlement of labor. At the same tim regulations were issued to the airline corpor tions to segregate those who smoked despithe surgeon general's warnings. While regul tions multiplied to discourage personal indu gence, the regulations by which aircraft we manufactured and maintained were ease Consequently, no one could be said to have died as a result of personal indulgence whe an aircraft fell from the sky in Chicago Paris. The passengers and crew died colle tively. The appropriate commissions studie the records of the crashes, and new regulation on smoking were issued. No contradictions i ethical choices had occurred.

To gain acceptance for their worthy transcendental values, the humanists provide the cratic glosses for the New Order's mania for regulation. In Washington fifty-five major rule-making agencies turn out 77,000 page of new regulations each year. Between 197 and 1980 the volume of regulations quadribled, and twenty new regulatory agencies cam into being. During the same decade, the number of lawyers practicing in Washington is creased from 16,000 to 40,000. The expens of regulatory activity was tithed, voluntaril or by force, from the laity; but the lawyer

Myth:

overnment regulation benefits railroads.



Fact:

America's freight railroads are hampered by government regulations, and that puts the squeeze on everyone.

Today's freight railroads are subject to rules and regulations that date from horse-and-buggy days. Heavy-handed strictures that don't apply to most other businesses or even the railroads direct competitors—the largely unregulated truck and barge industries.

While competition is virtually free to raise or lower prices to meet changing market conditions, railroads are not. America's freight railroads can't change their freight rates, drop unprofitable lines, add new services, or even initiate innovative pricing that could save consumers money—without first getting government approval. And that's a process which can involve excessive delays.

Doesn't make much sense in these tight-money times, does it? But it's a fact. And as long as non-polluting, energy-efficient freight railroads are denied the right to compete equally for business in the free market, the consumer will continue to pay the extra freight—in terms of added dollars or poorer service, or both.

For more information, write: Regulation, Dept. O. Association of American Railroads, American Railroads Building, Washington, D.C. 20036.

Surprise:

In freight transportation, the market is the best regulator.

Michael Macdonald Mooney

THE MINISTRY OF CULTURE

Philosophy G. Fay Dickerson, American Theological Library Association, Philadelphia, Pa.: 897,922. Supports the development of an index of books in the field of religion published between 1970 and 1975.

Albert R. Jonsen; University of California at San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif.: \$78,000. Supports a study of the relationship between formal moral philosophy and the practices of common law.

Social Science Joel Kugelmass, Pacifica Foundation, Los Angeles, Calif.: \$8,356. Supports planning a documentary radio series on national unity and social conflict in post-World War II America.

Sheilah K. Mann, American Political Science Association, Washington, D.C.: \$99.303. Supports a series of seminars for political science college faculties on the subject of citizenship and political education

Taketsugu Tsurutani, Washington State University, Pullman, Wash.: \$59,824. Supports a research projec on the relative roles of academics in the political affairs of the United States.

practiced almost exclusively as representatives of great corporations or syndicates of corporate interest. The significance of all these attorneys, all the rules, regulations, interpretations, and agencies, is not what they actually declared or decreed. The vast majority of regulations contradict other regulations. The tax code in itself requires 60,000 pages of regulations and "interpretations," and most IRS agents cannot fill out the simplest citizen tax return without contradicting some rule. The social import of the New Order's frenzy to regulate derives from the requirement for a designated officer of the New Order to adjudicate the ambiguities in each particular instance. One regulatory agency took ten years to approve the label on a jar of peanut butter, but the agency's diligence was for the purpose of consumer protection, it is said, and not at all ludicrous, because officers of the New Order have to be judicious. When the New Order's regulations are examined for their internal consistency, they are nonsense. Taken in their entirety, regulations are a perfectly sensible system to gain obedience.

Lawvers who study the New Order's frenzy to regulate accurately describe themselves as "power brokers." Their clients are those who have a stake in society's power; but these clients differ substantially from the rich of mythology and only faintly resemble the oligarchies of the past. Officers of national corporations cannot squander their inheritance as they please. Instead, they too are required to consent to the love of all mankind, the achievement of peace, the establishment of order, and the continuance of progress. Although historians once characterized officers of national corporations as "robber barons," the chief executive officers of the New Order's corporations are to be viewed as something like knights: they are generous; they sponsor symphonies: they redress wrongs: they cooperate in model-cities programs; they do what they can to protect the weak; they hire minorities and women; they no longer meet in private clubs to watch naked girls jump up out of pies and dance all naked around the table. Instead they meet in sylvan conference centers to listen to the clerisy. They sponsor official art, because the arts are the very essence of our lives. They "match" the grants of the National Endowment for the Humanities to "interpret" ethical choices. By concatenations of the social order rightly understood, and by methods of social coordination among the members of the faith-techniques similar to those employed by temple priests in ancient societies—the ethical, moral, and political "interpretations" of humanism will be disseminated: "made accessible,"

Joe Duffey put it, as sacerdotal revelations.

If this brief summary of humanist theolo appears to be a catechism of poppycockkind of instant oatmeal ideology in while there is not one whit of material reality e cept the lumpy porridge itself-nonetheles it is the New Order's credo. By a recitation of its exhortations, the Ministry of Cultu explains away any immediate instance fraud, perjury, forgery, censorship, blacklis ing, closed circles of awards, or any other cr icisms. For example, the report of the Hou Appropriations Committee investigative sta said that the chairman of the National E dowment for the Humanities, with the adviof the National Council, is to set "nation policy for the humanities," to accomplish "molded national policy," to establish a "n tional humanities policy."

Not at all, answers Joseph D. Duffey. Hemphasizes that he was to develop and ecourage the pursuit of a national policy "for the promotion of progress and scholarship is the humanities." In Chairman Duffey's interpretation, the House report has made some thing more than a semantic mistake. If the chairman of the NEH sought to mold a nenational culture, as he had explained in his public speeches, his actions would not onle be inappropriate, he told Congress, but the could be described as "authoritarian."

High noon on the mal

"You are a slow learner, Winston," said O'Brien gently.

"How can I help it?" he blubbered.
"How can I help seeing what is in front of
my eyes? Two and two are four."

my eyes? Two and two are four."
"Sometimes, Winston. Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes they are all of them at once. You must try harder. It is not easy to become sane."

—George Orwell, Nineteen Eighty-Four

ometimes it is not easy to see wha green-and-white pavilions on a tender lawn signify. A tent such as that at the NEH celebration to promote civilization's study of itself rarely appears except a the zenith of an empire's history—whether that narrative is written on the banks of the Seine, the Tiber, the Potomac, or any other river. The etiquette of such ceremonies, how ever, is invariable: lunch is always on tables with crystal and silver; places are appointed by cards; chamberlains and ladies-in-waiting stand ready as guides to the established hier archies; flowers are cut and arranged accord-

g to precise instructions; music is played r stringed instruments, and its melodies are ft, complex, counterpointed; when there are instrels, there is delicate laughter; if there e dancing masters, their fingers weave wonous patterns in stilled air; there are always ords said, for the occasion demands it, but e oratory is brief, not eloquent, and flatrs those happy few whose perceptions are sensitive they have chosen to be present; and as the women come and go, no drum roll trumpet call disturbs the moment.

When striped tents occupy a mall, it is ways midday, never dawn, and there is ever any urgency because there is no floodg tide to be caught, nor any need to go by reed march, to reach the base of some soarg pass before dusk. When a civilization kes up the study of itself, it is always high on, and if the sun has touched its zenith it as only imperceptibly done so, and there will a, surely, plenty of time yet, After all, the in's course is nearly constant and any gatherig momentum is apparent only as it sets. igh noon is measurable on the charts of hisry from ground zero or any other meridian and can be calculated to the second: when an npire quits imitating once-upon-a-time heses, gives up its once-upon-a-time expansion, fuses the irrational intuitions of genius. All I these activities-adventure, change, invenon-are insufferable to active, well-coordiated regulations. In fact, they are invariably isruptive as soon as an empire settles down chind secure frontiers to administer the surfus accumulated from the past. It is at high oon that the great temples are completed at ist, ceremonies perfected, and manners sanded nooth. Yet these are truisms, and the diffialty with truisms, as George Orwell pointed ut, is that they are true. To seize on the truth nat two and two are sometimes four is to asist on the obvious. Yet it is not easy to fix re present coordinates between art and poli-

The calculation of high noon always has to egin by establishing where the horizon lies. When a civilization started out, its territories ould not be located by any boundaries. Hences carried frontiers across continents and ceans, willy-nilly. There were no post offices, or any need for them. A letter addressed Ship lachel, South Pacific, would be delivered in ut time. There were few schools, and those were devoted to the revelations of God and to whatever divine purpose he apparently had in mind. The only laws were derived from custom nd tradition; not only were there few cases no court, there were no regulations and no axes, because there existed neither sovereignty

for political government nor jurisdiction for "When a civili-

Change was not only constant, but delightful: the result of chaotic energies. Each innovation carried with it bubbling charm. Both art and politics were exuberant, exact, claimed title to fantastic myths and fictions, but were executed realistically on small canvases. Both art and politics were conducted by a loose aristocracy whose members were yet to be anointed, but who had few fears of either democracy or its assemblies. There was a general uncodified consent not only to the myths accumulated from the past, but also to the adaptations of those fictions to the new opportunities. Leaders were emulated and civil society was organized by internal consents.

The political and social systems of democracy expanded together: happy increases in population, streets laid down that the cities would grow, deserts watered and forests cleared for seed, a startling increase in the understanding of general principles in science, fiction, and history, a guick sophistication in tools, and if there were perceptual differences about the culture of the promised land, those distinctions were hotly debated because change. wonder, science-all varieties of independent thought-were considered eventually to result in beneficial consequences. Finally, it is often said that in a young society its government is weak; vet it is remarkable how easily every war is won, how effectively diplomacy meets each goal, and how often at the frontier daring forays by a handful of men swept unharmed across entire continents.

FTER HIGH NOON, the very opposite is true. Diplomacy is confused and wars are conducted constantly at the empire's boundaries at a staggering cost with frightful casualties against handfuls of the barbarians, yet the result is usually status quo ante bellum. The government apparatus is described as powerful, even overwhelming its citizens' daily occupations and private behavior, but crises recur constantly, and the administration-La Police, as it was defined in French analyses, meaning the efforts of bureaucracy, ministers, and sovereign taken together-is helpless to cure even the simplest problem. There are many post offices, but no letter can ever be delivered to a ship wandering in the South Pacific. Searching for some authority, indeed any legitimacy to which perhaps the people might consent voluntarily, a claim is put forward that the empire is a system founded on laws. Thereafter, regulations multiply, the courts are swamped

'When a civilization takes up the study of itself, it is always high noon."

State Programs
Alabama Committee
for the Humanities
and Public Policy,
Birmingham-Southern
College, Ala: James
Pate, Chairman, Jack
Geren, Executive
Director: up to \$373,000
outright, plus an offer
of up to \$15,000 Gifts
and Matching

Colorado Humanities Program, Boulder, Colo.; Pat Schlatter, Chairman, Katherine Lemmon, Executive Director: an offer of up to \$40,000 Gifts and Matching (the grant supplements the previous G & M offer).

New Jersey Committee for the Humanities, Rutgers, N.J.: Leah Sloshberg, Chairman, Miriam L. Murphy, Executive Director: up to \$401.500 outright, plus an offer of up to \$122.500 Gifts and Matching.

New York Council for the Humanities, New York, N.Y.: Helene L. Kaplan, Chairman, Carol Groneman, Executive Director: up to \$716,000 outright. Macdonald
Mooney
THE MINISTRY
OF CULTURE

Michael

by litigation, prisons fill with criminals, every social effort for change conflicts with some other established interest and is subsequently paralyzed by legal pleadings. Nonetheless, repeated assertions are made that it is law that binds the community together for the common good, and that the laws are applied equally. The sovereignty of law is made in the teeth of justice that serves the interests of only a few. The rule of law never amounts to much more than a political claim by lawyers to sovereignty. Yet what is most remarkable about the rule of law are its deceits: Rome claimed that in the name of the emperor it brought law, as well as roads, to the barbarians, Rome also happened to bring slavery, and the empire solemnly went on codifying its laws long after the barbarians had conquered, sacked, and occupied its cities.

In Rome, as anywhere else, only lawyers believed in the legitimacy of their jurisdiction. The common man soon put lawyers' contributions to society on a par with those of undertakers. Yet after high noon in an empire's history, the search for some legitimacy-any reasonable basis for hope—always becomes frantic. What had been an optimistic future gives way to permanent pessimism, Adventure, change, invention-independent thought in any of its varieties-become suspect as dangerous and are believed to have potentially destructive results. To the extent that any debate occurs, it has to be limited to the topic of reform. All other conceptions are syncretic: the promised land, whatever its location, and manifest destiny, by whichever road it was to have been reached, are tacitly agreed to have been mirages. To an empire, the future is unimaginable. The sun will never set.

Culture as ideology

LTHOUGH EDUCATION is universal, understanding of general principles has become scant. Instead, teaching is directed to the inculcation of certified values and employable skills. The old poets are read incessantly, and the office of censor is established. Sophisticated tools and the applications of technology have been put in the hands of specialists whose activities are considered mysterious, even taboo, and to be witnessed only by those approved to their priesthood. Under such restrictions, invention comes to a halt. If the received doctrine holds that the sun stands at the center of the universe, any assertion that some other arrangement might be possible cannot be well received by the heretic's peers, because not only is doctrine questioned when new hypotheses are formed, utheir proof will always require a rearrangement in established hierarchies. Intuitive therefore, are dangerous not only in the selves, but to the social order as well.

Politics is helpless: new initiatives care be imposed by edict. The social uses of den racy are now considered so limited that ministration of the state's affairs is consider to be managed better by appointed office sitting as juridical committees-"work groups." These overseers are charged ver pursuing "a rational, well-coordinated polic To effect their responsibilities, ministers h no alternative but to attempt a regulation the chain of events to which men have former agreed by voluntary consent. Objectives set, programs studied and drawn up, edicts proclaimed, but there are no practialternatives except to function through highly structured, established organization already in existence—corporations already articulated, staffed, and equipped with displined cadres of men and women who prepared to obey. Since the notion of law, a government of laws, and lawyers themselv are already in considerable disrepute, the bitrary and capricious regulations impos by the ministries and cooperating corporation seek some source of legitimacy: something that resembles the fictions—the mythic royal, or constitutional patents-of the pa Without some designated legitimacy, the can be no "higher reasons" for the major to obey. Therefore, the corporate state ador the national "culture" as its ideology.

Exactly what the national "culture" mea

is not open to question: it is ambiguous defined, according to circumstance, and meaning can be conveniently shifted in ca administrations-elected under the old po tics-happened to change. Yet culture h none of the inconveniences of the old religio -no one actually needs to have faith; nor culture inhibited by any of the difficulties philosophy-so contradictions in its premis can be whistled away. It is "Civilization Study of Itself." It is the "very essence of or lives." And if its language is opaque, a collar of slogans, its indeterminacy has great advatages: what is thought to be true today need nbe true tomorrow; or everything can be true at the same time-and beautiful, too. Wha ever the conditions happen to be, the office of the national culture are always seen doir good works, helping the unfortunate, cor forting the sick, visiting the aged, encouraing youth, painting the landscape of the ruine cities-all this in the name of grace, trut and beauty. A New Foundation.

v I oundation.

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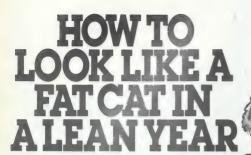
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GOD'S OWN NETWORK



The TV kingdom of Pat Robertson

by Dick Dabney

from the direction the Lord would appear when He returned, the big oil tankers were moving into the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, from right to left across the motel's plateglass window. We were a mile down the beach from where the Jamestown settlers had landed in 1607 and set up a cross in the sands and dedicated this country to the glory of God. On the color video in the motel room were all the X-rated movies you would ever want to watch. All you had to do was pick up a phone and give the desk your selection, and it would pop up on the screen and be put on your Visa or Master Card.

Dick Dabney is a columnist for the Washington Post and the Washingtonian, and the author of A Good Man, a biography of Sam Ervin.

Across the street at the Beach Theater, the marquee advertised a double feature: Jesus Christ, Superstar and American Gigolo.

I got in my car and followed the wide. crawling net of expressways out to the Christian Broadcasting Network's headquarters, where I was supposed to talk with Pat Robertson, who was being called "the Christian Johnny Carson" by the national media, and whose talk show, "The 700 Club," was seen by more people, worldwide anyway, than Carson's. This headquarters, which had cost \$20 million, was located in a pine forest just off a cloverleaf. Surrounded by tall trees were two large, handsome brick buildings-one housing CBN's studios and corporate offices, the other, a new graduate school offering degrees in Christian communication. Both buildings were done in the colonial Georgian style, so as to be as much like Williamsburg as possible. They were fashioned out of half a million handmade bricks laid in Flemish bond, and they got you to thinking not so much about Jesus but about Patrick Henry or Thomas Jefferson.

To get to the main building you had to go through a recently planted alley of matched oak trees and crepe myrtles that had been designed "to create a cathedral effect" maybe fifty years from now—a plan that was puzzling when you remembered that Robertson was telling his millions of followers that Jesus would

probably be back in 1982.

On the other hand, if Jesus tarried it was going to be pretty pleasant around here from a landscaping point of view, as one saw long hedges of Japanese holly and panels of green lawn adjacent to the vivid reds of the brick sidewalks, and the brick arches to the side of the buildings accentuated by full-grown native American holly and Southern magnoliawhile along the walkways there were the Natchez White crepe myrtles set in pleasant beds of ivy and periwinkle. Even the trees around this place were, in the words of Keats, "dear as the temple's self," and interspersed with the native pines were dogwood, forsythia, magnolia, azaleas, hemlock, carnelia, juniper, October Glory maple, boxwood, star and saucer magnolia, and viburnum, to sav nothing of petunias, geraniums, and chrysanthemums. The new, red dump trucks of the First Colonial Construction Corporation were hauling fresh topsoil into the place for more landscaping. CBN was currently taking in more than \$1 million a week, and could afford it.

There was a low, squat guard bastion at the

entranceway, half Monticello and half Leavenworth, where a uniformed security officer stepped suddenly in front of the car and asked what my business was. He had a .45-caliber police special on his hip, and there was another guard inside, also watching, to back him up. While phone inquiries were being made, the first officer stood close to the car window. watching me. At last, a visitor's badge was provided and I was told to go directly to the entrance of the main building, where I would be met. I was given to understand that they could see me every foot of the way from this checkpoint to there, and I was told that under no circumstances was I to swerve from the path laid out for me, nor to go anywhere on the property without a certified guide and proper authorization. It was a beautiful day and the bright red trucks were coming in and you had the feeling something was building here that was more than just architecture.

Enlightened entertainment

HAD FIRST SEEN Pat Robertson in 1976, a weekday morning. He popped up on the television screen in my living room, smiling and likable, with a voice whose upper ranges crackled with a homespun reasonableness like that of Jimmy Stewart. He was talking about the "chicken hawks" of America's big cities, who operated from downtown street corners recruiting runaway boys into homosexual prostitution, and selling them to men whose late-model automobiles slid up to the curbs under cover of darkness. This, Robertson said, in a commonsense voice, was wrong. And that was one of the damnedest things I'd ever heard on TV. For in spite of the fact that I, too, suspected it was wrong, I had never heard such a view publicly expressed.

Of course, the main-line clergymen, who conducted the sleep-inducing discussion groups on Sunday morning television, had addressed that topic. And, as with most other things they discussed, they had admitted that it surely was a "problem"—their favorite word. After that, predictably, they had turned the matter over to a psychiatrist to get some "insight." But here was Robertson saying it was urong.

Now, this was a radical point of view in my town—Washington, D.C.—where you were

thought to be crude in the extreme if you had an answer to anything, and where, as in many other metropolitan areas of our country, a certain section of downtown (in our case, near the Justice Department) was set aside for the chicken-hawking, the reigning motif of civic morality having long ago been reduced to the commonsense maxim of "Everything in its place." But Robertson wasn't going along with that.

His was-at least in its early days-a humble and unassuming talk show, with the usual format. The host, Marion Gordon (Pat) Robertson, handsome and boyish at forty-six, was seated behind a desk like Johnny Carson's, and with guest chairs strung out to the sideone of which was occupied by the co-host, a six-foot-four black man named Ben Kinchlow. who was the laugher, applauder, and all-purpose target of restrained kidding. And there was an orchestra-this one scruffy, puffy-faced, and poor-looking, and given to chartreuse colors and rhinestones, with a chubby leader whose prime function seemed to be that of taking mirthful abuse from Robertson. Maybe it was "Christian" abuse, too, in that it wasn't risqué; but there was a hum of "The Tonight Show" vibes to it-the poised, hip king reigning by subtle abuse, and representing in his transcendent self a golden mean between tight-assed parochialism on the one hand and bohemian whoopee on the other.

The secular enemy

VEN SO, the show's merits were considerable, because often the guests were intelligent, likable, and well-informed. And Robertson himself was a more interesting man than Johnny Carson-more enterprising, more complex, and less anxious to amuse than to persuade. There was more steel to him. He was not an entertainer, but a nineteenth-century entrepreneur who had founded, out of an initial capital of \$3, the big growing television network he was president of. He did not come on like a preacher at all; he was no thundering sermoneer nor twittering-birds smirker, but a reasonable and educated man, with a unified point of view that was especially intriguing to intellectuals. Although, as for that, his appeal was broad, and he had the Grand Ole Opry crowd as well.

He was alarmed, he said, about the condition of this country—threatened from without by a murderous Communist colossus and from within by unprecedented moral decay. The family, he said, was under attack: by homosexuals, who had been allowed to become too vocal, hostile, and publicly lubricious; by that coalition of raunchy women, greedy abortionists, liberal politicians, and psychotic Supreme Court justices, who were murdering a million unborn infants each year; and by aggressive feminists—women trying to be men.

Moreover, he said, radical change, most of it malefic, was ripping America apart. And the conspicuous outward sins—pornography, public irresponsibility, and a bloated consumerism—were only the outbreakings of an inward philosophical disease that had gone down so deep into the nation's bones that it would take some kind of miracle to cure it. The name of that disease, which advertised itself as mere modernity, was secular humanism. And it was this, his attack on secular humanism, that was at the heart of most of his shows.

Secular humanism, he said, is the notion that God either doesn't exist or is irrelevant. and that man, or the government, is God. And from it came moral relativism, the pursuit of selfish pleasure, and the sort of hopelessness that resulted from having no one to appeal to. Secular-humanist educators, who'd had nothing better than John Dewey to stuff their peppers with, had extirpated prayer from public schools, undermined the character of the young through humanist propaganda courses in sex education and "values clarification," and spread moral relativism through an official view of evolutionism that encouraged children to believe that they were merely animals, and hence justified in living as amorally as animals.

Worse still were the liberal, main-line churchmen, who, having had their minds darkened with the Higher Criticism, taught their unfortunate flocks that the Bible wasn't really God's word but a bunch of old fables, including that tall tale about Jesus rising from the dead. And these, in the name of a self-worshipping intellectuality, were removing the only hope of mankind, Liberal Christianity, Robertson thought, boiled down at last to evil Christianity, and nowhere was this more manifest than in the acts of the World Council of Churches, which, in the name of the new, liberation theology, had funded the terrorists who were butchering Christian missionaries in Zimbabwe.

Other villainous servants of secular human-

ism, he believed, were liberal politicians and comfortable bureaucrats, who, living in unwholesome symbiosis, sought to deify government as teacher, provider, and ultimate guarantor of happiness. Thus these manipulators robbed the working class to create for themselves a huge constituency of debased, supine, vicious lumpen, whose very existence was destructive to the country.

But the prime purveyors of secular humanism, according to Robertson, were the huge national broadcasting networks and big newspapers and magazines that peddle culture-destroying vulgarity as entertainment, catastrophe chronicles as news, and humanist propaganda as objectivity. Moreover, the media had an iron, ugly law of censorship that the name of God was never to be mentioned in public save as a mild epithet, or as a patronizing anthropological description of what other people believed.

In a nation permeated with such deep philosophical lies. Robertson believed, it was no wonder people were confused, that the divorce rate was hitting up toward 50 percent, that suicides were everywhere, crime was on the rise, and that homosexuality, prostitution, and kiddie porn had vogue. This, he said, is what happened to nations who deserted God to run after Baal, Mammon, and Astarte, who sought to sate soul-cravings with money, carnal pleasure, self-worship, and self-indulgent ease. No wonder then, that people, in their frantic search for answers, were turning to transactional analysis, transcendental meditation, scream therapy, and est-or to Satan's lores: astrology, numerology, palm reading, witchcraft, black magic, and ritual murder.

The thing to do, he said, was to turn one's life over to Jesus, who would come in and give the believer eternal life, and who would even in this world, make all things new, comprehensible, and better. And so, in each program, and in a low key, he would invite people to pray with him and be reborn.

If it was the old-time religion, Biblical fundamentalism with a stiff jolt of speaking in tongues mixed in, it was presented not in any stupid or even ignorant way but as the centerpiece of a remarkably sophisticated, unified view of modern life.

But it was easy to see why people had reservations about Robertson. For instance, some Christian critics objected to the way he "brought people to the Lord," on a trip as smooth as a Disneyland kiddie ride, and on which any bumps that might be caused by some old-fashioned repentance had been engineered out. And indeed, those altar calls did seem to have a cloying sweetness about them, and to contain assurances that were nowhere in the Bible

CCORDING TO Robertson, it seemed that Jesus would run vou like a placid robot, rather than let you take control of your own life and live it according to his teachings. Moreover, Jesus would provide you with all kinds of worldly bonanzas, rather than the tribulation promised in the Bible. When you got right down to it, Robertson said, the Lord would even find parking spaces for you, a chore he had performed for Robertson himself any number of times.

However, and in spite of his trivialization of the gospel, it was easy to see why Robertson was well-liked and massively followed: he was an intelligent and deeply likable man, and his diagnosis of what is wrong with America was becoming ever more plausible as catastrophic events, the national drift, and the growing sense of an impending doom became thick in

the air.

But Robertson, not one for deferring Jesus' rule to any millennium, had an earthly program too. He believed it was necessary for Christians to take back public education from the secular humanists, and to support Christian schools by fighting government efforts to impose "unrealistic" racial quotas on them. Moreover, since the main-line churches were not preaching the true gospel, he thought that real Christians ought to leave those in favor of Bible-believing, blood-washed, and spirit-filled churches. And, since the media were controlled by secular humanists-and often homosexual secular humanists at that-it was necessary for Christians, at whatever financial sacrifice, to have their own media, and especially their own television network. This, in Robertson's scheme of things, would be CBN. And finally, as a more comprehensive solution, he thought it necessary for conservative Christians-whose numbers have been put as high as 80 million -to take over the government of the United States.

Useful in encouraging Christians to become more politically active, as Robertson saw it, would be the Christian Broadcasting Network, which would mobilize the faithful. And so, over the years, "The 700 Club" has become increasingly politicized and serious even grim. The band still plays, but is tucked away out of sight, and even the bantering with Kinchlow begins to seem forced as the tone of the show has become as tense as that of an emergency room. And one begins to hear talk in evangelical circles—although never from Robertson himself—that he is using the resources of CBN to run for president of the United States.

I discounted such talk when I heard it, and thought that if he did run, even for U.S. senator from Virginia, he'd not stand much chance of winning-so far out to the right was he. But I liked the new version of his show better than I had the old one. Before, there had been more of the smirking, patronizing, positivethinking industrial Christian madonnas huckstering books on how to live; yowling, weteved slime balladeers who'd sought to be inspirational; and the occasional psychotic missionary from Borneo or Cincinnati who claimed to have personally raised a thousand people from the dead or to have stopped an oncoming typhoon by prayer (a feat pretty thoroughly believed in by Robertson, by the way, who also claimed to have stopped a typhoon). There were fewer of those Dacron Christian insurance salesmen coming on to tell about how Jesus had got them that extra-pink Cadillac-a species of testimony not uncongenial to Robertson either, but which he delivered regularly enough himself, anyway, by telling viewers about how God had got him the television network.

Bread upon the waters

by the public-relations man, I walked between the forty-ton limestone columns into the lobby of the CBN headquarters building and across an immense white marble floor that was covered in part by a magnificent Persian carpet. Here and there, corporate-looking men, well-and conservatively dressed, were talking in small groups, either standing under the crystal chandelier or sitting on the beautiful, well-tended antique furniture. The place had that hushed sense of spirituality one feels in a bank. The marble floor was the most beautiful and the purest white I had ever seen. The building, without its expensive furnishings and

equipment, cost \$20 million; the television facilities it housed were more elaborate, modern, and expensive than those of the CBS affiliate in Los Angeles. Not long ago, Robertson had been called the "Billy Graham of tomorrow." But now tomorrow was here.

The PR man guided me to the quiet elevator that went up to where Robertson's private

offices were.

"If you want to go to the bathroom," he said, "we can do that now." Evidently, anything you did at CBN had to be supervised.

Robertson's spacious outer office was even more handsome than the lobby, with antique wood floors that looked as if they'd been burnished with care for a couple of hundred years before being lifted from an old mansion and brought here. There were beautiful antiques, too, of lambently glowing old wood, and another magnificent rug. The place was not gar-

ish like Las Vegas, either.

A corporate meeting, high-level, was taking place on the other side of those mahogany doors. At last a duo of well-dressed, wellspoken young executives came out, shook hands, smoothly explained that they were busy, and hurried away from the door, leaving Pat Robertson standing there alone, looking at me with the good-old-boy droop above eyes that were still, at fifty, those of that boxer, Marine combat captain, and general hard-ass he had once been. He had told all about that on TV, too, and you could believe it when you saw the eyes, which, though wreathed with an ingratiating friendliness, still had the afterglow of fierceness in them-a fire banked by time and policy.

He was six-foot-one, half a foot taller than he looked to be when side by side with the Wilt Chamberlain-like Kinchlow, and thin. Though his handshake was firm, the body behind it was limp, and he flopped when I shook him, as if he'd been made of cooked spaghetti. It occurred to me that he might be fasting. He did a lot of that, and told about it on TV. Or maybe it was fasting and hard work both. After all, the Washington for Jesus March, of which he was one of the prime organizers, was only a month away, and there would be a lot of work to do on that. In fact, I, too, had been thinking about that march, having just received a newsletter from the organizers carrying ads that gave me the opportunity to buy a Sackcloth and Ashes Lapel Pin for only \$5, or a \$10 tinted picture of Jesus healing the crack in the Liberty Bell.

I followed him into his office, where the furniture was the finest of all—an eighteenth-

century sofa, butler's table, two armchairs, a round dark table, also eighteenth-century, that was his desk, and a tall, beautiful secretary breakfront against the wall. The PR man came in too. This was the standard practice. After all, you never could tell when some reporter might twist what you said, and you couldn't be too careful.

Robertson seemed worn out, and he moved in slow motion, like a man walking under water. This brought to mind other stories he'd told about himself on TV: of epic fasts, long nights praying alone on mountaintops, or all-night wrestlings with God on his study floor. Perhaps without meaning to, he'd made these things sound like fun, and I tended to believe that they had actually taken place. For I was from the South, too, and had known any number of men like him-known them, anyway, in their early twenties, before the wild idealism got transmuted into a capacity for the kind of sustained hard work that would make them successful and isolate them-as I surmised he must be isolated now. But if I thought I could break through all that, I was mistaken, and when I asked him what he did for kicks, he seemed offended.

"Not much of anything," he said. "You see, I give so much of myself to this ministry that when the week's over, all I want to do is walk around in the woods and rest." Then, as if reading my mind, he added that it was impossible to have friends anymore, like those back in the old days. Now, almost everybody he knew worked for him, and it could not be

that way.

"Actually," he said, "I'm just a servant of Jesus Christ. A slave, actually." And I sat there on that soft, elegant sofa, looking at the rich drapes, the fine carpet, and the beautiful old furniture, restraining the impulse to say, "Horseshit," and wondering at the same time whether all these things, and the \$1 million a week, could make you drunk, and how that felt.

At last, I began to ask him questions about where his own money came from, and how much more there was of it. He replied that he did not have any money to speak of, that in twenty years he had given back as much to CBN as he had taken out. This was puzzling, because it did not add up. He had, on conversion, given all his worldly goods to the poor. After that, according to him, he had given all his income to CBN. And yet he'd been eating and he had sent his four children to college, and he lived in a house that was furnished about as well as this office was, and he owned

an expensive Trakehner stallion, which had to eat, too. It was hard to see how he had done all this on nothing.

So I pressed him. But he shied off. He seemed pained by questions about money, and had often said, on camera, that it was the only thing the secular press was interested in, and not in how many people got saved, or healed, or helped. Moreover, his manner seemed to say, questions about money were not the sort of thing one gentleman asked another.

When I asked him about his money-raising techniques, which have been described as a subtle, white adaptation of those employed by the Reverend Ike, he was equally standoffish. And when I asked him whether "The 700 Club" constituted a video cult, he was shocked, as if he had never heard the question raised—although it had been the subject of a recent intense discussion on the "Donahue" show,

and in other places as well.

When the conversation shifted to politics, however, he seemed more comfortable, and began to talk animatedly. He believed that we were on the edge of a catastrophic depression, and maybe close to World War III, and that the End Times were near, when Jesus was coming back. This, of course, raised certain questions about the expensive permanence of this place. But by now it was evident that there would be no use in asking those, and he went on with politics.

Jimmy Carter, for whose election he and other evangelical television preachers had done everything this side of breaking FCC regulations, had deceived him, he said. It was impossible that a man could do as Carter had done, and truly be born again. For he had compromised the national defense, caused the depression we were about to enter, and surrounded himself with ungodly counselors like Hamilton Jordan, Peter Bourne, Andrew

Young, and Bella Abzug.

"I wouldn't let Bella Abzug scrub the floors of any organization I was head of," he said. "But Carter put her in charge of all the women of America. And used our tax funds to support that [radical feminist] convention in Houston. But I sensed something was wrong when I interviewed him for our show. There was this wonderful exterior charm to him. But underneath, terrible coldness. It was frightening."

After that, Robertson began to talk about the Rockefellers and the Trilateral Commission. That organization, he said, was trying to take over the world, and to destroy democracy and Christianity. Its influence was everywhere. It controlled the media, the liberal churches, the educational system, and the federal government. It had elected, or named, the past several presidents of the United States and all their major counselors, and it set policy. In effect, it was ruling the country already. It had already picked out the man it wanted elected in 1980—George Bush. (Robertson and some other evangelical leaders evidently prefer Ronald Reagan.)

When I stood up to go, I told him that there were a couple of things that bothered me. The first was his frequently repeated assurance to his viewers that if two or three Christians agreed together, they could have anything they asked for in prayer. Did he really believe that? And what would be the likely result if he and a few of his Christian friends were to pray for all the children in all the hospitals to be cured?

"They wouldn't be cured, of course," he

said.

Then I told him about an elderly friend of mine, who lived on Social Security and had pledged her rent money to CBN—in response to repeated Robertson appeals to "give out of your need."

"If you'd been a friend of hers," I asked, "would you have advised her to give the mon-

ey, or not?"

"Not," Robertson said.

This was why I liked him, and had not been able to believe that he was crooked. Because in his talks with me, both over the phone and now, he'd shown remarkable flashes of straightforwardness. On the other hand, if he did not believe in the things he said over 150 television stations and 3,000 cable systems, why did he persist in saying them?

"One more thing," I said. "Would you use

CBN to run for political office?"

There was a long pause. "Let's put it this way," he said. "In the event of a major breakdown, the country might turn to us."

"But you regard such a breakdown as cer-

tain."

"Well," he said, "everything is going to be shaken."

Dial a prayer

manned phones have been a prominent part of "The 700 Club" set all along. Robertson calls attention to them at the start of each show,

and invites those who are unsaved, anxious, sick, crazy, lonely, or broke to call in for "pray-

er counseling."

"People who care about you are waiting to take your call!" he says—and a number flashes on the screen. These phones keep ringing throughout the show, and are manned twenty-four hours a day. There are more than eighty CBN telephone prayer-counseling centers spread around the country. And no matter what species of distress people call in with, the sovereign remedy, true to that old-time religion, is prayer—even when what they need is money. Because in the world of evangelical telecasting, money flows only one way.

Many people get hooked into that phone network, and hence into CBN's fund-solicitation list, through Robertson's adroit use of Scripture, because after issuing the altar call and welcoming the saved into the Kingdom of God, he adds a proviso: "It's not enough just to believe," he says. "You have got to confess Him with your mouth. Because the Bible says that if you don't confess Jesus before men, He won't confess you before his Father in Heaven. So call in! Prayer counselors are waiting to

rejoice with you!"

And they are waiting, too, to get callers' names on the fund-solicitation list, or to get them to join the 700 Club-so named because Robertson, in the early days of his ministry, had called on 700 viewers to give \$10 a month. By now that's gone up to \$15, and there are hundreds of thousands of members, some of whom give thousands of dollars a month, and all of whom receive in return what CBN executives, in the privacy of their offices, call the "pretty-pretties." These include a gold plated lapel pin announcing "700 Club," a 700 Club bumper sticker and auto decal, a certificate of membership suitable for framing, a monthly copy of Robertson's newsletter, which advertises itself as giving a "Biblical perspective" on current events, and a series of teaching tapes on Biblical subjects.

Robertson's newsletter, The Perspective, champions conservative political causes. And although the detailed financial and political advice it gives is heavily laced with apocalyptic predictions of an imminent Armageddon in the Middle East, it is sometimes hard to guess just where in the Bible Robertson managed to find such explicit instructions on what God's wishes are on the Equal Rights Amendment or Salt II. But the truly serious 700 Club member need not trouble himself with details if he doesn't want to, for the cassette teaching tapes sent out to members tell them to "have

no mind of your own." And all this put together—the selling of miracles, "turning over one's life," "having no mind of one's own," and the political causes presented as God's will—raises the question of whether the 700 Club might not be a video cult.

At one time, perhaps, this would have seemed more farfetched than it does now, for it's difficult to see how a man on television could achieve a Jim Jones closeness of control over television cultists' lives. Because of that, Robertson's critics have tended to regard him as merely a religious hustler who doesn't care what his followers do, so long as they cough up the money. On the other hand, however, others have argued that he is using the huge amounts of cash he gets to achieve, through right-wing politics, exactly that kind of control. And if that is true, he's not alone in the effort, but merely the first among equals among evangelical TV superstars, who, being uniformly right-wing, have common cause politically. In terms of sheer dollar success, there are other Pat Robertsons. His former employee Jim Bakker, currently under investigation by the FCC, runs the nationally broadcast "PTL Club" out of Charlotte, North Carolina, and the Reverend Jerry Falwell of Lynchburg, Virginia, a star of the widely seen "Old Time Gospel Hour," is head of a vigorously active ultraconservative group that he calls "the Moral Majority.'

Both Bakker and Falwell are currently taking in more than \$1 million a week, too—and pushing the same political causes. And so the "Electric Church" has come a long way from its beginnings as a fifteen-minute radio broadcast on Pittsburgh's KDKA back in 1921. By now, there are about fifty Christian television stations, and more than 1,300 Christian radio stations, plus hundreds of "ministries," many of them small and scuffling, that buy commercial time. The dozen leading ministries are currently taking in more than \$600 million a year. So what has arrived is not the Lear-like ravings of Father Coughlin, but a group of well-financed men who intend to achieve political power.

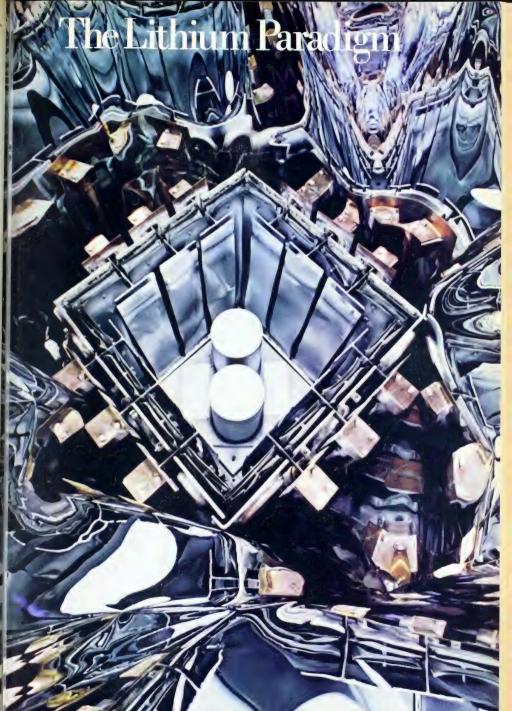
That takes a lot of money, of course, and what has got Robertson that—beyond his own considerable charm and ability—is his manipulation of the viewers' needs, to serve CBN's, through the "Kingdom Principles."

These Kingdom Principles are given the hard sell on telethons and during the miracleservice segments of the regular shows, wherein Robertson will switch smoothly from leading a learned discussion of, say, national defense or mythic themes in contemporary American literature, to conducting a fervid pentecostal prayer meeting—down on his knees, hands raised to Heaven, leading his people in passionate pleas for God to miraculously intervene in human events. "O Lord, heal cancers right now! Mend broken homes now! Cure madness right now! Thank you, Jesus. Thank you, Lord. Supply financial needs right now, in the name of Jesus! Thank you, Lord!"—then a pause, and intense excitement in the studio, as "the Word of Knowledge" comes over him, and he begins to have visions, personally vouchsafed to him by God, of miracles happening "all over the nation."

"I have a Word of Knowledge," he'll say. "There is a woman in Kansas City who has sinus. The Lord is drving that up right now. Thank you, Jesus. There is a man with a financial need-I think a hundred thousand dollars. That need is being met right now, and within three days, the money will be supplied through the miraculous power of the Holy Spirit. Thank you, Jesus! There is a woman in Cincinnati with cancer of the lymph nodes. I don't know whether it's been diagnosed yet, but you haven't been feeling well, and the Lord is dissolving that cancer right now! There is a lady in Saskatchewan in a wheelchair-curvature of the spine. The Lord is straightening that out right now, and you can stand up and walk! Just claim it and it's yours. Stand up and walk. Thank you, Jesus! Amen, and amen!"

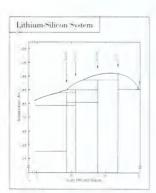
Already, the phones will be alight with people calling and claiming those miracles. But if prayers don't work either, Robertson is able to show the viewer a more excellent way, through the "Kingdom Principles," which are a kind of trick the clever Christian plays on God

Crudely put, the Bible, according to Robertson, teaches that the more cash you give to Jesus, the more cash he will give right back to you. Every time, you will profit. And Robertson suggests that the most effective way to give to Jesus is to give to his slave, Pat Robertson. Viewers, then, are encouraged to believe that they can buy miracles, just as many of the faithful in the Middle Ages bought indulgences. Television has been transmuted by Robertson into a miracle machine that can be rigged in the viewer's favor. Moreover, he says, anybody can play and win, because if you're broke, you ought not to hesitate to send in rent money, food money, or whatever you've set aside for the children's clothes—there is more power to the trick if you "give out of your need." If you can do that, Robertson says,



<u>The Lithium Paradigm</u>

The practicality of a mass-produced electric car depends upon the development of a long-life, low-cost, rechargeable battery. Recent discoveries at the General Motors Research Laboratories have encouraged scientists seeking to harness the abundant but elusive energy available in lithium a highly desirable battery component.



Partial phase diagram of the lithium-silicon system. Lithium activity changes by two orders of magnitude in the concentration range shown

Color-enhanced scanning electron micrograph showing the results of lithium attack on

ity and low equivalent weight make lithium an ideal battery reactant, capable of supplying the specific energy needed to operate an electric vehicle. The source of the abundant energy available in lithium, however, is exactly what makes it almost impossible to manage. The challenge is to prepare alloys and find materials stable enough to contain the aggressiveness of lithium without greatly suppressing its activity.

New knowledge of the thermodynamic properties of lithiumcontaining materials has been revealed by fundamental studies conducted at the General Motors Research Laboratories. Investigations, carried out by Dr. Ram Sharma and his colleagues, aim at developing a basic comprehensive understanding of selected "exoti systems. Their work is directly r lated to the search for an advance molten salt battery cell.

Specific energies greate than 180 W·h/kg, about five time that of the lead-acid battery, hav been demonstrated by electrocher ical cells utilizing LiCl-KCl electr lyte and electrodes of metal sulfid and lithium alloy. But operatin temperatures of 723 K and the agressive nature of the chemica reactants pose serious new cha lenges to cell construction mater als. Of particular concern is th lithium attack upon separators and seal components. Most inorganiinsulators, including the refractor oxides and nitrides, are destroyed or rendered conductive by this a tack. Boron nitride, one of the more resistant materials, has been the subject of Dr. Sharma's recent, suc cessful efforts to establish cond tions under which attack may be

Dr. Sharma began by exploing the thermodynamics of the litt ium-silicon system. Silicon reduces the activity of lithium without substantially increasing its weight, and produces a manageable solid at 723 K.

Constant-current potentic metry experiments were carriec out in an inert atmosphere. The electrochemical cell consisted of a Li-Si alloy positive electrode, a eu tectic mixture of LiCl-KCl electro lyte, and two Li-Al alloy electrodes—one negative and one reference electrode.



A series of anodic and cathocycles at very low current denies indicated three well-defined ltage plateaus below 80 atom rcent lithium composition. This havior was confirmed by experients in which pure silicon was ed in place of Li-Si alloy as the arting material.

The results were used to odify the Li-Si phase diagram, nich indicated only two such plaaus. The revised phase diagram lows four compounds: Li2Si, 21Si₈, Li₁₅Si₄ and Li₂₂Si₅. The act composition of Li21Si8 had not

eviously been known.

Dr. Sharma confirmed the istence of the new compound by ray diffraction analysis. He deterined its melting point to be 6±8 K by differential thermal ialysis. He produced a scanning ectron micrograph that clearly dicates a single phase for the impound. He was also able to termine the maximum nonstoiniometric ranges of the lithiumlicon compounds from charge issed during the transitions bereen voltage plateaus.

NOWLEDGE OF THE hium activity present in the sysm's various compounds allowed r. Sharma to evaluate the stability boron nitride with Li-Si alloys of ffering composition.

A controlled potential was aposed on a boron nitride cloth imple in an electrochemical cell. By monitoring the current in the cell at different potentials, Dr. Sharma established the point at which lithium activity produces reaction

Boron nitride was found to react with Li₁₅Si₄ only when in the presence of LizSi5. The new compound, Li21Si8, did not exhibit sufficient lithium activity to attack boron nitride.

Reaction occurred according to the following equation:

$$BN + (3+x) Li = Li_xB + Li_2N$$

The lithium nitride that formed during reaction dissolved in the molten salt electrolyte, but the lithium boride remained on the surface and became electronically conductive, causing high selfdischarge in the cell.

The establishment of the region of stability of boron nitride makes it possible to recommend appropriate charging limits," ac-

cording to Dr. Sharma.

Restricting the amount of charge in keeping with the recommended limits will control lithium activity, preventing the formation of highly-conductive compounds and adding durability to an electrochemical system which already displays high specific energy. Ultimately, that brings the prospect of high-performance electric vehicles closer to reality."

THEMAN BEHIND WORK

Dr. Ram Sharma is a Senior Research Scientist in the Department of Electro-

chemistry at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Sharma was educated in India and England. He graduated from Banaras Hindu University with an M. Sc. in physical chemistry. He received a Ph. D. in physical chemistry and chemical metallurgy from London University's Imperial College of Science and Technology.

Before joining General Motors in 1970, Dr. Sharma conducted research at the Argonne National Laboratory, the Institute of Direct Energy Conversion at the University of Pennsylvania, the Nuffield Research Group in England and the National Metallurgi-

cal Laboratory in India.





Marlboro Lights



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Hearth.

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you can expect some really stupendous results. And on the telethons, and in the money-raising segments of the regular shows, he works smoothly with Kinchlow, driving this point home, as exemplified by this episode:

"Pat, here is a report from a woman in California," Kinchlow said, dashing up with a message just taken by one of the phone counselors. "She's on a limited income, and with all sorts of health problems, too. She decided to trust in God and to step out in faith on the Kingdom Principles. She was already giving half her disability money to the 700 Club to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ. But just last week, she decided to go all the way, and to give God the money she spends for cancer medicine-\$120 a month. And three days later -get this!-from an entirely unexpected source, she got a check for three thousand dollars!"

"Praise God!" Robertson said. "Let's give God a hand!" And as the studio audience broke into loud applauding, he looked confidingly into the camera and said. "And I won't be surprised if God doesn't do something about that cancer, too. You there at home, if you want miracles, just step out in faith on the Kingdom Principles, and see what God is willing to do for you.'

"You can't outgive God!" Kinchlow said. "That's right," Robertson said. "And did you ever think of this? We're actually doing people a favor, by giving them a chance to give to God, and to open up the windows of his blessings.

After that, they went over to the easy chairs and led a discussion on the moral decay in this

country.

I forget which celebrities they had on that day. But they do raise money in that manner, and frequently they have Christian celebrities on to back them up in the business about the Kingdom Principles. In a way, all these Christian superstars-Pat Boone, Colonel Sanders, Dale Evans and Roy Rogers, Eldridge Cleaver, Chuck Colson, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.-are interchangeable. You can see them on all the regular Christian talk shows telling how they had not really known true success until they had discovered the Kingdom Principles.

When they are saying things like that, the \$100,000 computerized color cameras will pan around the studio audience. It is very strange. Most of these people, presumably, are living ordinary lives. But the Christian celebrities tell them that an ordinary life is contemptible, and

that there is a magical way out.

ER SINCE the seventeenth century, teaching Americans how to be successful through magical means has been good business, and Virginia Beach is a center of cults-among them, the Edgar Cayce Foundation and assorted Satanist organizations. The local residents I talked to seemed to casually regard the 700 Club as just one more manifestation of that kind of industry. For instance, the college student at the front desk of the motel said that CBN was a powerful tourist attraction, and brought in people from all over the country. But after scanning my lapels for pins with pious mottoes, he added that he did not respect Robertson.

"Why not?"

"Because he makes his living off of old ladies," the clerk said. "And it's not that I'm such a great Christian myself, either. But I can't respect anybody like that." Later that morning, another resident of Virginia Beach told me something I already knew-that CBN had a department devoted in part to relieving believers of their jewels-and added that his invalid aunt, who had made the mistake of sending in a sizable check, was being vigorously hounded by these people, who used lots of breath freshener and were in the habit of reminding her of life's shortness and of the desirability of salting away treasure upstairs.

But the proprietor of Dave's Filling Station

thought Robertson was first-rate.

"Listen here," he said. "That fellow brings in a lot of money to this area. And the people you hear criticizing him don't make a tenth of what he does.'

The day after the Robertson interview, I took my wife and children back to CBN headquarters to see a "700 Club" show. As we were approaching the reception desk, the PR man murmured, "Let's get together afterward. I have something that might interest you." Then he went over to the desk, to check off my name, my wife's, and those of my children, aged nine and ten.

As he tarried, we wandered into the circular prayer chapel, and there, at the center, was a table with a sheaf of wheat on it to symbolize the harvest of souls, and a big, black King James Bible open to the twentyninth chapter of Proverbs-from which I read the twenty-fourth verse, which seemed to be

an appropriate text for the day.

The table rested on a stout pillar, and inside that was microfilm, inscribed with the names and secret wishes of thousands of believers. That had been another pitch for money, working like this: The viewer was encouraged to write down his "Seven Lifetime Prayer Requests"-the really big ones-and mail these to CBN. Whereupon, if he had remembered to put at least \$100 in the envelope. those requests, together with his name, would be put on microfilm and interred in the pillar. where they would be "surrounded by prayer" twenty-four hours a day until Jesus came back. And this meant, presumably, that they would be close to whatever magically good emanations came from the fifty-four prayercounseling booths located just above the chapel on the second floor, next door to the modern makeup and wardrobe rooms, and to the Christian hairstyling salon, which was equipped with modular tables, three chairs, six deluxe hair-dryers, and two shampoo basins-all of which made it possible for the talent to have their hair shampooed, cut, set, and plasticized on the premises, and in the proximity of good vibes.

Pat and Ben had worked together smoothly in raising money through the Lifetime Prayer Requests, and managed to bring in many extra dollars. And back then, before the pillar was sealed, it had been a rare morning when an eager Ben Kinchlow hadn't come excitedly up to Pat—on camera, of course—with some wonderful report on how splendidly, miracu-

lously well it was all working.

"We have a report just in from Charlottesville, Virginia," Ben said. "A lady with an ingrown toenail sent in \$100 along with her Seven Lifetime Prayer Requests. Within a week—get this—three of those lifetime prayer requests have been answered!"

"Praise God!" Pat said.

"And that's not all! The toenail was miraculously healed the very next day!"

"Praise God!" Robertson said. "You know,

you can't outgive God."

I was standing there thinking about that, and looking up at the huge wooden cross that had been hung from the ceiling as if it had been garroted, when the PR man came scurrying in. His face was ashen.

"I was afraid you all had wandered off," he said. Escorting us closely now, he led the way into the lobby, where he turned us over to the Christian usherette who would take us into the studio and watch us.

T WAS A big, modern television studio, with tiered seats for about 400 people. Down on the studio floors, which were resin-based and hence almost perfectly level, the three RCA TK-47 computerized color cameras were ready for business. These are the most expensive on the market, and can set up in thirty-five seconds-readjusting color, focus, and registration-and reset themselves by a touch of a button. The show would be live to Washington, Los Angeles, and a host of other big cities, and recorded for other markets on the new one-inch videotape machines, which were also the most modern and expensive that money could buy. The set was illuminated by an overhead lighting system-winch-operated, motorized, and computerized with a logic memory. All of this had been paid for by Christians who had been told that their money, or jewels, or whatever else CBN had been able to get out of them would be used to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Recently, however, Robertson had created, out of CBN funds and equipment, a wholly owned subsidiary called the Continental Broadcasting Network that would sell commercial products like Wheaties, General Motors cars, and Tampax. Dedicated to this purpose would be the four television stations in Portsmouth. Dallas. Atlanta. and Boston that had been owned and operated by CBN, together with

their six radio stations.

Evidently, there were still some technicalities to clear up. But the FCC had told me that what Robertson was about to do was legal. And he himself had told me that no Christian need have any concern about how his money was being spent, since the purposes of the new commercial network would also be Christian ones, and the new network would present "a wholesome view of American life." There would be none of the negativity and murmuring one saw over the big networks, and there would be Christian news, Christian variety shows, and even Christian soap operas. Moreover, there would be Christian public-affairs programs that took the right view of political events. And when I suggested that some Christians might be put out at having the money they'd given to spread the gospel used to extol the virtues of breakfast food, Robertson

reminded me that the few hundred dollars I'd given to CBN, compared with the entire dollar volume, was exceedingly small. And this, of course, was true.

There the familiar "700 Club" set was, as I'd so often seen it, now irradiated with the sharp penetrating glitter of TV lights—a couple of swiveling easy chairs in front of a big mural that showed the U.S. Capitol dome being shattered to smithereens, with a motto that read, "CHRIST OR CHAOS!" And here we were, in the pleasant, friendly-looking audience of folks from all over the United States.

It was nearing air time now, and tense in that room, when suddenly Robertson entered stage left, forced a quick smile at the waiting audience, and stood there on the raised stage with a wrathful scowl on his face. He was planted, immobile, like a yard-playing child who's suddenly been told "Freeze!" with one arm straight out like a traffic cop's pointing angrily toward the banks of telephones where the prayer counselors were already taking calls. He was not looking in the direction he was pointing, either, but glaring straight ahead at the harassed floor manager, who finally saw him and scuttled quickly over to tell the prayer counselors to cool it with the volume and the babbling in tongues-which gets pretty fervent when the hard cases start calling in, and which Robertson doesn't like polluting the high political dialogue that was about to take place. For although he vigorously advocates speaking in tongues, and practices it in the heroic all-night wrestlings with God, he does not practice it on TV because it comes on as cornball or zany, and saps the show of that intellectual seriousness he wants it to have. At last, mollified by the respectful, tense silence, he took his chair and was fussed over by the makeup man-and suddenly the show was on the air.

He began by referring to our conversation of the day before. A writer from Harper's had come to him, he said, to ask, "What about America?" Now, I had asked no such thing, and for a moment I felt caught up in the war he'd been fighting with himself for years. He would alternately snarl at the media and sidle up to be petted. He wanted his audience to think that the humanists, having reached the dead end implicit in their assumptions, were flocking to him for advice. Thus he himself was as much under media control as he claimed America was.

A film clip came on first—a taped interview with the religion editor of a national magazine, who told the "700 Club" reporter

that he thought the upcoming Washington for Jesus March was a crock. As this was being played, the first guest took the chair opposite Robertson. He was an important Atlanta preacher with a big church on Peachtree Street and a reputation for being patriotic, and for finding out when anybody else wasn't. He was a handsome, fortyish man of executive mien, with the kind of blue business suit that the ordinary banker cannot afford. He began to preen himself. Carefully, without speaking to Robertson, he began to adjust the length of his coatsleeves, the precise wrist position of his gold watch, and the exact angle at which his shoelaces fell across the wonderfully polished leather of his shoes. He made sure that his hair, which looked to have been sprayed on, was perfectly in place, and checked to ensure that his tie was in the right relation to his collar. This went on for seven minutes.

When the live part of the show came on. this preacher excoriated the media for vicious humanist stupidities, plugged his own patriotic books, said that born-again Christians had to take over the government, shook hands coldly with Robertson, and left in a grim scurry. Presumably he had other Christian talk shows on which to plug the patriotic books. It was not necessary that host and guest like each other. For the inner, affectional unity of these evangelicals is not so solid as they want you to believe. Earlier that week, the PR man for another evangelical superstar had told me, "We put our boy on 'The 700 Club' to get our message across. So we use Pat Robertson. But we don't like him."

The next guest, an earnest, plainly dressed young lawyer, was a pornography expert, and he told Pat that if he wanted to know how truly depraved the secular media are, he ought to consider the snuff films, in which the actresses were killed with chain saws. This, he said, was the ultimate expression of the humanist mentality that had set itself in opposition to the Washington for Jesus March. And sitting in the audience I thought to myself, it is no wonder they watch writers so closely.

After the show was over, I stood on the other side of the armed guards, who had sidled up inconspicuously to shield Robertson, and listened while the young lawyer, who appeared to be down on his luck, talked earnestly to him.

"Actually," the young man was saying, "I am something of an expert on foreign affairs, too. A kind of Renaissance man. So if you want to have me on another one of your shows ... you see, I'm thinking of writing a book."

The PR man shepherded us out into the lobby, where he drew me to one side.

"I can tell we think alike, Dick," he said.
"So I am going to give you a real opportunity. You see, I represent the Brunswick Corporation, as well as CBN. That's the bowling people. They are some very fine, Christian people." Then he told me how I could help him get some stories planted about the Bowlers' Convention that Brunswick would be sponsoring in Washington some weeks hence, and how they were some fine, appreciative, Christian people, if I knew what he meant.

As he was going through all this, my nineyear-old daughter, who was passionately bored, began to skip back and forth across the lobby—coming almost immediately athwart the path of that patriotic Atlanta preacher, who was headed across those white marble floors like the arrow of righteousness, surrounded by well-wishers. She impeded his progress, and for an instant he was forced to break step. As he did, and looked down at her, a look of hatred came over his face. Possibly he thought she was an agent of the Trilateral Commission.

Later on, back in the motel room, I thought to myself that being a patriotic, born-again superstar must be a pretty swell job, because you get to wear good clothes, and the righteousness standards were not high enough to make you uncomfortable. All you had to do was restrain whatever impulses you had toward chicken-hawking or making snuff films, and after that you could go around saving who was a good American and who wasn't and selling your books and getting the good parking spaces. Come to think of it, I had got a good parking place that day myself. It was just a few feet away from CBN's two big, white satellite dishes, which were aimed at the RCA Satcom I and the Western Union Westar, invisible above us in space and broadcasting the Kingdom Principles twenty-four hours a day to people who fervently hope that Jesus would get here before the Bomb did.

Holy Ghost-writers

Washington for Jesus March drew nearer— April 29, when Robertson and the other leaders of that extravaganza had called for one million born-again Christians to converge on Washington to repent and to beg Almighty God to heal the country—I kept in touch with "The 700 Club" only in an offhand way. One morning, there was Robertson, live from Jerusalem and in the Upper Room, where he washed the feet of a couple of bystanders—a ceremony that was marred somewhat by his annoyance at having his sports jacket stained with dust when he put it aside to carry out those ablutions.

Then, several days later, there was a show on which his wife appeared, plugging her newly published sovbean cookbook and all those scrimping recipes that had enabled the Robertsons to endure the years when they were living in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn on nothing more than Kingdom Principles. But that show, too, took on a certain awkwardness when it turned out that she didn't know the recipe for "Self-Denial Chili," -a circumstance attributable to the book's having been ghosted by a "wonderful Christian writer." This particular show, however, was saved somewhat by Pat's enthusiastic account of a recent flying trip to Washington, during which he had stood fervently in prayer with one arm around Anwar el-Sadat, and the other around Warren Burger-to which a rapt Ben Kinchlow responded, "Oh, wow! 'And you shall walk upon the high places of the earth.' Just like it promises in the Bible, eh?"

And it was at about this time that I made several visits to the CBN's Washington prayer-counseling center, located in three tiny rooms in a grungy basement just across the Potomac in Virginia. It was a cramped, ugly, sweaty little place. An oily film of dirt coated the acoustical tile that lined the tiny phone cubicles, the heaps of tracts, and even the computer forms that the secretaries were busy filling in, from other filled-in standardized forms given them by the prayer counselorsso many "salvations," "financial problems," "sex problems," "suicidals," "Holy Spirit baptisms," and the like. These would be fed into the big computer down in Virginia Beach headquarters, which had much more comfortable quarters than did these mere volunteers, whose ancient, battered cars with the "700 Club" and "I Found It" bumper stickers were parked outside as rusty evidence of their not having yet become so adroit or fortunate with the Kingdom Principles as Pat Robertson was.

It was just before air time as I came in, and the atmosphere of the place was dank

with sweat and Evening in Paris toilet water in about equal amounts—cut through by the high-pitched gabbling of these Christian women, most of whom were in the fullness of middle age and whose amplitude was accentuated by the tight, pastel-colored trousers they wore. As I walked in, a dozen smiling faces swiveled around and chorused, "Praise the Lord!" But some shield, or hood, fell over their countenances when I did not say "Praise the Lord!" right back.

One of the women, a nurse I'll call Greta. came up to talk to me. She was friendly and likable, and although somewhat younger than the rest, she had a strained, ravaged face. with eyes that seemed faraway and misty, like those from technicolor religious ecstasies starring Charlton Heston and produced by moguls who never had ecstasies over anything but money. She said "Praise the Lord" a lot and said that she would like to tell me what the 700 Club had meant to her. But I was uncomfortable with those "Praise the Lords," and was yet to catch on to the evangelical lexicon, which featured familiar words used in slightly unfamiliar ways-words like burden, tellowship, and shared. Thus, in the evangelical jargon you never wanted to send some Bibles to the Indians, but "had a burden for the Indians," and you never just plain got together with other Christians, but "fellowshipped" with them, and you never flat-out told anybody anything, but "shared," as in "Floyd shared what Jesus did for his hemorrhoids.

Suddenly the telephones were beginning to light up, as "The 700 Club," vibrant with energy, slipped out onto the videowaves, and in that wretched little basement, what had been a neighborhood hen party became an embattled crisis pit, as that jolted, menaced, answerless, uprooted, salvation-hungry city out there began to go ape into the horn. Bleeping like that of an outraged heart monitor came spilling out of the recorded-message machine that took the overflow.

Greta and the other smiling counselors were into it now, toiling for Jesus, leaning forward into the two-foot-wide tiled cockpits, praying and exhorting, as the desperate called in: the suicidal, drunk, drugged, anxious, and demon-possessed. Their spouses had cheated on them, they were afraid of the Bomb; they were full of cancerous lumps. They had been saved, they had been filled with the Holy Spirit, or they hadn't been, and wanted to be. They were looking for love and a better job and they wanted to step out in faith on those Kingdom Principles and send

in the rent money, but were afraid to. And these counselors, with Bibles open, and turning through the thumb-indexed CBN Counseling Manuals that gave answers for every situation, were into it with them-advising, pleading, praying in tongues, hands held up to the oppressively low ceiling-and from time to time checking off the appropriate boxes on the forms-Salvation Forms, Answers-to-Prayers Forms, Holy Baptism Forms, Money Gift Forms-that the systems-analysis experts of Virginia Beach had devised for them, and that would later be fed into the computers, along with the caller's name and address. Above them, from the small television set high on a shelf, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., was explaining urbanely to Robertson how empty his life had been before he'd found Jesus on Christian TV, and been born again, slain in the Spirit, and given the gift of speaking in tongues.

Hearing confession

ATER, IN McDonald's, where we'd gone for a cup of coffee, Greta said, "It's on those phones that Jesus' work gets done. It's the privacy, you see. They tell us things they'd never tell anybody else. It's like a confessional."

Privacy, too, was why we had come to McDonald's in the first place. She was afraid that the director would see her talking to the press and get the wrong idea. They kept pretty close tabs on you, she said, and she was anxious not to be "disfellowshipped," because she thought that the phone counseling was more important than the other things she did—full-time nursing at a home for the terminally ill, and voluntary nursing in her spare time among elderly members of her pentecostal church.

It had not always been thus. In earlier days she had been a boozer, a doper, and a low-level prostitute. She'd had an arrangement with some cab drivers, and in the mornings before the trade came would sit in front of TV with vials of sleeping capsules on the table beside her, trying to work up enough nerve to check out. Then one morning she'd tuned into "The 700 Club," and Robertson was saying that there was a woman about to kill herself who thought that no one loved her. But

Jesus loved her, he said, and she was not to kill herself, nor reproach herself anymore for what she had not been able to help.

After that she'd wept, and accepted Christ into her heart, and he had made all things

new

"I saw what a selfish person I'd been," she said. "And how hopeless life is without God."

Since then, everything had been different; life had been full and satisfying, and she'd had answers to things—not Robertson's answers, especially, since the 700 Club was primarily for intellectuals, and she wasn't one of those. But the Bible's answers—she had those, and the fellowship of people who believed as she did. And as for the criticism of Robertson, she'd heard all that, too, and all she knew was that he had led her to the Lord. And if he wasn't perfect, tough. Nobody expected Johnny Carson to be perfect, did they?

Through her, I got to meet other members of the 700 Club, most of whom belonged to the local fundamentalist and pentecostal churches and met together in each other's homes. They were as likable as she was, and had a strength, serenity, and wisdom about

them that seemed genuine.

In short, they confounded my expectations and left everything up in the air. I liked these people, liked them a lot, and felt myself to be one of them. I was living an ordinary life just as they were, and I believed in Jesus just the way they did; and I was convinced that they were the real thing; certain that the help they gave over those phones was real.

And it was at about this time, by chance, that I got to talk to one of the Christian intellectuals who are so taken with the 700 Club. I got a call from an old college friend who had heard what I was doing and wanted to see me. He was a professor at a local university, and I assumed he was doing a paper on evangelicals. He was a member of the 700 Club, however, and he told me in an offhand way that in Christ he'd found the answers he'd been looking for all along. Not only that, he had been delivered from anxiety attacks, too.

He wasn't an adroit testifier, though, and told me these things with all the enthusiasm of a nun repeating some lubricious profanity. He kept a scowl on his face that seemed to be trying to say that he was still the guy I'd always known, and nobody's fool. When I asked him what church he went to, he said, no

church.

"All that gives me the creeps," he said. Television, then, was his church, and he wasn't apologetic about it, either. I told him that it all sounded pretty easy. He didn't have to visit orphanages, fold church programs, or get along with the parish faithful. All he had to do was flip on Channel 20 when he felt like it and maybe mail out a check from an air-conditioned room now and again.

"Yeah," he said. "But you see, I tried church." He went on to say that he wasn't as bitter as he once had been, either.

But I could feel in him the same seething, chronic anger he'd had as a young man. Back then, it had been random, like that of a snake that would strike at a stick. But now it was honed in, as Robertson's anger was, on the secular humanists. And he could hardly wait until November, when Ronald Reagan would be elected and the snide homosexuals, Russialovers, welfare chiselers, and child-killers would get theirs. Although it was, of course, too late.

"Too late for what?" I asked.

He shrugged. "It's all going up," he said. "Henry Adams was right. And it's too late for anything." We were walking past the White House when he said this. "Personally," he went on, "I keep enough sleeping pills around the house to kill my wife and children in case of bad radiation burns. And myself, of course. And I believe in Jesus. Reason sucks. And that's everything I know."

Shortly after that, I wrote a brief article for a local magazine about these 700 Club members—one that was more favorable than not. But since it was not 100 percent favorable, I got an astonishing amount of hate mail. Some of the letters arrived on cheap lined paper, in crabbed pencil scrawls. Others were neatly typed and of a fine literary form. Most were agreed that I was "demonpossessed." That was what made the media run: demons.

An occasion for repentance

T

HE WASHINCTON for Jesus March took place in an atmosphere of imminent crisis and impending national collapse. On the night of April 28, when many of the young people were listening to Pat Boone et alii sing at RFK Stadium, images of charred helicopters down in an alien, pagan desert were coming in over the videowaves. And some evangelicals out in that rain-drenched

stadium said that those downed planes were the Abomination of Desolation Standing in the Unclean Place that had been foretold by the prophet Daniel and by Jesus—a sign of the End. And as a gray, overcast Washington dawn greeted the day of the march itself, other news broke: Cyrus Vance had resigned, and a few antiwar demonstrators, Philip Berigan among them, were throwing blood on the walls of the Pentagon—while the Hunt brothers were refusing to appear before a House committee that wanted to ask whether they were trying to get a monopoly on the world's silver and what they intended to do if they got it.

Among the tinier events of the day was a Washington Post column of mine about the march, which was mostly favorable but unfortunately made the mistake of suggesting that the evangelical movement, as led by the Electric Church, was in some respects similar to the Islamic fundamentalism currently sweeping Iran. As a result, I got a born-again threatening call before the day was out.

It was easy to understand the evangelicals' anger. The media did not seem to know what to do with the Washington for Jesus March -although they had been pretty sure of themselves in strewing blossoms over the pope's visit the previous October, and were sure of themselves today in dealing with the Pentagon blood-throwers: conducting reverential interviews with the leaders and giving the two dozen rioters about equal coverage with the 500,000 Christians who gathered on the mall. Newspapers and television news programs alike kept raising the question of whether the gathering wasn't essentially "political"-with the implication being that if it was, it was wrong. However, they did not accuse the Christian blood-throwers at the Pentagon of being political. And under the circumstances, it was understandable how those evangelicals could be sore at the press, and why Robertson himself spent the day strenuously maintaining that it was a religious gathering. They hadn't come to point the finger at anybody, he said, but to repent themselves. And in doing so, they were relying on the Scripture that said, "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways: then I will hear from Heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." That's what they were here for, he said: they would repent.

In the meantime, in the crowd itself, one got jolted by excitement that could not be

transmitted by any television camera. You felt it thick all around you, people raising hands to God and praying for him to spare the country, and singing the old, soul-stirring hymns, not through a little speaker on a TV set, but from all around you. And as in a good rock concert, you knew that no television set could ever convey the way this thing felt, with all the power around you exceeding the wattage being put forth up there on the platform, where a succession of born-again superstars were waiting to come on and give sermons.

Before that, Robertson introduced a big, heavyset black preacher from the West Coast to give the prayer, and conferred on him the highest praise he could think of, that "Time magazine has named him as one of the ten best preachers in America!" Again, that ambivalent attitude toward the press.

This black man, whose deep voice and rhythmic cadences reminded one of King, started off slowly in lowered tones, began mightily to pray, passionately, and with the volume ever increasing, prayed powerfully for the good of the country and for everything to be all right again. And from around you in the crowd there shone this powerful religious feeling, as all sorts of people were praying together, many of them weeping from the power of the moment. And, feeling all this, I began to think, anything is possible.

Just maybe, I thought, Robertson means what he says about the repentance and is up there at this moment repenting of the way he wreaks those infernal Kingdom Principles on poor and helpless people. And if that was the case, I thought, then a whole lot of other things could be possible, because a Pat Robertson purged of the itch for corporate expansion, self-righteousness, and the lust for political power really would be formidable. With his great ability, he might just trigger that third great awakening that so many Christians were calling for but that had not come close to happening yet. But I understate it by saying "just maybe," because the power of the experience, and this overwhelming feeling that these people were good, whether their leaders were or not, washed over me, and I went away from there feeling that it probably had happened, Robertson's repentance. And I was still in that frame of mind when he phoned me later that afternoon.

He was still backstage, and from behind him came the thumping gospel music and shouts of that great crowd, that at day's beginning had numbered some 250,000—out-oftowners, mostly—and that by now had doubled, with many of the newcomers, I suspect, being native Washingtonians drawn to the power of the event. Robertson, who had been counting the house, was thrilled by those numbers, and he began talking exultantly to me about how beautiful everything was, and how the Lord was doing a great work.

"Everybody is repenting, eh?" I said.

"That too, Dick. And praising the Lord. There is just such a beautiful spirit in this place."

"A lot of people," I said, "might think that evangelicals have nothing to repent of."

"Sure they do," he said. "You know, we have this Treasure in earthen vessels. There are the little sins, and so forth. But you ought to be here. It's beautiful what the Holy Spirit is doing."

"Institutions, too," I suggested, "might have

something to repent of."

This brought silence at the other end of the wire.

"What about CBN?" I asked. "Does CBN have anything to repent of?"

And that did it, as Robertson's wrath toward the media, which had abated somewhat in my case, on a trial basis, exploded into the horn.

"Listen here," he said. "I'm not going to get into that with you! The very idea, asking a question like that, at a time like this. Here we are praising God, and you..." It was just too much; these prying, destructive, Jesus-hating humanist smart-asses, who came on as objective and were only out to do a job on you.

"I'm not going to get into that with you," he said. This was understandable, because whatever CBN had to repent of was none of my business. I never heard from him again. Although I kept hearing from the PR man about the Brunswick business.

By their fruits

ATER THAT DAY, the threatening call came. And still later, a phone call from my brother—a radio journalist, and a recent Christian convert. He'd had a wonderful time in that crowd, he said, and had not been ashamed to lift his hands to Jesus and pray along with all the rest. And he even thought he could go to a real church now and get a lot out of it—preferably a pentecostal

church, where everybody was as warm as they had been on the mall.

"But a funny thing happened," he said. "I had these interviews scheduled with some of the leaders, and I went behind the stand, to the speakers' area. And it was different there."

"How?"

"It was cold," my brother said. "And hardbitten. There were security guards all around, everywhere. More than I saw that time I went to the White House. They were mean-looking and followed you everywhere. Even after you had been checked through security and had your badge, one of them went with you everywhere you went. It's hard to describe. All that good feeling out front, while backstage.... Put it this way: If they'd been wearing swastikas, you wouldn't have been surprised. Or maybe I'm going crazy."

I did not think he was going crazy. But having already said too much about a dan-

gerous subject. I said nothing now.

"Listen," my brother said at last. "What do you suppose Pat would think, if he knew about that?"

All I knew was what it said in the Bible: "By their fruits you shall know them." And in the case of Robertson, it was a matter of mixed fruits. For there was much to like about the man, and his diagnosis of the evils wrought by secular humanism was, to my way of looking at it, essentially correct. And even if it wasn't, it was a viewpoint damn well worth listening to, and one that made "The 700 Club"—at times, anyway—one of the best shows on the air.

On the other hand, however, he did seem to be raising money by selling miracles—and hard-selling them especially to the poor, the ill, and the desperate. He spent a lot of that money surrounding himself with grandeur. He equated New Testament Christianity with the worship of success. He made those who were not successful believe that God did not care about them. He boasted of his own spiritual prowess. He presented his personal political views as Biblical truth. He fostered the notion that those who disagreed with him were not only wrong, but evil. And he equated tolerance with moral drift.

I predict that his power will wax. The times are propitious for that, the national breakdown he profits from is real, and a sense of oncoming cataclysm is keenly felt by more people than just Christians. And secular humanism is fully as destructive as he says it is. But the question is whether a slick commercial Christianity is any better.

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IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe



The Long-Haul Trucker's Lament

Oh, say, do you remember
When the sight of Off-Ramp Emma's
Dark red aureolas pressed
Against her truckstop waitress dress's
See-through nylon milky white
Roused the dog-groined appetite
Of every trucking reprobate
On the entire Interstate?
In those simple good old days...
... Remember when

... Remember when
Every worn-out truckstop cutie
Had her hair-dye skull-scorched beauty
Sizzling like the CB static
In your pelvic Coffee-matic?
Oh, we came on and we panted,
Turned a priapic flame on as we bantered
About what glories hid beneath
That translucent shirtdress sheath

In those simple good old days . . .

... Remember when? Oh, simple wink and wiggle time! Sweet easy giggling dimples time!

... Remember when?

No more translucent wiles today!

They fix me with frank smiles today.

Their declivities cloven fore and aft,

They mock me with lubricious laughs.

Oh, brazen bimbo,

Shanks akimbo,

You freeze the sap within my trunk And leave me speechless in my funk.

I avert my simple eyes

And try to

Recover the serenity

Of my masculinity
And remember when.

THE DUBLIN COAT

A short story

by George V. Higg

ALOOF ARRIVED in the reception area at 9:55 for the 10:00 A.M. appointment with Sinibaldi. He declared his purpose to the receptionist behind the curved birch desk. She was about twenty and looked stupid, but she was bright enough to know that she had good breasts and wore a blouse opened to the fourth button, with a couple of gold chains dropping down into the vee to draw attention to her assets. Maloof had known a lot of girls like her, before he got married, and some women as well, since. He suspected that very few men noticed that she was stupid until afterward. when she found it necessary to speak. She told Maloof to sit down—she did not invite him to sit down-and she plugged the right place on the switchboard on the first try. She told Sinibaldi that Maloof had arrived. She said to Maloof: "He'll be right out."

Maloof sat in his black-and-white tweed overcoat that he had got for \$65 in Dublin in 1974 from a storekeeper who had not been able to find any large Irishmen who had \$150. the build for the coat or the liking for it, in the two years since he had made it. It was a very fine coat, as the shopkeeper had assured Maloof. It had lasted through five New England winters of snow, sleet, and freezing rain without losing its shape or fraying, or doing anything else that would have made a liar of the shopkeeper. As far as Maloof knew, the only disappointment attending the transaction had occurred at the outset, when the Jewish tailor had sought to soften up Maloof by inquiring whether Maloof had come to Ireland to visit the homes of his ancestors. Maloof, who had been in a cheery mood that day, had advised him that to visit the homes of his ancestors he would have to take another plane to Beirut.

The shopkeeper suffered this; he was a craman who wanted his work to be worn and preciated—if it pained him to sell it at a ligain to an Arab, it was a pain that he was termined to overcome, so that the beaut coat would at last have an owner.

Sinibaldi came out the door to Maloof's lebehind the receptionist, who turned slightly her chair and displayed her breasts to Sebaldi. "Mister Maloof is here to see you," said, as she had said to him when she cal him on the telephone. Sinibaldi was poenough to glance at her offerings. Then said: "Come on in, Eugene."

Maloof, beginning to feel warm in the Dilin coat, followed Sinibaldi back through it door and down the corridor. On his right the were light, airy offices with relaxing views Boston City Hall and downtown office builings, and small rooms on his left: windowle rooms where no more than three people couronfer around small rectangular gray metables, while sitting on gray metal chairs a sharing large glass ashtrays. Sinibaldi walk slightly ahead of Maloof, and Maloof moved his Dublin coat as he walked, the three piece gray flannel suit from Paul Carr, Ltunderneath.

"I tried to get in touch with you, Eugene Sinibaldi said. Sinibaldi was the only m Maloof knew well who called him Eugen Everyone else started calling Maloof Gene to second time they saw him. Maloof's classmat of twenty years ago at Holy Cross called him Alley Oop, because they had started off callin him Ali, and then a record called "Alley Oop after the cartoon character, had come on while he was in college, so they had changit. In The Crusader, Maloof's exploits as a fuback had been reported as those of Ali Oo

George V. Higgins is a lawyer and novelist. His most recent novel is Kennedy for the Defense (Alfred A. Knopf). name had more or less stuck with him in school, because a couple of his classmates n the Cross had gone to Harvard with him, Maloof did not like the name and had done ing to encourage its preservation. By the he received his law degree, he was pretty erally accepted as Gene Maloof.

le had gone to work for Simon Stein as e Maloof. He had set up his own office as e Maloof, Esq., Attorney at Law, two years r, when Simon did some funny things with nts' money and had a preliminary brush or with the Bar Association. Thirteen years r, in 1976, the bar overseers grabbed Sii's ticket in the Supreme Judicial Court, lly catching up with the old fox after he had it almost forty-five years browsing in the ken coops of the unwary of Massachusetts. on had cheated Maloof regularly during r association, withholding Maloof's share of fits from business and being late with his ry as often as he was on time; when Simon ed to whine for character testimony from oof, Maloof had readily accepted his call said: "Simon, don't wheedle. It doesn't ome you. I know you and you know me. Of rse I'll testify for you. I think I'd better n you, though—if you or anybody else gets in there, they're gonna ask me your repuon for truth and veracity and integrity and dealing in the legal community, and that's en vou're really gonna be in trouble, bese I am gonna tell the truth. Now, if that is it you want me to do, name the place and time and I will be there. I will get my pants ssed and my shoes shined and I will get a sh haircut, too, and wear my Phi Beta Kapkey for the occasion."

simon had always worn expensive suits that ded cleaning of the cigar ash and food ns that he distributed over them, and he his hair go unattended for months at a e. But he had nagged Maloof unmercifully ut making a good appearance in court, I had pestered him particularly about the Beta Kappa key, insisting that he wear it und the office and that Maloof hang his rvard diploma on the wall where the clients lld see that, too, and be even more imseed. Simon had received that information ha protracted silence. Maloof had not been labeled that the forest contact of the course of the cours

led to testify for Simon.

INIBALDI went into his office and sat down behind the desk. Maloof threw the Dublin coat on one of the blue leather armchairs and sat down in the er one. There was an American flag on a nd behind Sinibaldi, and the usual reports

and folders on his desk. Sinibaldi did not have any pictures in his office, either on his desk or on the matching oak credenza behind the desk. Sinibaldi said: "I called your house and your office, Eugene, as soon as I got in, but they told me at home that you'd left and they told me at the office that you were coming directly here."

That was another of Sinibaldi's habits: nobody but the person he was talking to, or the specific subject of a given conversation, had any names. There had been no they at Maloof's house, once he had left to drive his daughters to school on his way into Boston: the only person there was Jeannine, and it was she who had answered Sinibaldi's call. But Sinibaldi would not personalize her to the extent of saying your wife, or even she. There could have been a synod of bishops, the entire playing roster of the Red Sox, the United States Senate, or the Capi for every Mafia family in the United States lodging in Maloof's home when Sinibaldi called, or just one worried woman; no one would be able to determine who was present from anything that Sinibaldi said.

It was the same at the office. Maloof's office consisted of Sid Kopelman, who was at trial in Salem and would not come into the office until around five-thirty, dog-tired; Sid's secretary, Judith Kidd; Mike Templeton, who was at trial in the Southern District of New York and had been out of the office for a week; Mike's secretary, Candy Waugh, who was in New York with him (and Maloof in a desultory fashion hoped there was nothing going on there, as he suspected there was, because Candy had obviously hot drawers for Mike and was losing interest in her oafish husband, which would be trouble for Maloof, no matter how little he cared in the abstract about what handsome, single Mike did with his wick); and Dennis Autry, the retired state trooper who did investigations for Gene Maloof, Law Offices. Autry was doing one in Bloomington, Indiana, having to do with a small matter of several pounds of counterfeit fifties allegedly shipped by a client of Maloof's. Maloof's secretary and office manager, Eddie Dolan, Esq.who had started off with Maloof in Stein's office under the impression that he wanted to be a trial lawyer, learned at once that he hated it, and had thrown in his lot with Maloof-was the only other occupant. Dolan would stop being Maloof's secretary again as soon as Dolan found a kid to take Maloof's dictation: Dolan's view was that any recent secretarial school graduate could do on the cheap all the work that Maloof needed done, because Dolan acted as his law clerk and brief writer, leaving "Sinibaldi had a law degree that he had got nights at the New England School of Law."

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Maloof with no need of an expensive legal secretary. This was a theory that worked better in the head than it did in the office, because Dolan kept hiring kids on the cheap, training them for six months, and accepting their resignations when they got enough experience to go to better-paying jobs with the John Hancock, But Dolan had no other guirks that Maloof knew about, and he could stand dictating to Dolan if Dolan could stand it. Anyway, Sinibaldi had talked either to Dolan or to Judy that morning, because nobody else was in the office, and Sinibaldi was well-acquainted with both of them, having spent hours in Maloof's office examining papers. But Sinibaldi would never disclose which of them, unless directly interrogated, and maybe not even

Maloof said: "I was going to go into the office after I dropped the kids off at school. They were late with breakfast again and missed the bus. But then I got stuck in that goddamned traffic, so I came directly here."

"Well," Sinibaldi said, "no harm done, I suppose, Except that Reilly called and said the case he's trying went longer'n he expected and the judge's charging the jury at ten and sending them out, so it'll be at least eleven before he can see us."

Maloof looked at his watch. It was a gold

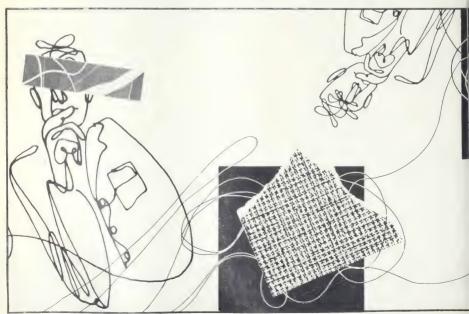
Rolex President that he had bought in Bahamas in 1974 for \$650. The last ad he a seen priced the same model at more ta \$5,000. "Eleven, huh?" he said.

"Probably later, you want my opinia, Sinibaldi said. "You know how Judge Mackis when he gets a captive audience." Sinibal had a law degree that he had got nights at New England School of Law. He did not anything with it, but neither did he wish as one else with a law degree to forget than had one, too.

"I was thinking about that," Maloof s "Probably be closer to eleven-thirty, quas of twelve, Reilly gets out of there."

"If you want to," Sinibaldi said, "could go over to your office and I could you there when Reilly gets out and we co meet in his office. Or we could just sit and shoot the shit for a while and see w develops. Maybe MacIver's got a sore the or something, and he shuts up early today."

ALOOF REACHED into the inside pocket of his suit jacket and brou out a box of English Oval cigaret Maloof allowed himself six Eng Ovals a day, except when he wanted time think and permitted himself an extra of



rom the lower right pocket of his vest he oduced a gold Dunhill lighter. He held the zhter in his left hand and tapped the cigarette own on Sinibaldi's desk. He put the cigarette his mouth and lit it. He put the box back in s coat pocket and the lighter back in his st pocket.

There were two things to think about. At ast two, Maloof decided. The first was that nibaldi had almost certainly known since cortly after 4:00 P.M. the previous day that eilly had not finished his case, and would not : available until well after the ten o'clock pointment. Maloof had been in his office itil nearly 6:30. Sinibaldi had not called. nihaldi therefore wanted to have Maloof wait ound in his office for an hour and a half or to, during which time Sinibaldi would go r some more of the stuff that he obviously cked.

The second thing was that Sinibaldi was ot stupid. He was ponderous and slow, like overweight frog on a lily pad sagging angerously under its bulk, needing smaller, ghter, more impetuous frogs to jump at flies ithin range and by missing them call Sinialdi's attention to them. But he was not stuid. Sinibaldi was just smart enough to know at he had to wait for somebody else to make mistake. Maloof had had a tennis partner ke that, John Benson. Benson could manage nly one thing in the game—he almost always ot the ball back over the net. He fell down nd he scraped his knees and he had no more orm than a sanitation worker heaving ashins, but he almost always got the ball back ver the net. Maloof and Benson won a lot f men's doubles competitions on the strength f that one skill of Benson's.

Maloof smoked and thought about whether e would lose more by showing that he knew hat Sinibaldi was up to than he would lose y pretending that he did not know what Sinialdi was up to. "I think, Steve," Maloof said, aving made up his mind, "I think what I beter do is go back to the office and wait for your all. I've got a hell of a lot of stuff backed up. nd if I can get some of it out of the way, I robably should. How long you figure this is onna take with Reilly, anyway?"

"Don't really know," Sinibaldi said, with

ust a slight smile. "Might take a couple hours,

night take more."

"Which means, it pretty much shoots the est of the day, then," Maloof said. "They go ut to lunch at one, they're back at two, Reilly loesn't know when that jury's gonna come back in, which he'll have to interrupt to take he verdict for. Well, he won't have to, but leilly's never let somebody else take the kill

for him, I ever heard of at least. So we'll interrupt for that, . . . Yeah, the rest of the day. If I'm gonna get anything else done at all today, I'd better go back."

Sinibaldi said: "You heard anything from

"From Reilly," Maloof said. "No. I've been going through you."

"Not Reilly," Sinibaldi said.

"Oh," Maloof said. "No, no, I haven't heard from him. Nothing."

"You're sure of that," Sinibaldi said.

"I think I'd know," Maloof said. He got up and started to put the Dublin coat on.

"You know, Eugene," Sinibaldi said. "I can't figure you. I've never been able to figure you out.'

"Be of good cheer, Steve," Maloof said,

leaving. "Nobody else can, either."

Reilly's call was waiting for Maloof when he reached his office at One Washington Mall. The judge had completed his charge quickly. having started at 9:30 instead of 10:00, and Reilly was free to talk. Dolan had not taken the call transferred from Judith. He looked inquiringly at Maloof. Maloof said: "Tell him I haven't come in yet, and you'll give me the message as soon as I come in."

Dolan punched the button: "Hivah, Peter," he said. "Gene's not here yet. Tell him as

soon's he gets in. Yup."

ALOOF TOOK OFF the Dublin coat and his suit jacket. He accepted an offer of a cup of coffee from Judith. "Any other calls, Eddie?"

"Jeannine," Dolan said. "Nobody else important.

"Himself didn't call?" Maloof said.

Dolan shook his head.

"Son of a bitch," Maloof said. "The hell's the man think I'm supposed to do? They got me between the rock and the hard place over there. They've got papers, Eddie, for Christ's sake. I drew those papers up. My handwriting's all over them. I can't sit there like Mickev the Dunce and claim I didn't know what's in them, I'm some kind of dummy that just wrote down what people told me and didn't know whether it was true or not. I certified it was true, under pains and penalties of perjury. I say I didn't know, they've got me for perjury already, and don't give me that shit about the statute of limitations' run. Me and Simon'll be competing as insurance adjusters in a week, the Bar Association gets ahold of that, Which they will do before the ink's dry on the grand jury transcript, because Reilly is after the man's hide. Fraudulent subscription to official

"In the next life, he decided, he would come back as a woman."

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document? Who cares, they can't prosecute? They don't need to, far as our happy little family's concerned. And if I say I did know what was on it, they've still got me, except that way I won't get disbarred—I'll just have to testify in front of the Senate Ethics Committee about some things that the next Chairman of the Armed Services Committee did that weren't exactly legal, and I helped him do them."

"You want me to call him?" Dolan said.

"Yeah," Maloof said. "No, on second thought, the minute he finds out I'm calling, he'll be in some kind of damned fool executive session which is not going on, and he'll duck me again. Call Dickie Manning and tell him the time is rapidly approaching when I am going to have to empty my bowels, and what I want to know is whether he would like me to vomit on the floor or shit in the pot. No, don't tell him that. Tell Dickie I want to talk to him.

"Judy," Maloof said, "call Reilly and tell him I came in and got tangled up on the phone and I'll be there as soon as I can. We did have these phones swept again, didn't we, Eddie?"

"Yup," Dolan said.

"Okay," Maloof said, "get me Manning. I'm gonna call Jeannine."

Jeannine did not waste time with greetings. "The FBI called right after you left," she said.

"I know," he said. "I went right to their office. Sinibaldi's office. He just wanted to tell me the meeting was delayed."

"Have you heard from the Great Man?" she said.

Maloof pictured her in the big yellow colonial with the white blinds, the house barely visible from the road behind the stone wall in Weston, the pool covered and frozen in the backyard, the tennis court swept against a possible warm day in January, her 450SL coupe in the garage, the maid's Country Squire in the driveway, the whole establishment orderly and serene perhaps until the end of February. "No," he said.

"Gene," she said, "what are you going to do? What does the man expect from you? Are you supposed to ruin our lives because you got a legal fee for drawing up some papers for him?"

Maloof had not got a fee for drawing up the papers. He had done it as a favor to a mutual friend, who did not wish his own name to appear as attorney of record for the corporation. At the time Maloof had assumed the friend feared complications in a difficult divorce proceeding against him. He had never told Jeannine about the fee. "I don't know

what to do," he said. "Can you believe the I'm forty-one years old. I came out of he bushes and here I am. I have always know what to do. I am completely baffled. I have always dea whatsoever of what to do."

"Well, Honey," she said, "I think yo

better think of something."
"Manning's on line 9." Dolan said.

Maloof composed himself. In the next he decided, he would come back as a wom A woman, confronted with the choice of ring a U.S. senator or ruining herself, we be able to see how one choice was better to the other, and proceed efficiently to make "Dickie," Maloof said, "Gene here." Mann seemed able to contain his enthusiasm in ting the call. "Dickie," Maloof said, "the ski is hot and the fat is smoking. The fire delook much more inviting than the frying p and they are planning on doing some cook this morning, starting with me. Got any receipes?"

"Ali," Manning said, "I don't. I wished did. He won't talk to me about it. He says he cross that bridge when he comes to it."

"Dickie," Maloof said, "he is not at bridge. I am the one who has come to it, a frankly it looks kind of shaky to me. Does he tell you anything?"

"Just that he knows he can count on yo

Manning said.

"He can count on me?" Maloof said. I that what he says?"

"Yup," Manning said.

"For Danbury, maybe?" Maloof said. "Do the son of a bitch think I'll go to Danbi for him? Is that what he thinks? That I'll ru

my life and family for him?"

"Ali," Manning said, "the last time I spot to him about it, he got this big grin on his fa and said: 'Ah, shit. Gene Maloof? The kid took to Ireland with me? The kid I sent that business to? Gene's a nice boy, a fine be and he's loyal. Gene's never hurt me. You to me that yourself, Dickie. Old classmate yours? Didn't you say that? Smart kid? Na I'm not worried. Dickie's friend Gene'll thi of something.'

"And that's it," Maloof said.

"That's it," Manning said. "He even to me how he bought you that coat. 'Finest co in Dublin town,' he said. 'Took him in to this little Jew tailor I know there, got him t finest coat you ever saw. Gene'll be all right.

"I bought that fucking coat with my ov goddamned money," Maloof said. "You kno that. I paid for my own goddamned trip. Yo

know that, too."

"And you know, Gene," Manning said so ly, "that you asked me to get you invited of

at trip because they've got a lot of defense intractors up around Boston, and you didn't ink it would do you any harm if your name as in the papers on the senator's trip to Irend. Don't you, Gene?"

"Yeah," Maloof said.

"And it didn't do you any harm, did it,

ene?" Manning said.

"No," Maloof said, "it did me a lot of good."
"Well," Manning said, "that's what he's
unting on. He didn't buy you the coat, may, although by now he thinks he did, but he
t you what you wanted and you took it. I
less what he expects is for you to be loyal."

ATE IN THE cold afternoon, Maloof emerged from the room where the federal grand jury holds its sessions on the eleventh floor of the Post Office of Courthouse Building in Boston. Peter silly, looking very annoyed, pushed by the porters and said, "No comment," though he digust won a significant jury case in front Judge MacIver that day. The reporters were interested in that. Reilly was very short the Steve Sinibaldi of the FBI, who was waiting in his office in the U.S. Attorney's wing are reporters surrounded Gene Maloof.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Maloof said, "I ill give you a statement, but it will be brief, id I won't answer any questions. Fair ough?" No one objected to this proposal. "I peared before the grand jury today at the vitation of the U.S. Attorney. I was invited. was not under subpoena. I appeared volunrily. Mr. Reilly showed me certain docuents having to do with articles of incorporation of three businesses in Massachusetts, hose papers were drawn up in my office. I

as the attorney of record.

"Among those with interest in those busiesses, and I emphasize that there were no wer than twenty-three people involved as areholders, was Sen. John Cobb of Marynd. I was aware that Senator Cobb was a arty in interest, although to be sure it was minor interest. At least I believe I waslose companies were formed more than six ears ago, and my recollection is a little hazy. "As I told the grand jury, I did not think uch about Senator Cobb's participation in ie enterprises. The businesses were perfectly en and aboveboard. There was, then, no rohibition against a U.S. senator investing in private business. Indeed, I am not sure that iere is even now. Or if there was a prohibion, I was not aware of it, and neither, I am ire, was Senator Cobb.

"Technically," Maloof said, "there may

have been an offense. Actually, none was intended, and when government loan guarantees were obtained for those businesses later on, it was done in the same innocent purpose. Those loans have all been repaid. The government never lost a dime. That's what I told the grand jury, and that's what I'm telling you. And that's all I'm telling you."

Maloof repeated his statement for the television reporters on the street outside, where cameras were allowed. He refused further comment. But around seven that night, after the story had been on the air, Dickie Manning called in the middle of Maloof's third drink, and congratulated him. "Ali," he said, "I didn't think you could pull it off."

"Dickie," Maloof said, "let us have no more

"Dickie," Maloof said, "let us have no more cheap discussion about how somebody bought me a coat that I paid for with my own money, because I am tired of it. Let us talk instead of

more important things,"

"Such as what?" Manning said.

"Oh, I don't know," Maloof said. "Cabbages, kings, the other stuff the walrus mentioned."

"He cannot put you on the Supreme Court," Manning said.

"No," Maloof said, "he can't. And if he could, that would give me another reason to hate him, because I don't want to be on the Supreme Court and I will kill any son of a bitch that nominates me.

"On the other hand," Maloof said, "I can put him in prison. Not for long. Nor for any period of time that will get him rehabilitated. But I can put him in there, and I am almost mad enough to do it, and it will not improve his political career if I get a little madder."

"Gene," Manning said, "you are not talking sense."

"Dickie," Maloof said, "I will try to be precise, so that even you and John Cobb can understand my meaning. This is not my last call. It probably is not my next-to-last call. But from now on, every call I make to you will be answered or returned by you, and every call I make to him will be answered or returned by him. Is that reasonably clear?"

"Yes," Manning said.

"Good," Maloof said. "Now that we have that out of the way, let us reflect upon the fact that my coat is wearing out, and Cobb has obtained better access than God to the weapons makers."

"I was afraid you'd say that," Manning said.

"No," Maloof said, "you were not. What scared you was what I might say about financing agreements, when the grand jury was listening."

"Technically,'
Maloof said,
'there may
have been an
offense.'"

HARPER'S AUGUST 1980

THE COUNSEL OF THE DEAD

Pliny the Younger (A.D. 61 or 62-c. 113) was the nephew of Pliny the Elder, who perished in the eruption of Vesuvius in the year A.D. 79. This letter describes the event to Tacitus.

Thank you for asking me to send you a description of my uncle's death so that you can leave an accurate account of it for posterity; I know that immortal fame awaits him if his death is recorded by you.

My uncle was stationed at Misenum,* in active command of the fleet. On August 24, in the early afternoon, my mother drew his attention to a cloud of unusual size and appearance. He had been out in the sun, had taken a cold bath, and lunched while lying down, and was then working at his books. He called for his shoes and climbed up to a place that would give him the best view of the phenomenon. It was not clear at that distance from which mountain the cloud was rising (it was afterward known to be Vesuvius); its general appearance can best be expressed as being like an umbrella pine, for it rose to a great height on a sort of trunk and then split off into branches-I imagine because it was thrust upward by the first blast and then left unsupported as the pressure subsided, or else it was borne down by its own weight so that it spread out and gradually dispersed. In places it looked white, elsewhere blotched and dirty, according to the amount of soil and ashes it carried with it. My uncle's scholarly acumen saw at once that it was important enough for a closer inspection, and he ordered a boat to be made ready, telling me I could come with him if I wished. I replied that I preferred to go on with my studies, and as it happened he had himself given me some writing to do.

As he was leaving the house he was handed a message from Rectina, wife of Tascus whose house was at the foot of the mountain, so that escape was impossible except by boat. She was terrified by the danger threatening her and implored him to rescue her from her fate. He changed his plans, and what he had begun in a spirit of inquiry he completed as a hero. He gave orders for the warships to be launched and went on board himself with the intention of bringing help to many more people besides Rectina, for this lovely stretch of coast was thickly populated. He hurried to the place that everyone else was hastily leaving, steering his course straight for the danger zone. He was entirely fearless, describing each new movement and phase of the portent to be noted down exactly as he observed them. Ashes were already falling, hotter and thicker as the ships drew near, followed by bits of pumice and blackened stones, charred and cracked by the flames; then suddenly they were in shallow water, and the shore was blocked by the debris from the mountain. For a moment my uncle wondered whether to turn back, but when the helmsman advised this he refused, telling him that Fortune stood by the courageous and they must make for Pomponianus at Stabiae.** He was cut off there by the breadth of the bay (for the shore gradually curves round a basin filled by the sea), so that he was not as yet in danger, the it was clear that this would come nearer as it spread. I ponianus had therefore already put his belongings on babip, intending to escape if the contrary wind fell. This was, of course, full in my uncle's favor, and he was abbring his ship in. He embraced his terrified friend, che and encouraged him, and thinking he could calm his by showing his own composure, gave orders that he we be carried to the bathroom. After his bath he lay down dined; he was quite cheerful, or at any rate he pretende was, which was no less courageous.

Meanwhile on Mount Vesuvius broad sheets of fire leaping flames blazed at several points, their bright emphasized by the darkness of night. My uncle tried to the fears of his companions by repeatedly declaring these were nothing but bonfires left by the peasants in terror, or else empty houses on fire in the districts they abandoned. Then he went to rest and certainly slept, for he was a stout man his breathing was rather loud and h and could be heard by people coming and going outside door. By this time the courtyard giving access to his r was full of ashes mixed with pumice stones, so that its had risen, and if he had stayed in the room any longe would never have got out. He was wakened and came and joined Pomponianus and the rest of the household, had sat up all night. They debated whether to stay ind or take their chance in the open, for the buildings were shaking with violent shocks and seemed to be swaying and fro as if they were torn from their foundations. Outs on the other hand, there was the danger of falling pur stones, even though these were light and porous; howe after comparing the risks they chose the latter. In my uncase one reason outweighed the other, but for the other was a choice of fears. As a protection against falling obj they put pillows on their heads tied down with cloths.

Elsewhere there was daylight by this time, but they still in darkness, blacker and denser than any ordinary ni which they relieved by lighting torches and various kind lamps. My uncle decided to go down to the shores and vestigate on the spot the possibility of any escape by but he found the waves still wild and dangerous. A sheet spread on the ground for him to lie down, and he repeat asked for cold water to drink. Then the flames and smel sulphur that gave warning of the approaching fire drove others to take flight and roused him to stand up. He st leaning on two slaves and then suddenly collapsed, I image because the dense fumes choked his breathing by block his windpipe, which was constitutionally weak and nar and often inflamed. When daylight returned on the twe sixth-two days after the last day he had seen-his h was found intact and uninjured, still fully clothed and l ing more like sleep than death.

Excerpted from The Letters of the Younger Pliny, transl by Betty Radice (Penguin Classics, Second Edition, 19 pages 166-168, Copyright © Betty Radice, 1963, 1969. Repri by permission of Penguin Books Ltd.

^{*}The northern arm of the Bay of Naples (Punto di Miseno).

^{**}Four miles south of Pompeii.

IS ART ALL THERE IS?

eators of the world

by Annie Dillard

HERE IS NO single name for a certain kind of abstracted fiction being written today in Europe and the Americas. Some people call it "postmodernist," t I find the term misleading. Recently a anger from New York City sent me a green ton, a big green button, which read, POST-DDERNIST. From his letter I inferred that he sliked modernism, found it baffling and inriating, was glad it was over, and, for reans I could not fathom, included me on his to.

But modernism is not over. The historical odernists are dead: Kafka, Proust, Joyce, d Faulkner, and also Biely, Gide, Malraux, usil, Woolf. But one could argue—and I do that the techniques they developed and the der capacities for meaning they explored e the basis and origin of the radical director of some of our most interesting contemprary fiction.

At any rate, I'm going to use the dreadful rkwardism "contemporary modernism" to fer to the art of surfaces. The historical odernists explored it and bent it, in most ses, to traditional ends; traditional figures to Knut Hamsun, Witold Gombrowicz, and runo Schulz expanded its capacities for irotatemes.

By contemporary modernism, then, I mean e work of such disparate writers as Borges, abokov, and Beckett; and Robert Coover, bln Barth, John Hawkes, William Burroughs, onald Barthelme, Thomas Pynchon, Rudolph orlitzer, Thomas M. Disch, Stanislaw Lem, lain Robbe-Grillet, Ronald Sukenick, Jonaun Baumbach, William Hjorstberg, and lann O'Brien; and Italo Calvino, Tommaso andolfi, Julio Cortázar, Manuel Puig, and arlos Fuentes.

Now the narrative techniques of many of 5 nese writers have received a good bit of at- and an arrative techniques of many of 5 nese writers have remarked their use of 5 nese writers.

flattened characters, broken and disjunctive narration, authorial winkings, and dozens of lesser ironic devices. But what are these writers thinking about? What concerns motivate the close workings of their fiction? How do they read the world?

A tautological loop

RT IS MODERNIST or not according to its handling, not according to its themes. Nevertheless, some themes are especially significant to contemporary modernist fiction. Among them are the familiar notions of alienation and dislocation; related to these is the idea of the self and the fictional documentation or recovery of the



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Annie Dillard IS ART ALL THERE IS? self's own history. Another more theoretically interesting theme is art itself.

Fiction has been redefining itself along theoretical lines. It has also been advancing its claim, throughout an increasing din from film, journalism, and mass-marketing techniques—not to mention the increasing din from the twentieth-century world at large—to be understood as art, as high art. Fiction has helped advance the successful claim of all the arts to be worth their candles. It has asserted its own purity, its disdain of mere commercialism, and its structural kinship with its poor and above-reproach cousin, lyric poetry. And in doing all this it has been increasingly interested in the subject of its own artfulness. So, of course, has painting.

In fact, modernist directions in twentiethcentury fiction match those in painting and in poetry: from depth to surface, from rondure to planes, from world to scheme, from observation to imagination, from story to theory, from society to individual, from emotion to mind. Literature as a whole has moved from contemplating cosmology (Dante) for the sake of God, to analyzing society (George Eliot) for the sake of man, to abstracting pattern itself (Nabokov) for the sake of art. At its purest, the new fiction parallels the scheme of, say, a lyric poem by Wallace Stevens: in Nabokov's Pale Fire, fictional objects revolve about each other and only each other, and shed on each other and only each other a lovely and intellectual light.

The enormously increased concern shown by both painting and fiction with their own art as their subject matter seems to reflect the overall self-consciousness of man in this century; more specifically, it also reflects the quest for purity of practice that is born of this self-consciousness.

But the similar ambitions of painting and fiction are altered by intrinsic differences in medium. In contemporary painting, a work's surface and its subject matter—its form and content—may, and often do, entirely coincide: Frank Stella's "What you see is what you see." But words refer, and fiction's elements must always be bits of the world; so fiction must ever quit its own surface and foray into the wide world in order to be about anything, even itself.

Language is weighted with referents. It is like a beam of light on Venus. There, on Venus, heavy atmospheric gravity bends light around the entire circumference of the planet, enabling a man, in theory, to see the back of his own head. Now the object of every artist's vision is, in one sense, the back of his own head. But the writer, unlike the painter,

sculptor, or composer, cannot form his d of order directly in his materials; for as or as he writes the least noun, the whole wor starts pouring onto his page. So fiction, in language like a beam of Venusian light t the back of its own head-to talk about own art-makes a wide tautological loo. goes all around the world of language's if ents before coming back to its own sure It may, for instance, like Pale Fire, crea world, or a grid for a world, that is an ful context for a set of meanings that turn define art as the creation of world artful contexts for meaning. Now pain does such tricks almost directly, on a so of linen, with a line. There is a little paint there is no world necessarily, between r and hand; it is a game of inches. But fice happily, gets to go around via Zembla Yoknapatawpha County or Dublin.

Fiction may be about art in a numbel ways. All works of art are to some extent all art-but this way, as it is general, is many ingless. Fiction may talk about art by tall about art. A novel's characters may be posers, poets, painters, or, especially, no ists. Gide's Counterfeiters, published in 1 was among the first of an undiminishing s of novels about a novelist who is trying write a novel. Some novels end, predictal when the hero seizes his pen and writes the first try) the present novel's first wo Alternately, the hero's work in progress, scribed or even sampled in the text, se as comment on his own situation, or, n interestingly, acts as a gloss on, and par of, the living author's own future unwri novels (Nabokov, The Real Life of Sebas) Knight).

A work of art may be about art insofar its referents never leave its own surface. I is, as has been stressed, a purely ideation state-it cannot occur in literature, but it be approached. Gertrude Stein approaches Pale Fire approaches it; its elements refer each other in a brilliant snarl. To read F Fire you need English, you need the wo evoked by the English, and you need especia mental dictionary composed entirely of in defined elements of Pale Fire. (The latter true of any coherent text, of course, but i especially true of those modernist texts t stress pattern over reference. Other clear ca might be poems such as Yeats's "Byzantiu or Stevens's "Emperor of Ice Cream"-te that baffle a reader until he composes or cates such a provisional dictionary, a set terms defined internally by the text.) If were to cast the interconnected lumps of ments in Pale Fire into lines and geome res, into a chart of relationships, you all produce a Klee or a Mondrian. Much demporary modernist fiction, especially ative-collage fiction, works in this way. It is the contained on its own plane, a surface of the contained on its own plane, a surface of the contained on its own themes, another the contained on the contai

Innocent inquiry

ELATED TO the theme of art, but actually grounded in metaphysics, is the modernist attention to the relationship between a tale and its teller. When acters are telling the tale, and especially in they are telling it all cockeyed, the subat hand may be not only the nature of art the nature of narration but also the naof perception. Clearly fictions that have a me sed narrator, or many biased narrators, deal part with perceptual bias as a theme. I am king here of works like Nabokov's Despair 1 its sole viewpoint or Durrell's Alexandria 19 weter with its many. But perceptual bias is p limited to cranky characters. It is every ng st's stock in trade. It is every perceiver's k in trade. And, as the thinking artist ws full well, everyone is cockeyed. Since ryone is cockeyed, what can anyone per-"17e truly? What can we know, or what can say of the world? Gradually then, the quesmit of the relationship among tale, teller, world fades into the question of the relanit iship between any perceiver and any ob-And this matter is a frequent theme-, obsession-in contemporary modernist

PENETRATING INTEREST in anything whatever ultimately leads to what used to be called epistemology. If you undertake the least mental task f you so much as try to classify a fernend up agog in the lap of Kant. For in er to know anything for certain, we must t examine the mind's own way of knowing. d how on earth do we propose to do that? This is a live issue in this century. John wey pointed out, quite intelligently, that losophy progresses not by solving problems, by abandoning them. It simply loses inest. The question of "epistemology" is one it thinkers of this century have not yet abanned. On the contrary, everybody seems to working on it. So much interesting work being done outside the field of philosophy proper, and outside philosophy's terms, that it seems appropriate now to replace epistemology with a new term—such as cognition to refer to this new wealth of related topics.

Examining the structures of human thought and perception are recent thinkers like Paul Weiss and Ludwig von Bertolanffy in systems theory, Thomas Sebeok in zoosemiotics, Gregory Bateson in information theory, Roman Jakobson in semiotics, Noam Chomsky in linguistics, John Eccles and Wilder Penfield in brain physiology, Claude Lévi-Strauss and Mary Douglas in anthropology, Ernst Gombrich in art criticism, and Jerome Bruner and Jean Piaget in psychology. They seek to understand the processes by which the mind imposes order. They seek to clarify the relationship between perceiving and thinking, between inventing and knowing. Microphysicists are interested in these matters, too, Science as a whole, like philosophy, wants to proceed from a firm base. Interestingly, the human

"Since everyone is cockeyed, what can anyone perceive truly?"



Annie Dillard IS ART ALL THERE IS? effort to locate that base, to set knowledge firmly on the plinth of perception, seems repeatedly to result in everybody's sinking at once. At any rate, I think the interest in cognition derives finally from a genuine interest in the world for its own sake. And I imagine (without any basis whatever) that Western thought intended simply to get this little business out of the way, so it could proceed with its task of tracing quarks or analyzing texts; but no one has been able to get it out of the way. Instead it just gets more interesting in its own right.

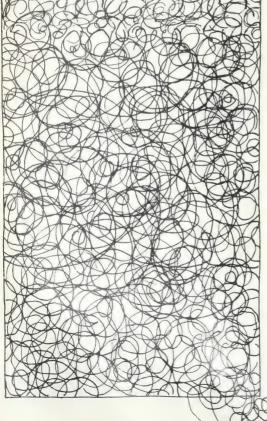
ROM THE TIME of Greek science till now, Western culture has usually had a lively, unselfish, and intellectual interest in the phenomenal world for its own sake. Historians of culture speculate that

this interest sprang originally from meacultures. In the port towns at the peripir of major civilizations, people of varyings tures and religions met. They soon a themselves (according to this theory) could be true if men disagreed, and if world view was apparently as workable a other. This innocent inquiry—an inqui would have been impossible to make fror middle of China, the middle of Egypt, o middle of Mexico—led straight to the magnitude of the major of

In fact, we are asking these questions with fresh urgency. Of course, we in the agree now that there is more than one waskin a cat, or raise a baby, or ease pair live. And no one is losing much sleep over the idea that our tribal gods are not solute. But we are having a slow century digesting the information that our yards are not absolute, our mathematics is not solute.

Science, that product of skepticism bor cultural diversity, was meant to deal in cert ties, in data that anyone anywhere could ver And for the most part, it has. Our self-re ential mathematics and wiggly vardsticks us to the moon. I think science works the a tightrope walker works: by not looking its feet. As soon as it looks at its feet, it lizes it is operating in midair. At any r the sciences are wondering again, as the es est skeptics did, what could be a firm basis knowledge. People in many of the sciences looking at their feet. First Einstein, then H enberg, then Gödel made a shambles of hope (a hope that Kant shared) for a pur natural science that actually and certainly c nects at base with things as they are. W can we know for certain when our position space is limited, our velocity may vary, instruments contract as they accelerate, own observations of particles on the mic level botch any chance of precise data, and only are our own senses severely limited, many of the impulses they transmit are edi out before they ever reach the brain?

Even if we could depend on our sense could we trust our brains? Even if sciencould depend on its own data, would it still have to paw through its own languand cultural assumptions, its a priori cate ries, wishes, and so forth, to approach this as they are? To what, in fact, could the phr "things as they are" meaningfully refer ap from all our discredited perceptions to whe everything is so inextricably stuck? Physic



e been saying for sixty years that (accordite to the Principle of Indeterminacy) they the principle of Indeterminacy) they the principle of Indeterminacy in the Principle of Indeterminacy) they indeterminacy in the Principle of Indeterminacy in the I

imilarly (and this is more familiar), lington's successor, Sir James Jeans, wrote, marizing a series of findings in physics, e world begins to look more like a great ight than a great machine." The world ld be, then, in Eddington's word, "mindf." And even the mind, anthropologists p telling us, is not so much a cognitive inment as a cultural artifact. The mind is If an art object. It is a Mondrian canvas whose homemade grids it fits its own prected products. Our knowledge is contexand only contextual. Ordering and invencoincide: we call their collaboration owledge." The mind is a blue guitar on ch we improvise the song of the world.

Actual or fancied bits

HERE DOES FICTION fit into all this? For one thing, the interdisciplinary treatment of these issues is in a state so lively it is reely distinguishable from outright disar, and fiction writers, like everyone else, are wn to messes. Fiction writers are as intered in their century's intellectual issues as thinkers are. Fiction, like painting, insically deals with the nature of perception. I fiction intrinsically deals with the world that, finally, fiction, if it has anything at all lo with the world as its subject matter, will in to ask: What world?

Early in Swann's Way, Marcel recalls,

When I saw any external object, my conciousness that I was seeing it would remain between me and it, enclosing it in a slender, incorporeal outline which prevented me from ever coming directly in conlact with the material form.

is is one way that fiction may pose the probof cognition. How may we come "directly contact" with "any external object"? Some ters approach it by wresting the object from grip of its ordinary contexts, so that we it as it were for the first time, Fresh vision, and the dislocation of ordinary expectations, are, of course, long-standing goals of both literature and painting. Surrealism wracks its brains for it; it wrenches objects from their ordinary mental settings until at last (it hopes) it unhinges the mind itself.

Writers may also approach fresh vision by restraining their painterly impulses and using language as a cognitive tool. That is, fresh vision is an unstated goal. I think, but a guiding one in fiction written in that plain, exact, unemotional prose that contemporary writers of both traditional and modernist fiction use to describe the world of objects. Writers like Henry Green and Wright Morris on one hand, and Alain Robbe-Grillet on the other, write as if the world were indeed here and fiction owed it the responsibility of a careful and unbiased attention. Robbe-Grillet wishes the writer to limit his efforts to describing the surfaces of things and measuring the distances between them. On this effort he comments (my emphasis): "This comes down to establishing that things are here." Establishing that things are here is, so far as I know, a new goal for art. And establishing that things are here is no mean feat: it is an effort that kept the likes of Kant and Wittgenstein quite occupied.

Some fiction deals with matters of cognition more directly. Stanislaw Lem's Cyberiad, which describes the plottings of two rival computer-makers, concerns the nature of knowing. Also concerned implicitly with the nature of knowing are detective and mystery stories, and, explicitly, contemporary modernist fiction modeled on detective or mystery conventions, like Robbe-Grillet's Voyeur and Borges's "Death and the Compass." Other fiction, of which Alexandria Quartet is the clearest type, deliberately treats the relativity of all knowledge by presenting a series of narratives that contradict. Still other fiction mimics the unknowableness of the world by being itself unknowable. It works—if it works -by eliciting confusion. If you track down some of the allusions and puzzles in Pale Fire, you get what amounts to a Bronx cheer.

Absolutely diagnostic as a theme of contemporary modernist fiction is this: many works, granting the uncertainty of any knowledge, treat the world in a new way, as a series of imaginative possibilities. Anything may happen. Writers have always manipulated bits of the world, but they have usually done so in secret; traditional writers labor to make their what-ifs seem plausible. But contemporary modernists flout the speculative nature of their fiction. What if, they say, and what if what else? Italo Calvino's Invisible Cities is a wonderful case in point. In this book, Marco

"Establishing that things are here is, so far as I know, a new goal for art."



Annie Dillard IS ART ALL THERE IS? Polo reports to Kublai Khan on the many cities he has discovered by exploring the khan's realm. Each description of a city is formal and titled (with a woman's name); each occupies about a page. There is the city hung from high nets suspended over a plain; there is the city whose inhabitants stretch string all over town to delineate their every relationship, until the strings make a web in which no one can move; there is the city whose carnival stays put year after year while its banks, docks, and municipal buildings are loaded onto trucks and taken on tour. After every few descriptions of cities, Marco Polo and the khan discuss the reports; many of their discussions hinge on the question of whether Marco Polo is making everything up. But what, in the realm of imagination, could be the difference between invention and discovery? And is not all the world the realm of Kublai Khan, the realm of imagination?

If to the artist, and to the mind, each of the world's bits is a mental object for contemplation or manipulation, then those bits may be actual or fancied; it does not matter which. They may derive indifferently from newspaper accounts or dreams. And since mental objects and imaginary objects have equal status, the man of imagination is the creator of the world.

These themes, I say, underlie some of the best contemporary modernist fiction. They dominate the work of Borges, Nabokov, and Calvino; we find them also in many other writers, like Barth, Coover, Cortázar, Gilbert Sorrentino, Guy Davenport, Flann O'Brien, and almost any other contemporary modernist we can name. Some works stress the role of mind in actively shaping reality, as Borges's "Tlön, Ugbar, Orbis Tertius" does. In this story, the inhabitants of the planet Tlön-which was itself invented and set in motion by a series of thinkers—may, through their expectations, call objects into being. If a man is looking for a lost pencil, he may find, not the original pencil, but a secondary object "more in keeping with his expectation." "These secondary objects are called hrönir and, even though awkward in form, are a little larger than the originals." The people may also bring another class of objects into being; an ur is "an object brought into being by hope." (The subject at hand in this explicitly philosophical story is the nature of Berkeley's idealism.)

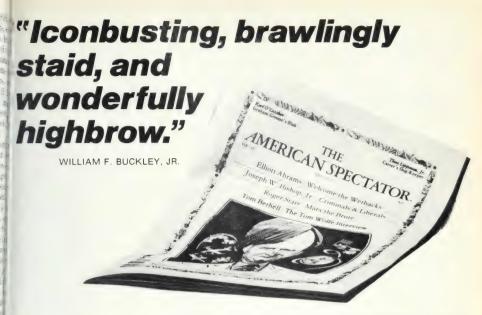
Of Sebastian Knight, stress the role of the conscious artist as imagination's lord. If inventing is knowing, and if meaning is contextual, then the artist is the supreme knower and the artificer of meaning. Still other works, like Lem's A Perfect Vacuum and Borges's "Pierre

Menard, Author of Don Quixote," which modeled on the interpretation of texts, six the equal status of all mental objects. Impary or third-hand texts, or accounts of the have not only the same ontological status canonical texts, but also the same status capacity for meaning as actual events. Lactual events may be interpreted as if the were texts. Everything on earth or in impation is a conjunction of mental objects is an art object that may be interpreted of ically.

The world, happily, still exists, and cont porary modernist fiction still interprets it. interpretation to which these same writers prone is a reading of the world in the light its multiple material combinations. We scar ly require imagination to produce a wealth possible conjunctions; the actual world is ing very well on its own. In these works, s as Calvino's Cosmi-comics, Cortázar's H scotch, or Borges's "Aleph," the artist's g erative role is again secret, and the dizzy multiplicity of the word itself is the subje I think that the new sense of stellar and g logic time we have in this century, and reiterated tale of how chemicals evolve, a how new species arise from random combitions in multiple circumstances over unima nably long reaches of time must surely c tribute to this contemporary fiction of pobility. The work of Calvino and Borges, least, is visibly stricken with a sense of a fir material world so long and wide it becom paradoxically, a material metaphor for inf ty. Beckett and Borges treat these matters berly; other writers, like Barth and Coov seem to grow giddy at the thought, as if c ating were not the deliberate work Gene made it out to be, but instead God's sper thrift and never-ending jubilee.

RITERS AND ARTISTS of this c tury may well ascribe to th work a new and real importan If art is the creation of contex and so is everything else, how false or triv can art be? Is not the Linnaean system of cl sification a poem among poems, a provision coherence selected out of chaos? It has always been possible for artists of every kind to sr at science and claim for art special, transci dent, and priestly powers. Now it is possil for artists to have and eat that particular ca by adding that, after all, science is in o (rather attenuated) sense "mere" art; art all there is. I am not saying that writers painters have made such a claim outright; I in theory it is there to be made.

HARPER'S AUGUST 1980



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DECODING ROLAND BARTHES

The obit of a structuralist

by Hugh Ker

OLAND BARTHES (1915-80). "PROLIFIC AND ECLECTIC WRITER WHO WAS ONE OF MOST CELEBRATED FRENCH INTELLECTUALS," was a semiotician (meaning meaning-specialist) would not have missed the semiotic import of his own New York Times obituary, where, as in all obits, Life is reduced to Text: text, moreover, that Times regulars feel mysteriously compelled to read. That's a mystery for semiotics to unrayel.

No matter if we've never before heard of the man; on page 11 of section B (March 27) a headline rapidly creates him for us, so compellingly we feel a need to know more. What's entered our heads is a verbal construct called "Barthes," made up of clichés governed by what Barthes called the Five Codes.

The codes interweave with computerlike sureness. Play it over in slow motion. "Roland Barthes"-and who is he, taking all this newspaper space? Code 1, the Hermeneutic Code, has posed a question, and by the time the other codes have reinforced it we'll be deep in the smaller print seeking an answer.

"Writer"-that's a neutral designator (Code 2, the Semantic Code). "French Intellectuals"-aha, we know about them, futile garrulous fellows: so works Code 4, the Cultural Code, which triggers received wisdom. But wait a moment, he was "Celebrated," hence all these column-inches. And we are in a familiar mental space, French Celebritydom, where inexplicable folk kiss one another on both cheeks, get chatted about in salons, write to Le Monde; what has installed us there is Code 5. the Symbolic Code, which designates zones where certain kinds of things

What's more, "Barthes" was "Prolific and Eclectic": not a Will Durant grinding all his life at one project, but by his own choice a shifter of gears and directions. The domain of Choices is Code 3, the Proairetic Code, (Barthes named it, impishly one trusts, from something we'll not have encountered unless we're Greek scholars-Aristotle's proairesis, "choice" or "purpose"and you can decide for yourself how to encode the information that Barthes often dropped that sort of grit into the clockwork.)



Enough clockwork is here alr for the first page of a short stor character with what will suffice to mate him, and a motive for reading The point is not that ingenuity squeeze five codes from a headline point is that the codes work so e tively that Times readers every day themselves scanning obituaries of ple they've never heard of.

Barthes would next point out much less his own obit tells us al Roland Barthes than about journal what the signals are that hold our terest, who we are that cooperate them, how as well-drilled readers (how did we get that way?) we cr the fictional "Barthes" we're read about.

The story we now anticipate is, all stories, a familiar one. An obitu most formulaic of fictions, routi creates a character in the headline to kill him off in the opening word the text. It then reconstructs by fl back enough of a "life" to seem merit the whole expensive operation

The next event is the creation of second character. This is what I pens in a line that reads "By T Schwartz." Since we're even less lil to be acquainted with Tony Schw than with Roland Barthes, his fiction presence simply adds weight to the tional "Barthes": think of it, a by-li obit! Observe that this would w even if no "Tony Schwartz" exist if, for instance, the Times kept a st of dummy by-lines, for dipping Hugh Kenner is working on a book a

the Irish Revival.

n a page can use a little Star lity.

ou've surely begun to guess that whole thing would work if there'd er been a "Roland Barthes" either. newspaper all is Text. The job of ting a "real" world beyond the is performed not by the slovenly ers but by ourselves, responsive to es and so little aware of our own ribution that we imagine we're betold something, called "the news." ere we glimpse what has been thes's most scandalous claim: that e isn't a writer in charge, not even War and Peace; his presence is ely something we project from our ings with the Text he assembled. is there a "meaning" that the Text ts to deliver; nothing in fact but unearthly ballet of Codes and iemes and Reader Expectations. But k to the Times.

low that "Tony Schwartz" is onge to perform in the obituary genre, had better do what we expect or we'll stop reading. His first act uld be the ritual killing of "Roland thes." He obliges, and in the followway: "Barthes," the words say, 1 "of injuries following an automoaccident."

ymbolic Code again: a generic latentieth-century death; moreover, for noscenti a twentieth-century Intelual's death: like Albert Camus or kson Pollock, smash. (Or poet Roy npbell, pretender to twentieth-ceny status?) Had "Schwartz" instead ationed tuberculosis, he would have I "Barthes" nostalgically to La Belle que, when intellectuals sported delia lungs. In 1980 that would be a unit plot complication. (Do not mutabout taste—we are in the domain Text, where the dead are only dead way words say.)

HE DOMAIN of Text: that was the elected domain of Roland Barthes. Night and day he seems to have secreted Text, ter than several translators—notably devoted Richard Howard—have mable to get it into English. This r's New Critical Essays, the twelfth rthes on the active list of just one of American publishers, Hill & Wang, presents a French book already eight irs old. Even the famous Système de Mode, the 1967 book about the landard processing the state of the second process.

guage of fashion, is still inaccessible to monolingual Americans. For some years yet the supply of Barthes will continue to seem inexhaustible.

Text, text. "To Write: An Intransitive Verb?" he asked fourteen years ago. Answer: yes. One does not write so-and-so, let alone write "about" so-and-so. One Writes. Someone else can read.

One's writing, moreover—this applies to any writer, even Gay Talese—simply retraces a gargantuan act of reading, for what is not yet explicitly verbal, the goings-on in massage parlors for instance, is nonetheless a set of codes to be read. All the world is text.

Barthes stated this claim in a 1957 book called Mythologies, much of which seems inconsequential till we catch on. On page 15 we're told that professional wrestling is text, one more thing we can learn to read. Wrestling-the big-time spectacle, not the pure college versionis unlike boxing in demanding "an immediate reading of the juxtaposed meanings, so that there is no need to connect them." This means that in moving through eloquent moments that might as well occur in any order-the grimace of pain, the sly kick, the grandiloquence of triumph-Grunt & Groan resemble a John Ashbery poem, whereas boxing "is a story constructed before the eyes of the spectator," like Love Story. Boxing goes monomaniacally somewhere. Its meaning is in its outcome: you remember who won in how many rounds, and very likely nothing more. (And you remember Love Story as the book in which the girl died.) But no one cares who wins at wrestling, and that is why no one resents knowing that the bouts are

So of wrestling you savor the moments, and if you are Barthes your excitement runs to pretty high-flown analogies:

Each moment in wrestling is therefore like an algebra that instantaneously unveils the relationship between a cause and its represented effect. Wrestling fans certainly experience a kind of intellectual pleasure in seeing the moral mechanism function so perfectly. Some wrestlers, who are great comedians, entertain as much as a Molière character... Armand Mazaud... always delights the audiences by the mathematical rigor of his transcriptions, carrying the form of his gestures to the furthest reaches of their

meaning, and giving to his manner of fighting the kind of vehemence and precision found in a great scholastic disputation, in which what is at stake is at once the triumph of pride and the formal concern with truth

"A man might write such stuff forever, if he would abandon his mind to it." In case you were thinking of that sentence of Dr. Johnson's, yes, much of Barthes does put one in mind of itthe doodles concerning the Eiffel Tower, plastics, detergents, and three-fourths even of his most celebrated book, S/Z, the marathon (271-page) reading of a 35-page Balzac novella, in the course of which the famous Codes emerge. "One obstacle to discussing these highfliers is their incapacity to think straight, so that it's essential to do some surreptitious tidying up before it's possible to say what or even whether they think." Barthes asked for that (and got it, from critic Marvin Mudrick) the way a terrier asks for a stallion's kick.

Still, the terrier is frequently barking at something; if only some sense of proportion governed his rhetoric! That is surely what disorients about Barthes on wrestling. Algebra... Molière... scholastic disputation... have we here the Professor surprised at the Hippodrome, protesting that he is, so, an Intellectual? Straining to dignify a tawdry spectacle? Being tipsily oblivious to differences of scale? Or have we just plain bubble-headedness? Not quite any of the above, though it's true that Barthes's bubbling point seems to have been low.

HAT WE HAVE is one consequence of the structuralist enterprise, which has been afoot, chiefly in France, for two decades or so. It amounts to testing how far we can get by translating people's dealings with one another into the terminology of Ferdinand de Saussure (1857–1913), Swiss father of structural linguistics. (You begin to see why everything turns into Text.)

Language for Saussure was a special case of something larger, the theory of signs (semiotics): so general a claim that in the hands of a structuralist, especially a pop structuralist like Barthes, Molière and Mazaud and seemingly anything will seem interchangeable.

Saussure himself had no truck with

dizzy interchangeabilities. He devoted his life to one project, which was to find out what there might be for a professor of linguistics to think about that couldn't be better tackled by someone else, historian or philosopher or Berlitz instructor. By 1907 he was trying out his findings on his students at the University of Geneva. He was to give his "Course on General Linguistics" twice more, and die without commencing the book it pointed to. What got published three years later was assembled from students' notes: an omen for the future of his ideas, which have been in the keeping of enthusiasts ever since.*

How might you study linguistics? Lots of people are out there speaking: you might tape-record them. What is more, they are understanding one another, never mind that a Brooklynite's "curl" is indistinguishable from a Vermonter's "coil." So how does one know what the other is talking about? What we record is parole, instances of individual performance, and reviewing our data we might be tempted to say that in different instances of parole the "same" word gets pronounced "differently." That doesn't take us far. What makes it the "same" word?

What we are after is what Saussure called langue, the system within which understanding takes place. Sounds never match exactly, and if they had to, understanding would be hopeless. What does match is a set of internal distinctions, observed by both speakers. That set is la langue.

Though my voice sounds quite different from yours, I say "cot" a little differently from "caught," and so do you. And we make the difference in the same way, shifting the vowel a little in the mouth. It's the systematic difference between "cot" and "caught" that permits distinct meanings, not the sounds themselves. Or consider "roof" and "hoof," and note that it doesn't matter whether one or both of us makes a vowel like the oo in "boot" or like the u in "bush." All we have to do is preserve the r/h difference. And the only thing that constrains the vowel in "roof" is the need for a systematic difference from whatever noises we make for "reef" and "rife."

So a language is not a collection of tape-recordable sounds, but a set of sys-

tematic differences, and the sounds are only there to encode the differences. And, Saussure hinted, anything human beings find "understandable"-a flirtatious gesture, the offer of a martinithey understand through a similar code of differences. An offer of coffee, or white wine, or lemonade would elicit other shades of understanding. We may think the point of the martini is the martini. It's not. It's that it's not coffee. This is surprising only because we've grasped the codes so thoroughly we don't realize we're applying them, unless we're engaged in something with an explicit code, such as chess.

One difference between language and chess is that chess players know where their interaction takes place: not on the board but in a domain of abstract patterns. Moving a piece does what uttering a sentence, or offering a drink, does: it translates a new twist of the pattern into a physical gesture. The move (not the piece) is a sign, observable by semiotics, the science of signs. And the mere shape of the piece is like the exact pronunciation of a word, unimportant so long as we can tell the pieces apart.

If you can follow the reasonableness of this, you can also sense that it's getting disembodied, since the elements the system differentiates simply don't matter. The great power of structuralism inheres in its ability to get rid of a clutter of elements, the way structural linguistics gets past a gaggle of pronunciations. The anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss, who pioneered applied structuralism, used it to reduce a bewilderment of folktales and kinship systems to a few lucid systems of difference. Likewise, when Roland Barthes examines wrestling as a spectacle, its elements seem interchangeable from those of other spectacles: a Molière play or an oral exam where the candidate takes on all comers.

This can amount to obtaining knowledge of the woods by vaporizing every tree, an extreme to which Barthes is driven by his impatience with people who may think the trees matter. We suppose, for example, that a wise and substantial man named Shakespeare wrote a play called Hamlet, a valuable possession from which we shall extract his wisdom when we get around to it, meanwhile placing an order for The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written (genuine leather, \$31.50 each) and donning a velvet jacket to finger the bindings.

It takes no Barthes, not even an Ir Howe, to note that the bindings poss no literary significance save as further the illusion that Hamlet precious object. Others might get as as questioning whether "object" profitable metaphor for the way a war of verbal art exists. It takes Barthell push the argument to a further extre where a work like Hamlet doesn't el at all. A system of signs exists, an cultural system that coaches us to inpret them, much as we interpreted headline on Barthes's obituary idle detachment from any nontex Barthes.

And in having no intrinsic mean no more than has an isolated word Saussure's system, Hamlet has no int sic value either. Value is conferred it by a system of valuing. It is simple text we inherit the custom of explicat (and Titus Andronicus, by the same thor, isn't). And without stable me ings, won't we simply be obeying teachers, who are paid to coerce when we talk about the meaning Hamlet? And aren't we better off missing an old play that seems to fun us toward a meaning, and opting inste for modern work, for a free play of s nifiers in poring over which we create what patterns we choose?

How about Last Year at Marienb by Barthes's friend Alain Rob Grillet? In the very fact that its option are all open, that we can never quite f we have it right because the patter have indeterminacy designed into the isn't it richer than the deadwood of 1 past they worship at the lycée? Are Shakespeare, Racine, Molière mere m dle-class gods?

OU'LL SELDOM READ far Barthes before you sense clever schoolboy's harbor resentments. Or a schoolbo facility: no one grasped quicker th Barthes the implications of Saussur principle that we share the linguis system without having knowledge of or the corollary that what applies words will apply to any communicati system whatever. "I had just read Saisure," is his explanation of how came to write Mythologies, a book th seems endlessly bright about soctrivia.

But all the trivia have linguistic structure, because people (a) value the

^{*}What comes next will have to be sketchy. For a good and short introduction try Jonathan Culler, Ferdinand de Saussure (Penguin, 1976).

b) use them to make statements some of mine"). So when Roland es writes about wine and milk in e, he is explaining to his readers stem whereby they already order matters. Wine is the French totem, like British tea. It is the "cong substance" that makes the weak strong and the silent talkative. not water, is the French antiwine. nd so on.

the sould be the sould not be true; ney don't know they know them, the essay. Familiar with wine on lane of parole (every instance of ng a bottle, and they've opened ands), they are unconscious of the e, which is what confers imporon drinking wine and not someelse.

rthes's mythologie is another word mgue. Myth is the domain in which we made a gesture if you take your to the burlesque instead of the . Here the system of differences des moneyed vs. vagrant classes, ement vs. raunchiness, the cultilys. the visceral, treating her like a vs. showing her life (or immersing n maleness).

urthes will hasten to assert that these to instinctual differences, preexista social difference that codifies to No, acculturation has made them makes all meaning, and striptease, the Metropolitan Opera, quite as to structural analysis.

their "meticulous exorcism of sex" observe how professional strippers ap themselves in the miraculous that constantly clothes them, makes a remote, gives them the icy indifnce of skillful practitioners, haughtaking refuge in the sureness of r technique: their science clothes n like a garment."

hat is not to deny a difference been Gypsy Rose and Rosa Ponselle. at it denies—a denial that came the re easily to a man exempt from the vings of heterosexuality—is that the eal of Rose is "natural," that of Rosa liwated." Just as there are no intrimeanings, so there is no natural beior: no priapic Original Savage umber down there, long ago subdued culture. The codes alone are at work; behavior articulates them. And the tural" is a myth by which we bourtisie protect ourselves against people

whose codes we don't read because we choose to call them uncultivated.

Just hereabouts the ground begins to shift, and wisps of smoke begin to be apparent. That our system of values may reflect a cultural conspiracy is an old Marxist theme, and when Barthes gets carried away he will let it surface in its naively Marxist form. Hence some of his sillier pages in Mythologies, for instance the strange assertion, in what set out to be a major piece on "Myth Today," that Left-wing Myth, even the Myth of Stalin, is of no consequence. "The bourgeoisie hides the fact that it is the bourgeoisie and thereby produces myth; revolution announces itself openly as revolution and thereby abolishes myth."

This says one intrinsic value does exist, revolution; and never mind the whirling of Saussure in his grave, Barthes will incautiously tell us that there is even a "real" language, that of the workman. "If I am a woodcutter and I am led to name the tree that I am felling... I 'speak the tree,' I do not speak about it... Between the tree and myself there is nothing but my labor, that is to say, an action."

There speaks, by golly, all Saussurean pretense dropped, the authentic romantic revolutionary at play. He plays (in his imagination only) at chopping wood. For this stock figure, action is above speech, the very word labor exudes numinous value, and the whole cultural apparatus—thanks to which, rather expensively educated, Barthes was equipped to marshall words like proairetic—gets dismissed as mere bourgeois displacement of essential energies.

So that was what Mythologies was busy about, an expose of the contortions of the bourgeoisie, whereby value is conferred on autos and fancy weddings, detergents and la cuisine. "The oppressed makes the world, he has only an active, transforming (political) language; the oppressor conserves it, his language is plenary, intransitive, gestural, theatrical: it is Myth. The language of the former aims at transforming, the latter at eternalizing."

E MAY NOW suspect whence came the energies that propelled so much Barthean assault on what passes in classrooms for the Literary Heritage. That heritage conserves, it

stabilizes; it is—in the resistance it offers to whimsical revaluation—one emblem of a will to eternalize that the revolutionary finds intolerable. We need not be surprised that the first fashion for Barthes coincided with the decade of the French student riots.

And yet he got many things right, the quirky fellow. Words, sentences, works are meaningless in themselves. This means that they may not be left untended. Values are not intrinsic in anything producible. It is we who have conferred them on the forms of utterance that can receive them: on Homer, on Hamlet. And few are the utterances that can qualify.

Barthes has little to say about real literature. He flutters brightly around its edges: "Proust and Names," "Flaubert and the Sentence." Its coercive powers exceed what the codes account for. And decade by decade we keep remaking it in replenishing its power to remake us.

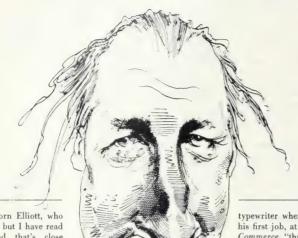
If we cannot read the Shakespeare Dr. Johnson read—something I heard T. S. Eliot say twenty-four years ago, over jugged hare—it is because we are perpetually changing Shakespeare into an author we can read. (We do not pay Jules Verne that compliment.) As for the author himself, it is meaningless to ask what he "meant." If he should come forward and try to tell us we should not understand.

It is superstitious—here Barthes is profoundly right—to ascribe to intrinsic nature the long working of culture. If it weren't, we'd be safe in leaving what we care about to look after itself. But instead of supposing that whatever rests on tacit agreement may therefore be bourgeois imposture, as inauthentic as The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written, we are free to decide that agreeing to sustain the agreement will be all that preserves whatever is worth going on with, including structuralism. This is not the same as agreeing to consume a product.

When an inability to stay interested in Sappho lasted longer than the parchment she was copied on, the poems of Sappho were lost. They are gone forever. Like the codes that say what the sense of the words doesn't seem to, that's a lesson Roland Barthes taught: we have it all in our hands. There's a lot that is easy to lose, and little to replace it with

HARPER'S/AUGUST 1980

THE WIZARD OF NEWSWEEK



DON'T KNOW Osborn Elliott, who knows everybody, but I have read his memoirs and that's close enough. He was the editor of Newsweek on and off for many years -from Bay of Pigs to Jerry Fordand his propinquity to events makes him a plausible subject for autobiography. Since last year, Mr. Elliott has been dean of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, the profession's stud farm on Morningside Heights in New York-a place where living in the past is de rigueur for faculty and staff and where students learn that autobiography is protected speech under the First Amendment.

Friends

While Mr. Elliott is of mellow age and within his rights to have produced The World of Oz, his many friends should have dissuaded him from spending "the better part of a year typing," as he puts it, for he has a flaw as a memoirist: While adducing all the evidence Louis Nizer would need in court to prove beyond doubt that Oz is a stuffed shirt, the man himself seems quite unsusceptible to insight. He might, however, merely be cynical. For his method, apparently deliberate, is to weave false humility, studied naiveté, self-effacing humor, braggadocio, and unsolicited testimonial into the impres-

sion that there was Oz, perched atop journalism, a truly great man never truly aware of it. Still the fact remains that were it not for Osborn Elliott, America might never have discovered "the racial problem," "Newsweek's editorial women" might all still be researchers, and the magazine's proof-readers might not be allowed in the elevators with their bicycles.

Oz put out a newspaper with his toy

typewriter when he was eight. He his first job, at New York's Journa Commerce, "through pull." He lear to write, the way he writes, at T and at thirty-six he was ready for coup that made him editor of N week. It was all so simple; everytl comes easy to Oz. His parents v socialites—members of "New Yo four hundred, or perhaps four hund and fifty"-and they were bigots, then "everyone in their set was bigot. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott woul even have black help. Oz went to best, whites-only schools-Brownin New York and St. Paul's in New Ha shire. As his father the stockbroker done, he attended Harvard, where got C's. He had a nodding acqua ance there with a big black partbartender. He entered and left the N as an ensign, which does not con progress on his part, but an ensig an officer, nonetheless, and as such did have black servants-i.e., stewa

by David Sanf

I burlesque the way Oz juxtap his privileged but unremarkable against the circumstances of bla because Oz does that himself and cause, along about 1963, Oz for David Sanford is the managing edite Harper's. self for the first time thinking deepabout racism in America. He also at a week in the ghetto with Bill kley, which he will never forget.

LLIOTT BECAME EDITOR of Newsweek in 1961, having colluded with his Newsweek friend Ben Bradlee to interest I Graham in buying the magazine n the Astors for the Washington t Company, Bradlee had hyped Oz the job in a long memo to Graham. ether Oz at the time of his elevation a fine editor or merely a successful emer is uncertain, but by the e he repaired to the Columbia gool of Journalism eighteen years r he had been certified one of the at editors of the Sixties by Teddy ite, who worked neither for him with him at Newsweek but who is riend. And he had been called one the "major journalistic figures" of time by Kay Graham, who had him because he was bored with work.* Elliott's firing at the hands of v Graham was so congenial, in fact, t it ended with Oz and Kay hugging 1 kissing. And when Oz's book about and all was published, they threw a party him in Newsweek's rec room, the p of the Week, Elliott, who seems er to have burned a bridge, has so nv of his chums saving such sweet ngs about him in his book that an ecially gullible reader might be ded to the thought that Oz is the man savs his friends sav he is.

Oz has scores of friends to boast of, it for some of them he admits doing assional little journalistic favors that voices of sanctimony might regard improper. As, for example, when softened a reference to his dear end Robert Moses, who built the work World's Fair and got Oz is first job.

* Since he was a witness, Elliott can t away with the umpteenth retelling of a Washington Post saga—the story of with the handsome, lanky, ambitious, elector, witty, brilliant, and manic-depressive ill Graham married into the rich and werful Meyer family, became a newsper tycoon and a friend of Jack Kendy's, drank too much, flew off with me Australian tootsie from Newsweek's ris bureau, succumbed to depression, d killed himself, leaving the empire to e mother of his four children, who may thave been prepared to take over but so came through like a champ.

The occasion for returning the favor was a *Newsweek* review of a book by Moses:

I removed what I considered to be a gratuitously nasty phrase, specified that the Moses review should have top billing in the Books section, and ordered up a particularly attractive picture of Bob Moses that had been in my family's living room for years.

Despite everything, Moses didn't like the review; he was so mad that he refused to attend the dinner dance Oz was planning for his parents' golden wedding anniversary. Oz's wife begged the master builder to come. Oz implored the old man to change his mind. "I crawled," Oz recalls, unashamed. Still, Moses wouldn't dance. As Oz says, it's "not always easy for an editor to retain friendships, especially among those who are criticized by your magazine." But God knows Oz tries.

Oz says most of his friends are journalists. He drops the names John Chancellor, Dick Clurman, Abe Rosenthal, and Arthur Gelb, in addition to those of Buckley and White. They all have lunch together. The other friends he mentions by name also are eminent friends, as the following sampling from the book, compressed for effect, suggests:

I loved Phil Graham, he was my friend and boss . . . Graham was a friend of John Kennedy and a friend of Lyndon Johnson . . . I paid a call on Brooke Astor, an old friend . . . I had known Lippmann as a family friend for years . . . I first hatched the idea-originally suggested by my friend Schuyler Chapin-of a survey of Black America . . . I thought of this man [President Kennedy] I had known only slightly, but who had seemed such a friend . . . I was wracked by sobs . . . I loved that president ... I was wafted away by my friend Arthur Houghton for a cruise down the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia . . . I came to know a number of black leaders as acquaintances, and a few of them as friends . . . I bumped into my old friend Blair Clark, who introduced me to David Halberstam . . . Halberstam and I have become friends—so much so that I told him far too many anecdotes for his book The Powers That Be; that was, of course, before I knew I would be writing a book myself . . . I had flown up from New York on a Sunday-night shuttle with my friend and fellow [Harvard] Overseer Teddy White . . . My friend Dick Clurman . . My friend Jim Cannon . . . My friend Arthur Houghton . . .

One could scream. Oz Elliott's book is a pamphlet compared with Halberstam's, and at fewer than 80,000 words it is not long enough to absorb all this sycophancy. One wonders why his editor ("Even an editor needs an editor," writes Oz) did not, out of friendship, prevail on him to vary the expression, or to mute the impression that grows like a bacterium through the book that Oz is a man for whom meaningless relationships with the rich and famous are the end of existence. But, then, why fake it? Oz says he's

flattered by the access...to heads of state, artists, and tycoons...I have had interviews with five presidents, audiences with two popes...I was nattered at by Nasser, charmed by Giscard, irritated by Indira...I called Leonard "Lenny," Henry "Henry," and Teddy [Kennedy] "Ted."

At Newsweek Oz was always getting little love notes from his friends, praising this or that, and he took them all seriously. He brags about a fan letter he got from Russ Wiggins of the Washington Post, and another he got from Abe Rosenthal of his luncheon club. Oz savs that the most controversial story Newsweek had ever run as of mid-1961 was the cover he mustered up on the John Birch Society and rightwing flakes like Gen. Edwin Walker, The feature was called "Thunder on the Right." It caused such a stir that advertisers canceled ads. Thousands of letters to the editor arrived. Impressionable liberals considered Newsweek's job on the Birchers awfully courageous. "My friend Schuyler Chapin," Oz recalls.

was one such admirer. "At last," he wrote—in a letter that I picked to lead off the next week's magazine—"a responsible journal has taken the obviously difficult and desperately important subject of this country's lunatic fringe and devoted care to its presentation."

One doesn't see in Oz's rendering of the story what was so remarkable about the fact that a newsmagazine could entertain the thought, even in 1961, that Eisenhower was not a Communist and that Earl Warren shouldn't be impeached. Oz doesn't realize that the letters his friends wrote to him and that he chose to publish in the magazine (over thousands of others) were usually blather.

Oz makes quite a point that he disapproves of conflicts of interest and that he avoided them at Newsweek whenever they involved Harvard University. But Oz doesn't recognize corruption when he steps in it. For example, as everyone knows who has read his book, Ben Bradlee (played by Jason Robards in the movie) was a crony of President Kennedy's. "Some second-thinkers," Oz writes, "have since charged that this closeness led Newsweek to bend too sympathetically toward the people and policies of the Kennedy regime. I didn't believe so then, and I don't believe so now." Oz was on to Bradlee and watched him closely. This assurance is conveyed on page 21 of the Oz book.

By page 45 of the galleys I read, but strangely missing from the published book, old Oz has moved on from the subject of incorruptibility and has other points to make. As President Kennedy, assassinated, is being laid to rest, Oz does some reminiscing. Since the passage didn't make it into hardcover, I'll quote it here entirely:

Listening to Taps, watching the coffin descend, I thought of a private briefing session I had had with John Kennedy in the Oval Office, a year or so before. I was setting off on a Newsweek trip to see the political leaders of Europe, and it was almost routine in those days (particularly if Ben Bradlee was your bureau chief in Washington) for an editor to receive such presidential courtesy. Jack Kennedy was relaxed, talking politics, talking magazine circulation, talking of a particularly sensitive story about his private life-an allegation that he had been secretly married once before. The story had appeared in a few hate sheets, and Ben Bradlee and I had decided to confront the president with it. Kennedy agreed to have the FBI files on the matter delivered to Bradlee at a motel in Newport, Rhode Island, one night; Bradlee was to return the files to nearby Hammersmith Farm, Jackie Kennedy's family place, by 7:00 a.m. the next day, and there the president would read the story. Tapping a fingernail on his front

teeth, Kennedy had scanned the piece and given his okay. The article recounted the rumors in detail, then proceeded to refute them; it appeared in Newsweek's Press section—always a convenient place to tut-tut the excesses of our journalistic colleagues while still getting juicy stories into print.

And as I sat there in Kay Graham's office, at the moment of Kennedy's burial, I remembered how absurdly my Oval Office session with the president had ended. "I think you fellows handled that 'marriage' story pretty well," he said. And then I heard myself say, to my horror: "Well, we had to keep a tight asshole on that one, Mr. President."

I can see why this gaffe, this indiscretion, did not find its way to the bookstores. It's rather explosive, isn't it? The president of the United States was, in the full knowledge of Newsweek's top editor, allowed to do the final editing of a potentially scandalous piece about himself. It's as if Ben Bradlee were clearing Woodward and Bernstein stories with Richard Nixon. At the very least, the anecdote does not support the argument heretofore broached by Oz that he was watching Bradlee for just such hanky-panky, and it gives the lie to Oz's repeated pious claims to eschewing conflicts of interest. Finally, and furthermore, it provides the one and only example I intend to give of Oz Elliott's irrepressible dirty mouth, which is much in evidence throughout the book.

Oz seems never to have recovered from the Kennedys. He wrote a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Onassis in which he practically pleaded with them to grant an interview to Arnaud de Borchgrave, a Newsweek correspondent. When Teddy Kennedy drove off the bridge at Chappaquiddick, Oz did not clear the story with the senator but, once he had published it, wrote him a billetdoux declaring that Newsweek had no vendetta against him. Indeed, Oz says his files are full of "fawning letters" he has written to celebrities.

Z ELLIOTT Is interesting because he had charge of a magazine with a circulation approaching 3 million. People get their news from it and are influenced by it. He is not interesting as a

celebrity; he isn't one. On the jacket of his book, there is a Di Levine caricature of him that might mistake for Spiro Agnew, C not a famous face or figure. Accident ingly, I don't think readers will much what his friend Harriet did him with her hand when he was for teen, or that his first wife was Cath and his second wife Jewish. I don't why anyone would care to know names of the many restaurants he quents-he's not Mimi Sheratonto hear about all the martinis do the hatch in the past twenty ye What matters about a guy like Elliott is the power he wields-wield in his case—and the purposes to wh it is put.

Unfortunately, The World of Oa in large part merely a surface hist of the Sixties and early Seventies seen in the pages of Newsweek. In (rendition it is a pedestrian history a all the more tedious because the perbetween Kennedy's inauguration a Nixon's rustication has been so the oughly picked over by writers. analysis of Newsweek's world view a influence could be fascinating. W. one gets instead are delusions of gri deur from the editor's office, raps about how brave it was to cover the radi Right, boasts about how revolutions it was to poll blacks. One gets Elliot disingenuous confessions that he w slow to do right by the women w worked under him, and that it to him forever to turn against the w that he'd seen up close from Gene Westmoreland's helicopter. Elli wanted his book, he said, to be instr tive to persons who have taken "me than a passing interest" in curr events. But no more than a passi interest is asked or exhibited. The thor is quite satisfied with superfic

For example, take the one topic the Sixties Elliott claims to have can most about—race. He realized bla had it bad in this society sometime 1962, whereupon he acted on his period of the private school to integrate itself. recruited black journalists. He had attitudes, which Oz thought, and seems to think, are a monolithic thin When Newsweek did its first "NEG IN AMERICA" cover, Oz told his read that "until now, not even Negro le

reality, face value, and looking good

ould say for sure what the Negro's are." How quaint that Oz thought . week could, but Oz claims to have Is ally believed that what Lou Harris done for him was "the deepest of the American dilemma since ar Myrdal." What the issue red, according to Oz, is that the : revolution was a deeply rooted nal phenomenon aimed at ending imination in every field and deg much of its strength from black thes preaching patriotism and coation with whites. Also discovered that black people had heroesin Luther King, Jr., Jackie Robin--and that most blacks voted for , jedy against Nixon in 1960. Yes,

e letters-complimentary ones-.. : pouring in. "Meaningful," wrote . Rosenthal of the Times. "Marvel-' chimed in Russ Wiggins of the . "Suddenly, Newsweek was the of the country," writes Oz. Newsg: later followed up this triumph by 1 onneing "WHAT THE WHITE MAN . iks of the NEGRO REVOLT." "The , e man"-he, too, a composite-"is ally torn between the right that nows and the wrong that he does." so on. As late as 1966, the Newsc of Osborn Elliott was still speakof the white man and the black man irdboard silhouettes.

hen riots broke out in Detroit. Oz ded that for the first time in thirty-years, the magazine should take ditorial position that would offer tions to what he still calls in 1980 racial problem." "In the end," Oz lls, "we turned out a twenty-two-section that blended reportage analysis... and ended with a ve-point program for action." In memoirs he doesn't say what the ve points were. He does mention the issue "made news everywhere" won a National Magazine Award.

wo last matters. First, on page 85, Mr. Elliott has Eugene McCarthy winning the New Hampshire primary 968. McCarthy did not win in New npshire. He got 42 percent of the 1. to President Johnson's 48.5. This have been a moral victory for Carthy or a Pyrrhic victory for I, but Oz is wrong on the result if it he is counting is votes.

Second, the new dean of the Columbia School of Journalism has done some boning up on press law since galley proofs of his book went out to reviewers. In the galleys, Oz wrote:

The press has no privilege under the Constitution, but the people do. They have the right to know what is going on in their neighborhoods, in their towns, and in their country.

Now that may sound good, but it isn't true, and someone must have explained that to the dean. The First Amendment says: "Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." The error corrected, Oz now says:

The press has provided protection under the Constitution—but that protection is really for the people. They have the right to know what is going on in their neighborhoods, in their towns, and in their country.

That's not quite true either, but it'll do.

HARPER'S/AUGUST 1980

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SPIRITED RELATIVES

The imagined past

by Frances Taliafer

China Men, by Maxine Hong Kingston. 384 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, \$10.95.

It has always seemed to me a rare privilege, this, of being an American, a real American, one whose tradition it has taken scarcely sixty years to create. We need only realise our parents, remember our grandparents and know ourselves and our history is complete.

The old people in a new world, the new people made out of the old, that is the story that I mean to tell, for that is what really is and what I really know.

—Gertrude Stein, The Making of Americans (1934)

ERTRUDE STEIN was nobody's fool, but her vision of the making of Americans is surprisingly sentimental and tidy, centered as it is on the consummate present. Anyone can sympathize. A nation without great-grandparents, we are most comfortable in gangs of our contemporaries, as if history were indeed completed in the making of our own generation. "Realise our parents"? Theirs is the strangest "otherness" we know, their "reality" the most inconceivable. Though we mean our elders no discourtesy, most of us cannot cope with empathy for a world that did not include ourselves.

Perhaps the triumph of the present will eventually reduce the round world to flatness, but with luck, those other cultures that have perceived time more imaginatively will be strong enough to prevail. It's not simply a matter of "the search for roots," a process that may simply increase a feeling of present self-importance, as if all our ancestors had bent themselves only to the task of producing us. It is art, wiser than genealogy, that revives for us the topography and texture of the generations.

Maxine Hong Kingston is an artist who pays her elders the homage of imagining their lives. She is, to begin with, a Chinese-American writer. The hyphen that splices her heritage can hardly communicate its complexity. "Those of us in the first American generations," she wrote in her first book, The Woman Warrior, "have had to figure out how the invisible world the emigrants built around our childhoods fit in solid America." But her true country is a rich and mythic landscape bounded by the loquat tree in the front yard of her childhood house in California; by the Sierra Nevada, where her grandfather hacked away at granite to build the transcontinental railroad; by Fifth Avenue, where her father, dressed like Fred Astaire, caught sight of himself in windows and hubcaps as he strolled the boulevards well before she was born. The country of her imagination is China as well as America. We know her family's village, where the disgraced and nameless aunt drowned

herself and her newborn child in well. Where "talking story" is breath of life. Where the land it sprouts visions and fierce dreams.

The Woman Warrior and China In celebrate Kingston's family mythol as well as her Chinese heritage. The titles plainly speak their ostensible spects, female and male; just as plain the books must be read together. Those I have no inherited command of terms yin and yang, it seems to met like those opposing principles the books form one whole, for the shap imagination is indivisible.

Kingston leaps boldly into the invention of her parents' world. In not easy: her father, BaBa, is resoldly silent, as if he were determined to acknowledge China or his past. I spirited child will fill in the gaps: want to be able to rely on you, winked each piece of our own laun with the word Center, to find out I we landed in a country where we eccentric people." Kingston, born wher mother's peasant gift of storying ("We see a stranger's tic and cribe motives"), is resolved to im ine her father's life.

When BaBa was born, his pare looked at his long fingers and de mined that he would become a scho and prepare for the Imperial Extended Transces Taliaferro writes the "In Print"

umn in monthly alternation with Jes Burke.

on. At his one-month birthday he ived the Four Valuable Things: inkslab, paper, and brush. Itinerscholars, offered the hospitality of family, would draw giant words hold them over his crib. As he older and more studious, his import brothers taunted him: "Poetry ct! Poetry addict!"

t fourteen the boy walked two days to place where he would take the erial Examination. In the court, scholars riddled. In his cell, deste to stay awake and recite the of his study, he found a hook ring in a beam above him. "So e it was; of course, the poets said ould be there." With his pigtail ed through the ring, he studied on. e nodded asleep, the pigtail jerked awake. He passed the examination.

wow DID this father come to the Gold Mountain, America? Perhaps he sailed first to Cuba, where the sky rains the size of long squash, or Hawaii, re the papayas grow big enough to e jack-o'-lanterns. Perhaps a smugbrought him to New York by ship crate, and he rocked and dozed he dark, feeling "the ocean's vari--the peaked waves that must have ed like pines; the rolling waves, ad like shrubs, the occasional icv ntain; and for stretches, lulling slands." Perhaps he simply arrived an Francisco to endure his stay at Immigration Station, where pers one night he took out the Four uable Things and wrote on the wall em about freedom, mixing the ink spit and tears. However he came, won America.

le won the freedom of the Gold ntain in the 1930s, when a cat ld look at a king and a young imrant could work in a laundry, grow houstache like Clark Gable, and im of a weekend date with a Rock-. He had not seen his wife in fifty eyars when she arrived at Ellis nd. She did not know that his erican name was Ed, after the cungian name was Ed, after the cunginventor Eh-Da-Son. "I see," she I, "Eh-Da-Son. Son as in sage or nortal or saint."

Ie was BaBa, Maxine's father, but vas many other fathers, too. His life, mming in and out of focus in his d's imagination, takes one mythic shape and then quickly re-forms itself in other images of amazing strangeness and familiarity. For Kingston has the storyteller's peculiar power of levitation: with a sudden lift, she rises from the concrete to the archetypal. The reader gasps.

These China Men are Kingston's relatives of blood and spirit. The long stories of her own family alternate with short tales of gods and heroes-whom we may not have recognized as such. but "as you know, any plain person you chance to meet can prove to be a powerful immortal in disguise come to test you." "The Ghostmate" tells of a man's mysterious encounter with the woman who must be the Chinese cousin of La Belle Dame sans Merci, "The Adventures of Lo Bun Sun" is the tale of Robinson Crusoe, industrious and clever. The simple universality of these stories brings tears-or the gooseflesh of recognition.

China Men is sometimes an angry book. "The Grandfather of the Sierra Nevada Mountains," powerful out of all proportion to its length, re-creates the sufferings of the Chinese who built the railroads, blasting with gunpowder and dynamite through the impossible core of the continent. Ah Goong, the railroad grandfather, comes closest of all these China Men to the strange essentials. Deep in the tunneled rock, he sees immovable time. Riding the wick-erwork basket of the dynamiter's trade, he swings athwart cliffs and ravines, overcome by beauty and fear. In the most dazzlingly universal image of the book, he stands up tall in the swinging basket and ejaculates into space, into the world's vagina, big as a valley. "I am fucking the world," he says. One imagines the voice: exultant, angry, full of wonder.

It is, of course, Kingston's voice, for she is all her Chinese ancestors as well as her American self. She is a crummy American teenager, slouching at the funeral of an "uncle"; she is the peaceful brother, dreaming fiercely as his ship moves toward Vietnam; she is the poet of the seaside vision and the founding ancestor of the Sandalwood Mountains. "If you are an authentic Chinese, you know the language and the stories without being taught, born talking them." Maxine Hong Kingston is authentic, and China Men is a book of maryels.

HARPER'S/AUGUST 1980



Solution to the August Puzzle Notes for "Parting Words"

Nouns: a. the (St.)ory; b. pin-na(reversed); c. w(her)e; d. (c)alms; e. gu(esse)rs, partial anagram; f. on-U.S.; g. brass(l)eres, brasser(l)es; h. si(eve)s; i. o(do)r; j. Indian club, two meanings; k. usages, anagram; l. (c)hora(le).

Verbs: m. forced, anagram; n. (s) undo(wn); o. resona-tes, two anagrams; p. s.-crapes (anagram); q. traded, hidden; r. T-R-umps; s. end-anager; t. rep-lace; u. c(r)u(m)b (j)e(r); v. D.-i.e.-Ted; w. interned, anagram; x. se(N,S)ed.

Adjectives: y. indecorous, anagram; z. p-robable(anagram); aa. neat, two meanings; bb. old-line, two meanings; cc. sag-a-CIO-us; dd. foot-loose; ec. or-bed; ff. slanderous, anagram; gg. no(I) se-less; hh. unwiser, anagram; ii. passe(part out); jj. mere, two meanings.

FOURTH AND GOAL FOR AMERICA

The Gipper goes to Washington

by Matthew Steven

When you are quarterbacking a football team, you learn the hard way that if you don't have the other ten players working with you, you'll be driven back every time. There can't be coalition politics on a football squad or, for very long, in a nation.

-Jack Kemp, An American Renaissance*

First Quarter

OPENING series downs. Kemp takes the ball from center Milton Friedman, right, looks long for Henry Ford or one of the great ends from the memorable Tycoon teams, but ends up handing off to fullback Howard Jarvis, who is chased out of bounds. Back in the huddle Kemp calls for the "Republican Revolution" (on two), a long-ball special nearly patented by William McKinley and J. P. Morgan. Kemp barks the signals-cut taxes, stimulate production-and sends the Fortune 500 in motion, but the play is stopped at the line by welfare constituents on the blitz, and he is forced to punt.

Second Quarter

URING AN INTERVIEW down on the field with Curt Gowdy, Kemp denies ever having called a sweep left, although when play resumes he fakes left—full employment without inflation—stiffarms the charging Ralph Nader, and does some nice open-field running with the assistance of a few key blocks by

*Subtitled "A Strategy for the 1980's" and published last year by Harper & Row.

guard William F. Buckley. Up in the press box, Jimmy the Greek along with Brent and Irv go over the Laffer Curve -a zone defense against the bombwhile Kemp moves to his game plan. Much as he would love to run either a quarterback sneak or the Statue of Liberty, after dropping straight back to pass, Kemp flips a screen pass to Ronald Reagan, who starts running for daylight. (Irv notes that this is the California halfback's first chance at a Super Bowl.) Just before the half, having run Reagan up the middle and around end eighteen times, Kemp himself throws a crackback block on Walter Heller and a few defensive backs from Brookings (a crosstown rival), who are all carried off the field.

Third Quarter

LIPBOARD IN HAND and a headset on in place of his helmet, Kemp chats with assistant coach Irving Kristol, who is watching the game from the press box, and learns that unless inflation and taxes are reduced, the game will be called. Nor will the United States make the playoffs unless it has an adequate defense against the Soviet multiple offense. Back on the field, Kemp uses a stick found near the huddle and diagrams in the mud a reverse play designed to reduce inflation, cut government taxes and spending, decontrol oil (to get ready for the pro bowl with OPEC), improve defense, and keep out the government red dog. John F. Kennedy's great budget-cut game is shown on instant replay. The teams line up. Kemp, taking the snap from Milton Matthew Stevenson is an assistant editor of Harper's.

Friedman, drops into the pocket, wa es the Mandarin class go into a z prevent defense, but then, to the di pointment of millions, he again this a screen pass to Reagan. (After game, Kemp defended his call to H ard Cosell, who was inquiring all the strength of the passer's kn "Reagan is where Americans v their President to be in the 1980 The tailback from California, m while, highsteps a few surrogate t lers, but, ignoring numerous he stops at the thirty-five-yard line to g some cheerleaders. ("Nice to see here," he says, smiling.)

Fourth Quar

EMP SWITCHES OVER to 1 defense in the last qua and makes several vici hits on John Mayr Keynes, even though Keynes is a coaching on the sidelines. Kemp the defense: Hold the line on spend balance the budget, back the dollar gold. During a time-out interview. denies that Jay Gould or any of other Four Horsemen of the old A alypse League were ever associa with the game's "criminal element" describes the harrowing number forms that must be filled out in du cate before a small businessman car off tackle. Back on offense for the play of the game, Kemp actually gi a long pass that he himself has thro streaks into the end zone (follow ironically, by no one, because the cl has run out on nineteenth-century c talism), and spikes the ball into grass before raising his index fir and shouting: "We're No. 1!"

HARPER'S/AUGUST

AMERICAN MISCELLANY

THE HEIRS OF CAPTAIN SLOCUM

ie at sea

by Sloan Wilson

HEN I WAS a small boy my father gave me a copy of the wonderful little book Capt. Joshua m had written, Sailing Alone at nd the World, Slocum had been bluirst to complete such a voyage, when I was a boy only a few s had been able to follow him. old captain instantly became my From that moment I forgot my ite daydream about growing up Tarzan and began imagining myin command of a stout sloop like ipray bound for the South Sea Is-I gave up my muscle-building ratus from Charles Atlas and d my father into buying me an n-foot sailboat.

ie odd thing about my fantasy ailing around the world alone with that I never outgrew it. Melville's to, not Moby Dick but his simpler unts of the South Seas, soon filled in non aspects of the tropics that old are ain Slocum had, I felt, kept hid there who walked around in buff with flowers in their hair. A

n Wilson is the author of The Man in Gray Flannel Suit and, most recently, Brothers (Arbor House).

lone voyager would not necessarily have to be alone all the time—not, at least, when he was in port.

During the second half of World War II, I actually found myself in the South Seas, but my ship was a crowded army supply vessel, and we sailors were forbidden to go ashore on those few islands where the brown-skinned maidens with flowers in their hair hung out. Those maidens actually existed—I wangled a pass once and saw some swimming on a golden beach, but they had learned a lot about sailors and ran away as soon as they saw me.

After the war, I swore, I would build myself a copy of the Spray and return to the islands alone without the uniform that scared the maidens. That dream solaced me during many a rough night, but after the war, of course, I had to get a job, and soon I had a wife and daughters who occasionally wore flowers in their hair, and that should have been enough for me. Most of the time I was reasonably content, but when the pressures of my work or family built up, I still put myself to sleep at night with my fantasy of sailing a boat like the Spray around the world alone. I had a picture of Captain Slocum in my room, and though I learned that the stern-faced old sea captain had had a sad life after his epic voyage and finally had disappeared at sea, perhaps with few regrets, he still seemed to me the king of all the rugged individualists, the most independent of all men, a sailor capable of voyaging anywhere in the world without anybody's help, answerable to no man. Someday, I continued to dream, when my children had all graduated from college...

ECENTLY it has come to my attention that I am far from alone in this fantasy of independence. As a matter of fact, there are so many of us rugged individualists that an organization has been formed for us: the Slocum Society, which, according to its literature, is a "nonprofit corporation established in 1955 and incorporated in Hawaii on June 27, 1972, to record, encourage, and support long-distance passages in small boats." I've never been much of a joiner, but as soon as I heard of this outfit, I sent in my dues, which are only \$10 a year and entitle me to a year's subscription to the society's magazine, called, of course, The Spray.



The first issue I received—Volume XXIII, No. 1—is a handsomely printed and illustrated periodical about the size of a digest magazine and seventy-two pages long. It is full of short accounts of the hundreds of people who have given up on civilization and run away to sea. Many go alone, but some of these adventurers sail with a friend or lover, and a surprising number take along the wife and kids, sometimes including small infants.

The Spray does a great job of describing the exploits of these daring souls, but it is raising hell with my fantasy life, and sometimes I wish I'd never seen it. In their attempt "to encourage and support long-distance passages in small boats," the editors describe in these seventy-two pages no fewer than ten disasters, some of them

The Stella Maris, a twenty-six-foot cutter, "was found abandoned, washed ashore on Antigua." The thirty-two-footer My Star "was involved in a nighttime collision with an unidentified tanker." A twenty-six-foot sloop, which was named only with the number 814, was found sailing 280 miles southwest of Bermuda with her lone captain dead aboard, apparently of a heart attack.

As if that wasn't enough, The Spray reports, "It is feared that a terrible end has come to the lifetime dream of Charles and Helen Weaver of San Francisco." The Weavers, it seemed, set sail in early 1977 in their forty-seven-foot Valhalla for a voyage around the world. Nothing has been heard of them, but in 1978 small pieces of wreckage identified as parts of the Valhalla washed ashore in Western Samoa.

The ocean is apparently so crowded with adventurers these days that the disasters pile up. The trimaran Charles Heidseick overturned and was abandoned in the middle of the Atlantic. Shortly afterward a twenty-five-foot sloop ran into the wreck way out there and lost her rudder.

Despite these disasters, so many people have made it around the world in small vessels lately that lone voyagers are rarely treated as heroes anymore. Many of them write books, but they don't get anything like the attention that old Captain Slocum enjoyed and suffered.

In an attempt to make a sensation,

people have sailed and even raced around the world without stopping anywhere—apparently they breeze right by those islands where the brownskinned maidens with flowers in their hair are sporting on the beaches.

At least two women have sailed around the world alone, and recently one grandmother made it across the Atlantic alone. Shirley Ravenscroft was ill for a week, had an injured arm, and was burned by scalding water, but she came through despite "structural problems with her twenty-six-foot sloop."

In an effort to achieve "firsts," adventurers have pulled some odd stunts. A man tried to sail a boat only six feet long across the Atlantic from Morocco. He got "to a spot twenty-five miles off Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, at which point he abandoned his effort because he was being swept back out to sea."

An Englishman tried to cross the North Atlantic in an inflatable dinghy, but after only a day at sea he was sunk by a whale. "Let's hope we hear no more of this crackpot venture," *The Spray* comments, editorializing for the only time in this remarkable issue.

EAR THE END of the magazine comes the most terrible report of all. It's so tragic that I was embarrassed to find myself collapsing into a sort of horrified laughter as I read it. I'm so ashamed of this addled reaction of mine to a letter in which a husband tells of the death of his wife that I hesitate to quote the passage, for fear I'll be guilty of trying to find humor in death, but this report is what finally cured me of dreaming of getting away from civilization aboard a small boat.

The Spray introduces the report by saying, "In May we received a sad letter from Slocum Society member Peer Tangvald mailed in Malacca, Malaysia":

We left Cebu and headed across the Sulu Sea toward Brunei. On February 20,1979, Lydia was killed by pirates. It was ten o'clock in the morning and we were below decks whin we became aware that a motorboat was overhauling us quickly with the apparent intention to come alongside. Being apprehensive with this part of the world, Lydia suggested that we fire a warning shot

to discourage them about concloser. I disagreed with her, says that it was too late. By the time got the gun from its stowage p and got it loaded, they would alongside. It would not be a will ing shot but a declaration of and we would be sure to be losers. She did not argue but un quietly down, leaving me at le tiller. I expected that they wo be fishermen trying to trade so fish for cigarettes or whiskey, at worst, if they were pirate wanted only to let them take w they wanted without resistance hopefully they would do us harm. To my dismay, Lydia ca up a little later through the for hatch with the gun in her hand. then the boat was pulling alo. side. Lydia shouted something them in English and then rais the gun and fired just above the Almost immediately I heard a si from inside their wheelhouse a Lydia fell in the water, splashi blood all over the foredeck a tainting the sea red as she slid d the boat passing by, Turning ba toward the boat I sighted straig into the gun of the man who h just killed my wife and expect to be shot also, but he hesitat and finally lowered the gun fre his shoulder and gave the order two of his men to jump over to n boat. Only then did I becor. aware of little Thomas, who he come on deck and clung to my le No doubt the unexpected sight that beautiful and innocent be gave scruples to the bandits. The took my cash and the gun, which had fallen on the foredeck, b. nothing else, and seemed in hurry to get away. After their d parture, I turned around to try find Lydia but saw nothing but th empty sea.*

I apologize for my nervous react to this letter and weep for the T valds. I do hope, however, that Slocum Society won't "encourage support long-distance passages in s boats" too much more in this way ready I'm looking for a new far to quiet my nerves and put myse sleep at night. I'm too old to go to my early-boyhood dreams of self as Tarzan swinging through trees of an imaginary jungle. Vooher untouched never-never lan left?

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Solution to the July Puzzle

Notes for "Double Occupancy"

The ten unclued words all follow "DOUBLE" in well-known phrases.

Across: 7. a-IRS-trip; 9. silicon, anagram; 10. spice-bushes; 11. sangria, anagram; 14. has-tier; 15. b(RI) ar; 16. drops-y.; 18. 0-pine-d.; 19. trace, two meanings; 20. forego; 22. no(I) sy; 24. antes, anagram; 26. Sp.-her-a-L.; 27. sharps-hooter; 28. emeriti, hidden in reverse; 29. dime-nsion (anagram).

Down: 1. RIP-saw(reversal); 2. ascribed, anagram of "cards" around "I be(t)"; 3. tribulations, anagram; 4. di(d)-sh(e); 5. (turns)tiles; 6. mov(i)es; 8. ring-finger; 12. aristocratic, anagram; 13. bra(VI)ss-Pm-o.; 14. har(D.)ness; 17. parakeets, anagram; 19. typhoons, anagram; 21. on t(anagram)-I-me; 23. carrion, homonym; 25. sh-irk.

PUZZLE

PARTING WORDS

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Clue answers are nouns, verbs, and adjectives, twelve of each, and are clued by group in the order the answers go into the diagram, with Across clues in sequence followed by Down clues. (For convenience, the diagram is numbered 1 through 16 for Across lights and 19 through 36 for Down lights.)

Answers that fit in more than one category have been arbitrarily assigned to one group; however, they might not be defined by that meaning. For example, ROSE might be clued among the verbs, yet be defined in the clue by its meaning as a noun. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 83. The solution to this month's puzzle appears on page 77.

CLUES

NOUNS

- a. This is only conjecture, but there's no holy man in the
- b. Nail down an inverted feather
- c. Place we embraced her
- d. Dole quiets down when leader is gone
- e. They make wild stabs at throw rugs, being Latin at heart
- f. Running America's obligation
- g. Underwear shows if one moves in French restaurants
- h. They strain a relation quickly, ringing the day before
 i. Do in, or snuff
- i. Do in, or shun
- j. Exercise equipment used in New Delhi A.C.? (two words)
- k. Practices in which doctors use gas
- l. Dance excerpt from chorale

VERBS

- m. Automatic C, D, E, or F grades
- n. Seduce during sundown
- o. Fills with sound reason, deviously set off
- p. Jams made from small processed capers
- q. Sinatra deducted stocks bought and sold by broker
- r. True Republican referees-absolutely reliable people
- s. For compromise, stop incense



- t. Put one fabric on top of another to make shift
- u. Dice is crumbier when you bring together odd charters
- v. Democrat (i.e., Kennedy) didn't swallow much
- w. Locked up engineer in tender
- x. Apprehended Poles in plant

ADJECTIVES

- y. Change or coin used . . . it's in bad taste
- z. Belabor arrangement—by putting piano on lead, v likely
- aa. Straight spruce
- bb. Something you've heard before from Conservative (hyphenated)
- cc. It's wise to decline a union with us
- dd. Pay the bill-relax, it's free
- ee. Spherical or flat surface
- ff. Lying around less, being restless
- gg. Pry around one fewer still
- hh. More dumb ruins we defaced
- ii. Obsolete master key with part out
- jj. Pure lake

EDITOR'S NOTE

The winners of the June puzzle, "Coordination," are: Joseph A. Baicker, Princeton, New Jersey; Brent M. Froberg, Vermillion, South Dakota; and Rick Scherer, Loveland, Colorado. Richard

Maltby's Crossword Puzzles: Puzzles from "New York" Magazin which includes a complete description of puzzle-solving principl was recently published by Harper/Colophon. 62 pages, spir bound; \$4.95.



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100's Soft Pack. Less than 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine;

100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

E.R.A.-R.I.P.

by Andrew Hacker

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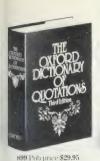


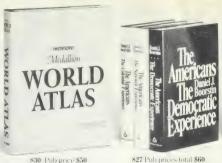
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Youth at the Ballot Box

This may be the year in which the voting-age youth of America discover the ballot box as the best protection of their interests and the best hope for shaping the kind of future they want.

Young people dropped out of the voting process in droves in the 1960s. They showed no signs in the '70s of returning in great numbers. Four years ago, some 44% of Americans in the 18 to 26 age range cast ballots, compared with 64% of the citizenry 27 and older. The 18-26 group makes up nearly one-quarter of the electorate. It could have a profound effect on the outcome of elections — if more young people registered and voted.

Ironically, such measures as dropping the voting age from 21 to 18 and eliminating literacy tests and poll taxes have failed to bring out the very people for whom balloting was made easier: youths and minorities. This year, however, there are new stirrings among the young. A strange thing is happening to them, The Wall Street Journal found in a survey: "They're beginning to sound just like older voters."

"The so-called me generation sees the American dream slipping away from its reach as inflation soars ever higher. The young wonder whether they will be able to afford a house and children. Many of them decry the rising welfare load, or rail against federal deficit spending. They're frustrated and afraid, and they are starting to blame the politicians."

Young people these days don't start voting until they put down roots by buy-

ing homes, having kids, and settling into a community. Meanwhile, the odds are being stacked against them.

People in their own age range dominate the single-issue constituencies of socalled public interest outfits that exert a growing influence on public decisionmaking and tend to distort our political structure. At the other end of the scale, older people — who turn out heavily in elections — are opposing expenditures for education, recreation, libraries ... precisely the services demanded by the younger generation.

As the influence of special interest groups grows, there's a decline in the ability of the political system to fashion public policy in the interests of society as a whole, says Curtis Gans, a director of the Committee for the Study of the Electorate

He cites public employees as an example. They make up one-sixth of the employed adult population and generally turn out in force on election day. In a diminishing electorate, Gans notes, they "might well have a disproportionate effect on the outcome of elections," wielding undue influence on public policy on such issues as civil service reform or government reorganization.

The kind of America our young people will pay for during their most productive years is being forged every day by government at the local, state, and federal levels. Shunning registration and voting won't delay the day when the bill comes due for them.



Harpers SEPTEMBER 1980 FOUNDED IN 1950/VOL. 281. NO. 1564

- Andrew Hacker 10 E.R.A.—R.I.P.

 The Equal Rights Amendment was never a battle between the sexes, with men having the final say. Indeed, few men cared either way.

 But a crucial reason for the ERA's defeat was opposition from women.
- Josiah Bunting 15 ONCE A MARINE

 To appear more in step with society, the Marine Corps has replaced the rigors of boot camp with jogging and reduced the role of onceomnipotent drill instructors to that of surrogate father.
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LETTERS



Goodbye

Since hearing last night the news of *Harper's* imminent closing I have been utterly depressed and sorrowful. To see the array of flashy, worthless magazines that choke the supermarket racks and then to contemplate the ending of America's premier magazine is to know the true meaning of irony and bitterness. I have subscribed to and loved *Harper's* for many years, and

its closing signifies another bolt tig ened on the coffin lid of the qual of American life. Our country can afford to lose such a humane, inte gent, and entertaining voice.

> PHYLLIS ADA Montgomery, A

Your periodical is indispensable: me, to the faculty and students I ser as head librarian, and to the peop in Washington, D.C.

Announcement

On July 8, 1980, the Board of Directors of the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation voted to purchase the assets and to assume the liabilities of Harper's Magazine from the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company. Joining the MacArthur Foundation in providing funds to support the operation of Harper's is the Atlantic Richfield Foundation.

The purpose of this acquisition is simple and straightforward—we believe that a magazine with the history and of the quality of Harper's should not be permitted to disappear from the current scene. The Mac-Arthur Foundation includes among its programs a program to

promote literary excellence, especially excellence in essays relating to public policy questions, to the humanities, and to the arts, in the belief such excellence is for the benefit of the peoples of this and other countries.

It is on behalf of this program that the decision was made to assist Harper's.

The MacArthur Foundation is committed to the continuation of Harper's as a strong, independent voice of opinion; as a journal for public policy statements by informed essayists in important areas of concern; and as a literary medium. We believe that the use of some of our resources on behalf of the continuation of an independent and respected journal, such as Harper's, is clearly within our mission and is an example of the way in which private philanthropy can contribute to the quality of thought in the United States.

John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation

John E. Corbally
President

We need you. In more concrete ms, what would you have to charge a subscription, assuming 1) an reased rate would cut the number subscribers in half; 2) there exists large number of loyal subscribers would be willing to pay a greatly reased rate-\$50? \$100? I pay are than that weekly for my investent-service advisory, and I believe ur periodical is at least as valuable. I ask you to put the issue to your aders: lay out the facts for us (and figures), and ask us to mail you subscription check, which won't be shed unless enough of us respond in your next (penultimate?) issue. We must not give up, especially on American citizenry.

HENRY E. CHAPUT Cumberland High School Library Cumberland, R.I.

My condolences for *Harper's* deise and my thanks for its compannship.

Please enter my subscription for the w magazine that I hope you and

your associates will launch—on recycled grocery bags, if necessary.

EDITH BROWNE FOTOPOULOS
Paramus, N.J.

Harper's has been a part of my life for almost fifty years. It has been my teacher at times, and a constant friend. I have always read, but not necessarily agreed with, every article that has appeared in it, but reading only that material with which one agrees can be very limiting.

I am amused by comments that *Harper's* is a magazine for intellectuals. I just never considered myself an intellectual, and I certainly do not now. Greedy for good reading, yes.

Considering the possibility that I may live for another twenty years, what is going to take the place of *Harper's* in my life?

AILEEN H. BEERS Trumansburg, N.Y.

I implore you. Do not quit publishing *Harper's*. Double the subscription price if you must, but keep publishing. Otherwise I will lose a longtime friend and our society will lose perhaps the best monthly collection of thoughtful writing available today.

TIMOTHY E. LA TOUR London, Ontario

You and your associates have been skillful in recent years in pointing out the national decline in so many areas. But, sadly, nothing better confirms the accuracy of your judgment than the announcement that neither the general, readership nor the commercial community cares enough to keep Harper's magazine alive.

I wonder whether there are not enough concerned subscribers who would undertake both to assist in the raising of such funds and in convincing the present ownership in Minneapolis that they are presiding not just at the death of a magazine but at the disappearance of what small and undernourished literary tradition this benighted country still possesses.

Mr. & Mrs. John F. Beck Encino, Calif.



I "found" Harper's about six years ago and have been a subscriber eager-ly awaiting each new issue to be delivered. Since I travel a great deal (I am an airline pilot) more often than not I buy your magazine if it appears on the newsstands while I am on the road. The cost of the subscription is not a consideration and I would gladly pay a great deal more for the privilege of having your unique magazine continue to inspire and educate me. Harper's is for me not a luxury but a necessity.

I am convinced that you will receive many letters such as mine in the ensuing weeks. I hereby pledge my support to the limits of my ability. I do not support causes in general and I believe in abandoning sinking ships. In the case of Harper's that's not true. The loss would be irretrievable.

Don Avary Portola Valley, Calif.

I certainly hope some accommodation can be made, somewhere, somehow, so that the light that you and your colleagues shed upon this morass of a world shall not be dimmed forever. We have needed you, though we hardly let you know we did. The loss is irreparable.

Had the readership been apprised of the financial difficulties, certainly, as with the Public Broadcasting System, some support from your audience would have been forthcoming. One can envision such measures as a change in format, increased subscription rates, or even foundation support as possible measures to sustain the magazine.

Harper's may be dead. But those thousands of your loyal followers who have been so harshly abandoned are still out there. There is deep grief in the hearts of so many of us. Forget us not.

B. L. BRAUNSTEIN Massapequa Park, N.Y.

It is with no little distress that my wife and I have read recent reports of Harper's demise. Having been subscribers for about six years, we have come to appreciate the critical forum your magazine provides. You treat the language with dignity and your readers with respect.

Losing Harper's is like losing an old and valued friend, an event I can-

not bear in silence or resigned inaction. If there is anything we, as committed readers, could do to help, I wish you would let us know. We would be happy, for instance, to purchase shares in the magazine, if such a thing is possible. Finances are tight for us, too, but we would gladly do what we could.

But please know how much this means to us. It would be a privilege to do something more than bemoan the decline of the literary life.

ROBERT K. KAYNOR Dorchester, Mass.

Harper's has survived for 130 years because of its excellence. The demise of Harper's is not because it is no longer an excellent, well-written, thought-engendering magazine. Each edition I've received for the past five years has given me a new suit of mental armor that has helped ward off the marauding illiteracy that is pervading our indolent society.

Gus Sermos Beaumont, Tex.

IS IT TOO LATE TO TRY TO SAVE HARPER'S? PLEASE DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE THE CONSEQUENCES THE DEMISE OF YOUR MAGAZINE WILL HAVE ON OUR INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL SELF-ESTEEM AND INTELLECTUAL ENVIRONMENTS.

SUGGEST YOU TRY TO SPIN OFF HARPER'S TO A CROSS SECTION OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS OR TO A NEW INDEPEN-DENT NONPROFIT CORPORATION, PLEASE AVOID IRREPARABLE STEPS.

FRED L VAN AALST OAKLAND PARK FL



LOSING YOU AND LAPHAM IN THE SM
WEEK WAS LIKE TWO DEATHS IN B
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ALL

BILL MCWHIRTER TIME JOHAN BURG

I've subscribed to Harper's more years than I can remember has been my intellectual home. It been my source of enlightenment self-confidence. I feel deprived those benefits now. I feel like a rwithout a home. It is a sad day me and a sad day for America ti allowed one of its century-old stitutions to die from neglect.

RAPHAEL CONFOR Los Ange

Welcome ba

Well done, Skipper. Affix a broot to the radio mast upon surfacing return to base. Declare liberty for hands.

Or as Kermit the Frog puts YEAAA.

GEORGE V. HIGGI Bost

Congratulations on your resurretion! It is one thing to be "bo again" these days, but to rise from the dead remains the special accorplishment it has always been. What more, you should be doubly pleas by this miracle, come as it has aft a period of honest mourning at much public lament. You may now entering upon life eternal. I am su you will make the best of it.

C. O. Fisch New York C.

It disturbs me that in a nation 250,000,000 citizens, Harper's htrouble attracting 350,000 faithful stroibers. If that's not sufficient cauto look at this country from a negtive standpoint and to reflect on tecline and fall of America, then don't know what is. But then my fai is restored, at least partly, when learn that there are still people arour like those at the MacArthur Found tion, who refuse to allow one of the dwindling lights of reason to be extended.

guished. Maybe there is still hope.

Bob M. Hash
Amarillo, Tex.

Good show! You, the MacArthur undation, the Atlantic Richfield undation, and everyone else assoted with the rescue of Harper's ve done a great service to the readpublic. That I had renewed my bscription for three years just bee the announcement that the magine was folding is the least of my asons for offering these humble conatulations. I live and work overseas d find Harper's indispensable for ening up with Madhouse America. I ok forward to each issue of Harper's e way some expatriates wait for eir CARE packages of peanut butr. Furthermore, it would have been shame to see one of the country's dest literary institutions vanish from e scene.

MICHAEL W. ALBIN Springfield, Va.

I know that you and the Harper's aff possess many fine qualities but I as unaware that precognition was nong them. I picked up my mailed ppy of Harper's today thinking that was to be the last issue of one of merica's literary journalistic classics. ut when I looked at the cover, I saw

the good news: "Praise God! Praise God! Thank you, Jesus!" Immediately I knew the magazine was saved. And mirabile dictu, the evening newspaper confirmed my joy.

In any event, I'd rather be a continuing subscriber than a holder of the last issue of your fine fare. So, accept my own praise and thank-you and best wishes for a long and prosperous existence.

D. THOMAS KING West St. Paul, Minn.

You have to admit that with all its faults this is a marvelous country. A steady dose of the news every morning is enough for any citizen to come to the conclusion that the United States has had it—we are coming apart at the seams morally, financially, and intellectually. Not a shred of decency or moral fiber left. Then, something beautiful happens to restore your faith in humanity and the country, and it is again America the Beautiful.

You cannot imagine my distress upon hearing that Härper's would no longer be published. Especially so because (I'm ashamed to admit) I only discovered this absolutely terrific magazine about two years ago. After reading each issue from cover to cover, I felt that my past reading of magazines had been a barren wasteland;

particularly since I had reached the hoary old age of fifty-five before my discovery. It is the only magazine I have not been able to get myself to dispose of—they pile up and I lend them to friends. My mother, eighty years old God bless her, also reads it from cover to cover. My husband, too, when it is his turn. I have taken to stashing it in my tote bag to take on the bus to work, before those vultures grab it.

I am delighted that the powers that be would not let this superior vehicle of the written word die. There are people in this country who recognize excellence and class and will not let it be trampled no matter what the cost. Congratulations!

JANE O'KEEFE Brooklyn

I have enjoyed *Harper's*. It has made me think and laugh, and it has made me upset. I hope that you and it will make me do these things for many more years.

MICHAEL S. ROBERTS
Downers Grove, Ill.

All's well, to coin a phrase, that ends well; and I certainly hope this proves to be the case for both you and Harper's. It would have been a real tragedy-literally, not just metaphorically-had the cavalry not arrived in the nick of time (as the last rounds were being expended, flinteved Philistines were pouring over breached walls with "no quarter" drums beating, and the flag about to be struck). For reasons you have expressed better than anyone else could. Harper's disappearance from American life and letters would have diminished both-and us all.

George A. Carver, Jr. Washington, D.C.

Bless you, my dears. I've been in a deep depression since I first heard the bad news. We need Harper's now more than ever before. I mean the good guys have to win some rounds. At any rate, cheers to you all and very best wishes for your future. One of my dearest friends has not deserted me.

Whew! That was a close one.

MRS, LEWIS R. DAN

Miami HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1980



INTIMATIONS OF MORTALITY

Notes on the restoration of Harper's magazine

by Lewis H. Lapha

ETWEEN THE PUBLICATION of its August and September issues. Harper's magazine temporarily ceased to exist. For a period of three weeks the magazine vanished into the well of oblivion, and on the editorial pages of many of the country's newspapers the obituary was accompanied by elegies on the decay of American civilization. Although the magazine's demise was widely reported in the press, its restoration didn't attract as much notice. and so I expect that more than a few of the magazine's subscribers remain in some doubt as to its existential as well as its financial condition.

Much to the astonishment of all concerned, Harper's returned from its brief interment not only with an assured line of credit but also with the boon of knowing why its readers mourned its loss. The shock of the magazine's collapse evoked a far more anguished outcry than anyone had anticipated. Given the hundreds of letters from readers who wrote to express their feelings of indignation and sorrow, the magazine clearly addressed a constituency that had not vet abandoned the idealism implicit in the democratic hope of freedom. The question thus becomes one of affirming and clarifying the magazine's relation to its audience. If this can be done, I see no reason why Harper's should not continue for another 130 vears.

Before going on to publish what amounts to a manifesto. I feel obliged to say a few words about the recent sequence of events, which at least one reader (a self-professed cynic) interpreted as an adroit but dangerous play for big-time publicity. This was not the case.

The Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, which had owned Harper's magazine since 1965, decided in August of last year that it would no longer bear the costs of what it had always construed as a charitable enterprise. By the spring of 1978 the magazine's annual deficit exceeded \$1 million, and the owners confronted the prospect of comparable losses in 1980 and 1981.

For eleven months the company tried to sell the magazine, entering into preliminary conversations with as many as sixty or seventy prospective buyers, among them CBS, the Washington Post Company, the Libertarian party, and the Worldwide Church of God. Although most of these conversations inspired at least two or three people in the room to make grandiose and despairing remarks about the decline of literacy in the United States, none of them resulted in an agreement, and on June 17, at 3:00 P.M. (EDT), in a brief statement issued to the press in Minneapolis, Harper's magazine was pronounced defunct.

The next day's newspaper accounts prompted inquiries from a number of other people who said they wanted to buy the magazine, and for the next three weeks the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company continued to discuss the possibility of a sale. In the meantime, the staff disbanded, television cameras came and went, authors asked for the reassignment of copyrights.

Only a few days before it would have been necessary to disperse the subscription list, the magazine was acquired by the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, and on July 9, in a second brief statement to the press, this time released in Chicago, Harper's magazine was pronounced

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

HE FOUNDATION'S DECISION'S buy the magazine gave for and substance to the inchosentiment of the readers w had objected to the magazine's lo They didn't want to believe that t United States no longer could affor to sustain the kind of public co versation through which a free pe ple seeks to define and know itself. N having been party to the foundation discussions in Chicago, I have no wa of knowing how it came to perfor so sudden a miracle. Certainly tl decision must have required courage and eloquence on the part of at lea several, maybe all, of the trustees.

When Harper's collapsed, the lette. arrived from everywhere in the cour try, some of them nothing more tha a few distressed lines, others running to several pages. Do anything the is necessary, the readers said, but d not let the magazine depart. A numbe of correspondents patiently explaine their schemes for establishing the may azine as a philanthropic foundation of as a joint-stock company in which th subscribers could buy shares. M Charles E. MacArthur of Dover-For croft. Maine (no relation to the famil with the foundation in Chicago), o fered, at no cost, "11,000 square fe of heated, lighted, unoccupied space in my mill here in Maine." He ha never seen a single issue of the mag zine, he said, but on hearing of i extinction he "felt suddenly deprived Mr. Reed Zars of Sheridan, Wyomin had drawn up a petition asking pe ple to subscribe to Harper's. Havir carried the paper around Sheridan, I already had collected ten signature and he figured that if the same a proach was introduced in larger town "I'm sure you could top 500,00 without trying very hard."

A good many readers were angi-

whoever had decided to suspend ication had done so without their ce and consent. Such high-handed wior didn't seem to them to beto the democratic order of things. hadn't somebody told them about t was going on in New York? If had been informed of the difficulthey said, they gladly would have as much as \$30 a year for the azine. They understood that the rnment postal monopoly placed savy tax on what was coming to erceived as the luxury of thought.

HE POIGNANCY with which so many people expressed their feelings of loss suggested that they were troubled about ething more difficult to see or debe than the failure of a magazine. passing of Harper's somehow repnted the passing of what was left the American dream, and its deture was understood as a poetic aphor. So many other things have e out of the national life, so many ent hopes and aspirations, so many the old virtues, so much of what ple had expected of themselves and their children. The world is full of ds for which they have not asked for which they have little use; things for which they ask they not have, even at the prices that always higher than they were a nth ago. They want to think well the country, but this becomes inasingly hard to do. Fools and demgues harangue them through a haze klieg lights: taxes increase at least ce a year; educational standards line, and so does the value of the rency. What is the future for which w work, and who can expect to ieve tomorrow what he believed sterday?

Apparently they don't get much help m the newspapers or the television tworks, which have neither the time, ace, nor inclination to make judgents about what anything means. st year's savior of the republic turns t to be this year's enemy of the peo, and no one, not even the reporters to wrote both editions of the story, n remember why it happened that ay. What is missing from so much the debate is a sense of perspective de coherence, of what Henry Fairlie toe called "the capacity to see things

whole." If I read their letters correctly, it is this capacity that its readers expect of *Harper's* magazine.

VER THE PAST twenty years of what has become known as the "communications revolution," the immense increase of available information has had the paradoxical effect of reducing the norm of literacy. Instead of bringing people together, the sophistication of the technology forces them further apart, and they lose the capacity to speak a common language. To the extent that the society as a whole expands and complicates its acquisition of knowledge, so also the individual members of the society find less and less to say to one another on any level of subtlety beyond the reach of a newspaper gossip column.

As recently as 1960 it could have been said that there was such a thing in the United States as a fairly unified constituency of informed opinion. More or less the same people read more or less the same books, the same newspapers and magazines, the same periodicals. They made up an educated audience that was still small enough to talk to itself and that could agree, at least in rough outline, as to the country's history, its character, and its hope of the future.

True, this constituency wasn't much better informed than the well-behaved graduate of Harvard or Yale, but it was an audience that had the time to read and to take seriously the works of the literary and the political imagination, and it was composed of people who thought they knew the difference between what was worth talking about and what was nonsense.

After 1965 this single audience dispersed into a thousand audiences, each of them preoccupied with its own concerns, each of them speaking the jargon of its own hobby or profession. The diaspora followed in part from the rise in the population after the second world war and the subsequent multiplication of graduates from the nation's colleges and universities during the decade of the 1960s; in part it reflected the wealth of a society that could afford to finance so many lines of random inquiry.

Twenty years ago an issue of Harper's might have contained articles or essays on topics as miscellaneous as marine biology, toy railroads, the failures of American foreign policy, the ecology of Yellowstone National Park, and the unhappiness of women. Each of these topics now commands a magazine of its own, and the inveterate reader of periodicals can make his own catalogue of interests (in effect becoming his own editor) by subscribing to Polo, the Washington Review, Car and Driver, Orbis, Architectural Digest, the Texas Monthly, the Wilson Quarterly, and the American Beagle.

Although it is impossible to quarrel with the benefits that such magazines confer on their readers, I cannot help thinking that the subsequent division of audiences has an inhibiting effect on the public expression of diverse opinions. Various critics have remarked on the self-centeredness characteristic of American writing over the past twenty years, and they usually go on to bemoan the author's preoccupation with self and the turning inward toward spiritual revelation. Many of the same criticisms can be applied to American politics, which has fallen into the hands of seers and prophets who promise the miracle of redemption. I think it fair to say that both results follow not so much from a lack of literary genius or a lowering of the public intelligence as from the loss of a national theater of ideas in which writers, as well as politicians, can perform the acts of the civic imagination. It is this theater of ideas that Harper's attempts to provide.

Together with the Atlantic Richfield Foundation of Los Angeles, the Mac-Arthur Foundation intends to place the magazine on safer financial ground, reconstituting it as a nonprofit institution. The two foundations propose to sustain the magazine's independence of mind as well as its practice of inviting argument from all quarters of opinion. The magazine's reincarnation in the form of a public trust aligns it with one of the noblest ideas implicit in the American tradition, with an inquiring but tolerant habit of mind, and with the belief that the democratic mode of government encourages the individual to develop his capacities-moral, intellectual, sexual, financial-along the line of his talent, his aspiration, or his luck.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1980

E.R.A.-R.I.P.

Women, not men, defeated the amendment for equal rights

by Andrew Hack

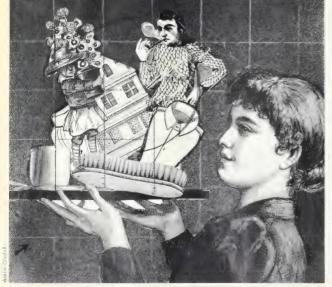
HE EQUAL RIGHTS Amendment expired in the final stretch, three states short of the finish line. And before the postmortems begin, it would be well to scotch one myth. The Equal Rights Amendment was never a battle between the sexes, with men having the final say. Ronald Reagan notwithstanding, few men cared much either way. On the contrary, a crucial reason for the ERA's defeat was opposition from women.

Legislators who voted against it could point to their negative mail, which came mainly from women. For them that was excuse enough. Even the polls were deceptive, for they failed to show the depth of feeling on the against side. It would be well to understand why so many women ended up opposing a measure intended for their benefit.

As originally proposed, the Equal Rights Amendment seemed altogether innocuous. Its two dozen words ("Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex") simply summarized a principle accepted by the courts and embodied in legislation. The amend-Andrew Hacker teaches political science at Queens College in New York City.

ment cleared Congress in March 1972, with only eight dissents in Senate and twenty-four in the Hou Before the year was over, no few than twenty-two state legislatures hartified the ERA. The sixteen other needed for its adoption were expect to follow suit in 1973.

As everyone now knows, however it did not turn out that way. Over t ensuing five years, only thirteen mo states added their approval, with 1 diana the last, in 1977. Not only the five of the ratifying states moved rescind their passage-an unusual ste now facing legal challenge. And only five went on record as changing their minds, soundings show that least as many more would not repe their ratifications were they to vo today. In 1978 an embarrassed Co gress-this time with 225 dissentir votes-gave the amendment thirty-nir more months to muster three more states. But when, this June, Illinois moderately liberal legislature failed act favorably, it became clear that the amendment had reached the end of i road.* Principle apart, the Republ cans' repudiation of the ERA can I seen as a refusal to align with a lo cause.



HAT HAPPENED is the early in its course, the ERA lost its innocestatus. In fact, the change occurred during the nimonths after the amendment had let

^{*} Anyone inclined to believe that rat fication is still possible is invited i identify three candidates for conversio among the fifteen holdouts: Alabam Arkansas, Arizona, Florida, Georgia, I linois, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missour Nevada, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Sout Carolina, Utah, and Virginia.

gress and while it was winning k approval from half the necessates. Stirred by this success, sen who had worked for the ERA in to talk as if, quite literally, it aled a new era. What began as a sest for equal rights merged into more militant cause of women's ration. Guarantees purposely left in the wording of the amendativer now being discussed in consterns.

ne such guarantee was that womno less than men, should be free choose what to do with whatever ht happen to grow within the cons of their bodies. Needless to say, an interpretation had serious imations. It was not as if women were anding the right to decide about ing their adenoids removed. In adon, much began to be said about it property rights women should able to claim, either at the breakof a marriage or even prior to the lding. Here the hidden message ned to be that divorce was an ntuality every woman could ext. There was also the whole "Ms." nomenon-the magazine bearing t name started at just that timeich was part of a more generalized ick on all the disabilities inhering the double standard. (And at the ae time it was easy to imply that title "Mrs." showed passive acescence to a subordinate condin.) Thus the passage of the ERA uld be a sign that women were ning not only legal rights but the wer and the sanction to lead lives their own choosing. Nor could its porters imagine how any rational

man could object to these goals, Still, the main impetus for the endment arose from inequities in area of employment-in particu-, the obstacles women encountered entering certain fields, obtaining ual pay, and getting merited promons. At its simplest, equal rights ould mean that fire departments uld not refuse to consider a certain plication because of the candidate's s. But those in the vanguard of the A appeared also to be saying that r real emancipation to come about, omen must begin filling the positions therto held by men. While there were lite murmurings about how other enues were acceptable, the word was at you had better get out of the house and into something serious. Nor was it legitimate to settle for being a secretary or stewardess; little girls were reprimanded for playing at being nurses. Given this expanded outlook, the last letter in the ERA came to stand for more than the amendment. It signified an atmosphere and an attitude that could cut across class lines. Women could be miners or state troopers as well as executives or attorneys. To the aim of equality was joined the spirit of independence.

It was at this point that Phyllis Schlafly gave form to a following that in fact was waiting for her. It is too easy to say that those for whom she spoke misunderstood the amendment. Allusions to unisex toilets and frontline combat duty were good for getting attention, but they weren't the central concern. The women who responded to Mrs. Schlafly were under no illusions about the impetus for the ERA. More than that, they were aware of how they would be affected, and, at the same time, were hesitant to air their underlying anxieties, at least in a public forum. So instead they spoke as if their chief concern were to preserve the family. But in so doing they were talking about themselves. For the women who felt most threatened by the ERA were housewives-and their number should not be underestimated, even in 1980.

HERE HAS BEEN a great deal of talk about how housewives are a disappearing species. Betty Friedan, for example, likes to cite the statistic that among American households only 17 percent remain with a father as the wage earner, the mother a full-time homemaker, and one or more resident children. In fact, the figures tell a different story. But before examining them, it would be well to realize that this country still has many millions of women for whom caring for a home has been their lifetime calling. Moreover, most of them remember when the vocation of housewife was an honored estate. Some are old enough to recall when on radio or television a woman was asked her occupation, if she answered "housewife" the rafters rang with ap-

It does little good to tell these women that remaining at home is still a respectable option. They know the esteem is no longer there. Now, when asked what they do, they find themselves saying "just a housewife" in apologetic tones. And from this grows an edge of anger over being made to feel outmoded. Nor do they feel better after reading articles about women who are going back to school and starting over at forty. For better or for worse, not all women have a taste for the competition that such a course entails. Indeed, the ERA is quintessentially American in that what it offers women is the legal right to vie with men for professions and promotions. Quite clearly, there are many women who feel that with a fair chance they will end up among the winners. Other women, however, would rather not be tested. But the issue is not whether they are afraid of competing with men alone, as the working world already contains many ambitious women.

Nor for that matter should it be assumed that all younger women are committed to careers. Students at my college tell me that many women in high school set having a home and a husband as their overriding aim. Even today most marriages take place before the bride is twenty-two, and children are born soon thereafter. Younger women are liberated in many ways. and most ritually answer that they favor equal rights. But how far how many of them want to carve out identities of their own is more difficult to say. It may be replied that they need some consciousness-raising. If that is so, supporters of the ERA might do well to work on that before reviving the amendment.

What of reports that more married women are employed than ever before. and thus have a stake in a better deal at work? Here it would be well to see just what the figures say. To begin with, the Labor Department regards as having a job anyone who works ("for pay or profit") one hour or more during a given week. Under this generous interpretation, it is not surprising that so many women are classed as being in the labor force. The school crossing guard who goes on duty for ten hours a week gets the same statistical weight as an advertising executive who puts in a ten-hour

The Census Bureau also has tables showing that of all married women

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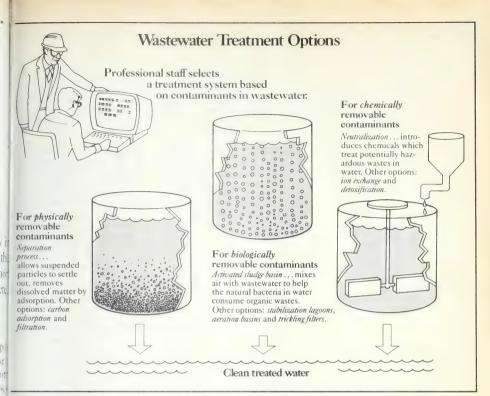
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currently living with their husbands, fewer than a third have full-time jobs. Among mothers with children under six, three-quarters do not work at all or take only part-time jobs. And with wives whose 'children are all over eighteen, two-thirds either have not chosen employment or have limited themselves to part-time work. In fact, the majority of married women choose not to go to work once their children have left home.

Thus, in the typical two-income marriage, the wife contributes less than 22 percent of the family's total earnings, a fraction owing less to discrimination than to her supplemental schedule. Even for those who can say that they are more than "just a housewife," their obligations at home still take priority. At every class level the full-time working wife remains relatively fare. Cases where one spouse is an urban planner and the other a financial analyst, with their two-yearold at a super day-care center, are not yet common enough to weight the statistical columns.

NE OF THE MORE compelling arguments for the ERA addressed itself to women who find they must support themselves because of divorce or desertion or early widowhood. When circumstances require women to make it on their own, they discover just how limited their rights and opportunities are. Even now no one is entirely sure what claims a wife can make after twenty years of marriage. While alimony is less and less granted to a spouse, it has yet to be settled whether a husband must pay the bills while his former wife tries to equip herself for a gainful occupation. As was indicated earlier, these are rights any number of women may someday wish to assert.

Yet therein lies the rub. It is not that women who have stayed at home see themselves as second-class creatures deserving a lesser set of rights. Rather they look on themselves as having entered into a complementary contract. In return for caring for a husband and raising their children, what the wife expects in return is love and companionship, of course, but also a status of some honor and a measure of protection. To put the matter even more bluntly, she does not want to

be divorced; nor does she even wish to contemplate how she would survive were that situation ever to come about. This may be a foolish attitude, but to label it as such is not the way to win converts to the ERA.

For the typical wife is shrewd enough to realize that the more women assert their rights, the more controls loosen over men. Until recently, men acquiesced to the moral and cultural pressures that kept marriages intact. Men may have stayed married out of duty; but at least they stayed. It is in this sense that the ERA atmosphere threatens family life. Moral obligations that once bound partners cannot be replaced by provisos and demands.

Germaine Greer once offered a twoword solution to a wife unhappy with her husband: "Leave him." Yet it would be well to acknowledge that as the middle years approach there are not that many marriages where the woman wants to pack her bags. Her situation may seem pathetic, especially if he wants out and she still wants to keep him. Or so it may appear to liberated women on whom years have yet to take a toll. At this point there is still one unfairness even the ERA will not remedy: In our society women depreciate faster than men. Divorce can spell opportunities for a husband. For a wife it often means the end of the road she chose.

At this point we come to a phase of the ERA no one really wants to discuss. The divorce rate is not only rising, but is now hitting marriages once believed immune. Increasingly husbands in their forties are deciding they want another time around and are seeking this rejuvenation with a younger second wife. Of course, this situation is not entirely new. In the past, however, the other woman tended to be a manicurist or a chorus girl, a plot line more for the movies than for actual life. But now husbands are increasingly apt to have as colleagues high-powered younger women who understand their professional problems in ways a wife never can. These affinities can emerge as easily in a patrol car as in planning a marketing campaign. Shared work, particularly under pressure, has aphrodisiac effects.

For wives who mainly stay at home, the ERA stands for new relationships at work that can lead to losing a husband. Even if the wife at home has never seen the statistics, she kruthat if she finds herself divorced at age of forty her own chances of reinriage are less than one in three. It realization is hardly one to align with women who seem ready to at their husbands a second stab at it. It is difficult to support an amendment of the seen of the

ITH PHYLLIS Schla

always in the limeli many people conclu that opposition to ERA was a one-woman operation. fact, the rank and file were alw there, but their support never to the form of a coherent moveme Women anxious about the ERA w not the sort to go on marches bare their souls in public. Yet countless informal ways they got the feelings across: in coffee hours, country clubs, even over dinner at hor This was especially apparent at Jul Republican convention, where close a quarter of the delegates were wom

When a party aspiring to the pre dency takes a stand against an amer ment thought to have strong support should not be dismissed as an impulsi act. It could just be that the Repul cans have been studying the politic statistics over the past few years. Th know that the people who count politics are those who actually go the polls. And as it turns out, amo married women close to two-thirds vo in most elections, whereas fewer th half of single women do. In addition the median age of the American ele torate is fast approaching fifty. Of pe sons between the ages of forty-five ar sixty-four about 60 percent usual vote, while for those from twenty-fi to thirty-four the figure is less that 40 percent. Ronald Reagan may ho to reap rewards by showing that I cares about citizens most likely to ca ballots.

The ERA was definitely a "woman issue," with women dominating bol sides of the struggle. If the amenment's supporters erred, it was in ignoing the sensibilities of women not avifor careers or for whom that optic appears to come too late. Women op posed the ERA because it jeopardize a way of life they had entered in goo faith. And their legislators listened.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 19

ONCE A MARINE

gging has replaced the rigors of boot camp

by Josiah Bunting

T WAS AN ARRESTING, farcical notion: if you tore a man's eyes out of his head in a manner that didn't -rip all the cords apart, you could lay eveballs on the ground, facing the ry devil (the noncommissioned ofer didn't say "bastard," because no swears in the line of duty at Par-Island anymore), and he could k at himself and see how silly he ked! If you tore the cords, you ald put salt on the eyeballs, and . The recruits, mostly from the Iron jangle of New York-Newark-Philaphia, roared and whooped and apuded. The comic inventiveness of marine NCO remains nonpareil. The marines have always been disguished from the other services in ambiguous way. On the one hand, ev seem the best disciplined, best illed, and most thoroughly trained, d generally the most fit. (At 185,200 ev are also, by far, the smallest of e armed forces.) On the other hand. e marines have long bred, delighted , and cherished all manner of idioncrasy, militaristic fetishism, and tois. They are generic and raffishly ecific-at once Roundheads and avaliers. Their uniforms, easily the st fitted of any of the services, are harp," correct as to prescribed color d the placement of insignia, but inningly tailored, and worn with a rtain glossy panache. The marines

have always looked good, limber, and spare, and studiously off-hand about their creases and gig-lines and shoes. Their advertising ("The few, the proud, the marines") is irresistibly alluring. Surely a graduation from Parris Island must be the highest attestation to fitness for the soldier's art.

So it would seem: but only, it appears, in the imagination of male Americans over thirty-five. This is no judgment on the corps' fitness to fight, but rather reflects younger men's present unsusceptibility to the time-honored blandishments of service in an elite army. The corps still attracts the few, but (even at a starting pay of \$448 a month and, often, guaranteed geographical assignments after boot camp) increasingly few, and with demographic data promising worse recruiting difficulties in the next few years, the Marine Corps has at last realized it is dealing in a seller's market. This, together with the fallout from a pair of ugly training incidents four years ago, has had profound effects on boot camp. What if you had a boot camp and nobody came?

HE MARINE RECRUIT DEPOT at Parris Island, South Carolina, is today a vast, efficient, somewhat bland military novitiate. It trains 25,000 recruits, 90 percent of them male, each year. Its drill instructors, or DIs, are as reliably interchangeable as members of an Indianapolis pit crew: its superiors a perfect cast of homines novi, unanimous in their abomination of the old ways of making a man-that is, a marineout of Junior. So complete has been the psychological transformation of boot camp that visitors are constantly reassured that the exercise does remain relentlessly tough; that "only the methods have changed, not the product": and that, besides, "society's sendin' us a different kind of kid from what it used to." That society continues to function chiefly as a source of marine recruits is part of the old DI arrogance vet intact.

The product still looks good, and, in many ways, still is good. He may have come from the Have It Your Way generation, but toward the end of training he has crossed a certain line. To watch a recruit platoon in its ninth or tenth week of training, marching in perfect cadence in the June heat out on the enormous black-topped "grinder," all the men in superb physical condition, all responding in easy precision to the hieratic glottal swank of the DI's commands—to watch this is, surely, to see the material of which excellent fighting infantry is made.

Josiah Bunting is president of Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia.



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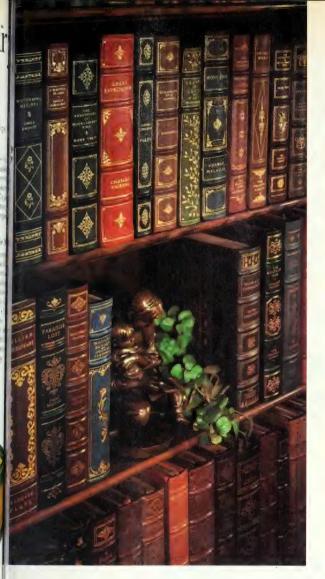
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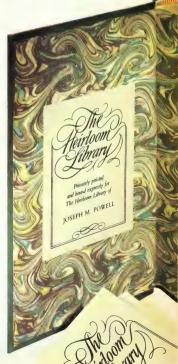
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Few Americans are stirred anymore by the sight of "excellent fighting infantry," but at Parris Island the iconography of marine tradition is tended and palpable. If the visitor to Fort Dix is reminded of Willie and Joe, of miserable Ivy Leaguers, bored, cynical, and drafted, the visitor to Parris Island notes that the ties between history and tradition, training and combat are firm and taut.

Parris Island is still evocative. The soil is sandy and thin, a pearly gray, and there are many palmettosthe South Pacific war was the marines' most famous, and best. One remembers Randolph Scott, Sergeant Stryker; Brian Donleavy and Wake Island; Colonel Dave Shoup on scorched, deadly Tarawa; Battle Cry, the Makin Raid. Pelileu: the flag-raising on Mt. Suribachi. Less well-commemorated are Vietnam and Korea, wars in which the may be amphibious mission was only rarely deployed. But statuary, museums, force-fed chunks of Marine Corps history, the beribboned tunics of the veteran marines all reinforce the message: The marines are an elite, invincible, "pure" soldiery, this country's last, and these things derive entirely from the traditional character of boot camp.

The character of boot camp at Parris Island (the marines first established their recruit depot here in 1911) for many years was dominated by NCOs assigned to train recruit platoons of sixty to eighty men: drill instructors. These marines-profane, mean, autonomous, wickedly competent-worked a string of 120-hour weeks, terrified and trained their "people," purveyed the most consistently original and fluent invective in any army, swilled cheap beer and smoked Camels all night, but appeared every morning at zero-four-three-zero in an immaculate sumptuary miracle of faded starched khaki. They woke up their men by running a Coke bottle around the inside of a garbage can, screamed at them, called them "maggot," "lady," and much worse; they ran their men around all day and often left them in the frontleaning rest position; and they beat them occasionally and humiliated them frequently. But those they trained successfully, those who graduated, wallowed in pride and in the conviction that they could do what armies are supposed to do in war: win. All this, in the phrase of a forgotten theologian: A vision to dizzy and appall.

ODAY THE DI is a finely tooled. somewhat oversupervised, thin young man. That he should be thin seems strange, because DIs, like umpires, used to be thick and heavy. But now they are thin, because long-distance running is the new physical religion of boot camp, and the DIs and company officers lead the runs -regular six-and-a-half-minute miles being clicked off, too, all the boots wearing a regulation kind of track suit. but displaying a colorful range of running shoes of their choice. Four- and five-mile runs at this pace are a part of the daily routine in the last three or four weeks of the ten-week training program. There are still obstacle courses, heavy doses of chin-ups and bent-knee sit-ups-even, during week seven, several hours of rappelling. But running is now at the core of "P.T.," and so the DIs are thinner, younger-athletic and gung-ho in a modern way,

Everywhere there are first lieutenants. In an ordinary recruit training company with eight platoons (grouped by fours into intermediate units called "series"), there are six officers, a captain, and five first lieutenants. They're there to keep a supervisory eye on the DIs, but they resemble, in their daily peregrinations, nothing so much as clones of Prince Philip, all walking with their hands behind their backs, staring, not often smiling, terse and grim, assuring that the kinds of incidents that necessitated their assignment to recruit training do not recur.

The authority of the DI used to be supreme. There may have been commissioned officers at Parris Island in the 1950s and '60s and down to 1976. but recruits rarely saw them. The DI did what he damn well pleased with the time that his men were not sitting in bleachers hearing lectures on interior guard, first aid, Marine Corps history, et cetera. There was a lot of that time. Now there is much less. The course then lasted thirteen weeks, after which the graduated platoons were bused to Camp Geiger, an austere section of Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, for four more weeks of infantry combat training. Now the program comprises sixty-three training days. After graduation (average dropout rate for males, 1979, 12 percent) the mariago on leave. Only infantry "grunts" on to advanced infantry training, for time not actually spent in training there is less of that, too—including hour-long period immediately before taps in which drill instructors are allowed to interrupt the recruits' leisu. There is an officer present in each bracks to assure that the restriction enforced. He remains until an horafter taps (21:05 hours).

There is an apothegm, attributed one of Queen Victoria's generals, the change should be accepted only who it can no longer be resisted. Chang in the organization and control of cruit training did not occur as a resi of Vietnam, but were prompted by to incidents in the winter of 1975-76, at were instituted to assure the preventiof such incidents in the future. In t first, a recruit at the San Diego Depo where all male enlistees from west the Mississippi drill, was savage mauled in a pugil stick exercise-ti pugil stick being a padded bayon surrogate. Three months later the be died. In January, 1976, a drill instru tor shot a Parris Island recruit in tl hand. During this period some 150 approximately 600 drill instructors both depots were accused of abusir their charges; 118 were temporari relieved from duty, 38 permanentl The publicity, from the marines' poil of view, was withering, because bot episodes stirred memories of the n torious Ribbon Creek forced march Parris Island in 1956, during which six young marines were drowned in tidal swamp on a night punishmer hike. The Marine Corps stood implicit accused of being unable to discipling and control its own drill sergeants.

EFORM HAS COME with a verigeance, the most prominer effect being a reduction of the authority and autonomy of the DIs—through efforts to change the attitudes and qualifications for the join and by restrictions on certain traditional forms of physical training an other punishment. No longer do recruit duck-walk in unending circles, foo lockers on their shoulders; no longer do DIs take a thick pinch of abdoming flesh between their fingers and squeez while bracing their Smokey the Beahatbrims against the bridge of the

nee's nose; no longer do recruits to locate firing pins, buried in the l, with their noses, or dry-shave er buckets.

n fact [according to Standard Oping Procedure for Male Recruit ning, Parris Island, 1977], the renship between the drill instructor his recruits should partake of the re of the relationship between fathed son... The offenses which are t likely to impair accomplishment he mission are those of maltreatt, assault upon and oppression of cruelty toward recruits, and abuvile, or degrading language."

ach recruit is ordered, the day he ns "forming," i.e., when he joins the r eighty members of his platoon. eport breaches of discipline to one ne series officers. For his part, each er is required to interview each uit, privately, sometime during the month of training. (Any recruit egator" can cause a reportedly ofling drill instructor to be tempoly suspended from training duties on grounds of reasonable cause.) if this were not enough, four senior Ds, all former drill instructors, pathe three recruit-training battalion is, watching the DIs with their men. y are required to make spot corions and to report all offenses inst regulations to headquarters. DIs call them "depot spies."

erhaps none of these reforms bears etly on how well the young marines n the technical and tactical rudiits of their profession. Indeed it is sible the recruits are learning more, learning it better-learning the traonal staples of their work (such igs as interior guard, military hyne, first aid, hand-to-hand combat, v to fire the .45, throw a grenade, se a bivouac, et cetera). Marine ning gets the recruits into better pe now, by far, than it used to. But long-distance runner loses his vauntaerobic fitness about as fast as a cert pianist loses the fluent dexty that helps make a performance riumph: in a week.

Qualification with the M-16 rifle, at end of the fifth week of training, axins sacramental, and preparation this test remains painstaking and ious. Indeed this weapon is anthronorphized, as its heftier predecess were, in "My Rifle, the Creed of Inited States Marine".

My rifle is human, even as I, because it is my life. Thus I will learn it as a brother... I will keep my rifle clean and ready even as I am clean and ready. Before God I swear this creed.

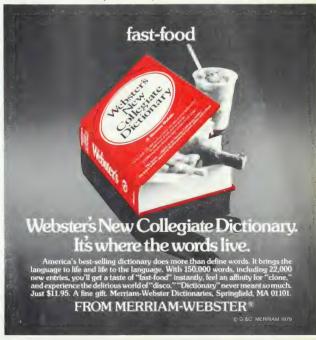
The daily training routine is long, demanding, hectic, and tiring; no longer is it also stressful and frightening and exhausting. The course concludes with a graduation parade before a colonel, and it is logical to assume that the strains of John Philip Sousa's "Semper Fidelis" induce the same fiery pride in the new marines as they did in 1942. ("When you do an 'eyes left,' lemme hear them eyeballs click.")

reached. The generals and colonels at Parris Island are exuberantly confident about their program. They stress its tougher physical requirements, its rationality, its concerted effort to induce discipline as a "way of life"—something, almost, of an Eastern philosophical replacement for the terrified or surly compliance with orders that once, they seem to admit, characterized the private's way

of rendering his service to the military. No longer does the willful or malicious caprice of an angry DI determine what a recruit, or a platoon of recruits, will do for punishment. The senior DI now takes an oath. on meeting his new recruits for the first time, before them and his officers: "I will treat you just as I do my fellow marrines, with firmness, fairness, dignity, and compassion." Former marines will probably be appalled; the good DIs always behaved with such qualities anyway and scarcely needed to make public avowals of their intentions.

Only in combat can the efficacy of a military training program possibly be proved, but even then the connection between recruit training and disciplined enterprise can be inferred only tenuously. Boot camp cannot instill valor. It can at best habituate a young Marine to a certain kind of stress (that which approximates the erratic, capricious, wildly oscillating stresses of combat); but it is just this kind of stress that, paradoxically, the dogged rationalization of all aspects of boot camp at Parris Island, imposed by the reforms, has removed from training.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1980







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THE TROUBLE WITH SLOGANS

Myths of the Middle East

by Theodore C. Sorens

HE WORLD OF political platforms and presidential campaign speeches has always
been a world, regardless of
party or candidate, characterized largely by hedged evasions, overblown
boasts, and meaningless promises. This
is particularly true with respect to
foreign policy; and certainly discussions of the Middle East are no exception.

The 1980 Democratic party platform's section on international affairs states near the outset that "foreign policy . . . does not easily reduce itself to simple statements." It then proceeds for dozens of pages to confirm that observation. Like any political discussion of a sensitive subject such as the Middle East, it is full of inconsistencies, equivocations, and word games: arbitrarily defining which country is a "democracy" or a "force for stability" and which is not; declaring who is "moderate" rather than "radical"; talking about "full autonomy" but never "self-determination"; deploring some acts of violence but not others; warning against strategic-weapons shipments to some Arab states but not to others; saluting bilateral assistance as a national-security essential on one page but forswearing its use as a bargaining tool on another.

The debates of the National Democratic Platform Committee (of which I was a member) over this largely meaningless document were even more astounding. Can it possibly be, with the entire Middle East now presenting a complex host of military, economic,

and political dangers for this year and this decade, that the principal subject of debate on the area is where the U.S. embassy in Israel should be located? Can it be, as political and economic deterioration drives Iran closer to a civil war that could engulf or tempt its Arab or Soviet neighbors, that the sole American concern in that country is the timing of the return of the hostages, as highly as we value their freedom? Could it conceivably have served any interest other than domestic politics to reopen the possibility of cutting off U.S. military cooperation with Turkey?

Many politicians scoff at academic theorists who have never carried a precinct; and it is true that the conduct of government in a democracy should not be turned over solely to the experts. But with the United States vulnerable as never before to adverse shifts of fortune in the Middle East, developments that could threaten peace and world economic stability, it



is urgent that the nation's politileaders, with more help from schol and specialists, close the enormous g in that part of the globe between Amican foreign policy and reality.

Not this year, the world is told: difficult decisions on the Middle E can be expected during an America presidential campaign. But the ca paigns are becoming longer and los er, now lasting well over a year. Evel in the Middle East meanwhile do 1 stand still, much less fit into for year cycles. Presidential campaig moreover, are becoming more super cial, more demagogic, and more d pendent on the financial contribution and voting power of special interes all as a result of the emphasis on e pensive media campaigns in thir seven different state primaries.

How much of this can the rest of t world be expected to tolerate? Ame ican diplomatists ask them to excu the rigid and overblown statements the major presidential candidates matters of political necessity. But lea ers in other lands (not only those wi upcoming elections, and not only tho we call democracies) have their ov political considerations. They ha constituent pressures. They, too, mu accommodate political factions-Iran, Israel, OPEC, Turkey, the PL and elsewhere-but what we excuse our own system as politics we often condemn in others as intransigence fanaticism, or anti-Americanism.

Theodore C. Sorensen, former special cou sel to President John F. Kennedy, is international lawyer in New York City.

RESIDENTIAL ELECTION years are almost always bad years for the conduct of American foreign policy, and perhaps rest of the world has become actomed to it-to the ethnic appeals, trips abroad, the tough talk, and campaign contributor turned amsador. Secretary of State Robert 1sing in 1916 could privately ase the British that Woodrow Wil-'s promises to Irish- and Germanericans represented nothing more n a campaign gambit. British Chanor of the Exchequer Winston Chur-Il in 1928 could advise his colrues to ignore Calvin Coolidge on unds that he had the "mind of a kwoodsman" and would "soon sink k into the obscurity from which v accident extracted him." Soviet lers undoubtedly gave no more seas attention to candidate Eisenhowin 1952 when he promised Polishme ericans that he would "roll back Iron Curtain" than they gave to didate Goldwater in 1964 when he ke of "lobbing an A-bomb into the rican's locker room at the Kremlin." or But this is 1980, and political staon ty is steadily eroding in an area not y far more explosive than the Balis in 1914, but also far more imfour tant to the rest of the world. The ign idle East today is a volatile, tenart 1-ridden. little-understood in all the ingredients necessary for ion major war: an area where two wily armed but precariously led e erpowers are contending for influinty e and for access to oil; where any of a dozen national, religious, titical, and personal enmities could ke the first spark that would ignite region; where any one of a dozen dolutionary or liberation movements governments could invite or be in-

t is thus especially important at time that the American governnt, press, and public not be further aded by emotions, stereotypes, and

ed to invite Soviet forces or their

xies to assist them in battling some

my, internal or external, real or

igined; where any one of a dozen

sons, including the defense of an

or the rescue of diplomats or the

servation of the U.S. energy lifeline

the need to maintain credibility

so known as "saving face"), could

k the United States into a vortex

of its own making.

misconceptions; by the preconceived notions that cause us to see the ex-shah or Sadat or the Saudi royal family or their local opponents and critics not as they really are but as we wish they were in order to accommodate our political biases or business interests; by the tyranny of labels that causes us to assume, wrongly, that every Middle East leftist is pro-Soviet and every Middle East radical is anti-American: by the cultural smugness that causes us to assume, wrongly, that any Islamic revolt against Westernization is a Luddite protest against progress; and by the superficiality of the ninety-second televised news story that causes us to assume, wrongly, that all citizens of a country both resemble and respect those few among them who are sufficiently powerful or controversial to be taped by the tastemakers of American television.

(It is that kind of unfortunate generalization, incidentally, that led to the meat-axe immigration regulations that treat virtually all Iranian students and visitors alike, totally ignoring the injustice done to those who genuinely respect the United States and might someday be needed as a bridge of better understanding between the two countries.)

OUR PARTICULARLY insidious myths continually creep into current U.S. political discussions of our policy toward the Arab world: the myth of the simple diplomatic solution, the myth of the quick military solution, and the myth of the fawning friend.

First is the myth of the single scape-goat. The origins and causes of each of the many dangers now confronting the United States in the Arab world are as diverse and entangled as those dangers themselves. Yet many political speakers prefer to focus all blame on a single offender: on the U.S. government or the Russians or OPEC or the oil companies, the media, the environmentalists, the gas-guzzling public. All of these and others in fact do deserve some blame, but singling out one merely blocks recognition of what must be done.

The United States, for example, is clearly not the sole cause of and clearly cannot provide the only solution to the turmoil in the Middle East. Yet Americans as well as Middle Easterners frequently see no other culprit. Many American liberals, with an exaggerated national guilt complex, trace all troubles in Iran, if not the entire area, to CIA support for the shah, Pentagon shipments of arms, and the admission of the deposed shah to New York Hospital. At the same time many American conservatives, with an equally exaggerated national inferiority complex, blame the present fix on U.S. military weakness, U.S. promotion of human rights, and U.S. failure to keep the shah on his throne. This kind of inaccurate assessment, overlooking the notable contributions to the Iranian tragedy made by both the shah and his successors, can only move the United States into still greater errors of judgment.

It is equally easy to assert, as Ronald Reagan has, that the Soviet Union is the sole source of all our troubles in the Middle East, and that that area should be viewed essentially as nothing more than another part of the strategic U.S.-U.S.S.R. confrontation. Clearly that is a false premise. To be sure, there is no denying the threatening influence on the region of the Afghanistan invasion, the presence of Cuban and East German proxy forces in Ethiopia and South Yemen, arms shipments and broadcasts and trade missions to the region from Moscow, and, most of all, the geographic proximity of a superpower always eager to respond to a real or arranged invitation from rebellious Kurds, Baluchis, or others. Nor is there any doubt that the Soviet Union-aware of the heavy economic and political cost it faces during this coming decade if it becomes a net energy importer instead of a net energy exporter—is keen to offer Iran trade, comfort, and arms in response to U.S. sanctions and threats, and to keep an acquisitive eye on other oil-producing countries.

But the Soviet Union has not proved to be an omniscient and omnipotent presence in the Middle East, and viewing that area simply as a theater of the cold war may only invite Soviet participation in the resolution or exacerbation of conflicts where their presence is not now necessary. Moscow may want to import oil and natural gas from Iran, but it cannot afford to import any revolutionary Islamic ferment into its own growing Muslim population. The Kremlin's failures to

T'S WORTH A \$60,000 MORTGAGE.



This house is located in a worn-down neighborhood in an American city. The neighborhood is not completely gone, but it's hurting.

Urban neighborhoods like this have the potential to recover—to become places where people would like to live. We'll stake money on it.

PEOPLE MAKE VALUE Many people feel they'd miss something by living in the suburbs. The city offers diversity, history, culture and convenience. Urban public transportation means freedom from the automobile. Many city houses have character and architectural interest. And since more people still choose the suburbs, housing in the city can be a good buy.

PEOPLE MAKE A MARKET

If people want housing in the city, there can be a housing market in the city. Lenders of mortgage money, recognizing this change, can see that this house is worth a lot to someone. When it is rehabilitated, it will be worth a \$60,000 mortgage. We can see it now.

We're Fannie Mae, the Federal National Mortgage Association. We are a shareholder-owned, profit-making corporation, with a specific purpose. Our job is to help meet people's housing finance needs. We don't make loans, but by buying mortgages from local lenders who do, we replenish the lenders' supply of funds so they can grant more mortgages.

In addition to our regular mortgage purchase activities, we have set up a series of special programs that use our position in the home finance

market to encourage more mortgage lending in urban areas.

NNIE MAE'S ABILITATION A PROGRAM

Under our rehabilitation loan program, a lender would be able to grant a \$60,000 mortgage on a house like this, even though in its present condition it may have a market value of only \$35,000. Its value, when rehabilitated according to approved, detailed plans, would be about \$63,200. A lender taking advantage of this program could grant a mortgage based on the completed value of the house, rather than on its present value. The buyer who is qualified for a 95%, 30-year conventional mortgage would be required to put 5% down and would receive \$60,000 as a mortgage loan -95% of the house's completed value. \$35,000 would go directly to the seller of the house, and the rest would be placed in an escrow account administered by the lender, to pay for the rehabilitation.

Home buyers used to have to go out and persuade someone to give them a construction loan for the rehab work, with separate transaction costs, a short-term payback and a higher interest rate. Now they don't have to.

GETTING : WORD OUT

If no one knows about our programs, they won't do much good. Fannie Mae people from each of our five regional offices go out into the cities and tell lenders what kinds of mortgages we will buy.

We also try to convince them of what we already know—that making urban loans is good business for us, for lenders and for the community. People want urban homes, and Fannie Mae believes that properly underwritten urban mortgages carry no more risk than those on suburban properties.

LOCAL

We work with community groups, local governments and local lenders to get neighborhoods turned around. It's already working in neighborhoods in such cities as Memphis, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Toledo, Seattle, and Dallas.

The city government has to be involved, because a neighborhood will not improve unless essential services are maintained or re-established. Building codes have to be applied sensitively to rehabilitated structures.

And there must be a lender committed to lending mortgage money. Community groups have often seen lenders as unapproachable. They're not. Fannie Mae is in a good position, with its ongoing relationship with many lenders, to bring them into the partnership.

But most important, people in the community must make a commit-

ment to preserving and improving their neighborhood.

People want to live in cities. That means there is economic life to be brought back into cities as well. It is people who make this house worth a \$60,000 mortgage. All our complicated real estate and financial transactions are, simply, a response to what people want.

WHAT IS FANNIE MAE?

Fannie Mae, the Federal National Mortgage Association, is a shareholder-owned corporation which helps meet people's housing needs by supplying money to the home mortgage industry. Since 1968, our investment in mortgages has financed housing for close to 3 million American families. Federal National Mortgage Association, 3900 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016.

FANNIE MAE America's Mortgage Resource

solidate its earlier footholds in wpt, Iraq, Somalia, Syria, and preanyasion Afghanistan indicate no great success in understanding the minds of Arabs and Muslims; and, although substantial geographic and political differences make doubtful the optimistic assertion that Afghanistan is proving to be "Mos ow's Vietnam," the stubborn defiance of Afghans fighting for both their independent way of life and their religion does appear to have been both misjudged and mishandled in Moscow. Islamic resistance to Kremlin rule, however, does not depend on patronizing U.S. references to "godless, atheistic Communism, . . . the only true enemy of Islam." The peoples and governments of the Middle East know that enemies of many kinds beset them from many sides, and they are unlikely to accept lectures on comparative moral or religious values from the primary exponent and exporter of a culture that presents its own kind of threat.

A final example of the single-scapegoat myth is OPEC-a favorite "heavy" in virtually every U.S. political script, as the 1980 Democratic platform illustrates. No one would mistake OPEC's steady escalation of crude-oil prices, altered without regard to legal contracts, as the acts of a benevolent fraternal organization; nor would any good antitrust lawyer conclude that only the competitive forces of supply and demand were at work. But those forces of supply and demand nevertheless do dictate the market constraints under which OPEC operates, for both socalled moderates and militants. U.S. politicians too quickly overlook that, while OPEC dominates the supply side, the United States dominates demand; that nearly seven years after the original OPEC embargo, despite these multiple price increases, worldwide demand continues to rise faster than supply and U.S. dependence on Persian Gulf oil is greater than ever; that OPEC prices are, in response, expected to more than double again in this decade, laying the groundwork for financial and economic disruptions throughout the world, disruptions that the current American recession, recvcling, and balance-of-payments support loans can at best merely conceal or postpone; and that no halt to this catastrophic trend is likely so long as

the United States, inhibited by lackluster leadership and a skeptical, selfindulgent public, refuses either to ration its gasoline or to tax it sufficiently at the pump to alter its wasteful transportation practices. In addition, residential, industrial, commercial, and architectural energy conservation and efficiency in this country are still more slogan than program; real progress on coal and nuclear energy remains stalled, perhaps indefinitely; and the serious development of synthetic, solar, and other alternative sources of fuel is still decades away.

Under these circumstances, it is hardly accurate to blame the American plight solely on OPEC or on an unreasonably greedy or viciously anti-American attitude among those producer countries. The disappearance of OPEC would not solve the U.S. energy crisis, nor would it eliminate our Middle East worries any more than would the disappearance of all Soviet influence in the area.

TURN, THEN, to the second major Middle East myth—the myth of the simple diplomatic solution. Arab friends of America and American friends of the Arab world have repeated it so often that they have come to believe it: if only the United States would conjure up a solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, this nation's problems with the Arab world would be solved.

If only it were so. It is true that a just and enduring solution, one that ended the violence on both sides with mutual recognition, concessions, and public guarantees more reliable than any the United Nations could provide. is needed for the good of all concerned. It is also true that the absence of such a solution makes impossible any prospect for overall peace and stability in the Middle East and severely restricts the ability of Arab and Muslim nations to work in confidence with the United States on other major problems in the area. And, true, such a solution will only emerge from a process in which the chosen representatives of the United States, as well as Israel, Palestine, and possibly others, participate.

But such a solution, which could bring its own set of tensions, would certainly not end others. Ending the

killing in the West Bank would b godsend, but it would not end killing in Turkey, Iran, Somalia, I anon, the western Sahara, Libya, ... elsewhere. Nor would it end the sions between Iran and Iraq, No. and South Yemen, Shiites and Suni-Coptics and Muslims, modernists fundamentalists, Left and Right, ri and poor. The Middle East is a dron of conflict, of governments fe ing their own citizens, neighbo tribes, military commanders, and tential successors, a morass of co tinuing feuds and factions within go ernment and even families, even with the PLO itself. Unfortunately the da gers in that area for the United Stat the antagonisms toward it, and t requests for arms will continue ev after-if and when-Israel is at pea with its neighbors.

HE THIRD MYTH is that of the quick military solution. Lea ers of both major U.S. p litical parties have emph sized the priority that should I given to a greater U.S. military pre ence in, and capability of quick reaching, the Persian Gulf area: ne military bases, carriers, rapid-deploment forces, even tactical nuclear wear ons. Certainly, for some governmen in the area, including those unwilling to have U.S. bases or forces on the own soil, a more powerful and proimate reminder of U.S. military ca pabilities is a necessary reassurance The option of a military response i any part of the world can never b wholly forsworn; and, contrary to th beliefs of many of the military's cr. tics, weakness in world affairs is no necessarily nonprovocative, and inac tion in the face of Soviet action is no necessarily the safest response.

But the practical advantages of using military might in meeting threat to U.S. security in the Middle East are extremely limited. Of what use is force where the Soviets take over by invitation, election, or stealth? How would the denial of the West's energy life line justify a military assault or oil field occupation certain to be met with the destruction by the local population and governments themselves—including our friends—of the wellheads tank farms, terminals, and pumping stations? How can military force de

those Iranian "students" whose jous beliefs in the conquest of evil the blessedness of martyrdom outh rational consideration of the s of success? If the conflict that upts the flow of Western oil is been Arabs, there is no effective role the American military.

he United States faces in the Mid-East what the International Instiof Strategic Studies has called nflicts...immune to military ve." It faces long-standing political economic frustrations that neither presence nor the use of force can rect. We must avoid what Cyrus uce, speaking at Harvard about the ed Iran rescue mission, called "the gerous fallacy of the military soluto nonmilitary problems," adding, creased military power is a basis, a substitute, for diplomacy."

t is silly for the president to claim t our military presence in the f prevented the execution of the perican hostages held in Iran, and tally silly for his critics to claim t those hostages were seized in the t place because the United States I an insufficient military presence in t area. Another attempted military ution to the hostage problem before Iranians have exhausted their own empts to find a relatively harmless, e-saving way out of the crisis might ve domestic political benefits in ventfrustrations, but its long-range conjuences for U.S. interests in the Mid-: East could be disastrous, However e views the need to increase the size the U.S. military budget, no one ould regard that as an answer to our iddle East perils.

HE FOURTH and final myth underlying much of the U.S. posture toward the Arab world is the myth of the fawning iend. In a stormy sea like the Middle ast, it is not surprising that the most pular rule of navigation in the U.S. overnment is simply: Don't rock the pat. Do not offend American friends even potential friends, do not contri with their enemies or even their ities, do not vary from the formulas in the past.

The urgency of the dangers deribed requires the United States to o more than that. It is misguided to elieve that the duty of one friend is to

hold his tongue and refrain from frank advice and even pressure when another friend is heading into danger. Would it be an unfriendly act to warn Israel against the perils of indefinite military occupation of an increasingly hostile West Bank? Or to caution Saudi rulers against the inevitable backlash that results when a country's leading public officials are also its leading private businessmen with a stake in wasteful, get-rich-quick projects? Or to dispel any remaining belief among Arab leaders that our commitment to Israel's security is simply a product of some Jewish lobby, or to remind them that abandonment of that commitment would hardly make more credible our pledges in their interest? Or to dispel any remaining belief among Israel's leaders that U.S. criticism of those West Bank settlements that violate international law and provoke escalating violence is simply a product of some oil lobby?

A relationship between friends should be characterized by candor, not anxiety. The United States would have done the Saudis a favor by urging them not to call attention to the publictelevision film about an executed princess. This nation's decisions on Israel. on arms sales, on filling with our own oil our petroleum reserve, on closer energy coordination with other major consuming nations, and on other issues must be made according to American security interests, independent of any fear that Saudi Arabia or other OPEC states will, as result of our decision, become angry, less "moderate" on oil prices, or more inclined to initiate another embargo.

RIENDSHIP BASED ON that kind of fear is self-defeating. Although reports of enormous Arab acquisitions of U.S. farmland and real estate and other investments are exaggerated, the Saudis know that it would not be in their interest to ruin the U.S. economy, to weaken this nation's ability to provide others with development and security assistance and technology, or to make continued U.S.-Saudi friendship too expensive to justify. If the United States could ever free itself not from high crude-oil prices (it never can) but from dangerous dependence on Persian Gulf oil, relations with leading

OPEC members should improve. Basic decisions on the flow of oil to the U.S. and the reverse flow of goods, technology, and investment could then be made with consultation on both sides, unlike the past seven years of unilateral oil-producer decisions and the previous seventy years of unilateral Western decisions.

But U.S. friendships in the Arab world require restraint as well. Those whom we embrace as meeting every test of loyalty to the United States are endangered if their citizens and neighbors thereby see them as our puppets. Those whose economies are distorted by a flood of U.S. arms sales or lavish construction projects are not thereby made more dependable friends for the future. Nor, as we learned in Iran, is U.S. identification with a corrupt and oppressive regime and its secret police forgotten by the people when that regime is inevitably toppled. The United States cannot export Jeffersonian democracy to those steeped in centuries of a different standard. But it can continue, without harm to friends in the Arab world, to stand for those human rights that are universally recognized. and not leave all contact with progressive or even revolutionary forces for change to the Soviet Union. There is a fine line between U.S. influence and U.S. intervention, and we must find it.

All that is a lot to ask of a politically divided and dispirited country in a troubled time. Yet it is the very diversity and openness of our system that makes it more possible for us, compared with many others, to recognize our needs and perils and to adjust our methods. I believe we can devise a less-politicized U.S. foreign policy for the Middle East, one that is more in line with both reality and our long-standing security interests and commitments.

President Kennedy was fond of quoting the exchange reported by Barbara Tuchman between two German diplomats after the havoc of World War I:

"How did it all happen?"
"Ah, if only one knew,"

I do not want some American diplomat to be asking in the near future, under similar circumstances, "How did it all happen?" only to receive the reply:

"Ah, because it was an election year."

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1980

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Robert A. Beck, Chairman, Chief Executive Officer Prudential Insurance Company of America



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Consumer Orientation No. 8 in a Series Subject: Maximizing Volumetric Efficiency

Porsche 924 Turbo

At Weissach, where Porsche's Research and Development Center (Entwicklungszentrum) is located, the price of gasoline is \$2,55 per gallon. Yet throughout Germany, you can drive the Autobahn which has virtually no speed limits. To meet the diverse goals of performance and economy*—Porsche developed the 924 Turbo.

Turbocharging maximizes the volumetric efficiency of an engine. Instead of increasing the engine's displacement, it increases the density of the charge supplied to the engine. A natura spirated engine's air supply is limited by normal atmospheric pressure. But on demand, the 924's turbocharger forces air into its engine at up to one-and-a-half times normal atmospheri pressure. The result: more efficient combustion and a 30% increase in horsepower and torqu. The 924 Turbo's engine produces 143 bhp at 5500 rpm and generates 147 ft-lbs of torque at 3509 rpm. The power that drives the turbocharger comes from normally-wasted engine exhagases. Thus, in effect, the 924 Turbo creates energy from waste.

*EPA estimated (®) mpg. 31 mpg estimated highway. Use the "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.



Harper's

THE HOLLYWOOD RIGHT

Outtakes from the Republican National Convention

by Earl Shorris

There's no use discussing and arguing about religion: it just stirs up bad feeling.
—Sinclair Lewis. Babbitt

Cast of characters

SEN. HOWARD BAKER (Tenn.): a sacrificial moderate.

MORTON BLACKWELL: New Right pedagogue, aide to
Sen. Gordon Humphrey.

Ross Bowen: Georgia delegation, peanut farmer against

JIM BOWEN: Texas delegation.

GEORGE BUSH: CIA, United Nations, Congress, et cetera.

GARY BYLER: Virginia delegation, was Senator Warner's legislative assistant at age twenty-one.

WALTER CRONKITE: America's favorite uncle.

PETER DAILEY: media expert for Nixon, Ford, and Reagan.

SEN. ROBERT DOLE (Kan.): veteran.

JERRY FALWELL: directs Moral Majority, preaches politics and religion on television.

GUY FARLEY: Virginia state party chairman with Moral Majority connections.

GERALD R. FORD: forgiving former president.

RAUL GARCIA: Texas delegation, real-estate investor.
Peter Hannaford: public-affairs consultant and Reagan

speechwriter.

SEN. JACOB JAVITS (N.Y.): the last Rockefeller delegate.

SEN. ROGER JEPSEN (Iowa): lay preacher.

HENRY KISSINGER: a widow.

SINCLAIR LEWIS: midwestern writer.

HENRY LUCAS: D.D.S., California delegation, former Reagan appointee.

MORAL MAJORITY: fundamentalist religious group using churches and television for political evangelism.

RICHARD M. NIXON: absent with leave.

REX PIXLEY: Virginia delegation, owner of a Western Auto Store.

NEIL REAGAN: the candidate's brother. RONALD REAGAN: an aging film star. LESLEY STAHL: CBS newsperson.

Unidentified Voice.

RICHARD VIGUERIE: politics, philosophy, theology, and fund raising by mail.

(The dialogue in the following scenes was recorded in Detroit on July 13-17, 1980.)

We hear the voice of the narrator as the city begins to emerge from the morning mist. He speaks with a flat, midwestern accent and reads from Babbitt, by Sinclair Lewis. The camera follows his description.

NARRATOR

The towers of Detroit aspired above the morning mist; austere towers of steel and cement and glass, sturdy as cliffs and delicate as silver rods. They were neither citadels nor churches, but frankly and beautifully hotels and office buildings.

The mist took pity on the fretted structures of earlier generations: the red-brick minarets of hulking old houses, factories with stingy and sooted windows, wooden tenements colored like mud. The city was full of such grotesqueries, but the clean towers were thrusting them from the business center, and on the farther hills were shining new houses, homes—they seemed—for laughter and tranquility.

The camera moves across what appears to be a moat and up the slightly terraced, gray walls of the Renaissance Center. Small green plants have begun to grow on the walls, giving them the appearance of the back side of a Mayan pyramid. The camera moves around to the entrance of the Detroit Plaza Hotel, pausing to look at technicians setting up banks of television lights. The camera enters the hotel and becomes lost in the levels, stairways, escalators, rounds, and balconies. It hesitates, seeking to find its way, as if mount-

Earl Shorris, a contributing editor of Harper's, is the author of Under the Fifth Sun: A Novel of Pancho Villa (Delacorte), published in September.

ing the stairs of an Escher painting. Suddenly, the camera hurries down one of the curling staircases to a cafe inside the hotel.

At a table a man in a gray suit sits alone staring at a cup of coffee. After a time he raises his head and looks toward the camera. It is Sen. Howard Baker.

NARRATOR

Senator. Senator Baker.

The senator rises slowly and walks past the camera. His hands are empty. He looks around at the table, as if to signal a companion, although no one is there. He seems unaccustomed to being alone.

The camera moves to Peter Hannaford's table. Hannaford is bespectacled. He has thick, graying hair. His face is thin, his features are uncommonly clean and regular. He wears a white shirt and a dark tie. The short sleeves of his shirt reveal the thick forearms of a tennis player.

NARRATOR

Have you written the speech?

HANNAFORD

With the help of many other people. Reagan's doing some work on it himself. He's very good at writing for the ear. His experience.

NARRATOR

I suppose you'll stay on, if Reagan wins.

HANNAFORD

No, no. I'm not even staff. I'm just a volunteer. I'll be going back to my own business on Monday. My company is at a stage of development where it needs day-to-day management. Working in the White House has no allure for me.

NARRATOR

You know the governor well. What kind of man is he?

HANNAFORD

No, I wouldn't say I know him well. I served in his administration for a year, but I wouldn't say I know him well.

NARRATOR

Philosophy. Valéry says that a nation's politics imply a philosophy.

HANNAFORD

We have a kind of anomaly: belief in a guiding hand and in individual initiative. Reagan is a private man about religion, but quite religious. He doesn't evangelize or wear it on his sleeve, but he's deeply religious. I think he got it from his mother. She was a member of the Christian church, a woman who was into good works.

He has one interesting religious idea. He believe in a guiding hand that made America special, separated the country geographically, gave it great abut dance, a special destiny. You can read that in his speeches. He and I have never discussed theology, don't know whether he believes in evil. I believe there's evil in the world. I don't think people are il starred, born evil, but circumstances can make the that way. I have a hard time believing in heaven an hell. Maybe because I've seen both portrayed so ofte and I don't find either particularly alluring. I'm muc too secular. I see religion as a guide to personal ethic.

NARRATOR

You're his philosopher, aren't you?

HANNAFORD

One other thing about religion. Unlike Jimmy Carter, Reagan does not have periodic visitations. Hi religion is much more abstracted.

But no, I'm not the philosopher. I'm much more of a synthesizer. Reagan's stated his philosophy often He says, "We don't need laws to protect ourselves, we need them to protect us from each other." We have to protect ourselves from the excesses of big busines as well as Ralph Nader.

NARRATOR

Then who is the philosopher?

HANNAFORD

There really isn't one. Dick Wirthlin is about as close to being a philosopher as anyone in the campaign

NARRATOR

The pollster?

HANNAFORD

Yes, but Wirthlin's a....

NARRATOR

I have here a quote from Babbitt: "Boy, there's no stronger bulwark of sound conservatism than the evangelical church, and no better place to make friends who'll help you to gain your rightful place in the community than in your own church-home!" Now, back home that was philosophy. And here, I think, it has become politics. This isn't an old-fashioned political convention, this is a religious and philosophical convention, isn't it?

HANNAFORD

Yes.

The lobby of the hotel. A crowd has gathered at the foot of the two main escalators, forming a gauntlet to be run by celebrities and commoners alike. Among the crowd are delegates wearing cowboy hats with "Reagan for President" stickers, blacks come to gawk

ut the rich, reporters from unknown newspapers, undents out of school for the summer, two women in a woman dressed in a green fright-wig and clown suit, I setty Boop for president and her drummer, two lunatics, and the narrator. The crowd begins to scream.

Crown

Reagan, Reagan, ReaganReaganReaganreaganreagan. Whoooooo!

The name, chanted faster and faster, sounds like a rain starting up. It ends with an imitation of a train whisle at a grade crossing. Governor Reagan and his vife, surrounded by aides and Secret Service men, have entered the hotel. He raises his hands to stop the cheering, applause, and chanting.

REAGAN

You know, I've been thinking that it would be a good idea if we had a new president in 1980.

The crowd resumes the applause and chanting.

CRONKITE

Gerald Ford.

Cut to the basement of Cobo Hall, where a mass of reporters is sitting like schoolchildren before the picture of Walter Cronkite projected on a large television screen.

CRONKITE

It's Ford, or at least that's the way it looks from here. Lesley Stahl is on the floor. Lesley?

STAHL

Walter, it looks like Ford from here.

Cut back to the basement of Cobo Hall, where several reporters are now typing furiously.

VIGUERIE

Richard Viguerie holds a large stack of stamped, self-addressed envelopes. He is balding, with large ears. His mouth seems to have been cut into his face. He sits squarely in front of the camera and reads from Conservative Digest magazine.

But instead of worrying, why don't we as individuals and as a nation go to God and ask forgiveness for our sins? I believe that those who want to play a leadership role in saving America and bringing freedom to the world should set aside not just one day a year but one or more days a month exclusively devoted to prayer, fasting, and meditating. George Washington set aside a day for fasting and prayer when he was president. Also Abraham Lincoln.

Cut to the pulpit of Mariner's Church. Sen. Robert Dole and Sen. Roger Jepsen stand side by side.



JEPSEN

As a nation we rely too heavily on material things and the power of technology; we must not forget that there is a greater power, the power of prayer.

Inside the Joe Louis Arena the camera zooms in on Rex Pixley. He wears a plaid suit and a straw boater with a Reagan band. He has strawberry-blond hair; the cut is very close at the sides and full on the top. He seems to be thatched.

PIXLEY

I'm from Virginia. Lynchburg is the home of Moral Majority. Jerry Falwell has \$50 million. Pat Robertson has the largest TV network. They're going to have a convention in Dallas to recruit 3 or 4 million votes.

We are the Bible Belt. Our feelings are going to be thought about too. We welshed a little bit on the platform—on abortion and the ERA. You let Ford put that

in there and you'll see a blockbuster.

You see, religion and politics are one. Religious people are delegates. I'm a Presbyterian and we believe in man being unregenerated without Christ. If you're not regenerated, you're basically evil. Christian philosophy is that man on his own is basically evil. I run a Western Auto Store. I was a Dixiecrat before I became a Republican. Many people in the delegation moved from the Democratic party. This is a revolution.

I'm worth \$2 million in assets and I'm nearly bankrupt. And it's all the fault of the government. The IRS came into my business and told me: "The quicker you declare bankruptcy, the better off you'll be." The

IRS is worse than the Gestapo.

Others in the delegation appear on camera at the mention of the IRS.

FIRST DELEGATE

Yes, worse than the Gestapo.

SECOND DELEGATE

Have you wrote in about it? We're collecting IRS abuses.

PIXLEY

I'll get a lawyer. I'll go all the way to Washington with a lawyer. We've got to do something about abuses by the IRS.

His eyes glow with indignation. His "Kemp" buttons tremble with agitation.

Now, you take my neighbor. He has an IQ of eighty. Why, he can't do anything in a technological society. He's had three families, a hundred children.

NARRATOR

A hundred children?

PIXLEY

Children and grandchildren. He's a breeder. That all that man is, a breeder. You go by his house an time of the day or night, they're sitting on the porel My wife and I come home so tired from working w can't wait to go to sleep. And he's sitting on his pore collecting welfare. His children, they're all like him Just breeders. Now, if they keep multiplying and no working, soon there'll be thousands and thousands o'em, and we'll have to work just to take care of m neighbor. Would you work just to do that? I wouldn't

On the floor of the convention we see a knot of people. The camera zooms in and picks out Guy Farley He is a good-looking man in the beginning of middle age. His smile draws people to him, like an embrace

FARLEY

Take these petitions to your delegations. We can' accept Bush. We can't accept his positions on abortior and the ERA. Kemp will support the platform.

A television reporter pushes his way into the crowd and taps Farley on the arm to get his attention.

REPORTER

Mr. Farley. Is it true you're the representative of Moral Majority in this delegation?

FARLEY

I don't have any ties to Moral Majority.

REPORTER

But you are quarterbacking the draft-Kemp play.

FARLEY

It would be a fine ticket.

The reporter moves away, satisfied. Farley turns to the camera and smiles. It has the character of a wink.

Cut to the Reagan suite on the sixty-ninth floor of the Detroit Plaza Hotel. Suddenly, the screen goes dark. An unidentified voice speaks.

VOICE

Background.

Narrator

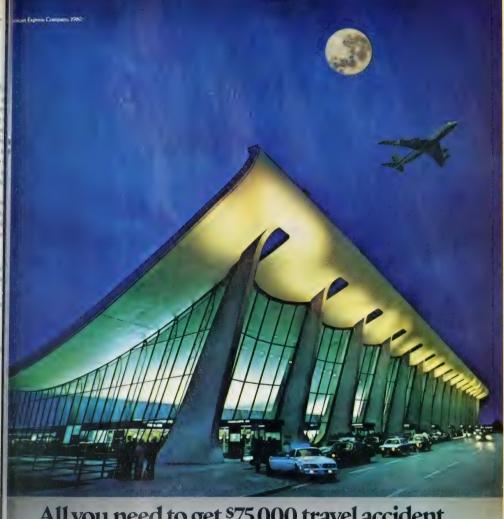
Background?

VOICE

Nothing for attribution, not from any of us.

NARRATOR

What happened to Helms's people: Moral Majority,



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Right to Life, the church groups, the single-issue people? They aren't passing out pamphlets, they aren't button-holing people, they didn't even hold a service on Sunday. Did Helms make a deal with Reagan?

VOICE

What worries me is what Helms will ask for after the election.

NARRATOR

Did Helms make a deal with Reagan? Is that what you are saying?

VOICE

What worries me is what Helms will ask for after the election.

A television monitor appears in the center of the dark screen. Neil Reagan, the candidate's brother, is speaking.

REAGAN'S BROTHER

Ron used to think everyone was good—that was back when he was a liberal. Then he saw the Communists trying to take over Hollywood and realized that all men weren't good.

The camera moves through the Virginia delegation to pick up Gary Byler. He is twenty-three years old, slim, bespectacled. He holds a khaki campaign hat on his lap. His Virginia accent is heavy, but he speaks more rapidly than a northerner, trying to keep up with his enthusiasm. He is agitated, confident.

BYLER

When I was only twenty-one I was John Warner's legislative assistant. You walk down the hall with a United States Senator and nobody cares that you're twenty-one, but even now it's hard to work in political campaigns because of my age.

Politically, I think of myself as an eighteenth-century liberal. I'm not New Right or Moral Majority, although I'm allied with both of them. For the New Right you have to talk to Morton Blackwell. Moral Majority, talk to Guy Farley, our state chairman. Right-wing Republicans are my allies, people I plot and scheme with. Ronald Reagan is a member of the conservative majority. He's not my first choice for president. I'd choose George Will or Phil Crane.

NARRATOR

Connally?

BYLER

We ran him out of Virginia. We called him a statist and a fascist.

NARRATOR

A statist? Why not a crook?

BYLER

A statist is worse than a crook. A statist is someon who would turn to a government body for solution to problems best left to individual action.

We want something dramatically different. We want to move faster, that's the basic difference between u and the conservatives. Most of us are concerned wit social issues. We oppose gun control, the ERA, abortion. We favor the right to work. Now Moral Majorit—the worst thing in the world you can be to a member of Moral Majority is a humanist. The number on danger to us is domestic. To moderates the numbe one danger is the Soviet Union.

To us, you're either solid or you're not. The con servatives will accept you if you're 98 percent right even 95 percent on the issues. To us, you've got to be solid on every issue. A New Right man holds office a party receptacle. If he goes against the party, it' amazing how quickly he's purged. That's more true o the New Right than any other party in America.

NARRATOR

But you're not in control of the convention.

BYLER

We have contacts in thirty-five delegations. Where we don't have a congressman, we have a state chairman. There's a network. It comes from Virginia, from Virginia Beach. It sounds egotistical, but Virginia is leading the South as it did during the Civil War—both intellectually and financially. We were the only southern state to vote against Carter; we voted our politics, not our accents. We planned for Dick Obenshain to lead us across the South, but he was killed in a plane crash. We plan to do it anyway. We hope to lead the nation. We've done it historically. Guy Farley and others in Virginia believe it's our destiny.

NARRATOR

But how strong are you here?

BYLER

The draft-Kemp movement is a litmus test. Guy Farley has petitions with the names of a thousand delegates and alternates, a quarter of the convention.

The final vote on the party platform in a meeting room in Cobo Hall. Cameras stand on tripods on a raised platform. The members of the committee arrive and take their seats. The camera turns slowly to spectators. The narrator sits next to Ross Bowen, a delegate from Georgia. Bowen is a tall, very thin man. He looks like Randolph Scott in his last film. Next to Bowen is a huge, heavy man in a dark brown suit.

BOWEN

I knew Jimmy's daddy, and when he died, we appointed Jimmy to serve out his unexpired term on the Peanut Council. Jimmy was just back from the navy. When Jimmy was in the Georgia senate and I was in the house, we'd pass a bill and I'd give it to Jimmy

and he'd get it through the senate.

But when he became governor, he changed. He took from us and gave to them, took all our agricultural programs away and gave it to social programs. Jimmy's an honest man. He is most persuasive. He can talk you into anything. But when he ran for president, I went around the country, especially in the Midwest, where I know lots of people, and I told them to vote for anybody but Carter.

In the hallway of the hotel, Secret Service men are waiting, checking credentials. Velvet ropes have been set up to screen the candidate from onlookers and the press. The camera moves inside a large room. There are fifty blacks in the front of the room and perhaps a hundred reporters and cameramen behind another set of velvet ropes at the back of the room. It is hot. Conversation is desultory. The people appear to have been waiting a long time. The camera picks out one of the black people, Henry Lucas. He wears a California delegation tag. Lucas is a tall man. Although he speaks with hesitation, there is a sense of confidence about him, the professional air of an accomplished physician.

LUCAS

There are too few blacks in the party. Why are there so few?

The camera strays from Lucas and pans the room. The crowd is uncomfortable. The candidate was scheduled to arrive nearly an hour ago. People look at their watches. A man ascends the podium to speak, but no one listens. They are waiting and they are impatient. The camera pans back to Lucas.

Look at poor blacks, middle-class whites—most people feel government is hopeless. We live in a benevolent society. Americans are a giving people when they can afford it. When we run into hard times they aren't so benevolent. There must be a strong country economically so we don't have to rely on that kind of benevolence. I want those hard times to be shared more evenly.

Camera pans the crowd again. It is a disappointed crowd.

These people don't really believe what they're saying. They're against big government and they say these things because they think extremes will help. The governor, the man I know, is not the extreme Right. People are here because there's no hope in the Democratic party. They see the country going morally downhill.

Another speaker is at the podium. No one listens.

Outwardly, Republicans appear not to believe in social justice. They do believe, but the problem is how to bring it about. So they say nothing and do nothing. Oh, I guess you didn't know. I was the first black



to be appointed to the Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee. Bob Dole did that in '72. Under Reagan I was president of the State Board of Dental Examiners.

The candidate arrives. There is some applause. At the podium a black man introduces him to the National Black Republican Council.

BLACK MAN

The man who will save black America, Ronald Reagan.

Tepid applause. The camera moves in on Reagan.

REAGAN

You know, I believe welfare is nothing but another kind of bondage.

Tepid applause.

I guess a political campaign isn't the right place for economics lessons, but I was reading something the other day that I think you ought to know.

Reagan's voice is tired. His phrases trail off. He seems slightly disoriented.

Now, black Americans have an income of about \$137 billion a year. That's a lot of money. But in black neighborhoods it only turns over once before it leaves. In many ethnic neighborhoods income turns over four, five, six times before it leaves the neighborhood. Now, let's see how many times we can make that \$137 billion roll over before it leaves your neighborhood.

Mild applause again. The camera pans to faces in the audience. Some register dismay, others disbelief.

The camera turns back to Reagan. He seems puzzled by the cool reception. An aide tugs gently at his sleeve, trying to move him out of the room.

REAGAN

I'm glad I could be here today. I see a lot of old friends in the crowd.

A hush comes over the audience.

I see one now. . . .

The camera turns to the crowd, glimpsing Lucas. In the moment of Reagan's pause they are frozen, waiting to hear the name of the black close enough to the candidate to be called an old friend.

REAGAN (voiceover)

Governor Evans.

The camera moves in to show the white face of Evans and pans to the crowd literally turning away.

Cut to Reagan as aides hurry him from the room.

Sen. Jacob Javits on the convention floor. He is a gnarled man. Arthritic swellings have clawed his hands. His face, however, is more like that of a me nearing seventy rather than eighty.

JAVITS

Yes, I'm sad. I opposed the platform. It should have been discussed on the floor. The extreme Right here very active, very energetic, very strong, but it doesn have control of the convention. I think this is a le conservative convention than '64.

At a reception for Hispanic delegates a mariacle band is playing loudly. Cameras are set up at the bac of the room behind a velvet rope. The Secret Service is in evidence. The candidate is expected. On the presplatform an announcement is whispered.

Unidentified Person (voiceover)

Kill it. He's sending Nancy.

Immediately, cameras are taken off tripods, note books closed. The only camera to stay up belongs t KMEX-TV. Three Hispanic men stand around it, wai, ing. Near them stands Raul Garcia, one of the firs Mexican-Americans to declare as a Republican i Houston. He is wearing a "George Bush" button.

GARCIA

That guy told us what he thinks of us. We're noth ing, no one. Look at all these people, spent all this money to come here, sweating in this hotbox. And he send us his wife.

Cut to the basement of Cobo Hall, where the re porters are still watching the image of Walter Cronkite Some of the reporters have stopped typing and are sip ping coffee from Styrofoam cups while listening to Cronkie interview Gerald Ford.

CRONKITE

In effect, don't your demands amount to a copresidency?

Ford looks startled, then a smile grows across his face. He and Cronkite nod to each other like two Japanese in greeting. In the foreground the reporters resume typing in earnest.

The convention floor. The camera is looking up at Henry Kissinger stepping up to the microphone. There is little applause. A few delegates hiss softly. As Kissinger speaks, the giant speakers exaggerate the confused consonants of his accent.

Kissinger

We are here to nominate the candidate of our party, the president of our nation, and the leader of free peoples everywhere.

Kissinger pauses, as if for applause. There are one or two handclaps. He reads on.

We are here to put an end to drift, confusion, retreat, and weakness in our foreign affairs.

He pauses again for applause. Nothing. The camera looks over the delegates, panning row after row. They speak to one another, some appear to be asleep. Kissinger's voice rises, attempting political oratory.

And we are here to dedicate ourselves to the election of Ronald Reagan. . . .

The camera continues to pan the delegates. At the radio name of Reagan one or two applaud and then return to their business.

Dissolve to Paul Laxalt at the same microphone.

LAXALT

... the next president of the United States, Ronald Reagan.

The band plays "California Here I Come." Wild applause breaks out. Quick cuts of delegates cheering and flags waving. Martial music comes from huge amplifiers and speakers. Close-up of Senator Javits standing in at his seat. Medium shot of three southern colleged boys shouting, "Huzzuh!" Close-up of Jerry Falwell. His lumpy face beams. On the crowd again. The demonstration continues.

Dissolve to Lesley Stahl on the convention floor. She wears headgear and speaks at a television camera.

STAHL

It's Bush, Walter. It's Bush. Walter, they're telling me it's Bush.

Cut to Walter Cronkite in his booth. The shot is from behind him and above to emphasize his distance from the convention floor below. Cronkite buries his face in his hands.

The camera moves across the coffee shop of the Troy Hilton Hotel to Gary Byler. He looks up.

NARRATOR

I hear that Reagan's staff wouldn't even let Farley get the Kemp petitions up to the governor. It's too bad Farley lost. He worked hard.

BYLER

Lost? He won. He's a national figure. You ought to see how the local papers covered him. We advised him to play down the Moral Majority stuff. And he did it. He has the press putting him right in the main stream. Lost? Now, we'll run him for lieutenant governor.

Morton Blackwell and his wife arrive in the coffee shop for breakfast. Blackwell is reddish blond, bespectacled. His mouth is loose, hiding his teeth. He speaks forcefully, not allowing himself to be interrupted—the style of a man who has made many converts. His face is without definition.

BLACKWELL

Yes, I know the New Right. I may as well tell you my qualifications. I'm policy director for Senator Gordon Humphrey of New Hampshire. That means I'm over the whole legislative staff.

I was a Goldwater delegate in '64 from Louisiana. And a Reagan delegate in '68. I wrote a substantial portion of the delegate allocation formula in '72.

From '65 to '70 I was executive director of National College Republicans. I was national vice-chairman of Young Republicans and on the executive committee for fifteen years. My wife, Helen, was a county chairman in Virginia, where we moved in '72.

I went to work for Richard Viguerie in '72. I'm editor of New Right Newsletter and contributing editor of Conservative Digest. I founded Conservative Youth Politics. Its purpose is to locate, recruit, train, place, and finance youth coordinators for candidates. I would say I've trained virtually all the youth in the New Right.

As a member of a senator's staff I am not permitted by law to belong to organizations that finance candidates. But I'm still president of the Leadership Institute, which trains, but does not support candidates. Every other Monday for six and a half years I've hosted a luncheon for activists interested in House and Senate campaigns. It's social—Dutch treat. We don't make any group decisions.

Narrator attempts to ask a question, but Blackwell goes on speaking, slowly, precisely, in mild and pleasing southern accents.

New Right is hard to capsulize because it's not a membership organization. It is best described as an approach to getting things done—different from the way conservatives used to go. There's hardly any difference between the Old and New Right. We are all New Right now.

Being right in the sense of being correct is not enough to win. Victory will not fall into our deserving hands like a ripe fruit. We have studied the political process from a realistic viewpoint. If there is a single dominant characteristic of the New Right, it is that they are out studying how to win.

One thing we've done is to observe what the Left is doing. All things we have done organizationally have predecessors on the Left. We have mirror-image committees. We've studied what has worked.

What determines success is not so much political philosophy or party but the organizational technology you employ. We owe it to our political philosophy to learn how to win. There is an immense amount of crosspollination. It's not unusual to have Right to Work people speaking at a Right to Life Congress. You see, most technology is philosophically neutral. For someone who is totally committed philosophically that's hard to believe. Now, I think the Left has fallen behind us in technology. In some areas we're way ahead—direct mail, for example.

We are obviously not at the end of the up-cycle for

conservative action. People who say we are on the verge now of coming to power in this country are not correct. We've got a long way to go. The Reagan administration is going to be a battle for us. We are a major influence, but we don't have a lock on it. We don't dominate the Reagan administration by any means. We are in a building process.

NARRATOR

Are there any New Right people in the Reagan campaign?

BLACKWELL

What about me? I'll oversee the national youth organization in the fall. The Reagan group is shot through with New Right people. I have no doubt that there will be people who are entirely congenial to the platform in a substantial number of roles in the Reagan administration. He didn't exclude strong conservatives from his administration in California.

NARRATOR

I'm interested in the philosophy. What about this quote from Edmund Burke? "Those who have made the exhibition of the 14th of July are capable of every evil. They do not commit crimes for their designs; but they form designs that they may commit crimes. It is not their necessity, but their nature that impels them." Do you agree with that view of man?

BLACKWELL

Guy Farley is the theologian, but I'll tell you something people in the New Right are fond of saying: "Don't let them immanatize the eschaton."

NARRATOR

What?

BLACKWELL

(Laughs.) In other words, No Heaven on Earth. It's a paraphrase of Ludwig von Mises, an Australian economist and a colleague of von Hayek, who wrote The Road to Seridom.

HELEN BLACKWELL

You know, the Utopian heresy, the belief that perfection can be found on earth. It's impossible . . .

BLACKWELL

... because man is inherently evil.

Dissolve to Joe Louis Arena. The crowd is noisy, irritable, as it awaits Reagan's appearance to make his acceptance speech.

Dissolve to Reagan at the podium. The camera is slightly out of focus. As the camera moves in toward him the focus sharpens. He ages as the focus clears. A very old man stands before the camera. His hair is colored, his cheeks are rouged. The makeup cannot hide the dry, soft flesh that falls away from the bone.

His upper lip has fallen slightly in the center. He seems to list to the left. The vigor of his body is long gone. His voice falters, becomes the voice of a crone, rejuvenates, falters again.

REAGAN

There's something I know I shouldn't do. It's not part of my speech. But I want to go ahead and do it anyway. Can we begin our crusade joining together in a moment of silent prayer?

Reagan bows his head for twenty seconds, then lifts his head up and proclaims:

God Bless America!

He steps back from the podium to indicate the end of the speech. A great wave of approval comes forth from the crowd. The band strikes up "California Her I Come" and then "Stars and Stripes Forever." As the music plays and the crowd cheers and applauds, cut to the V.I.P. guest section and move into Peter Dailey.

NARRATOR

Reagan seems to be the center of the party now.

DAILEY

Reagan is the center of the country.

NARRATOR

You won with Nixon and lost with Ford. Now, you're doing media for Reagan. Can he win?

DAILEY

He's ahead in the polls. The country has moved his way. He's marvelous on television. And he has one other great thing going for him—he's lucky.

Cut to Reagan with Bush, Mrs. Reagan, and Mrs. Bush basking in the shock of flashbulbs and the praising din. The end titles roll. The narrator reads from Babbitt.

NARRATOR (voiceover)

"But the way of the righteous is not all roses. Before I close I must call your attention to a problem we have to face, this coming year. The worst menace to sound government is not the avowed socialists but a lot of cowards who work under cover—the long-haired gentry who call themselves 'liberals' and 'radicals' and 'non-partisan' and 'intelligentsia' and God only knows how many other names!

"The ideal of American manhood and culture isn't a lot of cranks sitting around chewing the rag about their Rights and their Wrongs, but a God-fearing, hustling, successful, two-fisted Regular Guy, who belongs to some church with pep and piety to it . . . who plays hard and works hard, and whose answer to his critics is a square-toed boot that'll teach the grouches and smart alecks to respect the He-man and get out and root for Uncle Samuel, U.S.A.!"

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1980

THE WAR IN THE SAHARA



A month's journey to an implausible battlefield

by Frederick Iseman

HE TERRITORY OF the western Sahara is one of the least desirable places on earth. From one border to another, across an area the size of Colorado, there is hardly a tree, a stream, or even shade against the sun. The temperature rises to 130 degrees, and a choking hot wind fills one's lungs with dust. Scorpions are found there, and so are vipers and jackals. Even by Saharan standards it is desolate, having far less wealth or produce or variety or pleasure to offer than almost anywhere else. Yet in spite of its inhospitability, the western Sahara has drawn Roman legions, Moroccan sultans, and the French and Spanish foreign legions into its fastnesses, in vain attempts to impose sovereign rule on a landscape with no heights to command and few hearts and minds to win.

And in 1972, when it was still a sleepy, insignificant Spanish colony, the western Sahara first drew me. At the time, I penetrated only a few miles across an unmarked and unmanned border to earn for myself the vain traveler's glory of setting foot in so obscure a place. But in 1975, as a writer interested in North Africa, I returned to the Sahara to observe the Moroccan army and 350,000 Moroccan peasants begin the Sahara's annexation. Assuming then that a war would result, I wondered what there was in this particular desert for which men were ready to die.

During the past five years that question has not gone away. Morocco has become en-

Frederick Iseman is a publisher and writer in New York City. He lived in North Africa for a year, and recently returned there on assignment for Harper's. meshed in what seems like a permanent war with a Saharan liberation army called the Polisario. The United States and Saudi Arabia support Morocco, while Algeria and Libva back the Saharans. As the war has grown, both in duration and importance, it has become more and more implausible, "Free the desert!" the Polisario literature reads.

It was to see what the two sides were fighting over that I returned to the Sahara in the winter of 1980. I traveled to Morocco and Algeria, and visited the war zone with both armies. I found that what had been, in 1972, a political Nowhere-isolated, tribal, and sandy-had become a nascent Somewhere. The Polisario had formed a Saharan Republic that -although entirely in exile, down to and including its goats-has been recognized by forty-three countries. But that was just one of many paradoxes. Most remarkable was that nationalism had spilled into a place where there was no nation, and that what Toynbee called "the claim to be an enduring entity" had attached itself to a place where nothing endures.

On the road to Morocco

O VISIT THE SAHARA from the Moroccan side, I first had to obtain a laisser-passer in the capital, Rabat. On the plane to Casablanca I sat between an Italian girl in a mylar jump suit, who was going to the Club Méditerranée in Agadir and didn't know there was a war on, and a French polyester salesman on his way to Casablanca to promote the manufacture of permanent-press burnooses. As a prelude to Morocco, one couldn't have asked for more.

Like an aging beauty down on her luck, Morocco has always been an easy conquest for Westerners, Loaded with delusions and enough cash to make their delusions real, foreigners dress Morocco in intrigue, the fabric of Bogart in Casablanca and Dietrich in Morocco. Intrigue comes in different colors: desert, hashish, dancing girls, and young boys. Sexual tourism is one of the country's big foreign-exchange earners, drawing to its resort cities whole planeloads of Swedish secretaries. German couples, and English pederasts in search of the pleasures publicized by William Burroughs and André Gide. Drug tourists from the United States and the derivative youth cultures of Canada and Germany come in search of euphoriants grown in the kit district of the Rif Mountains, American Express tours roll down from the Costa del Sol in airconditioned buses to gawk at the Casbah and reminisce about Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in The Road to Morocco.

The road to Morocco is, in fact, four roads: south from Gibraltar, across the straits to Tangier: east across the Atlantic to Casablanca; west across the southern Mediterranean coast to Fès; and north, from Africa, across the Sahara to Marrakech, Located at one of the world's busiest geographical intersections. Morocco's situation has put it in the path of countless invasions, migrations, and empires.

The original inhabitants were Berbers, who still form the bulk of the population. But after the Berbers, Morocco was inhabited by Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Jews, Romans, Vandals, Arabs, and the French, who colonized it until 1956. As the Arab and African country closest to Europe and the Western world, Morocco has always been accessibly, and inex-

pensively, exotic.

Northwest Africa is known in Arabic as the Maghreb -- the "West"-because it has been. since the eighth century, the western outpost of Islam. At that time, the teachings of the prophet Muhammad were brought there from Arabia by Arab conquerors, who crossed the southern Mediterranean littoral until halted by the Atlantic. Looking for new worlds to conquer, the Arabs turned north across the Straits of Gibraltar to Spain, and south across the Sahara. Some, however, settled on the Moroccan plain, and founded the Kingdom of Morocco.

The central geographical fact of northwest Africa is the Atlas Mountains, Rising to a height of 15,000 feet, the Atlas range is a straight and massive wall, only 60 miles wide, but 500 miles long, snow-capped even in an African June. The mountains serve as a magnificent rain spout, catching moist winds off the Mediterranean and spilling their dew onto the Moroccan plains below. If one stands on top of Jebel Toubkal, the highest peak, the geography of northwest Africa becomes clear.

To the north a great green plain stretches, marred only by the red spot of Marrakech in its midst. To the south a harsh light illuminates round brown hills receding into lighter and lighter shades of bleakness, until the transition to tan desert is complete. Between the

Atlas and the Mediterranean a population of nearly 20 million is supported by extensive livestock and agriculture. To the south, where the moisture does not penetrate, a population of 2 million is barely sustained in an area twenty times as large.

Despite its tourism, livestock, agriculture, and fisheries, and the one of world's largest piles of commercial phosphate, Morocco is poor. Median income is \$500 a year. Fifty percent of the population is under twenty years of age, and unemployment is so pervasive that it is rapidly becoming the norm.

The gradations of poverty that characterize its economy are subtle. Capital is inaccessible to all but a special few. Enterprises are small and redundant. One may pass twenty orange vendors sitting idly in a row, each with the same scale, the same oranges, and the same per-kilo price. What little capital accumulation I saw among the poor is of this order: a young boy begs a dirham (24 cents) to buy a pack of cigarettes. Opening the pack, he sells individual cigarettes to other Moroccans who can't afford a whole pack themselves, thereby earning himself a small profit. After selling out several successive packs, which takes a whole morning, he has made enough money to buy two or three brands at once, thus broadening his market. At the end of the day, after selling 300 cigarettes, he has earned enough money to pay for dinner.

HE INVOLVEMENT OF MOROCCO in the Saharan war is the work of King Hassan. Hassan is descended from the great second family of Morocco, which emigrated from Arabia to a trans-Saharan caravan terminus 1,200 years ago. His dynasty has been on the throne since the 1600s, but his authority has even deeper roots. As a supposed descendant of the prophet Muhammad, he is considered "Vice-Regent of God on His Earth" and "Commander of the Faithful." He is also a businessman, playboy, golfer, and king.

The present war can perhaps be traced to an event such as the one that took place on the day I first saw him. I had been living in Hassan's realm for most of a year, but had seen the king only in the obligatory portraits that hang in every restaurant and shop. Afterward I moved to Paris. I was walking past the Hôtel Crillon, on the Place de la Concorde, when

a swarm of security men emerged from the building and pushed me aside. In their midst was his Serene Highness, Hassan II, wearing a disdainful expression and a sharkskin suit. Although he didn't know it at the time, he was on his way to an assassination attempt. A few hours later, Hassan was attacked by his own air force over Moroccan airspace. By cleverly radioing to the attacking pilots that the king was dead, Hassan survived, just as he had survived a massacre by cadets at his birthday party the year before. The good fortune of the king was attributed to his baraka.

Baraka, in Moroccan Arabic, means "charismatic virtue." It is the spiritual equivalent of "influence" in Moroccan society. Traditionally, the quality of weather, crops, and even the Tangiers sardine catch are attributed to the sultan's baraka, just as drought and disease are attributed to his lack of it. Following these two nearly successful assassination attempts, the king needed a foreign adventure to galvanize the country, distract his military, and demonstrate his rule. For more than a thousand years, Moroccan sultans had been engaged in a perennial struggle with the tribes that lived beyond the central Moroccan plain. The Atlas had been subdued for the Moroc-



can throne by the French (who, at a cost of 25,000 wounded and 27,000 killed, had fought their way to the oases in the south). The next frontier was the desert itself. To find a theater in which to demonstrate the strength of his baraka, Hassan looked to the Sahara. What he found there gave credence to the Moroccan name for those territories beyond the sultan's control: the bled-as-siba—the Land of Insolence.



HE WORD sahara, in Arabic, means desert. But in Western usage it has come to mean a specific desert, the world's largest, which extends 3 million square miles across Africa, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, and from the Mediterranean south to the start of the African grasslands. Climatically, it is defined as that area in which rainfall averages five inches a year or less. The western Sahara occupies the northwestern corner of the greater Sahara, one of its driest, least-populous parts.

The western Sahara is surprisingly close to the United States. It lies on the Atlantic Ocean, opposite Jacksonville, Florida. American sailors shipwrecked on the Saharan coast in the nineteenth century described, in best-selling narratives, immense trans-Saharan caravans, half-day ostrich hunts on horseback, and a climate so harsh that often it compelled the natives to subsist on a diet of camel urine and roasted locusts.

But the Sahara has not always been desert. Nine thousand years ago the Sahara was partly verdant, settled by Berbers. They traded between the Mediterranean and black Africa by means of horse, oxen, and chariot. Lions, leopards, and elephants were their prey. Around 3000 B.C., however, a drought, which persists today, drove the Berbers north to the arable land along the Mediterranean.

It wasn't until the Romans introduced the camel to Africa from Asia that the less-settled Berber tribes could migrate back to the Sahara, where, beyond the reach of the Roman legions, they established federations, recommenced the caravan trade, and waged war.

Later, Arabs arrived in successive waves from the north and the east and intermarried with the Saharan Berbers, who adopted the Arabs' language, laws, religion, and dress. As a result, the Saharans speak a dialect of Arabic purer than that spoken by the Moroccans and Algerians, are devout Muslims, and exhibit a mixture of Semitic, Caucasian, and Negroid features: dark skin, curly hair, and long, aquiline noses.

War has driven out most of the western Sahara's inhabitants, but even before the war the population did not exceed 150,000, divided up into numerous nomad tribes. Puritans by circumstance and disposition, the Saharans' customary diet is camel's and goat's milk, dried dates, and occasionally meat. Rainfall is so scarce that members of a single nomad family often have to camp tens of miles apart. A cloud on the horizon is a suitable destination for wanderings that, before the war, took the nomads all over the neighboring Algerian, Malian, and Mauritanian Saharas in search of a few days' pasturage for their goat and camel herds. Hence, the Saharans sometimes refer to themselves as "the Sons of the Clouds."



N A LANDSCAPE OF DESPAIR, wealth becomes an article of faith. There is a direct relationship of barrenness and inaccessibility to imagined bounty. In stories, buried treasure is always sought on desert islands. And foreigners, confronted with Saharan wastes, assuage themselves with El Dorados. Since the earliest expeditions, in-

vaders have gone into the desert to rob it. Armies have crossed and recrossed the desert in pursuit of the gold and slaves of Africa, the salt and cloth of the caravan trade, or some abstract notion of political control. Most successful have been those who have come, gone about their business, and left the desert to the nomads, who are accustomed to its deprivation. For the ambitions of the conquerors have always been expressed in the solid rhetoric of sovereign rulers of sovereign states, but the desert and its inhabitants have always made, by their indifference, a mockery of ideas of government that reside in fixity and place.

Most invasions have been motivated by gold. Gold drew the Moroccans, and then the Spanish, who sailed along the coast and named the territory Rio de Oro. The name was a misnomer—there was no gold and no river.

Perhaps the most deluded foreigner was a Scottish trader named Donald Mackenzie, who established a trading post on the Saharan coast in the 1870s. Inspired by the Suez Canal. Mackenzie promoted the idea of inundating the Sahara with a cut between the Atlantic and the enormous geological depression that keeps much of the western Sahara below sea level. In his book The Flooding of the Sahara, Mackenzie dilated on the prospect of British steamers sailing from Southampton to Timbuktu, expanding trade with Central Africa, spreading Christianity, and aiding in the suppression of slavery. He hoped that the desert would turn green from the consequent infusion of atmospheric moisture.

Mackenzie succeeded only in alarming and interesting the Spanish, but his intuition was correct. In the twentieth century, the real wealth of the Sahara was discovered. Indeed,

it is aquatic.

Offshore, on a broad continental shelf dense with plankton, are some of the world's richest fishing grounds. Fish teem below the surface of the coastal waters, where one morning I watched huge schools of them swim by. (But the Saharans regard fish as ignoble food, and have only recently come to realize its value. "Jackals eat fish," they say, and even while discussing the industry's potential, a representative of the Polisario [Popular Front for the Liberation of Sakiet al-Hamra and Rio de Oro] at the United Nations will recoil from a tuna salad. Nomad tribesmen treat the native fishermen as vassals. For more than a thousand years the Saharans have largely preferred near-

starvation in the interior to plenty along the coast.)

The vast phosphate deposits the Spanish discovered after World War II are essentially the same commodity in a different form. The phosphates are the residue of dead fish, deposited when the Sahara was sea bottom millions of years ago. Saharan phosphate is accessible and plentiful; at current prices, proven reserves are worth approximately \$60 billion, or, assuming a population of 100,000 people, \$600,000 for every man, woman, and child.

To exploit the phosphate deposits, the Spanish built the only large machine in the entire territory's 120,000 square miles. The huge cranes and gantries of the phosphate processor rise out of the sand dunes like a space station in a grade-B science-fiction movie. One end of this phosphate complex reaches two miles into the Atlantic, at the head of a steel and concrete pier. The other end is at the mine, sixty miles away. The world's longest conveyor belt connects the two ends. Between the mine and the pier, clustered on the beach, are an administration building, a power plant, a desalination plant, a processor, two storage buildings-each a third of a mile long-and mobile cranes hunched over piles of phosphate ore like metal dragons guarding their prev.

The phosphate, while significant to the Saharans, is minor on a global scale. The United States and the Soviet Union both have a lot more, and Morocco is by far the world's largest exporter (possessing reserves many times greater than the western Sahara's). But according to Polisario literature, "Thanks to the 'white gold' of phosphate, the Sahara could be as prosperous as the oil sheikhdoms."

The colonized and the colonizer

HE CREATION OF artificial national "entities" like the western Sahara is a process that began in the nine-teenth century with the colonization of Africa and ended in the past twenty-five years, when those colonies became independent. The situation of each colony or state has varied, but the history of decolonization is nonetheless remarkable for the relative peacefulness and swiftness with which it has taken place. More than a billion people have moved from colonial to independent rule since World War II; the successful management of that

transformation is one of the United Nations' few real achievements.

The western Sahara is noteworthy because it is one of the last. Its national potential was for a long time ignored by colonized and colonizer alike. The Spanish saw no value in it prior to the discovery of phosphates, and the nomadic Saharans considered themselves to be inhabitants merely of the desert. In fact, their status hardly changed when the Spanish colonized them at the end of the nineteenth century.

Africa in 1879 was a cartographic blank, brightened only by a few small splotches of color representing European coastal settlements and colonies. Twenty years later, however, the continent had been filled in, like a page in an imperial coloring book. A filigree of border lines divided the interior, where a

dozen shades of red, blue, yellow, pink, and green abutted, each representing a colonial possession or protectorate. France's enormous territories stretched contiguously from the Mediterranean to the Congo, Great Britain's were spread out all over, and Germany, Portugal, and Italy all held important colonies. Spain's consolation prizes were the Spanish Sahara and what is now Equatorial Guinea.

The first Spanish expedition went into the Sahara in 1884, equipped with Winchesters and leather-bound Korans. It was attacked instantly, but survived to assemble a group of nomad sheikhs inland and to have them sign a document giving the Sahara to Spain. (All the parties ignored the small matter that neither land ownership nor statehood was an understood concept in Saharan society.) The Spanish resolutely stayed for half a century on the

A chronology of important events in recent western Saharan history.

- 1884 The Spanish arrive.
- 1947 The Spanish discover valuable phosphates.
- 1956 Morocco becomes independent from France.
- 1958 A joint French-Spanish military action is conducted against Moroccan and Saharan independence fighters in the Sahara. Many Saharans flee to Morocco.
- 1961 Mauritania becomes independent from France.
- 1962 Algeria becomes independent from France.
- 1963 Morocco and Algeria fight over their Saharan border.
- 1970 The Saharans stage a large political demonstration to protest the Spanish presence.
- 1970-74 The United Nations calls for a referendum in the Spanish Sahara.
 - 1972 The Spanish begin commercial exploitation of phosphate.
 - 1975 Spain announces its intention to depart.

 Moreoco's Green March, invades

Morocco's Green March invades the Sahara, and then immediately returns to Morocco.

Franco dies.

1976 Morocco and Mauritania annex the Sahara. Spain departs.

Saharan refugees move out of the western Sahara to bases inside Algeria. Algeria trains Saharans to fight Moroccan and Mauritanian troops. The Saharans proclaim the Saharan Arab Democratic Republic inside the western Sahara. and then immediately return to Algeria.

1978 Mauritania declares a cease-fire with the Saharan guerrillas, and relinquishes its claim on part of the western Sahara.

> Morocco annexes the part of the Sahara that Mauritania has abandoned, and continues the war alone.

1980 The United States agrees to sell Morocco jets, helicopters, and spotter planes.

> King Hassan of Morocco visits the Sahara for the first time. He immediately returns to Morocco.

Moroccan forces in the Sahara are estimated to number approximately 50,000 soldiers, equipped with jets, helicopter gunships, and tanks. Polisario forces are estimated to be as many as 15,000, armed with Land-Rover-mounted light artillery, Khalashnikov assault rifles, and SAM-7 shoulder-mounted ground-to-air missiles.

At this time, the western Sahara's three towns are controlled by the Moroccan army. The Polisario guerrillas control the desert.

coast, where soldiers, political prisoners, and mail-route aviators landing, or crashing and being ransomed, were the only visitors.* The Spanish let the French Foreign Legion deal with the inland tribes and busied themselves with fishing, an activity that confirmed the Saharans' view of their colonizers as "crazy Christian jackals." Spanish officers nearly wiped out the ostrich and gazelle populations to pass the time; their wives complained that Saharan women made poor domestics.

Interest in the territory increased only in 1947, when a Spanish geologist presented Generalissimo Franco with a little vellow rock of pure phosphate ore. With an eye toward future development and the need for settlements, efforts were made to improve relations with the nomad population. Identity cards were issued, and Spanish radio began broadcasting "Cultural Transmissions of the Sahara." In the Saharan town of El Ayoun, a local resident won the big Spanish Loteria.

Visions of mineral wealth impelled the Spanish to explore and confirm the presence of large commercial phosphate deposits. By the early 1960s, ready to begin exploitation, the Spanish, by bureaucratic sleight of hand, transformed their distant worthless colony overnight into a domestic province of Spain. Said one of Franco's adjutants: "The Sahara is as much a part of Spain as Barcelona." Three Saharan nomads were "elected" to the Spanish legislative Cortes in Madrid, where they became the laughingstock of the government, unable to understand Castilian, dressed in turbans and robes. A local Saharan legislature, made up of Saharan notables, was created, and the tribes were paid off with gifts of food and blankets, and their sheikhs with pilgrimages to Mecca.

The meaning of this Spanish activity was not lost on the Saharans, nor was the increase in roads, buildings, vehicles, and personnel. The Saharans were used to foreign powers invading the desert to search for gold or salt or other resources, but the Spanish were the first foreign power that the Saharans knew had the ability to stay. For the first time, the Saharans

felt endangered.

It happened that just as the Spanish were throwing themselves into colonization, an anticolonial tide began to move against them. The Spanish found themselves digging in as the neighboring colonies of French Algeria, Mauritania, and Morocco were taking their leave from France. Pressure for decolonization of the Sahara was building in the Fourth Committee of the United Nations. The Spanish worried that the native Saharans, who crossed borders at will and had little lovalty to Spain. might throw in their lot with one of their independence-minded neighbors.

Most Saharans, when discussing the origins of the current war, give great importance to the year 1958. That is when they turned decidedly against the Spanish, in reaction to a series of events known as "Opération Ecouvillon," Ecouvillon, which means "reamer" in French, was the title of the joint French-Spanish military action conducted against the Saharans. Following the invasion of Spanish territory by an army of Moroccan insurgents, who joined with Saharan tribesmen to attack Spanish troops, 14,000 French and Spanish legionnaires fought back. A nomad's greatest military strength is the ability to travel where his opponents cannot, so the Spanish bombed the rebels' camel herds. Hundred of Saharans were killed in the fighting, Many nomads who had remained in isolation in the desert were for the first time compelled to live under direct Spanish rule.

A great many Saharans fled north to Morocco. Some remained in desert towns in southern Morocco with members of their families and tribes. Others were taken in and boarded with the families of Moroccan rebels in cities like Casablanca. Among the young children crossing into Morocco were the future leaders of the Polisario.

A short course in revolution

THE SAHARAN REFUCEES who were to lead the Saharan liberation movement were in Morocco during a period characterized by massacres, strikes, and political strife. The Saharans were nurtured on anticolonialism and revolution. Coming from a society that had traditionally reserved three months out of the year for raiding and pillage, and one that was passionate for independence, they embraced the Moroccans' political ideology. A small group of Saharans attended Moroccan lycées and went to the university. In a few short years they traveled from a society that dated from

^{*} My father landed there in 1945 with a load of bananas.

the Middle Ages and existed in total isolation to a modern. French-model university full of doctors, lawyers, and intellectuals, among whom there were a great many antimonarchists and Marxists. The reading on which the Saharans feasted is still in Rabat's bookstores today: Frantz Fanon, Rousseau, Thomas Paine, and Marx

While the Saharans immersed themselves in a Western education, they remained, as a group, rigorously apart. They lived in groups. dined in groups, abstained from kif, alcohol, and prostitution. As a group, they studied political science at the faculté. And for their courses, they wrote papers on the history of the western Sahara.

In the late Sixties, the Spanish began building the phosphate machine in the Sahara. In response, a surge of Saharan political activity occurred in Morocco, including demonstrations and the dissemination of pamphlets. The phosphate machine, able to remove 6,000 tons an hour of the Sahara's only known mineral resource into colonial ships, became for the Saharans an illustration of their textbook lessons on colonialism, capitalism, and exploitation.

The liberation effort began in a haphazard fashion. Working in southern Morocco, and slipping across the border into the western Sahara, the Saharans proselytized at weddings and feast-day ceremonies in the desert, removed from Spanish surveillance. To get their message to a largely illiterate, nomadic people, they used cassette decks (which were easily obtained in the Spanish Sahara because of a large smuggling trade) to transmit nationalist songs and messages.

An early political demonstration took place in 1970 in El Ayoun. To break it up, the Spanish legionnaires fired shots; Saharans were wounded or killed. The Saharan independence leaders fled across the borders into Morocco and Mauritania, but over the next year began attacks against Spanish control. The Spanish suffered mutinies by Saharan troops in their employ and harassment from bases in Mauritania. The phosphate processor, with its highly vulnerable conveyor belt, fell under attack. And at the United Nations, Spanish diplomats faced ever-greater opprobrium.

Noteworthy during this period was what the Polisario now calls its "betrayal" by Morocco. The Saharan refugees operating within Morocco began to ask for assistance from the Moroccan government and political parties. Across the board, they were rebuffed. The Saharans had, in their zeal, forgotten that Morocco had a longstanding rhetorical claim to the Sahara. Now, the Moroccans revealed their intentions. When the Saharans objected and staged a large demonstration in 1972 in the Moroccan Sahara, they were set upon by the police and arrested.

After that, a liberation-movement free-forall began among the different countries. Algeria sponsored the Resistance Movement of the Blue Men. Morocco started a liberation group that recognized Morocco's claim, and, not to be outdone, the Spanish started a pro-Spanish liberation movement themselves.

(212) 682.9126 Frente Polisario Abdullah Madjid 307 EAST 44TH STREET NEW YORK, N Y 10017

RELIC OF THIS PERIOD, and a typical example of the shifting politics that have characterized the liberation of the Sahara, is Mr. Edward Moha. Currently, Moha is the head of the Association of People Originating from the Sahara Previously under Spanish Occupation, known as the Aosario. One suspects that this name was chosen to mimic, in an acronymic way, its enemy, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Sakiet al-Hamra and Rio de Oro, the Polisario. One always meets the representatives of liberation organizations either under odd circumstances (by a statue in a park) or under oddly normal circumstances (by dialing 212-682-9126 and leaving a message on the Polisario's New York answering machine). Edward Moha has been in the Saharan liberation business as long as anyone; before leaving for the Sahara I met him in Rabat for lunch.

Moha has made a career in Saharan liberation, wandering back and forth among Morocco, Algeria, and Mauritania and establishing a Saharan liberation organization for whoever will pay his keep. Previously, he was

the head of the Morehob—Mouvement de Résistance des Hommes Bleus—which had its headquarters in Algiers. These days he is working for the Moroccans. A dark, pudgy man with a harried air and soup stains on his tie, he is accompanied by two bored adjutants who stare into space while he speaks and yell at him in Arabic when he is silent. The group is well known in the hallways outside Organization of African Unity conferences, and in restaurants favored by journalists in downtown Rabat.

The function of Aosario these days is to furnish propaganda to the Moroccan press. One of the Moroccans' biggest problems in the war they are fighting is their inability to attack Polisario bases inside Algeria (for fear of starting a direct war with that stronger country). So the Moroccan press lacks stories to counter Polisario offensives. The answer is the Aosario, and Moha. With regularity he announces the commando exploits of a nonexistent group of anti-Polisario guerrillas, which are then published as fact in the Moroccan press. The day I met Mr. Moha, a press release appeared in a Moroccan daily, prominently placed. It read, in part:

Military commandos of Aosario, operating inside Algerian territory, attacked a training camp... and after hand to hand combat inflicted heavy losses on the enemy mounting to 57 dead and 25 wounded. Signed, Achmed Rachid, Secretary-General, Aosario.

"Who is Achmed Rachid?" I asked.

"Oh, nom de guerre. Rachid is me." Moha answered.

"You weren't wounded?"

"No, no, not wounded. I'll have the lamb and salad, please."

I asked Moha if he could provide me with some details of the commando operation that had taken place in the desert two days before. He told me, as did his press release, that there was no such thing as the Polisario, and that they were all, in fact, Algerians and Cubans. I asked him to tell me what he knew of the Polisario leadership. "They are all liars and thieves." Did he know why they were fighting? "To overthrow Morocco." And what, in his opinion, was a format for a peaceful settlement? He stabbed my notebook with his butter knife: "The Sahara is Moroccan," he said. "Write that down."



HERE IS A TENDENCY, among the participants in the war, to assume that they need only declare their wishes emphatically and persistently to make them so. In 1975, King Hassan declared that the Sahara was rightfully his. He did so in the press, and in diplomatic talks, and through his representatives at the United Nations. Even when the International Court of Justice ruled that ties between Morocco and the Sahara did not constitute sovereignty, Hassan emphatically, and nonsensically, declared that the decision was a vindication of his claim. By this time the Spanish had made it clear that they were willing to abandon their troublesome colony in return for economic compensation; Franco was on his deathbed, Spanish foreign policy was in disarray. The timing was perfect. Hassan made his play.

In autumn of 1975, some 350,000 Moroccan peasants—zealous, ignorant, and poor—loaded themselves and what few possessions they could carry into flatbed trucks and set out to claim the western Sahara as their own. They responded to Hassan's call, broadcast on the state television and radio. In his appeal for volunteers, he called the "people's invasion" of the Sahara the Green March, after

the color of the Prophet's cloak.

His appeal set off a tumult of quasi-religious rhetoric and nationalist promotion. Newspaper logos were printed in green. Friday sermons in the mosques exhorted the public to volunteer. The government tobacco monopoly even manufactured millions of packs of Green March cigarettes, the wrappers of which de-

picted a bright green Moroccan horde march-

ing into a Day-Glo desert.

Hassan hoped the march would claim the Sahara for Morocco (as the Spanish were departing) without provoking a military battle. He sent a 200-mile-long convoy of men and women across the border, unarmed. They left the green Moroccan landscape, heading west to skirt the Atlas along the coast, living in the backs of the trucks for weeks on a diet of tinned sardines, water, bread, and tea, spending their nights sleeping on the ground. For some it was a journey of more than a thousand miles.*

When the Green March reached the western Sahara border post, the marchers dismounted, and were arranged in rows hundreds across. Supply trucks distributed green paperback Korans and red Moroccan flags. On a signal, the women emitted a high ululating cry, and then the chant Allahu Akbar—"God is Great"—was taken up within the ranks. Twenty young farmers led off across the border, followed by a pack of street kids from Marrakech and the balance of the mob. They spread out on either side of a thin paved road, and rushed south a full five miles.

To the surprise of almost everyone, even King Hassan, the Green March worked. The Spanish were unwilling to fire on unarmed peasants. In Madrid, they struck a deal with the Moroccans: Morocco and Mauritania would divide the Sahara; Spain would retain a share of the phosphates and fishing rights.

"Ceding the territory to Morocco was a quick and selfish move," a Spanish diplomat admitted. "We were closing up house and did what any good housekeeper would do: we left the neighbors with the keys and asked them to look after the property."

Even Hassan's domestic political goals were achieved. In five years there has been little public diminution of the Moroccans' fervor. Despite a steep rise in prices, a drop in tourism, and an increase in labor strikes, Moroccans will still stop a foreigner in the street to express their enthusiasm for the war. They despise the desert and its inhabitants. "They're not civilized," one Moroccan student told me. "They can't even play football." The newspapers' catch-phrases, "reunification of the national territory" and "integrity of the country," are repeated in conversation. As one Moroccan said, "It puts us on the map."

But a Spanish diplomat put it differently. He said, "It's the poison fruit we gave to Morocco."



"Fight with me!"

HIS IS ISLAM, my friend," a Moroccan intelligence official told me. "This isn't like your Vietnam. If a Moroccan soldier is killed in the Sahara, he is a martyr. There's more than a body bag at the end of the line. There's milk, and honey, and dancing girls in paradise."

Before they get to paradise, however, many Moroccan soldiers must pass through one of the war zone's three small towns.

The social, political, economic, and military capital of the Moroccan-held Sahara, El Ayoun, is situated on the banks of a dank pool of unpotable water twenty-five miles inland. It is a Potemkin village of 50,000 souls. The phosphate plant is shut down, thanks to the Polisario, so there is no eco-

^{*} The Green March was not the first Moroccan invasion of the Sahara: Moroccans and Saharans have invaded each other's lands for a thousand years. The Arab rulers of Morocco started sending expeditions across the desert shortly after they arrived in Morocco, in the eighth and ninth centuries. Their aim was to cross the desert as quickly as possible, steal the gold of Ghana, Songhai, and Mali, and return. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, groups of Saharans, fired by newly acquired Islamic fervor, rose out of the desert and conquered Morocco, before going on across the Straits of Gibraltar to Muslim Spain. They ruled an empire that stretched from Ghana to Madrid, which, though actually Saharan, was governed from Morocco and so forms the historical basis for Morocco's Saharan claim. Moroccan sultans have tried, every few centuries, to regain the Sahara. Consequently history is full of Moroccan armies dying there of hunger and thirst.

nomic purpose to life in El Ayoun beyond its own sustenance. Yet I saw buildings going up everywhere I looked. Jet flights from Casablanca and Marrakech and the Saharat towns of Dakhla and Smara arrive every day. Moroccan tourist maps show the tracks for a proposed railroad. There are even, near the center of town, the empty cages of a zoo.

"What will you put in it?" I asked.
"We don't exactly know yet," my escort
from the Ministry of Information answered.

In El Ayoun, public relations is all. The Moroccan civil administrators spend days and evenings in an unceasing round of promotional functions, while a large military force ensures the tranquility of the town within a defensible perimeter. At the town's only hotel there are dinners and receptions, conferences and press conferences around the clock, at which local Saharan elders, dressed in black turbans and bright blue robes, are given pensions, awards, honorariums, and congratulations. Night after night the robust, glad-handing, ubiquitous governor offers the politely listening Saharan graybeards amplified expressions of friendship from King Hassan.

But these public gestures, while useful for Moroccan propaganda broadcasts, do not solve the real Saharan problem. One Saharan said, "They bring their kif, their alcohol, and their prostitution here, push our faces in their shamefulness, and destroy our way of being. We Saharans have little except our religion and our independence. The Spanish were only interested in their colonialism, the phosphates, and the military. They left us alone. But the Moroccans are everywhere, always watching. They are like flies, always before

The Saharans complain that they are forced to carry identity cards, restricted in their movements, and watched. I heard rumors of torture. The Saharans also accuse the Moroccans of wanton sexual behavior, alcoholism, and drug abuse, allegations for which I could find no proof.

But their most grievous charge concerns the extermination of their camels. According to Spanish figures, there were 100,000 camels in the territory before the war. They provided milk, meat, and transportation to the Saharans. Now there are none, a catastrophe for that society comparable to the complete disappearance of all livestock and automobiles from ours. The Moroccans say the Saharans ate the

camels during a drought; the Saharans say they were slaughtered by the Moroccan soldiers for food. Both sides tend to blame the Spanish (who are no longer present to defend themselves) for bombing the herds so extensively that, as one Saharan recalled, "for years afterwards we were picking shrapnel out of the meat." In any event, the Saharans (who, like the Bedouin, have been described as "parasites of the camel") are now reliant on Moroccan supplies for their nourishment and can no longer move about. For nomads, this is anathema.

The Saharans are quartered in miles of concrete bunkers, but occasionally, when the nomadic spirit asserts itself, they decamp fifteen miles down the beach road, with their children and their goats, and erect tentlike structures made from refuse and tin. The only camels I saw in the whole Sahara were also down at the beach, being unloaded by a convoy of amphibious landing craft from freighters anchored offshore. They are brought from the ships to the desert eight at a time, their long necks craning over the gunnels of the boats like a party of yachtsmen on a club launch. They come from Morocco and, despite other needs for them, are slaughtered for food.

The lack of action in the Sahara is no disappointment to most Moroccan soldiers. They are disciplined, and willing, but hardly enthusiastic about the war. They spend their free hours in El Ayoun's shabby teahouses, drinking mint tea when mint is available, and watching hour after hour of soporific state television (the program I saw was a half hour of the coastal city mayors dining to the accompaniment of martial music). As one corporal told me, "There would be greater desertion, if there were only somewhere to go." Two 6,000-man armored divisions roll around the desert, but seldom encounter the Polisario, which is usually up north attacking Morocco.

Once, out of frustration, a Moroccan officer drove out of El Ayoun to look for the enemy (accompanied by a respected Spanish journalist). He drove out to a point just two miles from the center of town, where the dunes begin. He drove a Land-Rover with the windshield laid flat across the hood, a machine gun on the seat next to him, and a bullhorn in his hand. As he passed out of town the sentries saluted. All night long he drove around in great circles, passing his searchlight over the

dunes and scrub, firing off his inachine gun, and shouting through the bullhorn, "Polisario, come and get me. Polisario, come on!" His voice was amiable, pleading. "Fight with me!" Then he fired off a few more rounds.

o FIND the Polisario myself, I had to go back north to Casablanca and fly to Algiers. My first stop there was its headquarters.

Behind the green gate the only sound I heard was the high hollow pop of a Ping-Pong ball striking a wooden paddle. The rhythmic tocking kept a clockwork pace as the gate-keeper inquired about my name and went off to check within. Above the gate, the top floor of a large white villa was visible. Trees had grown toward balconies on which, twenty-five years before, the children of a rich colonial family probably had played. The afternoon was warm, sunny, and Mediterranean; wind rustled the trees and billowed the large red, green, white, and black flag, adorned with crescent and star, the standard of the Saharan Democratic Arab Republic.

As the gate opened, I saw the villa entire, grand and shabby, and a dark young man of twenty years, his arm extended in greeting, descending the portico steps. In a shaded arbor four young men were playing Ping-Pong doubles. A radio was blaring Arabic music. The villa was the foreign affairs center for the new republic for which a 10,000-man army was fighting against 50,000 Moroccans in the Sahara Desert, but as I entered, it seemed as if I had walked into the courtyard of a college fraternity house on a May afternoon.

On first encounter, it is difficult to take the Polisario seriously. For one thing, few of its representatives, whether in Paris, Algiers, or New York, are older than twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Their conversation is a mixture of antiphonal Arab politenesses laced with leaden leftist clichés. Their manner is alternately wary, amiable, and earnest. It often seemed to me that they were poseurs, and I wondered if the Moroccan accusations of sham were true.

Yet the Polisario must have some substance. With Algerian sponsorship, it has managed to gain recognition from forty-three countries in Africa and the socialist bloc. It is aware of its vulnerability should Algeria ever decide to renege on its commitments,

and has therefore cultivated Libya as an alternative source of support.*

Algerian support for the Polisario is extensive. In addition to the Algiers headquarters, the financial and diplomatic support given to Polisario representatives in foreign capitals, and large supplies of Algerian materiel and arms, there is also the education of Saharan children, the donation of Algerian land, and an interminable pro-Polisario public-relations campaign. If the Polisario is in fact establishing a new country, it is doing so in vitro, like a test-tube baby outside the mother's womb. Its survival is entirely dependent on Algeria.

In order to understand Algeria's support of the Polisario, one must first look at Algeria's own history. Algiers, only eighteen years after independence, is still steeped in the idea of liberation. The theme is difficult to escape. For example, one evening, while reading the newspaper and drinking a tisane at a cafe in downtown Algiers, I suddenly realized that the paper was called the Holy Warrior, and that the square I faced was named after a nineteenth-century tribal foe of the French whose statue dominated the view. In this same cafe, in 1956, a young Algerian woman left a bag containing a kilogram of nitroglycerine under the counter and blew up a room full of pieds-noirs (European-Algerian) families stopping off for a drink on their way home from the beach.

One million people, the vast majority Algerian, died in the war of independence between 1954 and 1962. But the Algerian war began long before that. The March, 1830, edition of a French newspaper carried a notice that

a new enterprise will be established on the occasion of the war against Algiers. A merchant from Marseilles, possessing an attractive ship, will fit it out as a hotel. Those persons wishing to witness the bombardment of Algiers and the landing of our

^{*} Throughout Africa, the Polisario has fared well because the ex-colonial member-states of the Organization of African Unity want to discourage King Hassan's precedent of playing with colonial borders. OAU members prefer liberation movements of almost any stripe within existing borders to separatist and irredentist movements with new borders in mind. In Africa, where the structure of society is still essentially tribal, there is a danger that too much separatism could unravel the whole continent.

troops will be lodged and fed for 15 francs a day.

That festive foray began a colonial war that was not to be resolved for 132 years.

Seeing Algeria, I found it easy to comprehend how millions of European settlers could have embraced this countryside, declared it a departement of France, and then been willing to die in order to stay. The country, in the part that runs along hundreds of miles of Mediterranean coast, closely resembles the south of France. Crescent beaches and rocky points descend from green hills to a perfect Côte d'Azur. The city of Algiers camps white and steep on one of these hills. From the top I looked down on a vista painted with Matisse colors: white buildings, green hills, terracotta rooftops, and light blue trim. The war that was fought over this place was at the same time monstrous and intimate, full of acts of terrorism and torture (systematically employed by the French military) that spoke of a rage beyond the normal butchery of war. The Algerian war had all the pent-up savagery of a family fight; sly and grudging and vicious and cruel.

For the Polisario, what is most important about the Algerian experience is the combative sense of national identity that arose out of this conflict. Before the last twenty years of French rule, Algerians did not think of themselves as a country; as recently as 1936 an Algerian leader declared: "I will not die for the Algerian nation, because it does not exist." As opposed to Morocco, which has had a national, if unstable, sense of itself since the medieval period, the Algerians are new to the idea of a national identity. During colonization, when Algeria was transformed from a political nonentity into a full département of France, it was at the cost of the Algerians' North African culture. The French military conquest of the interior early on ground the social structure "into human dust." French education later taught the Algerians about "our ancestors, the Gauls"; one of the leaders of the Algerian revolution, and a former president, speaks only French.

As I walked around Algiers, I was struck again and again by the moody brusqueness of the Algerians, so different from the remarkably open and expansive public personality of Moroccans. In the cafes along the port side, at the bottom of the Algiers hill, the innumerable

grim expressions matched the layers of soot that had settled on the wedding-cake buildings. As I spoke with Algerians, ate in their fluorescent-lit cafeterias that serve tasteless imitations of French cuisine, and listened to long-time residents describe the Algerians as "spooky" or "mean" or "uptight" people "who speak lousy Arabic and worse French," I found myself remembering the psychiatric case histories of wartime Algerians that Frantz Fanon described in Wretched of the Earth. Auditory hallucinations, nervous disorders, and paranoia appear in case after case as the Algerians showed the strains of maddening choices: to murder the French settlers (I think of two teenage Arab boys who murdered their French playmate) or not to (as in the case of a man who became crazed with cowardice).

Were the Algerians imposing their own history on the Saharans?



A visit to the camps

o cet to the Polisario camps, I flew 1,200 miles into the Sahara by jet, landing at the Algerian air-force base at Tindouf, near the western Saharan border. Algerian sentries guard the paved road that leads toward the contested territory, but where the Land-Rover turns off the pavement, the ad hoc Saharan Republic begins. Saharan soldiers replace the Algerian regulars at checkpoints.

On an hour's drive in a westerly direction I saw the same vista I had seen when I started, until suddenly through the windshield appeared a huge expanse of thousands of white tents, set into a vast plain given scale by their presence. They had the swell of canvas dunes, or a bank of grounded clouds.

The Polisario rolled around this terrain with amazing accuracy, accomplishing precise rendezvous thirty miles away from any distinguishable topographic feature, object, or road.

I felt there a special ascetic clarity of sight and smell and touch. During my visits, I liked to take long walks at sunrise and dusk, across the stony erg. To find my way back, I would fix a landmark-a parked water truck, for instance-to keep in sight. A half-hour's walk would often take me twice as far away from my landmarks as I thought it would, and other times only half as far. Objects appeared and disappeared, and landscapes and distances and the scale of things shifted and swerved. I found all the clichés to be true: distances are impossible to judge, mirages do look like pools of water at noon. A small rise on the horizon becomes, on approach, the shadow of a cloud.

Sitting in the middle of a vacant stony plain, I was suddenly surprised by a Land-Rover popping over a rise I hadn't known was a rise. Minutes later a water truck bobbed into view, ground past, and disappeared stage right. In this Beckett landscape, I expected to turn around and see Winnie herself, buried up to her waist in sand.

The camps are spread out over 100 square miles of desert, some as much as two hours apart by Jeep. The Saharans are grouped into geographical divisions that replicate their geographical arrangement in the real Sahara. There are about ten different camps. Saharans from the region of El Ayoun are camped in specific sections of the El Ayoun camp, and the same applies to Saharans originating in Dakhla, Smara, and other fixed sites in the Sahara. The organization along such precise geographical lines, however, represents wishful thinking more than reality, because the majority of Saharans aren't really "from" a place at all.

One of the questions of the Saharan war, and one to which no one has a clear answer, is, How many Saharans are there? The credibility, or the lack thereof, of the prospective state depends somewhat on the answer. (There are approximately a score of recognized countries with populations under 200,000, such as São Tomé and Principe, or Nauru [pop. 8,000]. By those standards, the Saharan Republic is populous.) I saw about 35,000 Saharans in the camps, based on multiplication of the number of tents by ten. Perhaps there are 35,000 more

I didn't see. The Polisario gives out numbers as high as half a million, which is absurd. A respectable 1974 Spanish census showed 75,000 Saharans, although it probably missed some. The Moroccans claim that the Saharans in the camps aren't from the western Sahara at all, but from other parts of the Sahara. Some of them may be. However, the Saharans I saw all spoke some Spanish, and no other Saharans would. Whether there are Malians, Mauritanians, and others in their number is difficult to tell. Guessing how many real Saharans are in a Saharan Republic is like guessing how many M&Ms there are in a jar.

My impression of those camps was of a society as pristine as its surroundings. My first encounter with the society was a meeting with the camp's executive committee, all of whom were women (the men are off at war). They outlined the camp's organization, into directorates of health, education, nutrition, justice, and the like. There were some men present, representatives of the young group of Saharan men who run the state: I remarked that the women felt free to interrupt. In fact, the active role of women absorbed most of my attention that first day. For an Islamic society, it is astonishing. They run the camps, staff the simple adobe-and-tin hospital, are taught the basics of nutrition, child care, and medicine, and even have a women's military camp, where young married women wear battle fatigues instead of the traditional blue and black and white robes, and are taught to fight, Most remarkable was the mandatory driver-education, because in a camel-less desert that is the final sign of social enfranchisement. (In Saudi Arabia, women are not permitted to operate

Education is a major concern, because it is so closely allied with political indoctrination. The largest and best staffed of the few permanent structures is the National School, where 2,000 children are sent to board. They are taught reading, writing, and how to march in military formation through the desert. Their crayon drawings show crude Polisario vehicles shooting down Moroccan planes.

Compared with the normal hardship of the Sahara, life in the camps is easy. Food and water are provided by the Algerian government, and other supplies are flown in from Libya. The daily routine is physical and philosophical preparation, mixed with collective

self-help. The society, from the youngest children to the oldest sheikhs, is on a paramilitary footing.

The success of a "national" entity extant for only five years—one that has neither an economy nor a homeland, but just a common threat to assure cohesion—means that the Polisario must do whatever it can to root out tribalism. All tribal divisions are obscured (one sheikh refused to tell me the name of his tribe, saying, "Those days are over"). And the black slaves who were owned prior to 1975 have all been freed. The citizenry is continually reminded that they are people of their fledgling Saharan Arab republic. No one seems to mind. The idea of nationalism has caught on as rapidly as Islam did a millennium ago.

Somewhere, I imagine, in a glass case, are underlined copies of the U.S. Constitution, the Koran, and the Communist Party Manifesto. The society is small and homogenous, and the Polisario, which designed the society, did so along textbook lines. Everyone seems enamored of elections. All personal property has been surrendered to the state. Livestock is owned communally, and, for the interim, while Algeria and Libya pay all the bills, the Polisario has rooted out the source of all evil. money. The young Polisario leaders propagate pan-tribalism in the context of a welladapted amalgam of utopian thought. The Sahara, after all, is an austere utopia. And collectivism, in Saharan society, is not something new. Poverty, in the past, was remedied among the members of a tribe by the establishment of camel "trusts": a rich family, possessing 100 camels or more, would lend some of its herd to those who had none. When the camels reproduced, and a new herd "seeded," the debt was repaid. Other aspects of society that used to be private concerns have fallen under the aegis of the state. Marriages used to be arranged with dowries of camels and gold, but since the elimination of all the camels and the surrendering of personal property, that has been impossible. Current practice provides that a man and woman wishing to marry present themselves to the Polisario, which arranges that the groom be given a state dowry loan.

As I watched the massive social engineering the Saharans undertook to coalesce and survive as a society, I was easily reminded of recent Algerian history. Like the Algerians,

the Saharans are being changed by conflict. Unable to sustain their tribal society, they have abandoned tribalism. Forced to choose between annexation by Morocco and acting as proxies for Algeria in a desert war, they have chosen the Algerian side, because it promises at least some hope of future independence. Politically, the Saharans are opportunists by necessity and nationalists by default. When and if it succeeds in harassing the Moroccans into some kind of settlement (and provided that Algeria and Libya don't abandon it), the Polisario may find itself in possession of the desert, the fish, the phosphates, and the independence that it covets. What the Saharan Arab Democratic Republic would then be like is hard to guess. I asked a Polisario official how central government might affect nomad society. "We are for organized nomadism," he said.

The last night I was in the refugee camps, before setting out to go into the war zone itself, I was invited to "amateur night" at the women's military compound. Several hundred men sat in the audience, separately from several hundred women. Half were dressed in traditional robes, and the other half in fatigues. A stage had been set up under the stars, with lights and a microphone and amplifier set in place. Four young Saharan women, singing high wailing melodies, were the first act, backed by a young Saharan with an electric guitar powered by a gasoline generator, and a conga section that kept time. Between acts an old Saharan poet took the stage, to recite bellicose stanzas. An emcee worked the crowd. "Does the mass of the people guarantee the liberation struggle?" he began the litany in Arabic. "Liberty," the audience chanted. "And the proclamation of the Saharan Arab Democratic Republic!"

A war theater of the absurd

ometimes I think they never fight at all," a European diplomat said to me. "Imagine if the Moroccans only pretended to fight, in order to get money from the oil states and U.S. weapons. And the Polisario only pretended to attack, to stay on the Algerian dole. Both sides could stage battle scenes in the desert to show the press. No one would ever be the wiser."

were it not for the bodies, because victory, in this war, is in the eye of the beholder. The function of the Sahara battlefields is to supply the substance of propaganda. It is an unwinnable war fought for public opinion.

The Polisario takes reporters and photographers on week-long outings to visit the sites of their victories. "Don't you want to see the burned-out tanks at Lebouirate? We'll go to Smara and shell the Moroccan positions. Good pictures." Their body counts provide hard copy in the face of military inconclusiveness, as they did for the United States in Vietnam. After all, guerrilla wars hinge more for their determination on attrition and morale than on ground won and lost. And guerrilla warfare in the desert is doubly confounding. The ability of one side to take or defend a position has importance only for that isolated position-nothing more or less. The war bears no relation to the surrounding area or population, of which there is none. A visit to a remote fort makes one understand why the desert is a second enemy, destroying the Moroccans' resolve with torturous heat, thirst, and tedium, cutting off their escape, and providing the Polisario with uninhibited travel. Conversely, the Polisario's victories are only psychological. The absence of a population or controllable terrain makes it impossible to consolidate success.

To find the war, I agreed to accompany a group of journalists with the Polisario on one of its public-relations outings. It took four hours, sitting on the front seat of a Land-Rover, to reach a former Moroccan position called Mahbess. A second Land-Rover carried six Polisario guerrillas with machine guns as an escort. My driver, Brahim, checked the rearview mirror every few moments for Moroccan jets attacking from out of the sun.

As we rode, Brahim, who was intelligent and articulate, talked fervently about the need to drive the Moroccans out. "All of us in the camps think of nothing else, it is our only hope. A great many are killed, but the Moroccans would exterminate every last one of us." The simplicity of his aims and the clean perfect vacancy in which he lived endowed him with considerable nobility. He confirmed Richard Hofstadter's statement that "to be confronted by a simple and unqualified evil is no doubt a kind of luxury."

"Welcome to Mahbess," Brahim suddenly announced. There was nothing visible. Then

tire tracks suddenly appeared, merging from several directions between two low hummocks of sand, crossing a flat rise, and becoming a clear trail. A concrete pillar—the fort's observation post—was visible a mile away. The Land-Rovers stayed on the track, to avoid minefields on either side.

"See the calcified skeletons on your right," Brahim said in the helpful tone of a tour-bus guide. A row of leathery corpses lay by the perimeter of trenches. The desert had embalmed their faces into parched serenity six months after the battle. Their green uniforms

were filling with sand.

We walked to a sad inner compound of Nissen huts and concrete bunkers littered with bazookas, grenades, exploded vehicles, unexploded projectiles, and cans of Carlsberg beer. An empty case of Johnnie Walker Red lay beside a corpse outside an officer's bunker. On the wall of one of the huts was a series of chalk drawings of naked women. "Come on," Brahim said, "there are some more corpses up at the observation tower."

But I had seen enough. I waited with the Polisario escorts as the others completed the tour. The guerrillas passed the time by target-shooting at a Moroccan helmet.



After I returned to Algerian territory, a Polisario representative stopped me to say hello. "You have been to Mahbess?" he asked.

"Uh-huh."

"It's liberated!" he exclaimed.

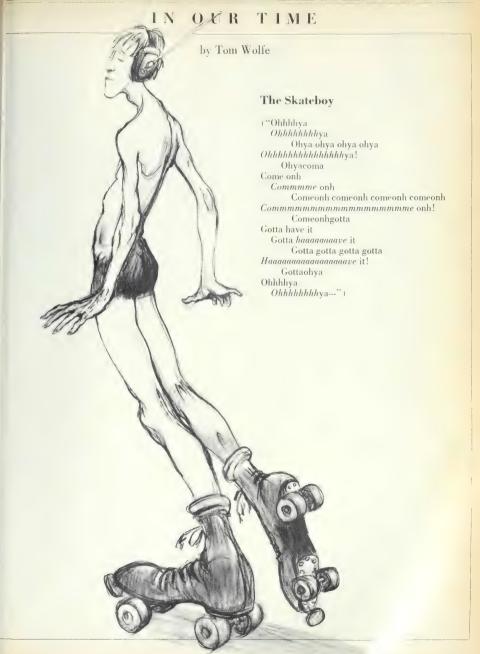
"Liberated?"

"Yes, didn't you go?"

"I went this morning. Everyone in it is dead."

"Dead—yes, of course dead. But liberated."

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1980



NOT BORED, NOT ILL AT EASE OR COLD

by Ann Lauterbach

1.

Not bored, not ill at ease or cold to another way we come. not to tell but to be told. Yet sometimes the story is not enough to hold us, to save the details from the fast approach of night. What might they be? A beautiful face grown old, or just another time, less troubled, when we could apprehend what we were part of. Sing to me. Sing to me now. That house with its rose and gilt staircase, the plush ride up to the master bedroom; pillars at the driveway's end; the great pine. All those paths they followed; the succulent pears. Each morning was lineage and nights gave rise to acute privacies: the tacit inspired by the intimate. Then stars, then moonlight, the sky a chorus.

2.

Stars... moonlight... chorus, these remnants that form above the trees. They are fatigued, also, in Berlin and Barcelona. The boys are thin, and dance among themselves in dim gymnasiums to the sound of metal against metal, their ankles bleeding. In Pariwathe girls grow to great freat many wather cut glass vase. Upston would exterminate every the simplicity of his aims and the fect vacancy in which he lived enough with considerable nobility. He colim. Richard Hofstadter's statement that confronted by a simple and unqualifie is no doubt a kind of luxury."

"Welcome to Mahbess," Brahim suddannounced. There was nothing visible. I

even familiar sounds: dogs, wind, or the step of the youngest coming down the hall with family news. "Teresa?" The voice garbles in the throat.

In London, they lie down early in the day.
They have come to fear the sound of bells
and the sound of satin over the legs of women.
The children do not look up when soldiers
pass below.

3.

The children did not look up when soldiers passed below.

That afternoon the shelf gave way as part of an ambivalence, a forgetting.

Everything fell: petals, spools of extra thread, the scissors, the map.

We thought: now there is no strand to walk only a recession of ideas and stacked mementoes, biographical notes, old songs dredged from the hinterland where idle girls giggle in doorways of small shops.

With so much to ignore and so much to sweep up we saw the possibilities of lingering on the outskirts of the imagined like birds on rocks.

A great wind swept across the bay.
What had the illusions been?
The bridge, the cradle, the unnamed pony in the stall, the good cook, the corsage, the toss of hair while the cameras are still running and the letter rescinding all memories of war.
"Call the cops!" she screamed. Then: "Sing to me now."



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Joyce & Nora

A portrait of Joyce's marriage

by Edna O'Brie

Would one but to do apart a lilybit her virginelles and so, to breath, so therebetween, behold.

His pale Galilean eyes were upon her mesial groove, his loins thundering.

If the shrew is worsted there remains to her woman's invisible weapon.

Love me love my drugrs.

AMES JOYCE, poor Joist-"a funnominal man, supporting a gay house in a slum of despond." He moved houses-those haunted inkpots-scores of times. His father before him had often moved house, and for an identical reason-impecunity. His name derived from the Latin and meant "joy," but at times he thought himself joyless, that jejune Jesuit spurning Christ's terrene body, a lecher, a Christian brother in luxuriousness, a bullockbefriending bard, a peerless mummer, a priestified kinchite, a quill-frocked friar, a timoneer, a Poolbeg flasher, and a man with a gift of Irish majacule script. He shared with Sir Robert Burton a fascination and a curiosity about women's apparel, but whereas to the author of The Anatomy of Melancholy it was a source of wickedness, to James Joyce it was a source spermic titivation—three-quarter-length skirts cut on the bias, bloomers, stockings of purest silk, a wad of cotton wool soaked in perfume were all "but a spring to catch woodcocks."

To have an inkling of anyone else's ascension-descension into love is nearly impossible, but to understand James Joyce's is dazzling, daunting, metamorphosing, and imponderable. Here there is no truck with pots and pans, no normality. There is at once a reality weird in its searchingness and a transformation where in women are put on pedestals for litanies—"Opals and pearls, warm lights, broken mu-

sic." The molecules of the body shuttling a and fro, as the artist in the man weaves an unweaves woman's image and the man in the artist desecrates and considers her drawer Forever mingling the genitalia and the transubstantial. He carried a miniature pair a women's drawers in his pocket but unaccoun ably lost them one day, just as Leopold Bloomight have done.

Women are like rivers that flow in their ow ineluctable way. Chatter chatter, teaseforhin toesforhim, tossforhim. Exultance. Idiosyncra sy. Consummation. A raveled mind giving values, dimensions, and properties that do no exist except in the ravenous desire for the im possible. Practical though he was in his de lineation of human anatomy, and in his de scription of the air, the streets, and the shot fronts of his native Dublin, it is nevertheles difficult to decide what was real and what was figment. Admitting to being exceedingly egotistical and unused to compromise, never theless he fell in love. We know that he and the future Mrs. Joyce eloped from Ireland lived permanently in pensiones, were hounded by debt, and that Mrs. Joyce did not read much and did not care to cook. She bore the same name as the barnacle goose, which he took to be an augury. He liked wild geese, gannets, and migratories. The auguries that birds brought were suckerassousyoceanal. Their actual marriage did not take place until twentythree years after they met, and then it was a tame, twilight event in a registry office embarked on for practical reasons so that their children could inherit his estate. But love, as Joyce would say, does not gallop on the ricecourse of matrimony. For a long time they were fondly affianced.

Pillowed on my coat he had her hair, earwigs in the heather scrub, my hand under her nape, you'll toss me all o wonder.

He could say that, he did say that, but did

Edna O'Brien was born in the west of Ireland and currently resides in London. She is a writer of novels and short stories, most recently the short-story collection A Rose in the Heart.

" 'Die and be

not also say that Irish women were the se of all moral suicide? He identified his her with the Catholic church, which he ught to be the scullery maid of Christena. On both mothers he waged open and epentant war. His mother an umbiliacal dge. Packing his secondhand clothes for , as he prepares to set out for Paris, his ther tells him of her prayers, that away from ne he may learn what the heart is and what eels. Piety and sentiment he spat on. It perved and disgusted his bantering soul. t as his country did. He left it for fear he th succumb to the national disease, which provincialness, wind-and-piss philosophizcrookedness, vacuity, and a verbal spoutthat reserved sentiment for God and for dead. Although he left his mother, he could banish nor repudiate her, and he was to be inted by her memory. Love is a paradox. erything about Joyce was paradoxical. His and schemes to buy things aligned with his miliating debt, as did his pride in the sovignty of fatherhood with his desperate dee to be woman. His clown-cum-hero Leopold oom feels himself to be father of all his race t is obsessed by the idea of birth and mothnood. Bloom finds himself in the precincts Hollis Street Maternity Hospital, where ina Purefoy, "the wan with the Methodist sband," has been accouched for three days d is lying with the vinegared handkerchief on r forehead, her belly writhing, because the ild's head is too big and is trying to butt its

First he tickled her Then he patted her Then he passed the Jemale catheter For he was a medical Jolly old med...

w out.

'omb dread, womb longing, womb envy. The publed-up head inside the swollen woman uts the pleasurable spermic idealizations out f Bloom's mind. He still quaffs the porter ith his cronies, but he cannot forget the ullyboy struggling to get out.

Easter duty and death

OYCE WAS the first surviving son of two people for whom marriage was an escalating disaster. His father said that the name Murray—his wife's maiden name—tank in his nostrils. The name Joyce stood or joy. James Joyce's sympathies inclined oward his father, whom he actually forgave or being Mr. Himmyshimmy, a blighty, a eeky, a lighty, a scrapy, a babbly, a ninny,

a dirty thief. But from his mother tenderness was withheld. She may have been too solicitous, asking him at six or seven not to mix with rough boys at school, or she may have been too possessive. When a young girl named Eileen Vance wrote him a ditty—"Oh Jimmy Joyce you are my darling,/ you are my looking glass night and morning"—his mother intercepted the letter. He bore her a grudge that persisted to her deathbed and after—

Her glazing eyes staring out of death to shake and bend my soul. On me alone. Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror... her eyes on me to strike me down.

From Paris he was soon recalled by the ubiquitous never-failing cryptic heart-needling Irish telegram-"Mother dving come home." He had to borrow the fare to come back. On the boat journey, as he saw the cliffs of Dover, he mused not on the dving woman but on the boulevards he had come from, on the couples, and on the prostitutes with perfumed bodies, chattering lips, and warm humid smells. He saw, too, that the sea moved like the scales of music and that it was capable of making notes in his head. The mother did not die then, but lived on, causing her exasperated, inebriated husband to stand at the foot of her bed and cry out, "Die and be damned to you." Her son would not promise to do his Easter duty-the mother would die as she lived, in torment, her image transmitted to the seagray, sweet, mother, snot-green, scrotumtightening. After she had gone she appeared to him in a dream, her body wasted within its loose brown graveclothes, giving off an odor of wax and rosewood, her voice mute and reproachful.

For the large and motherless family it was a case of flits by moonlight as they moved house again and again to avoid landlord and bailiff. They lived on credit, loans, and the sale of anything salable. They referred to the bailiff as His Lordship. They would move furniture in a handcart at night to a new abode, where the new rent collector would not trace them for a week, and then they would move again in the moonlight.

Joyce was always borrowing. He tried to raise a fund for himself by receiving pawn tickets; he tried to borrow from his fellow medical students when they wrote down his witticisms. He was at once proud and incapable of humiliation. He made many mistakes, but he himself said that a man of genius makes no mistakes and that all his actions, however feckless, however cruel, are portals of discovery. He had to quit medical school

because of lack of funds, but perhaps as well

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there was a lack of conviction. For him and the large family of brothers and sisters it was a question of scutter and noserags. The family diet was tea, fried bread, and dripping, arguments fired by hangover, their repartee quick, unaffectionate, and bitter.

Joyce wore secondhand breeches that of course he credited with the possibility of having previously belonged to some poxy bowsy, and that would in turn infect him. Drink, the Irish opium, was his solace. Only the sacred pint could unbind his tongue, and naturally an excess of sacred pints had him prostrated in his own mulberry-colored, multicolored, multitudinous vomit. At that time in Dublin, prostitution was carried on as publicly as in Algiers. The clientele were sailors, British Tommy army officers, and privates who went in closed cabs at night. Last but not least were the medical students, the jolly old medicals, and Joyce, the lapsed medical student, among them. Limp with leching, they betook themselves to the pelvic basin of the icky licky micky red-light district in Rings End Road, where hung out Tresh Nellie, Rosalie, and the Coalquay whore. No doubt the brothels did not have the mad or exotic carnival fascination that Joyce later wrote about, but they were where he found his much-desired abasement. The one he singled out to immortalize in *Ulysses* was run by Bella Cohen, whose main ambition in life was to send her son to Oxford:



I gave it to Nellie
To stick in her belly
The leg of the duck
The leg of the duck.

Whatever Joyce beheld he treated hims and his readers to visions unparalleled—gau women with little gold stibble teeth, a lady a mop cap and crinoline with leg of mutt sleeves, hair in a net, and underneath h chemise a little brown scapular of the Lan of God to keep her from sin. One woman in scarlet bloomers and a jacket slashed will gold, the next in a one-piece gown of moo light blue. Some are in slips, others do it the shake of a lamb's tail. There are those will might soil a love letter in an unspeakable ma ner, those with little soft palms who soon su render, and the hoity-toity who threaten fillet a man, vivisect him, put stars and stip on his breeches, dig their spurs into him, an as it would seem, administer punishment whi he is liking it and licking it. Stephen Dedalu who was the impersonation of Joyce, confron his dead mother in leper gray in Bella's broth el, and in answer to her beseeching he say "Shite," and smashes the chandelier with h ashplant.

The warning of Buck Mulligan, "O kine thou art in peril, get thee a breech pad, was Joyce's admonition to himself. Much a the lapsed Jesuit would revel over sinful seed Bella Cohen's establishment, the latent Jesui would deem a journey to such a place a jaur to the gates of Hell, while the ex-medical str dent would blame the temperature of the tes ticles. Yet not there in Rings End Road, per meated with fog, were the entrails of his being laid bare. He longed to copulate with a soul What we long for, it seems we eventually get Whish. A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Cries. And he very own namesake, the barnacle goose, wholesome augury to him who was augury ridden. Clinging. Crustaceous. Nora Barnacle Bright, chatty, she sauntered, he thought, in to his life. He mistook her bafflement, perhaps for self-possession. A country girl from Gal way who worked as a chambermaid in a ho tel. Joyce asked what might Caesar have lived to do had he believed his wife Fulvia (and later, the soothsayer), had he not gone out or the Ides of March to be killed. It was inevit able. The lawless lover in him was growing tired of scortatory love. Whores were bad con ductors of emotion and he longed to copulate with a soul. His brother Stanislaus, who had a somewhat disgruntled view of the human race, thought that if James longed to copulate with a soul he ought to have got himself born g with a soul ne ought to have a anywhere other than Ireland.

flog flog,"

T WAS JUNE. June the tenth. Barnacle day. He saw her in Nassau Street and they stopped to talk. She thought his blue eyes were those of a Norseman. He was twentwo, she was twenty. They made a date and ranged to meet the following day at Number ne Merrion Square, outside the house of Sir illiam Wilde. On that corner Joyce had the ibious advantage of being able to watch in ur different directions, of being able to catch ght of her either walking toward him or ighting from a tram. We all know the trepation, the ingrained despairingness of these aits. His was no exception. She did not show). He wrote to her that night and said that had looked for a long time at a crop of ddish brown hair and had had to concede at it was not hers. Might they have another pointment? His tone was light, but his inention was determined. In this jaunty, fairly literate girl, whose plumpness might have apealed to Rubens, Joyce was to seek and nd the earth mother, dark, formless, made eautiful in moonlight. Joyce was a Dubliner, lora was from Galway. She was to bring in er jingles, her stories, her pisreogs, the echoes f her ancestry, the other half of Irelandoil, gloom, moon-gray nettles, and muttering

Yeats had said that when he fell in love rith Maud Gonne it was then all the trouling of his life began. For Joyce, at least at irst, it was a case of physical and mental ransport, and this young girl was a summons o his blood. As terribly as Abelard tried to rush and exorcise his own and Heloise's lipidinousness, so did Joyce try to ignite theirs. He tried to be her, to know her as she was in ier convent days in Galway when the Sisters of Mercy prepared her for First Holy Communion, in her scallywagging days when she and her friends made dates with a man in the church and then devoured the box of chocolates he gave them. Nothing was to be kept from Joyce. He wanted to strip her of all mask and all clothing, to pass through her into her secret inviolate individuality. With what tenacity did he investigate and pursue it!

The past of this girl obsessed him—her trite girlhood props, things such as garters, bracelets, cream sweets, and a pale green lily of the valley not a flower but a brooch. He went in as a deep-sea diver must go, making known to himself everything hidden, yet there. She was to be earth and formless, dark occasionally made beautiful by moonlight (rather like a glowworm), only half-conscious of her myriad

fluidlike instincts. The sum of her past in Gal- "She was to flog way, in the little things she did, like taking a bite of a snapapple or a cake of soap, or listening under doorways for a preternatural whisper that would tell her the initials of her future husband-these were to be the first of her narrative but by no means the last. Her chastity he would confirm in her adultery. And when he said such and such a thing and she said, "I know what's talking there," meaning his sex, he felt a terrible pre-aged melancholic reproach in her. Like womankind she was older, sager. Yet to their children he was more mother than she. As yet she was both child and mother, describing the outskirts of Galway, woods, fields, the cows, the cowslips, the covey of girls in the warm hills undressing, seeing their bodies as roses. Once she acquired a snood to put over her auburn hair, to gird her wildness: another time she donned man's clothes; another time she stood on a dunghill chewing a head of raw cabbage so as to be treated secretly to the sound of the name of the man that was to be her husband. In her company he left aside his jeering contemptuous nature. She was invited to a concert hall to hear him sing. He warned that he would be nervous, but he did not realize his pianist would become so nervous as to quit and leave him to dig out the notes for himself as he went ahead and sang the song "Down by the Sally Gardens.'

For entertainment they walked. They could not afford to do anything else. Yet he was not blind to what he saw—the watchtowers, the murmuring waters, the fishful stream, and the empathy of the mighty dead. He was not to assign it to paper until long after he saw and noted it all. He saw the space of the sky, the ever-changing evening violet, the dark dripping gardens with their ashpits, the soggy flower beds, the stables where a coachman combed the horses, and, of course, the sea, the seaweed, the warm sand, the wavelets, the sharp shingle, the water mirroring the high drifting clouds. Next day she wrote to say that in his company she always felt herself to be, her spirit took leave of her body in sleep, and the loneliness she felt in his absence faded away in his presence. Joyce recognized at once that these were not the words of a girl who invoked charms and made beds and emptied chamber pots for a living. He guessed rightly. She had copied the letter from a book of etiquette. Possibly he loved her even more. The waters were getting fathoms deep and in them were the minnows whose movement he likened to that inside his trouser's fly-God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain. Nora.

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S HE SAW MORE of her he felt obliged to tell her how he had hated and disavowed mother church, how he had loved and espoused the brandle buttocking of the ladies in Nighttown. She did not want to know. She must. She would have to know how august he was and how flawed. She would have to know that he entered the social order of Ireland as a deliberate vagabond. There was Stephen the acolyte and Bloom the lecher, and they alternated. One day it was her knickers and the next day it was his soul on the brink of hers and by night it was himself making half-hearted plans to flee by going with an actors' company. But he was already bound. The proverb that Lermontov tells in "A Turkish Tale" applied to Joyce too-"Whereupon is written upon a man's forehead at birth he is not fated to forgo."

Maybe it was those dog's eyes of hers. Like Anne Hathaway. She hath a way. By cock she was to blame. She had put come hither on him. He would sleep with her glove beside him and had to remark that it behaved itself very properly, like its owner. He would buy her a gift of gloves, but where would he get the money? He was scrounging in the name of the crucified Christ and getting volleys of refusal. No rhymed with woe. Old cronies asked for loans to be returned, but Joyce parried, "Molecules all change, I am other I now, other I got pound"! Still he bought her the gift of gloves. Perhaps he used the payment for a story, "The Sisters," that appeared in The Irish Homestead, which he called The Pigs Monthly.

Letters written to her in the morning would, miraculously, be delivered before lunch, and he would have a reply before nightfall. She would run from her duties to the bedroom, or the WC, and learn that she was to leave her stays at home because they were like a dragoon's, that she was to come without skirts in order to receive his papal benediction, that the power of indulgence had been vested in him by Pope Pius X and that she must know that it was from such muddy pools that angels called forth a spirit of beauty. Her kisses were like the singing of canaries. He was her brother in luxuriousness, her Christian brother and agonizing Jew. To him she was simplemended, excitable, impotent, and sleepy, and she broke all before her. But she was no casual comrade in lust, "fire fulplay, frisking in the kool kurkle dusk of lushness." He was drinking her mountain dew.

He could not say that he loved her, he would not say it. She pressed. He would not say it. He could say that he was very fond of her, that he desired to possess her wholly, that he admired and honored her, and that 6 sought to secure her happiness. Love it no not have been, but need it was. She became breast between him and God and death—"H I hate God and death, how I like Nora." Sowas still sniffing around for the word love. So could not have plumbed both the ruthlessn and the meticulousness of his thinking, a she could not have known that for him, as any great writer, to say love is merely conditional, since his soul insists on the state emotional flux and actuality depends forey on the partial denial of what is, or has been in order to give it new life. He doubted a questioned who he was and what he was

That which I was, is that which I am, and that which in possibility I may come to be in the future, the sister of the past, I may see myself as I sit here now by reflection from that which I then shall be.

He applied for a teaching post in Zurich in Berlitz school and was accepted. It was the his touching began in earnest, and he asked friend, Starkey, to get from his father's sho one toothbrush and powder, a nail brush, pair of boots, a coat, and a vest. He must have relied on Nora Barnacle to have her ow toothbrush and tooth powder. She was expecing a little legacy from a grandmother in Gaway, but all expectation of money turned of to be futile either for Joyce or for his girl.

When they set out from the docks on the clandestine adventure it was shrouded in se creev and possibly dread. In Zurich there wer no vacancies, and so they went to Trieste where there were none either, and finally the settled in the naval town of Pola. Soon a let ter to Stanislaus tells how Nora is lonely when ever Joyce is away, and how her boot pinches Were her family by any chance putting advertisements in the paper to ask of her where abouts? Did the girls who had worked wit her in the hotel think her "snotty"? Joyc earned two pounds a week by teaching Eng lish, mostly to officers of the Austrian navy He looked forward to the day when he coul get a new suit and have his teeth fixed. H and Nora rose at nine and partook of choo olate. They lunched in a locanda opposite, sur prisingly had dinner at eight, and then wen on to a cafe where he read the French news papers. Soon Nora became pregnant. The quarreled, but then they would make up. Sh curled his hair with her tongs, and when fo an instant she withdrew her loving looks h was beside himself and would tremble. Such thing happened in a restaurant once and h wrote a beseeching letter to know what ha happened.

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ET THERE WAS one strand of betrayal in him: not only did he think he night leave her ("There isn't an anxiety at the back of my mind want to be ready materially"), but

for which I want to be ready materially."), but he told Stanislaus some of her more important secrets, her early love affairs, a near seduction by a curate with black curly hair, and a thrashing she got from her uncle, during which he went down on his knees and developed some kind of orgasmic convulsive fit. Stanislaus did not like her and was without respect for her. Yet Joyce told him these juicy things and added, "Pretty little story, eh?"

And what did Nora think? She said to tell Stan "she was axing at him." She put Xs for kisses and seemed, like Molly Bloom, to turn a blind eye to Stan's disapproval of her. Writing was something that did not interest her, and she even questioned the validity of Joyce's using up reams of paper to write what he was

then calling his epiphanies.

She often sang when dressing: "Old Tom Gregory/ Has a big menagerie." She licked the jam off its sealing-paper cover and regaled him by persisting with droll country wit. But there was a less sunny side to her. There was the helpless exile who lay in a dark room and cried. She was afraid to go out into the street without him, for fear of being insulted. She spoke thirty words of Triestine dialect, could not learn French, and disliked Italian cooking, thinking it too sloppy. The director of the Berlitz school said, on meeting her, that she was not worthy of Joyce. To this Joyce said that a man would need a degree of selfstultification to fathom that one. Anyhow he decided that only would-be thinkers or feminists would expect a woman to be a man's equal. For all his ribaldry about it, it was plain that there were problems. The heat made her breathless and powerless, the cold gave her chilblains. She often said that she longed to hear and see a kettle boiling on a hob. She moped.

So here we have this young girl, in a short brown dress, with thick coils of hair, living with a man whose body she could follow but whose mind she could not comprehend. He saw that she was one of those plants that could not be safely transplanted. She cried a lot. She was weakening his natural cheerfulness, and when Joyce heard mistakenly that Ibsen had left his wife, the same thought occurred to him. He feared for the moroseness of the child that she would bring forth and felt pity as he watched her fail to make the baby clothes that she was trying desperately to copy from a pattern. They spent nights of horrible melancholy, one of which she salvaged for him by

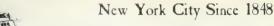
quoting a line of his poetry—"O sweether hear you your lover's tale." She had misqued it but her very utterance had miraculous revived his flagging belief in himself as a put And their estrangements were a spur to the lists.

They had reckoned that their first child due in August, but not unsurprisingly thad miscalculated the event. Joyce was abto go bathing when Nora was struck do with a pain that seemed remarkably like in gestion. Their landlady summoned the mife. Six hours later, when he heard that had a son and heir, he took it in his an hummed operatic airs to it, and predicted tit would have the singing voice of its fatt and its grandfather. This was a hope that never forsook.

When the telegram "Son born Jim" reach Dublin, Mr. Joyce senior first wept, then about borrowing the money to send a tell gram of congratulation. Earlier on, Joyce h been referring to it in letters to his brother the "interesting event," but now that a s was born, amazement, emotion, and unwont sentiment were unleashed. He said the me important thing that can happen to a man the birth of a child. The runaway son w forgiven. Joyce senior said the news gave h a "Christmas morning feeling." Stanisla predicted that the birth would enhance ! brother's status in Dublin and overwhelm I friendly enemies. It was as if Joyce was t first man to father a child, so remarkable as so widespread were the congratulations. Sta islaus confessed that his own affections we ignoble and sluggish compared with Jim's. I also predicted a great relationship building i between father and son. But that was mulater.

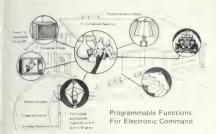
EARS AFTER, Joyce believed that mysterious malady had caught ho of his children at an early age. fact, he believed that he and h common-law wife had not loved them enoug In a sense they were still massively in lov with each other. Joyce was only twent five and caught up in the double exhaustic of teaching and writing. His wife and he we still physically besotted. But poor, They move to Rome, where Joyce had taken a position in a bank-a task to which he was constit tionally alien and unsuited. Bethelemites wa how he termed them. There was not a day the he and Nora were not in search of a room, search of an inn, in search of a meal, in search of a pupil. He was fond of his son, he said but his own spiritual barque was on the rock

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Edna O'Brien JOYCE AND NORA

He would rage and call on anything to change "his curse O God state of affairs." He would stay too long in the tavern and come home to a disgruntled wife, flapping like a rag in a breeze. He said he would not be surprised if she didn't unload a second male child for the dynasty.

Genius and parenthood make bad bedfellows. Dante may have been his spiritual food, but Rome was nauseous. He associated it with death, corpses, and assassination. After all, the one most important feature of Rome was the foundation of the Roman church. He likened her to a hussy who offers herself among perfume, flowers, songs, and music but is

stinking on her outdated throne.

When they looked for lodgings they would be turned away because they had a small child. Nora would wait first in a cafe and then in a cinema until he arrived late at night with the money just received for a private lesson. They would have dinner and search for a room where the tariff suited their means. They slept head to toe to avoid the risk of future Joyces. The next morning he would go to the bank, and Nora and the child Giorgio would vacate the room at noon, go to a cafe and again to a cinema until he arrived with the money from the private lesson so that they could do the same thing once more.

If only she had kept a diary. Of what was she thinking? Her loneliness? Galway? Her family? Their future? She even delivered a complaining letter to him at his bank, but all he could do was blow his nose in it. As a writer and a verbal conjuror he could imagine what he did not have, but for her there was no such outlet and there was no money, no girlfriends, no chatter, and no clothes. He later expressed a memory of love's history as being stars that burned with a pure though distant intensity. He said he was close to mental exhaustion. Any ideas he had had about socialism were quashed. He did not want to codify himself. Yet here he was working in a bank, giving private tuition, yet setting down for eternity incalculable and rapturous images. They had pasta for Christmas dinner, but he was pleased to be able to say that he had bought his little son a rocking horse. He loved giving gifts, and in Finnegans Wake he enables Annalivia to give prodigious gifts to her thousand and one children.

The patient Stanislaus received the full surge of these impecunious cries. He would be told to send ten crowns and enclose it in good thick paper so that Joyce's employer in the bank would not see it. He would be told to be on the alert to send twenty or thirty more in a week and to give full credence to the fact

that Giorgio now needed a new sheet, and the Giorgio broke windows and drinking vesse freely. Joyce complained that his teeth we rotting and so was his soul. Life, as he said was slipping from him like water from a mulin bag. If Stanislaus had not the money, h was to try this one or that one, another teader, another pupil, another merchant, anyone The money was to be wired. "Buck up," Starislaus was told. If there is any relationshi in which Joyce's qualities as a monster ar brought to fruition, it is that toward his brother—"O enchainted, dear sweet Stanislaus."

IS DISLIKE OF Rome caused him to hand in his resignation in a burs of pique. He toyed with the idea of going to Marseilles, except that h did not have the money for the postage stam to apply for a position there. Despite theil sleeping head to foot, Nora had again con ceived. So it was back to Trieste. He taught he wrote articles, and soon he fell ill with rheumatic fever. This he believed he con tracted from his many encounters with the gutter. First we feel, then we fall. While he was in one wing of the hospital his daughter was born in the paupers' ward and he insisted that she be named Lucia after the patror saint of eyes. When Nora was discharged from the hospital she was given twenty crowns in charity. She came home to a noisy son, a small flat shared with an overworked brother-in-law, and her own depleted self. It is hard for love to keep alive under such conditions.

For her husband, however, mental resurrection was vital. As well as writing, he daily thought of useless schemes to make money— "A Joyce of all trades." One of these schemes was to open a moving-picture house in Dublin. It was when he returned there that his love for Nora was rekindled and re-expressed with the same passion, the same exclusivity as at first. A flood of letters crossed the Irish Sea, and it is amazing that the prelates did not do something catastrophic to the mailbags. They are frank, rabid, and founded on lust. The two parts of her body that did dirty things were the loveliest to him, her arse being his favorite. He wished for her spluttering lips, for her heavenly exciting filthy words. He would do as she said and lie down with the letter and pull at himself, hoping she was tickling herself and at the same time writing

Meanwhile he was exhausted with the business of setting up a cinema, arranging posters, buying furniture, endeavoring to get a

lated. They were masters at vacillation. Later "... Rome was they read and liked the works of Sacher-Masoch.

Dublin and Galway: Two images

EVER FAR FROM the throes of love are the pangs of jealousy. In his native city the need for his compatriots to hurt him was twofold. He had been sending chapters of his novel, Stephen D., to his friends, and he must have known how they would see themselves scurrilosed and how they would see that they had let a genius slip through their fingers. Vincent Cosgrave, the other contender for Nora's hand, said it was unfair of Joyce to frig the one idea about love that Cosgrave had given him via Nora, Vincent the Rum Rooster himself. On the alternate nights when Joyce did not see Nora she had seen Cosgrave, They had met outside the museum, they had walked down the canal to the banks of the Dodder. there she had held Cosgrave's hand, kissed him, and what else? Joyce had got it from the culprit's lips. Was all over between James and Nora? Was their love broken? Was Giorgio their son? Were not the blood stains for her deflowering very scant? Was she lying down in the fields near the Dodder when she

ense, racing around Dublin in a car while o thinking of her who alternated between dirt and a beautiful flower of the hedges. dark-blue rain-drenched flower such as old be found in her native Galway. He was visaging her as she summoned him into a om to reprimand him, and there, seated on hair, her fat thighs apart, her face a deep I with anger, a cane in her hand, was the astising woman. She was to flog flog flog. He uld be ever grateful if she fucked him essed in full outdoor costume with hat and 1. her boots muddy as she straddled him. en again with the frilly drawers, again with erimson flower in her behind, and these uplings were to be enacted in every quarof their apartment, including the dark well the stairs and the darker closet. His chilen were five or six at the time and he was aware, though later to know, of his daugh-'s jealousy and his daughter's competition th her mother. So from his native city, the vot of all his creative works, these letters ere dispatched. Like all great lecherous omisings it began to taper somewhat as he ared home, and there were instead promises his lolling on a chair, watching her prepare e meals, and talking talking talking. For her part she seems to have complied rfectly with his wide-ranging fantasies, and his father's impoverished house in Faunnov Street he would receive hot letters in hich she described her own winsome masturations and her hand hard at work through e slit of her drawers. His two sisters, Eva id Eileen, who were preparing to come to rieste, would hardly have embarked on the urney if they had known that their future ome was the repository of such robust and rtile lust.

As he got nearer to returning to her he was ecoming the knight of the rueful countenance. nd she reassumed for him the role of the ttle mother who would take him into the ark sanctuary of her womb, would be a helter and a refuge. I wonder if there is some nadness in me, or is love madness? he had ad to ask himself. Perhaps, yes. Love, for im, was not unlike the images that would reave his narratives, as the shuttling to and ro of molecules and contradictory feelings. he fed his uncertainty. She even said in a etter-in direct contrast to one of her hot. catterbrained little notes-that she might eave him, and while giving her the full beneit of verbal understanding, even permitting ier to forget her children, he then stoutly professed that he could not live, that he ould not go on living, that he was simply staring at the words she had written, deso-



Edna O'Brien JOYCE AND NORA kissed the other? Did she place her hand on the other's person and talk softly, as she did with him?

He appeals to her almost as if she could abolish his pain. He asks if there is any hope for him. He even thinks that he might have consumption, so terrible is his grief. Naturally, Dublin was the most plausible place in the world to have learned of her betrayal. Had they not thrown quicklime in the eyes of his hero Parnell and was he not in some secret part of himself longing for betrayal? So the letters of accusation flowed across the sea for the few days while he believed it was true. He cried out that his faith in her was broken. It is a pity that Nora was not a torrid letter-writer, because we do not know what she thought or if she felt a secret triumph. Was she disappointed in a man who said, "Is there any hope of my happiness?" or was she in fact glad of his dependence on her? It was not long before he learned that it was a dirty trick that Cosgrave had played on him, and so he tried to make amends by sending her shell cocoa and a plethora of love.

The old fever was reawakened. He was hers. She held him in her hand like a pebble. From her he had learned the secrets of love. She must bear with him in all his wandering moods. His body would soon penetrate into hers and o that his soul could too and o that he would nestle in her womb, be fed by her blood, sleep in the warm secret gloom of her body. He procured for her a necklace that he himself had designed and that he loved to describe. It was in a flat square case lined with orange silk. There were five little dice of ivory strung together on a gold fetter and on the tablets of ivory there was an engraving: "Love is unhappy when love is away." He believed that ornaments had a magical virtue, were a conjuration of the evil forces of the world. Two very distinct images of her haunted him: one, she had come to him in her chemise as he lay asleep; the second, her posture of helplessness at the railway station, unable to say goodbye. They would fight the cowardly plot. He was, as he said, absurdly jealous of her past and he dreaded going back to her native Galway lest he might be shown a picture of her as a girl and then start to think of her sauntering to mass and giving some other boy one of her long glances. He visualized her in a hundred poses -grotesque, shameful, virginal, languorous. Retracing the fetal life of the other.

He went to Galway and heard from her mother a song that she had loved—"The Lass of Aughrim." He pretended to be buying a

house in a certain street in order to have peep into a room where Nora had once sle The wound of jealousy was being glazed ov What with her mother's memories of h songs, jokes, and the thought of their beilsoon reunited, all this was to make him happ But of course the jealousy had lodged at would be put to great literary purpose. 'n every core of my ignoble heart I longed to betrayed by you," says the character a Exiles who wants his wife to become h friend's lover. The wife in turn thinks that t two men will be united only by both of the having the knowledge of her body. Card knowledge, while a betraval, would also a uniting. They were partners now in crim She had killed the virginity of her soul. Sa was sinner as previously she had not bee As it got nearer to his return a shyness over came him and he asked if he could loll in chair. Her hair was to be in good color, will no cinders, she was to show the appearant of money, and could she get some black u derclothes?

T WAS THEIR only big rift. The separat ness that came later would be the unive sal one, a separateness of the mind, H was about to embark on Ulysses, a bod that would take seven years of unbroke labor, 20,000 hours of work, havoc to bod and brain, and unreasonable agitation at th slightest sound. He who had vowed to fors the conscience of his race was now poised capsize tradition and do a Humpty Dumpt on the English language. By the time he ha reached the end he was indeed another ma and had an awesome number of eye cor plaints-glaucoma, iritis, cataract, nebula the pupil, conjunctivitis, dissolution of the retina, blood accumulation, abscesses, an one-tenth normal vision. His husbandr going into his work and nights lost in drinl He quaffed the nectar cup. Absinthe prove to be too strong and now it was white wine which he said was like electricity of a high est piss of the highest archduchess. Red win was a beefsteak.

Nora would scold, sulk, sometimes leave and go to another hotel. Deputations can to bring her back. She would wish alou that she had never met anyone by the nam of James Joyce, but back she came. India nation, compromise, and muddle. All our lives. Again and again he insisted that cheef fulness took hold of him when he sat down to drink and when he sat down to write. It there was to be a sign printed on his perso it was to be "Beware of the Miserers." But

was changing. He said himself that we h not lived until we have conceived of life tragedy. He was coming to see people m e as archetypes than as real people. Nora acle was to undergo mutation. She would h the principal source for Molly Bloom, ough she herself said, with her customary eté, that Molly Bloom was much fatter. and what is Molly Bloom? She is a marvel licentiousness, noddle, and nonguilt. "I uttoned him and took his out and drew k the skin it had a kind of an eve in it ,'re all buttons men." Molly is as wise to om as to every creature walking the earth. had dispensed with maids, for what use e they, stealing her potatoes and oysters, oling Bloom, and singing in the WC? She even thinking of procuring a young boy derives pleasure from imagining him ing her garters, the new ones, making him n red, seducing him, and knowing what I's feel "with that down on their cheek ng that frigging drawing out the thing by hour." She at once scolds and boasts of husband's plabbery, glaumming, ardor, I the black closed breeches he made her v. She remembers her labor when bringing th her daughter, Millie, and her happiness a hearthrug in Lombard Street when her er, Blazes Boylan, gave her mulled rum I a good time. Men and their yogeybogey x. Women and their wiles. She can taste icy cakes such as she saw in the shop d a corset she would like to get and the ountains and the meadows and the abunnce of nature with fine cattle going about lds of oats, flowers, all sorts of shapes ringing up out of the ditches, primroses d violets, her first kiss under a moorish ill, but above all she remembers the celeation of her own body, and the sure knowlge of her prowess with the opposite sex d her own unconditional surrender, which inextricably bound up with the image of e crushed flower and the image of nature id of the sea giving forth all that it has. Writers are a scourge to those they cohabit ith. They are present and at the same time ey are absent. They are present by the fact their continuing curiosity, their observing, eir cataloging minds, their longing to see to another person. But the longing is dis-

larged into the work. The photographs of

ora with her growing children show us a lemn woman with an unreadiness to smile.

he loved clothes and he indulged her in this,

ut clothes are a poor substitute for the first

ush of undivided attention. Most of his time

as spent in a semi-dark room with a rhym-

1g dictionary, maps, street directories of

Dublin, different-colored pencils, engrossed "Like a fish . . . like a sizar and lost to the outside world.

mermaid."

Romance and excess

TUST As the imagination has to be rescued I from abstraction, so too has the yearning for a new and romantic love. For all his scathingness and despite his unremitting intellect, Joyce was a romantic when it came to women. Bed her, red her, and tread her. He desired the female's stimulation. An attachment formed toward one of his pupils. A young girl with eyes like an antelope and twittering happy sing-song voice. Her name was Amalia Popper and she was the daughter of a Jewish merchant named Leopoldo. Joyce believed that he himself was Jewish in the bowels. He would arrive for the lesson wearing his father's old yellow waistcoat. The lesson itself anything but convention. It was Joyce lolling on two chairs puffing away and making puns.

Mephistopheles = Mavis Toffeeless $Xmas\ cake = Chrissomis\ wake$ De Profundis = Deepbrow fundigs

Amalia was made the heroine of a story. cooped up in a stone castle with coats of mail, guttering flames, and gibbets. Yet he sensed her false smile, a rancid vellow humor within the pulp of her eyes. She was too bourgeois. In the mirror of himself that he saw in her he saw his decaying self. She was the opposite of his Galway girl. A Semite in heavy odorous furs. She gave his daughter a flower. He writes about it in his diary—blue flower, blue-veined child. Did Nora suspect? He rebuked himself-"Easy now Jamesy. Did you never walk the streets of Dublin at night sobbing another name." He delineates Amalia raising her arms to hoop her gown, his helping her, touching the web-soft edges, and peeping underneath at her little body in an orange shift. Like a fish she has silver scales. Like a mermaid. Cold calm and moving. He begs big mister God for a touch.

Amalia loved her father and thus provided Joyce with a thread of jealousy that was necessary for him to string his dice of love on. She persecuted his mind, As it wore on, the attraction filled him with the foreknowledge of age, winter, death, dying, and wastage of soul. The seed he had spent on her was merely linguistic, elegiac. She began to avert her eyes, and for him the piano in her apartment came to resemble a coffin. She greeted him wintrily. Stars were waning in the heavens. In short, he saw that his time was up.

Edna O'Brien JOYCE AND NORA

He was thirty-five when he next underwent the kinechite quiver. It was not without its comic overtones. He observed a handsome young woman with a limp going down a street in Zurich. He followed to catch sight of her face, and when he did, his own face lit up. fused with the prospect of a love that was sudden but arbitrary. These impulses do not draw into question the validity of such love but merely warn us of its precariousness on the high seas of reality. He watched for her each evening, followed her to her flat, and was soon dashing off with notes announcing his newborn passion. She was a pretty little animal in a big hat with waving feathers. There was something frank and shameless about her, despite the gentleness of her eyes. He himself was of the same age as Dante when he entered "the night of his being," or Shakespeare when he met the dark lady of the sonnets.

Martha Fleischmann. A pagan Mary. Rather precipitously he complained of his own unhappiness without even considering hers. Two great egotists were at a temporary meeting point. She was a semi-noblewoman and beholden to the rich merchant who kept her. She spent her days preening herself, smoking, and reading, as would Molly Bloom, romantic novels. He stood outside her win-

dow watching her read the letters from him, the letters that said. "I had a fee waiting for you, I am a poor seeker in the world, perhaps I have lived too long, you think of me, I see you coming towars me in black, young strange and gentle Realms of repressed sex and dizzving se absorption. Her letters went to a secret a dress. In case she felt too exhausted or t nervous to write, he would send the envelo all ready. A word would suffice, a yes, a r God was called in to help. Was she suffering as he was? Was she out of her mind? Co tainly he was when he told her that he looks at the paper every morning fearing to re. her name in the death announcements.

His wife cannot have known because sthought of him as her own preserve and yea later flew indignant when he was phot graphed with a fashionable lady who claime that her bedside book was *Ulysses*. At ar rate, he met Martha, and even managed chis birthday to engineer a celebration wither at the house of his friend Frank Budge; For the occasion he borrowed a ceremoni Jewish candlestick so that he could see hall the better. For her, the evening had a element of theater and possibly excess.

Next thing he rudely learns is that she is i a sanitorium suffering from her nerves, which she believes have been exacerbated by hin and her lover-guardian is asking Joyce for recompense. Joyce, who was afraid of dog: thunder, and any sudden noise, whose eve sight had begun to fade, was hardly the ma ready-made to set out for some wood at daw with his second and a pair of pistols. Th man is mightier than the pistol. He manage to slither out of it. A hero in words and a acrobat at evasion, he succeeded in calmin the cuckolded guardian by means of over timidity, suave human diplomacy, and bluff He did not hear from the lady again until she recommended an eye doctor to him in hi old age. It seems to have been the last of hi overt flings.

Lonely ports of cal

High hearted youth comes not again. Gravity memory and mockery are what

HEN IT him to n taste for tion and children could inherit

HEN IT BECAME advisable for him to marry, he shelved his distaste for that monstrous institution and permitted it so that his

children could inherit his property. The wed ding was in a registry office in London, but by



he was concerned more about his evethan about marriage. Things had ged. His intense, obsessive, solicitous love had transferred itself to his children. cularly to his daughter, Lucia, who red her mother, who shouted out loud that herself was sex-starved-in short. Jovceed Nora was altered too-cut off from when he made those vast mammoth jourinto his work and when he sent himself we very extremities of his mind to coma language that no one had ever heard nd no one had foreseen. The ports of call for him only.

e was writing Finnegans Wake by thenork conceived in a darkened room and being to a man with a darkened brain. The hour, the twilight hour. In writing it he quished a literary kingdom, because his iwers deserted him. Women were dolls now he was interested only in their

fora's desire had also paled, and she could like Annalivia, "Win me woo me wed me weary me." She complained of a life mindher recalcitrant daughter and sitting up artists till all hours, bored stiff. "Men, said, "were only up in your tail." He had en her the keys to her heart and married till delth to uspart. But accooshla he changing and thinking of a daughtere who would swim in her mother's hind-. . . .

The young girl has not the mossiness of the ther but something perhaps more modern, ause she corresponds to the motor carge, is a whisk, brisk sly spry spink spank int of a thing, saultering. It was on Lucia t his most fervent love was showered. She s distraught, unsound in mind, often hysical, often beyond reach. Reverting to his athful innocence, Joyce thought that a fur at might cure her. He believed that she s no madder than he. He not only loved d trusted her but substituted his own logic · hers and made her thoughts and sentences own. Edmund Wilson said of Finnegans ake that in it husband and wife are no iger polarized and will wake from their zht's sleep with a new polarization. The ther. Wilson says, is pulling toward the chilen, and the wife is withdrawing as she sees r husband as a guilty lecherous bumpkin. yce and his wife are said to have severed xually-though not, of course, emotionally -when she was thirty-nine. Her third child, orn prematurely, had died, and that had ken the magic out of sex. Her daughter was replacement. The mother seeing, resentg, and having to accept-"You're changing

accooshla, you're changing from me. Or is it "Win me . . . me is. . . . A way, a lone. a last, a loved a

By the time he wrote that, he had already repudiated love and said that when he heard the word love he felt like puking. His repudiation was a gigantic, bitter, and perverse leap, an utter departure, an amnesia from the man who inquired, who luxuriated about the little brown stain on her drawers and designated her the blue mountain-flower. But it was inevitable. It has in it all the trademarks of the sons and daughters of the Roman Catholic Church. It is in stark and disappointing contrast to Montaigne's ruminations about love in old age, in which he expressed the view that it would "restore him to vigilancy. sobriety, grace, and care of his person, in which it would ensure his countenance against the wrinkled frowns of age, reduce him to serious and wise study whereby he might procure more love and purchase more estimation of it; above all it would purge his mind from despair of itself." No one can say that Joyce did not experience love as a man, and perpetuate it as if he were both a man and a

The last and perhaps the eeriest lines he ever wrote are those at the end of Finnegans Wake, when the woman resolves to slip away. A Jesuit for life, a Jesuit for diplomacy. Annalivia says, "O bitter ending I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never see nor know nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and old it's sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad father my cold mad feary father." Back to the original, the self, the sin, the father who is synonymous with the matrix. No man has ever wanted so to be a woman. No man has composed and descanted words that so utterly depict the true and desperate heart of true and desperate

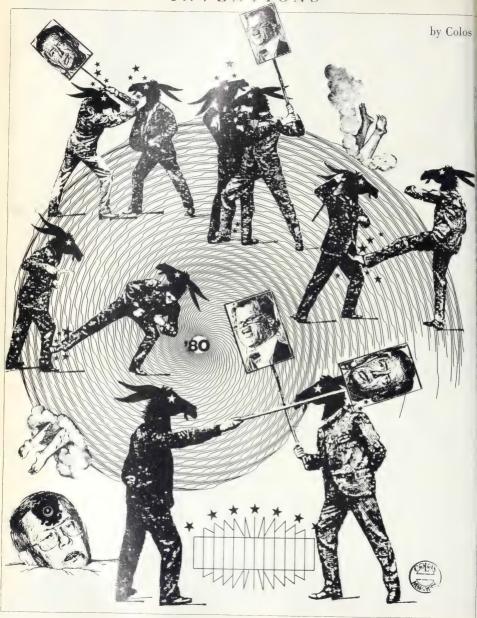
The Joyces moved to Switzerland at the outbreak of the second world war. Shortly after, he was taken ill, and with a body writhing like a fish he was brought to a hospital. He had had a duodenal ulcer for several years. Before they operated, he asked that his wife's bed be put next to his, but the request was refused. Mother and son were sent home. and that night Joyce died. Nora survived him by a long number of years, and when she died there was no room on the hill next to him in the Fluntern Cemetery. The blunder that attended their elopement, the births of their children, and all their wanderings had not forsaken them in death.

Noewhemoe! Finiche! Only a fadograph of a yestern scene.

wed me . . wearv me.

HARPER'S

INVENTIONS



THE ART OF SUNBATHING

discovering modernism at the beach

by Paul Fussell

F ON A HOT SUMMER (that is, a winter) Sunday in 1910 you had strolled along Copacabana Beach in Rio, you might have found a few ilies assembled there, but most likehey would have protected themes from the sun with hats, gloves, parasols, and from prying eyes, inon ascertaining their exact fleshly tours, by dark suits and dresses. early on a hot Sunday last Decem-I watched one million people ie in on that same beach from all r the city. They arrived by foot, n, bicycle, bus, and car, and the a their movement made was audible over the city. Once they found a ce on the beach they stripped down il all was exposed but their private ts, and for eight hours absorbed hot sun. Clearly this altered attie toward the sun and the beach dees something important in cultural dernism. And not just the beach: all ces where the sun shines have ened sudden high status, determining

the main venues of the tourist industry and establishing the style most people associate with the idea of "leisure." This remarkable transformation in attitude began with a vengeance after the first world war, and one of its signs was the renewed Anglo-Saxon excitement over the Mediterranean.

By issuing his novel South Wind in 1917, Norman Douglas was reminding the British, many of whom read the book in the icy trenches, of the Mediterranean. They had always known it, of course, but after the Great War they reclaimed it with frenetic and often self-destructive enthusiasm. To sketch the history of the British imaginative intercourse with the Mediterranean in modern times is virtually to present a survey of modern British literature. It was a magical place, like the island in The Tempest, capable of generating God knows what lubriciousness and of virtually unmanning the intellect. No adult could write a novel as silly as Cyril Connolly's The Rock

Pool about the irresistible "influence" of any other place. Put an Englishman there and he goes all to water. Or drowns himself in Ricard and Pernod, like Connolly's Edgar Naylor, who, like Henry James's Strether visiting Paris in The Ambassadors, visits Trouville-sur-Mer to "study" its exiles and delinquents and ends by joining them. Since Lord Byron and Shelley, the Mediterranean has had the power to hustle Englishmen into hyperbole, to make even so phlegmatic and civilservantlike a soul as R. H. Bruce Lockhart suddenly come alight and blurt out that the Mediterranean Sea has "more history in one of its waves than the Atlantic has in the whole expanse of its 24,000,000 square miles." Evelyn Waugh's highly autobiographical Gilbert Pinfold, normally stuffy and in-

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hibited, is moved to similar hyperbole when in the '50s he looks at the Mediterranean and recalls his life there in the '20s and '30s:

The sea might have been any sea by the look of it, but he knew it was the Mediterranean, that splendid enclosure which held all the world's history and half the happiest memories of his own life; of work and rest and battle, of aesthetic adventure and of young love.*

It's an unusually vulnerable lyric moment for Waugh, and it's the Mediterranean that seduces him into it.

The Mediterranean is the model for the concept south, and it is a rare Briton whose pulse does not race at mention of that compass direction. The magic works even outside Europe proper, as it does when the traveler Robert Byron arrives in Shiraz, Persia, after a dreary winter in Tehran: "The South, the blessed South!" he sings. "It gives me the same exhilaration as a first morning by the Mediterranean." Asked once what makes life worth living, Connolly thought carefully and then answered, "There are only three things which make life worth living: to be writing a tolerably good book, to be in a dinner party for six, and to be traveling south with someone whom your conscience permits you to love." The south ("the South of France, Italy") is to be the venue of the lover D. H. Lawrence's Lady Chatterley fantasizes in the midst of "these filthy Midlands" who will give her a child. In the south, resistance to lust was thought so difficult that Geoffrey Gorer believed the Protestant missionaries in West Africa who asserted that their Catholic counterparts "do not take the vow of chastity" when assigned there.

Another treasured possession of the British imagination between the wars is the belief that people of the south are less hypocritical than northerners. As a respite from the rigors of "London," Louis MacNeice sets off for the Continent in 1938, persuaded (as he says in his Autumn Journal) that

The Land of Cockayne begins across the Channel. But he soon finds that Paris lacks what he needs, and that ...I must go further south.

He does so, driving into Spain,
where he is gratified to find that
these people contain truth,

Their nominal façade.*

To Auden, poetry, conceived as the truest way of saying, is a river, and in his poem "In Memory of W. B. Yeats," it flows south:

[Poetry] survives
In the valley of its saying where
executives
Would never want to tamper: it

flows south.**

One doesn't want to be frivolous about a serious subject, but it does seem notable that the "Civil War" of the '30s that attracted so many British, a war full of emotion and passion and suffering and hope, was the Spanishi.e., the "Mediterranean"-civil war, and not, say, one taking place in Sweden or Switzerland. The thing is perfectly consonant with British expectations about the hotter, "more passionate," more sincere, and thus more interesting "south." That direction. not the north, is after all where Douglas's "wind" comes from. In 1929 Lawrence found Paris too far north for him, and wrote the Huxleys:

I don't want to go north, don't want to be North, shan't have any peace till I see the Mediterranean again, all the rest hell! . . . the North has all gone evil—I can't help feeling it morally and ethically. I mean anti-life.

HE WAY YOU GOT to the south was to go first to Victoria Station—an unlikely gateway to faërie with its dirty brick and nasty prole food. But as Anthony Carson says, the station "meant, ultimately, the Mediterranean, the blueness, the whiteness, the chaos of our strident, civilized mother" because the famous Blue Train started there and took you all the way to the Riviera. The Blue Train. There is excitement in just writing the words. The Blue Train connoted escape ("Sleep your way from

* From Collected Poems, by Louis MacNeice, copyright © 1966 by Faber & Faber Ltd., London. the City's fogs to the Riviera shine"), exotic food (an eel-tank as part of the dining-car), and, since passage to Calais, Paris, and Mm. Carlo was made at night, lust, he rapid contrast between London and Riviera was a treasured experienceh train promised: one departed "c cold grey day," says Patrick Howat and woke the next morning "to h sight of mimosa and orange treat with "the red rocks of the Esterel one side of the line and the waters of the Mediterranean on other." On his way to Mt. Athos Greece, Robert Byron took the I Train: "Happiness untrammelled," noted. Waugh's William Boot. Scoop, took it to Marseilles on his to Ishmaelia. It was the preferred v to get to the popular French ports Toulon, where Anthony Powell was be found, working on Atternoon Me It is by the Blue Train that Her Green's holiday-makers in Party Gol plan to get to the south of Fran until they are stopped by the Lond fog. The train was so splendid, so lu: rious and grand with its blue and go cars (manufactured in Leeds), bl velvet upholstery, barbershop, a comfortable berths, that arriving cou be a disappointment. Connolly foul that "Nice is never worthy of the Bl

The kind of felicity to which t Blue Train conveyed you as it let yo off at Marseilles or Toulon or Cann or Nice or Monte Carlo, whence you could go on to the Italian Riviera, Rapallo, and all the way down to the Amalfi Coast, seemed novel in the '20 It seems novel no longer because tho places have provided the model for the décor and atmosphere of successful i ternational tourism ever since. Whe ever exported and transplanted out Europe-to Turkey, Mexico, Braz even the U.S.S.R .- the style is the same, involving beach and sun, brigh colored aperitifs at little tables or doors, copious fish and shellfish to ea or popular folk music played of stringed instruments, cheap drinkah local wine, much use of oil (olive for cooking, suntan for browning), all a setting of colored architecture ar colorful street markets. A maximu exposure of flesh guarantees a consta erotic undertone, and a certain amou of noise (Vespas, children shouting of the beach) provides a reassurance

^{*} From The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold, by Evelyn Waugh, copyright © 1957 by Little, Brown.

^{**} From The English Auden: Poems, Essays, and Dramatic Writings 1927. 1939, edited by Edward Mendelson, copyright © 1977 by Random House.

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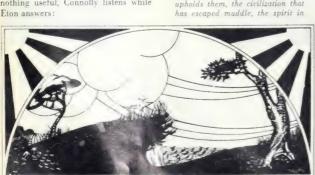
life and gaiety. There must be colorful fishermen and boat-people, playing boules or something like it. There must be love on top of the sheets after the large wine lunch, with occasional hints of Roman Catholicism (processions, the locals attending early mass, the public blessing of fishing vessels) just sufficient to lend by contrast a slight air of wickedness to the whole frivolous operation. This scene, constituting one of the main presiding myths of the desirable for the modern urban and suburban middle proletariat, has become our version of pastoral, and in the '20s and '30s it was gradually displacing, or at least powerfully opposing, the main earlier image of the hankered-after, the traditional pastoral scene of quiet inland waters, wildflowers, sheep-filled meadows, and silence broken only by birdsong and softly lowing cattle. These two images of the ideal divide not just generations (Aldous Huxley versus George Meredith and William Morris), but whole worlds: on the one hand, the world of traditional Europe, satisfied with its usages; on the other, the new international world spawned by the Great War.

But one did not need to embrace this gaudy holiday image in its entirety to propose the Mediterranean as a model or norm. One could point to the Mediterranean as "Rome" in the largest sense, the place where the writings construed at school originated, the place associated with the combined skepticism and sensuality and insistence on clarity resulting from the British version of "a classical education." Complaining in Enemies of Promise (1948) that Eton taught him nothing useful, Connolly listens while

You imply our education is of no use to you in after life. We are not an employment agency; all we can do is to give you a grounding in the art of mixing with your fellow men, to tell you what to expect from life and give you an outward manner and inward poise, an old prescription from the eighteenth centry which we call a classical education, an education which confers the infrequent virtues of good sense and good taste, and the benefit of dual nationality, English and Mediterranean.

In E. M. Forster's Passage to India (1924) Cyril Fielding is unique in exhibiting "good sense and good taste." Among the British in Chandrapore he's the only one trained to resist the vulgar appeals of jingoism and color prejudice and self-righteousness. and his training ground has been (no surprise for the reader of Forster's earlier novels) Italy. He has known it from his youth, and even the shape of his house in India reminds him a bit of Florentine architecture, the Loggia de' Lanzi. After the mess and scandals at Chandrapore. Fielding returns to England for a vacation, and on the way he pauses in Venice, which offers an aesthetic, and thus a moral, norm for gauging India. "The buildings of Venice," he finds again,

stood in the right place, whereas in poor India everything was placed wrong. . . In the old undergraduate days he had wrapped himself up in the many-colored blanket of St. Mark's, but something more precious than mosaics and marbles was offered to him now: the harmony between the works of man and the earth that upholds them, the civilization that



Cover design from Five Cameos, music sheet by Sir Landon Ronald

a reasonable form, with flesh and blood subsisting.

In short, Fielding realizes, "The Materranean is the human norm. Wan men leave that exquisite lake, . . . ty approach the monstrous and extradinary." And that's what's the matwith India: it's too far from the old trees and the grapes, too far from a great continuous opposition betwee Christianity and "Rome" in the sense that so superbly enacts the petual touching quarrel between spill and flesh in mankind.

OR THE MEDITERRANEAN to reappropriated after the w. its most ubiquitous natur asset, the sun, had to be deemed from the social stigma it has borne in the nineteenth century. The the better sort of people had tend not to sit in the sun. believing the however indispensable its effects we to the welfare of flora, they were dubious value to persons. Before the war, the white-skinned, in India ar other colonies, adhered to the social comforting myth that whatever mig be its effects on darker races, the su was a menace to them, so fine of wear were they. To omit one's solar top for only a few minutes was to invi madness, "brain fever," or deat When one young man, Rupert Mayn went out to India, his parents told his that "the three most dangerous thing that I had to watch out for in the Ea were wine, women and the sun." (It ironic that these are roughly the three things that in the '20s one went to th Mediterranean specifically to en brace.) In India, an enlisted man Her Majesty's Forces who failed t wear his topee outdoors was punishe instantly with a sentence of fourtee days' confinement to barracks. An back home as well as abroad, wome and girls of the upper orders protecte their faces with parasols and wide brimmed hats and their hands wit gloves. Heliophobia like this was a indispensable accessory of the class system, at home distinguishing the fir from the less fine, in the colonic administrators from underdogs.

But subversive influences were work. As early as 1902 André Gid in L'Immoraliste, depicted the tube cular Michel deriving magic benef from nude sunbathing (in Italy, o

se), and later one of Gide's faitheaders, Hermann Hesse, imitated el sunbathing in Italy to cure his aches and gout. The German numovement, often thought a manition of Weimar, actually dates the 1890s (Whitman can be idered a precursor), and as early 903 the Swiss physician Auguste er (the author of the influential ise Heliotherapy [1923]) was ing his tubercular patients into the The tubercular Lawrence was going to assert, "My inmost need e sun." After the war, sunbathing found to be the readiest remedy children's vitamin-deficiency ailts occasioned by the British blockof Germany, and the sun was likerecommended for those recoverfrom the flu epidemic of 1918 and), which killed 21 million people dwide. In England alone 200,000 of it. "Sunshine is Life," proned a British railway poster of the soliciting the traveler to "come to Riviera."

he critic John Weightman has ed the whole movement the "Solar olution," and it constitutes one of most startling reversals in modern llectual and emotional history. In nineteenth century the "poetic" venly body was, by common conthe moon. It is the agent of antom light" in Coleridge's "Deion, an Ode," and it presides over high emotion of Wordsworth's range Fits of Passion I Have own." It dominates Whitman's "Out the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" and s fair upon the straits" in Matthew iold's "Dover Beach." Edgar Allan could hardly have written withinvoking the "mystic moon," as he s memorably in "The Sleepers," or cifying the moon as a trigger of tic dreams, as in "Annabel Lee": . . the moon never beams without nging me dreams/Of the beautiful nabel Lee." (We may wonder ether the moon, now planted with gs and junk and crawled over by n in silver coveralls, will easily ;ain its former magical overtones.) t in the twentieth century it was wentionally the sun that sent forth stical emanations, and by the '30s motif of the sun was everywhere. t Deco would be impoverished witht it. "It turned up all over the place," ys Sarah Howell.

on suburban garden gates, shoes and cigarette cases, and the stepped shapes of the temples where the ancient Aztecs had worshipped their sun gods inspired the design of millions of fireplaces and wireless sets;...cactuses, transplanted from the desert, seemed suddenly the most desirable of house plants.

The whole craze helped sustain the property booms in Florida and California as well as the vogue of "Spanish" architecture in such places. And even in the '70s, if the movement has grown automatic and intellectually unself-conscious, it has by no means spent itself: witness the rush of the French to acquire real estate on the Côte d'Azur, polluted though its waters may be; witness the popularity of the American "sun belt" and the continuing vigor of the seaside industry. But in the early '20s the sun fixation was so novel that at Oxford Connolly created a sensation by announcing that the time for the Riviera was not, as had been customary among valitudinarians, the winter, but during the hottest summer months: and to advertise this heresy, Peter Quennell remembers, Connolly formed a self-conscious "Cicada Club" of five undergraduates, devoted to broiling themselves on the beaches between Marseilles and Men-

HE POWER OF THE SUN IDEA to take over entirely a malleable mind can be studied in the case of Harry Crosby, the finally mad American who settled in France, naming his residence Le Moulin du Soleil. He established the Black Sun Press and devised a homemade ritual of sun worship in which onanism played some part. On his back he had tattooed a sun (to testify to his fidelity to "the Sun God"), and he solicited from Lawrence the short story "Sun" for his press to publish, paying him in "sunny" twenty-dollar gold pieces. He seemed to grow madder and madder until finally he murdered his mistress and killed himself. But he is only an extreme example of a sun obsession visible everywhere. In 1922 Katherine Mansfield, deciding to subject herself to the discipline of Gurdjieff's eccentric colony at Fontainebleau ("The Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man"),

rationalized thus: "That's enough. To be a child of the sun." (For his study of "the imaginative life of English culture after 1918," Martin Green has invoked the traditional designation of the Italians and come up with the perfect title: Children of the Sun [1976].) When Lawrence arrived at Bandol in 1929, it was the Villa Beau Soleil he selected to rent, despite its ugliness and tininess. From there he wrote Aldous Huxley:

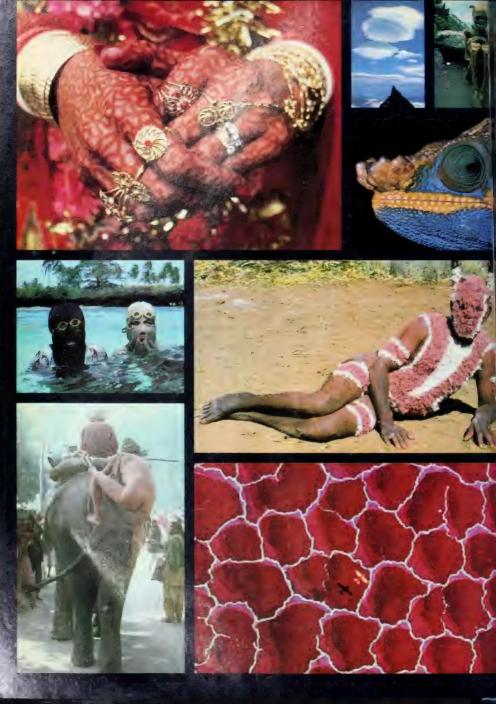
This place is nothing much in itself—but I seem to be happy here, sitting on the tiny port and watching the 'tife'—chiefly dogs—or wandering out on the jetty. I find I can be very happy quite by myself just wandering or sitting on a stone—if the sun shines. Yes, one needs the sun. If anything, one needs to go farther south than here. . . . But it is wonderful how sunny it is here.

In 1935 Lawrence Durrell was celebrating Corfu and "the incandescence of the sun" that drew him there. A year later it was in the hot sun of the eastern Mediterranean that Edward VIII stripped down to demonstrate his rest-



From God's Man by Lynd Ward, 1930

lessness and his longings for freedom on the yacht Nahlin with Mrs. Simpson. Looking for a title for his novel of 1926, with its final scenes set at the port and on the beach of San Sebastian, Hemingway goes to Ecclesiastes and comes up with his title, The Sun Also Rises. It is one of a plethora of



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"sun" titles during the period, like Alain Gerbault's In Quest of the Sun and The Gospel of the Sun, and Alfred Noyes's The Sun Cure. And it is from this period that we can date the Sonne in most of the hotels or Gästhäuser that cropped up in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland.

The Germanic world was the center for hedonistic nude sunbathing, and Stephen Spender was attracted there partly for that reason. (In England nudism was still attended by Fabian highmindedness and a puritan sense of therapeutic duty, reflected in the term naturism and registered in books like Dr. Maurice Parmelee's The New Gymnosophy [1926].) Spender's account of postwar Germanic sun worship in World Within World (1951) is classic. For the good-looking young Germans who befriended him, "the life of the senses was a sunlit garden from which sin was excluded":

The sun . . . was a primary social force in this Germany. Thousands of people went to the openair swimming baths or lay down on the shores of the rivers and lakes, almost nude, and sometimes quite nude, and the boys who had turned the deepest mahogany walked amongst those people with paler skins, like kings among their courtiers.

The sun healed their bodies of the years of war, and made them conscious of the quivering, fluttering life of blood and muscles covering their exhausted spirits like the pelt of an animal: and their minds were filled with an abstraction of the sun, a huge circle of fire, an intense whiteness blotting out the sharp outlines of all other forms of consciousness, burning out even the sense of time.

(At about the same time, Lawrence, imagining Mellors's relation with Connie Chatterley, sees him "burning out the shames, the deepest, oldest shames, in the most secret places," and he explains to Harry Crosby that Lady Chatterley's Lover is "a phallic novel, but good and sun-wards, truly sunwards.") Under the all-powerful influence of the sun, Spender goes on.

I went to the bathing places, and I went to parties which ended at dawn with the young people lying in one another's arms. This life appeared to be innocuous, being led by people who seemed naked in body and soul, in the desert of

white bones which was post-war Germany.

Not everyone, it is true, responded with Spender's enthusiasm. In 1930 Evelyn Waugh warote a skeptical piece, "This Sun-bathing Business," for the Daily Mail, where he deposed:

I hate the whole business.... All this is supposed to be good for you. Doctors say so. Nowadays people believe anything they are told by "scientists," just as they used to believe anything they were told by clergymen.

Another who refused to play was Auden, who carefully kept his skin its original ghastly blue-white. But Waugh and Auden generally distrusted the wilder romanticisms of their countrymen. More customary was the notion that the sun both causes and betokens a rare and precious "sincerity," and that one reason the British display a special talent for hypocrisy is that the sun is rare in their climate. "The weather," says Henry Green, "lies at the root of the way women and men behave," with the result that "the English in their relations with each other are less frank than other nationalities to the extent to which their skies are less clear and so by the less amount of sun they have." Forster would agree (although he'd write it better), and so would Lawrence Durrell, who argues that only under the sun can "the essential male and female relationship" flourish "uncomplicated by mirages and falsities."

IRAGES AND FALSITIES. We gather, have characterized the relation between the New York lady, Juliet, and her husband. Maurice. in Lawrence's "Sun" (1926). "Take her away into the sun," is her physician's injunction, and she sails from New York with her child. John, her mother, and a nurse,



leaving a world of gray to are abroad at a place like the Sici coast. There she takes "a house althe bluest of seas, with a vast gard or vineyard, all vines and oliv. Mother having departed, Juliet avens to an awareness that a relacan be posited between the sun's "cing up" and a male erection. This is pens on

a morning when the sun lifted him self naked and molten, sparkling over the sea's rim Juliet lay over the sea's rim . . . Juliet lay over the sea's rim . . . Juliet lay in her bed and watched him rise. It was as if she had never seen the sun rise before. She had never seen the naked sun stand up pure upon the sea-line, shaking the night off himself.

If here the rising sun is an erection, Lawrence's later *The Man Who D* (1929), also published by the Ha Crosby who couldn't help associate the sun with the rites attaching to lown phallus, the erection experience by Jesus in the presence of the Pricess of Isis is the rising sun:

He crouched to her, and he felt the blaze of his manhood and his power rise up in his loins, magnificent.

"I am risen!"

Magnificent, blazing, indomitable in the depths of his loins, his own sun dawned, and sent its fire running along his limbs.

In "Sun" Juliet is similarly astonished and immediately "the desire sprasecretly in her to go naked in the sur On her rented property, she finds spot hidden by cypresses, and the she strips and invites the sun's ray "half stunned with wonder at the thi that was happening to her." What w happening was that she was "matin with the sun, It "knew her, in the co mic carnal sense of the word"; a what results is a deepened Lawrenti contempt for other people who are u sunned, "so unelemental, . . . so li graveyard worms." She soon indu her infant boy into therapeutic su bathing, rolling an orange, a toy su across the patio tiles to him. "No most of the day, she and the child we naked in the sun, and it was all s wanted." A surprise visit from h husband, who climbs down to h sunbathing place "in his grey felt h and his dark grey suit," makes it cle that "he was utterly out of the pi ture," hopelessly representative of t

r place, the place Lawrence is conthy trying to flee. Juliet and Mauagree that she cannot return to York after what she's found here: will stay and he will visit. But while agreement is being reached she something he does not: a neighing "hot, shy" peasant whose child wants to bear. He is like the sun: e had seen the flushed blood in the nt face, and the flame in the southblue eyes, and the answer in her been a gush of fire. He would have n a procreative sun-bath to her, and wanted it." But the situation aborts the final sentences of the story: vertheless, her next child would be urice's. The fatal chain of contity would cause it." The mirages falsities, we know, will resume, ause regardless of Juliet's efforts reidentify herself, "the middle ises." as Lawrence insists in the m of that title.

are sunless.
They have only two measures:
mankind and money,
they have utterly no reference to
the sun.
the sun.*

Today we are perhaps not so certain out our personal relation to the sun. if we perceive that it generates the ocreative ambitions of characters e Lawrence's, we know that it causes n cancer as well. But while returnto something like Victorian doubts out the sun's effect on the epidermis, entertain none about what planners Il "the magic of solar energy." "Here mes the sun," rhapsodizes the ad in of the Mobil Oil Corporation, hining hope of the alternative energy ovement." It's as if all the wonder d enthusiasm that used to attend hot nlight in the Mediterranean have en reattached to the idea of the sun a technological and economic savr. Sounding a little like Poe celebratg the moon or like a D. H. Lawrence vindled into a quantifying utilitarian. n. George McGovern writes: "Each ar the sun beams to our planet earth 3,000 times more solar energy than I the commercial energy used by mannd." If the terms are different, the agic is the same.

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FLOWERS

19 february-1 march/1976

by Joel Oppenheimer

on that table among the cacti a vase of clear glass with fine blue lines for single decoration holds cut flowers colored, already drooping

they will last a few days more purple yellow red white among the cacti always on

that table the greens the browns the grays

there are daisies which are day's eyes the sun enclosed in rays the outer petals fold at night hiding the golden center

there are anemones also literally in greek anemones are windflowers they blow purple and red even standing still on that table in the midst of all the cacti

ah but daffodils a host of golden daffodils there are seven of them in that vase on the table to constitute the host

the d was added in or from the french d'affodil, from d'affrodil, begin to get it, asphodel

"of asphodel that"

what we call daffodil is not an asphodel but rather a narcissus which got its own name from the narcotic properties it carried in it the confusion somewhere back in england among the peasant folk

d'affodils, or in england sometimes, t'affodils which is exactly how my youngest son heard it

but asphodel is a plant of the lily kind and is the only flower allowed the dead while daffodils enrich the spring some confusion and for what end

confusion of terms lost in the middle ages among the peasant folk who knew what they were doing

in any event narcotic and astonishing a host of golden daffodils all of them drooping already

yes already but yes color in the clear vase with blue lines among the gray and brownish cacti

everything has green stems cut and dying or loosely planted all ages all ages

yes my gray hair also tinted almost a bloom on those green stems going down

into the vase into water

TOY SOLDIERS

Abbie Hoffman and the infant revolution

by Barbara Grizzuti Harra

Sometimes the proper intellectual argument is "Fuck you!"

-Abbie Hoffman

The revolution eats its own children.

-Georg Büchner

OME TIME AGO I had as a houseguest (and wish never to see again) a sixty-five-year-old Englishwoman, privileged, upperclass, who had spent a lifetime creating and cultivating the persona she eventually became—the quintessential British eccentric. She was, for the most part, boring; eccentrics become predictable in their eccentricity, doctrinaire and banal. One knows always to expect the unpredictable, the perverse is discourteous of the eccentric as well as tedious for oneself: one doesn't wish to be placed in the position of having to cheer or boo or earnestly criticize the performance when the performance is relentless and everlasting. ("I blame it all on Hiroshima," she said when a seventeen-year-old girl was pushed onto the subway tracks in the path of an oncoming train. "Have another vodka," I said; and she set off for the South Bronx-"the real America"-in sandals, in a snowstorm.) I mention her with reason. Whenever I was tempted to boot her out, I forced myself to remember certain salient facts: the first Aldermaston march was organized from her flat in London; she had taken Bertrand Russell on when that gentleman, in his dotage, advocated compromise on the issue of nuclear armament; she had placed her body and her life on the line countless

times, championing the oppressed. Her flat was a haven for displaced Indians, for anybody down on his luck, for her friend "Ronnie" Laing's orphans—for anyone living on the margin. Too often for comfort, her notion of who was oppressing whom was dotty, not to say nasty. When an old lady was bashed on the head and killed. she made an eloquent appeal for the mugger, whom she saw as a victim of American history, et cetera—fill in the blanks.

When she left my place, three shopping bags holding the overflow from her backpack, I was glad to see the last of her, particularly because her husband had refused to send her a ticket back home (she'd given all her cash to a Bowery panhandler). He was of the opinion that since I had chosen to work for a living I could pay for my bourgeois folly by providing her with a Laker ticket—indeed, a small price to pay for a lady who came so dear. One was obliged constantly to decide whether one loved or hated her (indifference was impossible). The final turn



of the screw was that the moment decided one had ample reason to lo her, she did or said something cha ing and disarming; a born storyte she sang for her supper, and at t times, the price seemed right.

You may draw certain parallels tween this unsung British lady and mythic Abbie Hoffman; I do.

EOPLE WHO ESPOUSE and on cohesive radical polit principles often find themse in trouble, which comes them as no great surprise. People define themselves as radicals and fla wildly unconventional and flamboy behavior court trouble as if it wer desirable high, and when it con they bestow on themselves the ac lades due martyrs. In the Sixties, of the questions raised by Abbie H man was whether one could be a " tural conservative" and still be a "g guy," i.e., a "revolutionary." Hoffr answered with a peremptory, no thumbing no. It was that resound reiterated no and its implications the as much as anything else, drove Al-Hoffman underground.

In his fulsome introduction to Set to Be a Major Motion Picture,* N man Mailer canonizes Hoffman—"own holy ghost of the Left"—and stows on this "crazy maniac of a re lutionary" a crown of thorns.

THOUGHT I WOULD NEVER want read another essay that began, the Sixties . . ." And I certain never entertained any idea of wing an essay about the Sixties. And after I read Abbie Hoffman's new bo

*Published in September: Putnam, pages; illustrated; hardcover, \$13. paperback, \$6.95.

Barbara Grizzuti Harrison is the author of Visions of Glory: A History and a Memory of Jehovah's Witnesses. Her most recent book is Off Center, A Collection of Essays (Dial).

ew I would want to write not only t him, but also about that overvzed decade. My English lady had a little to do with this change of ide. For several months after she I came to understand that feelings about her were comided of pity, reluctant admiration, horror-feelings that are roughly ogous to those I have for Abbie man, who is now living somewhere Imerica, disguised, he says, by ol and plastic surgery, organizing ests against nuclear reactors, a etually sassy, rebellious, shocking, not shockproof) adolescent. se antic charm is the flip side of lespair. (I do not, by the way, use llious as a pejorative.)

Vear the back of Revolution for Hell of It [1970]," he writes, "I ted a list of eighteen Yippie deds. Shockingly radical a decade more than half have already mailized." A sixty-five-year-old Enggentlewoman and a forty-three--old hippie-Yippie-freak are alike is: victory serves almost to wound r pride. In their desire to remain ly prophetic voices in a political lerness, they tend to turn sour when t they have fought for is achieved: hey grow older and the world is no rer to perfection, radicals of a cerilk anachronistically advocate rens that have long since become slation that is itself in need of ren. It is not half so sad to chama a lost cause as it is to assume an aw stance only in order to conte to champion a cause that has ally been won. My English eccentric n seemed to me to be still fighting the dismemberment of the longd Empire. In Abbie Hoffman's ne of reference this kind of nosia-which he accurately describes a mild form of depression-takes ther turn. As he succinctly puts it, ong hair don't mean shit anymore." bemoans the "cooptation of the interculture." (Well, yes; a \$75,000ear advertising executive tells me bie raised his consciousness. With-

Abbie he wouldn't be where he is v—which is in a high-tech Soho, t, smoking a joint, dreaming up ys to "package" born-again Bob Dyd and Jesus Christ.) Earlier, in bie's "revolution," long hair was revolution, or so Abbie misguided-thought:

That took real commitment, a lot different from being a weekend radical, going to rallies once a month, or sending in donations. In the civil-rights movement many people would devote time and energy to what they believed in but their beliefs were not something lived day-to-day. Long hair wasn't that superficial. It caused hassles with families, school officials, the police. . . . You could hide in the closet if you were gay, a Communist, . . . anti-war. . . . But you just couldn't hide all that hair, and growing it was the coming out of the closet for the counterculture.

But now that the toys of the counterculture-marijuana and Mao, sexual libertarianism and an infatuation with China-have become Bloomingdale's trendy, where is the "revolution"? One suspects that what Abbie in his soul yearned for was, in fact, stasis-a staid culture in opposition to which he could define himself. He must have a "they" in order to have a "we": "Psychedelic artwork and aesthetics became another way of contrasting what 'we' were saying as opposed to what 'they' [the "cultural conservatives"] said." So now we have a glossy coffee-table book on subway graffiti. text by Mr. Mailer, but no revolution. "Some critics have said I masturbate in public, and my hunch is that no one under thirty-five would even consider that an insult anymore." If his hunch were correct-it isn't, of course-one might expect him to be well pleased. He isn't. "Probably everyone reading this book except my mother has snorted coke," he says (he always did have tunnel vision). And is he pleased? No; because what he once so wrongheadedly called revolutionary he now regards as "cooptation of his counterculture." (Think of Ham Jordan.) He has lived to see the "blending of marijuana and Mao" that excited him to ecstatic visions of the greening of America. He takes no delight in it. "Absorption of the counterculture into the mainstream" is Abbie Hoffman's living nightmare.

Which, of course, raises the question of whether the counterculture was ever a revolutionary force at all.

Radicals are often accused of minding the world's business and not their own. In Abbie's revolution—and I call it his because he so deftly captured stage center in the Sixties—he was

prone to making quite the opposite error: he took his corner of the world to be the world. "When Gem Spa raised the price of an egg cream from ten to fifteen cents it became an issue [to] organize around." Harmlessbut to the point? Were the workingclass Ukrainians and Puerto Ricans who lived on New York's Lower East Side concerned with the price of syrupy concoctions sold in a corner store? What was the price of beans? (Lady X has not quite outlived her usefulness to this story: Lady X decries-at length, at length-the use of red-dve additive in kidney beans. She's right -nobody's rooting for food coloring. But in matters of emphasis she is wrong. My daughter, who has lived in Bangladesh and in India, says, "Yes, but the point is, better to have beans and food coloring than to have no beans at all." My daughter is sixteen; what I am talking about is perspective, the lack of which allowed counterculture freaks to act as if salvation lay in getting stoned and eating bean sprouts while agribusiness flourished and the subcontinent went hungry. Egg creams? New York magazine championed egg creams in the mid-Seventies. Cooptation, indeed.)

Dismissing Freud and Darwin in a phrase, Hoffman-Brandeis, class of '59-tells us that his heroes, his gurus, were Marcuse, Kurt Goldstein ("one of the pioneers of Gestalt psychology"), and Abraham Maslow, "the legitimate father of the human-potential movement [that is] currently cashing in on his ideas." Leaving aside the question of whether Marcuse and Maslow (and Zen guru D.T. Suzuki) were ever ideologically compatible-a question Hoffman moots-one must ask whether Hoffman does not reveal himself, for all his Lower East Side panhandling, to be what he professes ardently to despise-an elitist who, on the one hand, saw the human-potential movement as potentially revolutionary, and, on the other, wished for it to be contained and available only to the chosen, his chosen. It ought to inspire him with joy that a large part of the population of the West Coast is immersed in hot tubs screaming primal screams, and that a significant portion of the trendy middle-class population on the East Coast is "into" touchy-feely therapy, Rolfing, est, and other navel-gazing pursuits-none of

which Hoffman had the wit to regard as narcissistic. When Hoffman has control of the dissemination of information, that information is "Tr his" when that same information is pleas disseminated, it becomes a "fad."

During the Vietnam war, Hoffman tells us, Maslow "spent time holding sensitivity lessons with Pentagon generals. He reasoned that by relief sexual repression he could limit their aggression." Hoffman, with a refreshing show of sanity, could not bring himself to agree; still, he says, "I've found everything Maslow wrote applicable to modern revolutionary struggle in America, especially when corrected by Marcuse's class analysis."

Here we are onto something important. Hoffman writes:

Never for a moment did I believe guerrilla theater or "monkey warfare" . . . could alone stop the war in Vietnam. But it did extend the possibilities of involving the senses and penetrating the symbolic world of fantasy Had there not been an equally strong appeal to reasona more conventional mode of communication-our efforts would have been in vain. That responsibility rested with . . . the National Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam. . . . Not needing or desiring to split U.S. culture into two distinct camps, the MOBE could reach into age, class, educational, and union groups which might have been turned off to our particular

(Might have been!) Hoffman's intention—need—was to smash: he left it to the MOBE to pick up the pieces.

This seems to me to be on the face of it a peculiarly schizophrenic-or duplicitous-approach to revolution or broad social change. Perversely romantic Hoffman, a "doomed revolutionary" playing with "slum-alley saints," was savvy enough to know that flinging plastic bags filled with cow's blood at Dean Rusk, scattering sidewalks with marbles so that cops' horses could slip and stumble (injuring innocent bystanders), panhandling naked in churches, handing obscene "poems" to nuns. and having "giddy sex" on street corners would not gain him a wide constituency. He played into the hands of the Establishment he inveighed against. He created his opposition as much as his opposition created him. If we grant that it is in the interest of the ruling class to polarize Americans, pitting various elements of the working class against one another, and against the middle class, it is only fair, on the evidence, to grant that Hoffman's avowed need to create clashing armies ("there are no innocent bystanders") was the mirror image of the need and intentions of established interests. What he sought to rend, he left to the cooler heads of pacifists and progressives to put together again. This kind of double bluff doesn't work. It smacks more of a need to be persecuted than of a wish to heal (by which I do not mean to compromise). And it has left behind a bitter legacy of confusion and despair, leaving the Left vulnerable to attack from neoconservatives, whom one can hear echoing the words of Georg Büchner: "The people are like children; they must smash everything to see what is inside." Of course the truth is that the counterculture was never representative of "the people"; but Hoffman and the neoconservatives are alike in regarding the disparate. dissenting voices of the Sixties as one "revolutionary" voice: stoned, freaked-out hedonists and idealogues and humanists and idealistic pragmatists who saw injustice and addressed themselves to it were all lumped together in what we now call "the Sixties," meaning by that a sensibility as much as a decade. Like Humpty Dumpty, this unlikely, unnatural coalition (which in fact did not, in any true meaning of the word. coalesce, except-and even then only apparently-at the trial of the Chicago Eight), has fallen of its own weight.

It has been argued that Hoffman leavened Left politics, and rendered them less austere. For a while, politics became kicky. And then the crash.

Economics, mercy, compassion, multinational corporations, justice—Abbie Hoffman doesn't use these words a lot. He says fuck a lot though: and his synonym for revolution is trashing. He has scant regard for truth, less for facts. He justifies fabricating issues as "a way of making concrete an abstract concept." Careless man.

It may be fair to say that Abbie Hoffman acted, wittingly or unwittingly, as midwife to the neoconservatives.

OU WILL WANT to know alm his life. You will wanth know about his arrest m possession of cocaine show before he went underground in 16 ruary, 1974. Bear in mind, when read this, that Abbie (born Abb Hoffman once toyed with the not of the "righteous dealer"-a kind Robin Hood of dope who would pl some of his earnings back into community, presumably that part the community that doped: "I call tell you all the details of the coke b because some day all this might end in court. . . . It wasn't my coke. . . was just curious, that's all,"

You will find him just as coy the matter of his going to bed w Kim Agnew. Whether or not he we to bed with Kim Agnew—he once so he did—is probably of interest or to Kim Agnew, poor Kim. That Ho man still sees the put-on as an a form—and not as form of hostility is, on the other hand, a matter of i terest, or should be, for those who shim as marter and choose him as e

emplar.) Abbie on the subject of dope is a idiot drooling. Those who ha abraded Hoffman politically-like Pa Krassner-he calls "chromosomal damaged" by LSD. For the elect-h buddies-acid remains "a pill that le you experience the entire Fifties inte nal trip in just eight hours." (In car you are wondering about the corre "revolutionary" line: Yes to acid ar grass, No to smack and Quaaludes ar booze.) Abbie knows, of course, th LSD experiments with soldiers we CIA-funded; in fact he got his fir hit from an army psychologist wh was his college roommate-another e ample of the symbiotic relationship b tween Abbie and "the Establishment When Hoffman tried to pass off Tir othy Leary (that decadent) to the ha less Algerians as a hounded black un versity professor fired for his antiwa convictions, Leary obliged by smu gling 20,000 hits of LSD into Algeria or so Abbie says. Leary wanted turn on all of Africa, just as, earli-Hoffman wanted to put LSD in the drinking water of Chicago. Fun ar games. We don't like them when the army plays them, do we?

I wonder if Hoffman ever thoug anything through to its logical concl sion, and my guess is that he did no

BBIE'S MOTHER likes him a lot. She sends him dental floss: "Your teeth are very Important." We have Abbie's for it that when he started oring for kids to kill their parfor the revolution, "she thought was pretty funny." Abbie's father o died three weeks after his son underground, FBI-men at his al-liked him a lot, too. When e engaged in his first political acagainst a defense plant-an acthat (for reasons unclear) ined his crawling underneath a -Abbie's father had the plant ager call Abbie so that he could t out that Abbie was getting his shirt dirty. On the eve of the ago trial, Abbie's father wrote "Please stop to realize that your ners and conduct in the courta will act both for and against you. not trying to be a preacher, but trying to give you a little advice. parent we still love you and wish the best." Abbie wishes now that and been kinder to his father. Abown four children drift like iths through the pages of this book,

e couldn't have been an easy kid ove. His idea of fun was to shovel z shit into a bag. Leave it on the p. Set it on fire. Ring the bell. And for someone to come out, stamp the flames, and come up with a : full of kaka." Not much different n the organized spontaneity of his

nkey warfare" days.

red and undefined.

Then he writes about his family. writes like a bush-league Salinger cribing the Glass tribe. He can't ruise his affection for them, even to self. Nor, however, can he disguise glee over the fact that the Chicago vention "plugged and plunged" the ntry into "civil war. . . . Parents ght with their kids." Even Daley's s understood that a lot more than unresolved Oedipal struggle was inved in the Chicago massacre.

Why did he tell kids to kill their ents? I ask this in all sincerity. e answer is nowhere to be found in

s autobiography.

He liked Ike-believed in his goods-and didn't discover until his postduate days that there was such an ity as the CIA. He invented himself he went along, and never, it is clear, I a logical context for his actions,

It is hard to think of him as malevolent. Only thoughtless. Which, given his effect on a whole generation, may be considerably worse.

Take the matter of violence, for example. He was never, he says, an advocate of "unrestrained violence." only of "unstructured violence." Since unrestrained violence follows-followed -on unstructured violence as night follows day, this is a distinction without a difference. He appears to have been genuinely surprised when his camp followers smashed mama-andpapa stores in the "days of rage" that followed the Chicago trial, Such dangerous innocence! He seems to have the idea that Gandhi was some kind of sissy; Brandeis and UCLA failed, apparently, to teach him that passive resistance is not synonymous with impotence. He himself "balled" his way through the movement, a proud history of "busted rubbers" and "knockedup" girls behind him.

No context at all. Trash the nuclear family, he said. Then he made a trip to Ireland: Ah. lovely nuclear families. he said, so revolutionary (and the women so downtrodden, but never

Running through the streets of the capital, Abbie cries, "Fuck your father! Free your mother!"

Somewhere in his attitudes toward family lies the key to his hustling, his bravery, his bravado, his self-aggrandizing, his self-sacrifice, his daring, his fears. He saw Judge Julius Hoffman as a Jewish father haranguing a renegade Jewish son. He liked Judge Hoffman. He understood him. He respected him: Judge Hoffman ran the court "like my grandfather ran his candy store." When Judge Hoffman sent Dave Dellinger behind bars in the final days of the trial, Abbie exploded in the courtroom. He called him a "shanda fur de goyim"-a "frontman for the gentiles." He didn't like Tom Havden-whom he would have us see as an objectifying, coldblooded coward: his only buddies were Jerry Rubin and Lee Weiner. He believes "it's no accident the two factions"-Hayden, Rennie Davis, John Froines/Rubin. Weiner. Hoffman-"broke on religious grounds." He is obsessed with his Jewishness. Assimilated is-and always was-a dirty word to him, just as "absorption" of the counterculture into the mainstream was later to become anathema to him. I do not know what to make of this. Nor-which is more important-does

"I reject the notion of 'modesty' as something invented by the WASP to keep the Jews out of the banking industry." He is funny and disarming. He tells wonderful anecdotes.

HOU EN-LAI TOASTED Nixon in Peking, Hoffman, his ego both shaky and monumental, got tired, "bummed out on the movement," "No matter what I did someone bitched. Nothing I said came out right. . . . To protect an image, I was being forced to become something other than human. No one but another famous person is likely to understand this." Movement people became "envious of his fame." Teenvboppers and "movement groupies" invaded his privacy-which he had led no one to believe was sacred to him. On one occasion, his wife, Anita, belted two of them out with a broom. Runaways-encouraged by Abbie to leave their families-presented themselves at his door. He had a shotgun ready for persistent callers, pranksters who sought entry by means of "unstructured violence"-a shotgun for the people he used to call "The People.'

A veteran of Vietnam traveled more than a thousand miles to a rally in order, from his wheelchair, to beseech Abbie to heal him: he clutched Hoffman's legs, begged. Hoffman's thoughts flashed to Lenny Bruce, to the Beatles: how would they have handled this? "I might have made him walk. I might have tried it had not the microphones been recording the scene." The power of the myth he had created frightened him, and it frightened him because he had come so utterly to believe in it. He lost all sense of boundaries. He began to feel that he was the movement. To top it all off, women were demanding equal rights within the movement, and, a "macho feminist," he naturally concluded that this was "harder for males"-and for him in particular-"than for females." Searching for temporary anonymity. he and Anita fled to the Virgin Islands. The days of the coke bust were not far away.

It is easy for me to believe that Abbie Hoffman was truly traumatized when Chou En-Lai toasted Richard Nixon. One has only to think of Cambodia. When the "good guys" (in the current case, the Vietnamese) commit atrocities, the secular imagination falters and is dealt a stunning blow. That is the trouble with seeing history in terms of "good guys" and "bad guys" -or with perceiving society in terms of culture and counterculture, for that matter. If, on the other hand, one thinks in terms of good and evil-and if one understands, furthermore, that good and evil are inextricably linked and woven together, the one always partaking, to some extent, of the other -one may be shocked, but never surprised. There is a great deal to be said for believing in Original Sin; the belief has its practical applications.

When all is said and done, I can't viscerally dislike Abbie Hoffman-not entirely: the bones in Abbie Hoffman's face were broken by one of Daley's billy-club-wielding cops. However misguided Hoffman may have been in thinking a nation would arise from the mud of Woodstock, it was he who organized medical relief; and it was he who helped the injured in Chicago. It was not-to state the obvious, which his dopiness often obscures-he who napalmed babies, Construction workers came at him with meathooks. He was gassed. One hundred and fortyfour illegal wiretaps were placed on him. He may have engineered some of his own crises, and, with terrible consequences, involved others in them, but he was right about at least two things: he always knew that "information is survival" (he should, perhaps, have acted more frequently on that knowledge, helping himself to more facts); and he knew that it was morally wrong for us to be in Vietnam. And he dared. Hoffman's daring was perhaps as much self-promotion as self-sacrifice. One might argue-as Victor Hugo didthat to dare is a form of wisdom; I would not care to make that case for Abbie Hoffman, but I offer it to you for what it is worth.

Abbie Hoffman once said that America was a "silly" country that deserved a "silly revolution." He certainly tried his damnedest to give us one.

I understand why his mother sends him dental floss. In the unlikely event that he should ever present himself at my door asking for asylum, I'd probably feel obliged to take him in. Just as—when all is said and done—I'd harbor my English lady again. (Please, God, don't let them stay too long.) They are rare birds, and of a feather. Maddening.

S HE RELEVANT STILL? people ask. "Who was Abbie Hoffman?" my daughter asks, riffling through the pages of his book. She has just returned from a Times Square rally to protest registration for the draft. "A fruit-loop," my son (seventeen) answers; "I heard about him." My son is interested in cars, girls, drawing, electoral politics, the study of intermediate technology, and in being a good person-not necessarily in that order; he has a marked aversion for exhibitionists and self-dramatizers: "A fruit-loop," he says. Nostalgia is often translated into a conviction of the relevance of the person for whom one feels nostalgia-a kind of referred pain, and an error my children (and, I suspect, this new generation's protesters) are too young to make.

I think he wants to be caught. He needs to be caught more than the FBI needs to catch him-which may explain our government's apparent laxity of pursuit, A man who sees himself as part vaudevillian and part insurrectionist-a man who studied Variety, Show Business, and Billboard as assiduously as others study the Torah or Karl Marx-he needs a larger stage than the underground can provide him with. A self-described "daring matador," he needs to be in the ring again. After the Chicago police riots, three advertising agencies (they were no dopes) tried to hire him. The William Morris Agency wanted him for their house freak, reporting on the youth culture: ITT, Dow Chemical, Chase Manhattan, and the U.S. Army were interested in his "input." He resisted their blandishments then, and would probably resist them now; but it's unlikely that, in his isolation, he doesn't miss the flattery, the cajolery, the chance for the grand put-on. A man who is given to observing all the nuances of his own behavior, he sees himself projected, swaggering, on a giant screen: Soon to Be a Major Motion T IS BAD UNDERGROUND; he has several psychotic episodes. Du one manic period in Las Vo he believed doctors had insert transmitting device in his body; television talked to him and he taback; ashtrays and doorknobs "pi up signals"; he crawled on the to avoid what he believed to be way mirrors. He gets a kick ou asking cops for information. He eriences false heart attacks. He sputo the dead—his father.

But worse than all of this, wo even than the constant running, is inability to find the real Abbie H man. Forced to assume several id tities in order to elude capture, he at the time he wrote this book, a d tious, quiet community-organizer Scarlet Pimpernel of the Left. He w ders "if the folks around these p would accept Abbie as much as t do the other guy." He is the other g and he is also himself. He has tr ble uniting the two. (Perhaps split was inevitable in someone v carefully cultivated "images" in or to manipulate reality; image and re ity mesh-split-mesh.)

There are at least two mass publications that have unknowingly in the past year written about both people. A year ago I planned to join other antinuke activists and fight as the other person. I puzzled for months about which person should meet Jackson Browne and Bonnie Raitt to discuss rallies and benefits. I still haven't decided.... Eventually I know I'll get caught.

Even if this is nothing more than e maniacal posturing—the consumm leg-pull—it tells us that Abbie Ho man, who says he is living the life "a controlled schizophrenic," needs be knit together again. That will he pen only when he is caught.

(It would be glib to say that current confusion is a metaphor what has happened to the Left in Am ica. It would be a failure of imagition not to consider the possibility

And there is this: Abbie Hoffm is as American as the flag he once, a media purposes, made mock of, saw himself—still sees himself—as son of Liberty riding through the night, sounding the alarm." (I would der if Hoffman heard Jane Fonda television describe herself and his benoir, Hayden, as Paul Reveres. If

how that must have rankled!) As nan Mailer points out, Hoffman is ugh of a closet believer in the m to throw himself on the fundadical charity of the court." A long ago, he fell in love with "corn. Town meetings. Niagara Falls. dogs. Parades. Red Sox doubleers." If any one thing is likely to him home, it is that vision of cica, a dream that dies hard. It is ng short of remarkable that the cica of Our Town can coexist, in romantic imagination, with the rica where ignorant armies clash ght.

is unlikely to come home chast. Abbie Hoffman can't exist exas an irritant. To define himself eeds that "they." His return will not only to redefine him but to us, once again, into another pertion of the national pastime—reing ourselves. The prospect is what daunting.

lough not, I am obliged to to Norman Mailer, who advises in his introduction, that "Abby has a charisma that must have out of an immaculate concepbetween Fidel Castro and Grou-Marx." The Immaculate Concepis not spontaneous combustion, is it the Virgin Birth, which Mr. ler must have had vaguely in mind. e had anything in mind other a fetching metaphor. It was Mary was immaculately conceived, by :h we are meant to understand that was born without having inherited inal Sin-a claim that even Abloving mother would probably wish to make for her son.

fr. Mailer, who faults Hoffman only "a lack of ultimate irony," assures hat "Abbie is saying, 'under my le beats a hot Socialist heart. I am ly not a nihilist. I am one of you liever in progress.'"

The willing to bet that Abbie fman would accept any definition Mailer might care to apply to him ocialist, nihilist, believer in pross (or American institution in—like my Bruce, to whom Mr. Mailer pares him—absentia)—just so as there remains a single fan to come him home. He has found that—and his perfect reader—in Normal Mailer. I myself think they make the property of the myself think they make the property of the myself think they make the property of the myself think they make the myself think they myself them myself think they make the myself think they make the myself think they myself them myself them myself think they myself them myself think they myself think they myself them myself them myself think they myself them myself them

PORTONCINI DEI MORTI

by Daniel Halpern

In the Analects Confucius says
"The way out is via the door. How is it
that nobody recognizes this method?"

In Gubbio, an Umbrian city said to be the most purely medieval in Italy, the buildings have what the Italians call *portoncini dei morti*, the little doorways of the dead. When the dead of the family went through the door for the last time they plastered it up.

It wasn't for the dead they did this, but for themselves—they knew death was the last farewell, plastered or not, remembered or not.

Confucius was wrong, wasn't he? A door is not the simplest solution.
I'm thinking about history and the departure of the loved, about fathers or men who raised sons they couldn't know.

I'm talking to those who have no ghost doorway to mark their leaving us, who were carried to the place that takes care of lost love—in our country people die away from home, it's part of the economy, and the economy of loving.

The medieval Italians knew something about dying and about love, they closed the door for the dead. What do the dead open for us but the door that opens onto what there was? What do we do for the dead but lower them into the earth, shovel earth over their eyes, and this, like the plaster of the Italians, keeps the living out of the way of those dead we have lost.

Intelligence is not needed to find a door after death in the presence of love, nor are doors answers to anything that hides some part of ourselves.

The question is how to turn back—the Italians were right: let the dead leave us unattended and unencumbered. Let us build new doors that the family may leave together. This is the solution and Confucius too was right, that we will find new ways of being together among the living.

TEAR GAS IS BAD FOR THE COMPLEXION

History in the making of fiction

by Jeffrey Bu

Time of Desecration, by Alberto Moravia; translated by Angus Davidson. 376 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$12.95.

The Better Class, by Alice Colombo. 48 pages, illustrated. Dial, \$6.

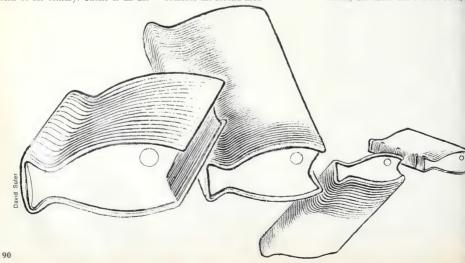
OME PEOPLE ARGUE that contemporary fiction is too far removed from reality-the word preferred by nine out of ten regular users of poorer relatives like religion, politics, society, et cetera. What novels lack, according to these critics, is a broader canvas or a more comprehensive world view or an acute and synthesizing grasp of history, past and current. Such critics will trot out Tolstoy in support of their case, while with equal amounts of candor and self-satisfaction they admit to having read few novels published since the turn of the century. Theirs is an aesthetic of literary nostalgia. It is sufficient that they bear, amid the clamor of today's pretenders, the standards of books that have stood the test of time.

And who can say them nay? Who has chattered in a room full of worldly and literate acquaintances and not been moved to idle tears when someone solemnly requested a moment of silent prayer for the passing of Cervantes?

These mild ironies may reveal my own feelings about the dispute, but after reading two recent novels that derive from current events in Italy, I find myself sympathizing with the literary nostalgiants for two reasons. One is that both novels demonstrate the extent to which history may suffer for the sake of literature. The other, and correlative, reason is the perilous ease with which the mind's associative faculties may reduce history to absurdity. Consider the second first.

ECENTLY I CONSIGNED the novels to the back of mind in order to concenon screening the "Ma piece Theatre" production of C and Punishment. I sat alone in a si room, listening to the muffled for movement of Beethoven's Ninth S phony as it drifted in from ano office. Also competing for my attent were the memory of a popular wave song called "I Think I'm T ing Japanese" and two alterna words for ant, namely pismire emmet. In a moment I realized serendipity would give birth to torical creativity if only I could a way to link these various shards consciousness: Raskolnikov's phi ophy of the individual above the Schiller's hymn to brotherhood, C

Jeffrey Burke writes the "In Print" columnonthly alternation with Frances Taliaf



lore Perry's fateful overtures at and Robert Emmet's ill-fated h nationalism. The synthesizing menism was supplied several days r, when I watched an obituary for shah of Iran as performed by a ingfield, Massachusetts, TV news gram. Its brief montage of the h's career included scenes of the coup in 1953 and was followed by interview with a former CIA opere named Smist, who emphasized need for reconciling the divergent nian and American perspectives. As spoke, he demonstrated the relasimplicity of that task by first ding his hands in front of him, then aging them together and interlockthe fingers.

Thus and so—done. Using the Smist plifier and random association, I ld now plot out the scenario for a el that would explain the genesis the first and second world wars:

e Übermenschen werden Brüder ows Germany's Yellow Peril as ger Casement follows Emmet to the lows for colluding with the Hun in cause of Irish nationalism.

HE ABUSE OF HISTORY by Alberto Moravia and Alice Colombo is more serious—i.e., less whimsical—than my own. eir novels represent two views of ly's social and political strife in the t decade.

began by liking Moravia's Time Desecration. In its interview format pointed nod to the legendary Oriana llaci), an inquisitor, designated I, racts from a young woman named sideria the story of her early introction to sex, politics, and terrorism. the adoptive daughter of a wealthy t socially ill-placed and ambitious man, Desideria spends her woeful rly years becoming fat and masturting: "I had no behind, I had no lly, I had no hips, I had no bosom, thing but fat." She eats because she unhappy and masturbates because e is lonely. Her mother is a "sex iniac . . . for lack of what she obnately considered to be better"at is, the roles of good bourgeoise d good mother.

Postpuberty finds Desideria slim and tractive and aware of her mother's fection for orgies and anal interurse. Their relationship is alternately

familial or sexual, depending on unpredictable shifts in the older woman's inclinations. The daughter at this time begins receiving socialist indoctrination from a Voice-reminiscent of that which visited Joan of Arc-which warns her away from her mother's bourgeois life and advises her on a "plan of transgression and desecration." Petty theft, sacrilege, and nearprostitution make up Desideria's political education. Her eventual goal is to become a member of a Communist cell, but she is frustrated in this ambition and must settle for the Voice-anproved loss of her long-preserved virginity to a terrorist, whom she then shoots with his own gun. She ends the interview abruptly, but Moravia implies that her life after these events became one of apolitical, bourgeois comfort.

I admire Moravia's ability to sustain an interesting story in the tiresome format of question and answer. His I is appropriately objective, curious, and skeptical, maintaining the same distance from Desideria as he interposes, by the journalistic format and tonal flatness of the writing, between the novel and the reader. The technique serves both narrative and ideology. In short, I appreciate the author's art.

It is when I come to search for the point of it all that I find myself troubled. Is it possible that Moravia intends to account for Italy's violent and confused politics by setting up the education of Desideria as a terrorist? Is there an implicit political allegory in Desideria's physical and intellectual development: bourgeois obesity (cf. pasta) to countercultural slimness (basta) accompanied by personal isolation (Italy as postwar orphan) and sexual freedom without fear of conception (papal bull notwithstanding), and leading finally, after murder, to "nothing" (Desideria's response to I's last "What happened next?")? Even if Moravia is putting this forward ironically, he has so diminished the historical complexity of his subject as to leave himself -not, as he probably intended, Desideria and her ilk-open to the charge of superficiality.

Alice Colombo's intentions in *The Better Class* are, on the other hand, perfectly clear. Borrowing style and tone from such Beautiful People periodicals as *W* and *Women's Wear*

Daily, she bludgeons the Italian upper class with satire. In the midst of political chaos, her characters (who include and refer to some actual people, such as Moravia, Lina Wertmüller, Enrico Berlinguer, Oriana Fallaci) strive to maintain a life of parties, vachts, fashions, furnishings, and whatever else goes with la dolce vita and the sweetness of doing nothing, (By contrast, the Italian title of Time of Desecration is La Vita Interiore.) Tear gas is bad for the complexion, Certain politicians are more attractive than others, whatever their party affiliations. How does one dress for the revolution? "Does one send flowers to a kneecapped friend?" The following dialogue is typical:

"I am looking," says Mara, "for something I can relate to. You know, a focal point for the unsteady political moment, a statement."

"Yes," agrees Adelia. "I'm looking for a new fabric. I'm convinced there will be an explosion in black leather."

"Of course," admits Paola Verdi, joining the group. "My husband has in fact noticed a new mood."

"In the masses?" asks Monica.
"No, in blazers," answers Paola
Verdi. "I would like to see a return
to law and order and he would like
to see a return to gabardine."

There is an obvious point to this broad satire, but Colombo insists on making it in almost every paragraph, and the resulting sacrifice of subtlety is disastrous at novel length. Not wishing to be outdone, the publishers have packaged the book in tabloid format, eleven and a quarter inches by sixteen and a half inches, with three-column pages and numerous photographs of beautiful people in beautiful clothing. So, too, where Colombo begins to suggest that all may not be caviar and Dom Pérignon much longer, the photographs allude to violence and death.

What Colombo fails to see, however valid her motives, is that a privileged class as inane as the one she presents is hardly worth the literary effort. More important, her version of that class is hardly substantial enough to serve as victim of or foil for any political statement. When history's actors are cast so simplistically, it is history that suffers.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1980

DOOR TO DOOR

A review of the Fleem Report

by John Ha

N 1976, segments of the intellectual community were saddened to learn of the untimely death of Dr. A Otto Fleem, Howling Professor of Sociology at the Stet Institute. With the dedication that inspired respect and provoked comment among his colleagues, Dr. Fleem had been pursuing his researches even while on vacation with him family; the end came at a "Bicentennial Clambake" in Norman,

Happily for the discipline that mourned his loss, at the time of his death Dr. Fleem was just completing the field work on what would have been his magnum opus, Study of the Life Experiences of the Average American: An Investigation. The finished work was to incorporate thousands of hours of videotaped interviews with Americans from all walks of life concerning their normative experiences, or, as Dr. Fleem would explain to his subjects in layman's terms, "what's going on when nothing special is happening."

The review of these videotapes has only recently been completed by Dr. Fleem's teams of devoted followers, who are about to issue the first volume of the so-called Fleem Report (Dictaphone Press, \$45). The report is broken down into several sections: "Sex and Family," "Earning a Living," "Problems," "Love," and, the briefest of the group, "Intellectual Pursuits." These headings alone indicate the range and complexity of Dr. Fleem's study. Unfortunately, the elegance of his method and the delicacy of his sociological aperçus can only be hinted at in this brief summary.

Sex and Family

R. FLEEM found that sex in the family is not such a hot idea. More than 50 percent of those interviewed felt that sexual relations between a husband and wife were "beneficial" or, at the very least, "permissible." Another 20 percent declared such relations to be "semilicit" or even, as one subject declared, "stomach-wrenching," while the remaining 17 percent, composed mostly of children and a mysterious group of "disinterested parties," had no opinion.

Less-conventional forms of sex in

the family were frowned on by overwhelming majority of the subj interviewed. In fact, enthusiasm intrafamily sexual activity was so that Dr. Fleem was led to describe in an uncharacteristically strail image, as "the missing link in far affairs."

The average sex life of the aver American was determined to be, Dr. Fleem's words, "about a 1.5 o scale of 10." The exact meaning his words is unclear, as is the nat of the evidence on which it is bas One must hope that the good doc was not speaking in propria perso

Most Americans said that fan life was "okay, though nothing write home about." A sizable num found family life to be "wholeso and enervating"; an equal num said it was "filled with the torme of the damned in hell, turning es other on spits of fire." This view v slightly extreme but representative that group.

Perhaps the most interesting of Fleem's findings concerns the so-cal John Harris is a writer living in Washingt



morality. Dr. Fleem found that of those interviewed about the morality did not know what the morality had been, and so were in osition to compare the two.

Earning a Living

OST AMERICANS, Dr. Fleem discovered, have to earn a living. The bulk of their work is tiring and repetiand much of it is not that remutive. Few of those interviewed had od feelings" about their jobs; when d, most declared they would prefer g "Hollywood stars" or "indepenly wealthy." Tensions among cosers were found to be rife, and lries were often keen to "get id" or "leave early without being ;ht." Asked what they thought it while on the job, most subjects ied "sex" or "nothing," or a comtion of the two.

Problems

R. FLEEM found that most Americans have their fair share of "problems." Age and sex were discovered to e negligible effect on this area of (though, interestingly, Republiwere found to have slightly few-'problems" than Democrats-pers because there are fewer Repubns than Democrats).

Problems" were defined by Dr. as "difficulties. especially ices, that result in temporary loss he sense of well-being or permat loss of hair, friends, and iden-" Even babies. Dr. Fleem discov-I, have, in his words, "their teeny blems that look like big problems hem because babies are so small." men have problems: so do men. fact, many of the problems that front the one are created by the er. Dr. Fleem termed this a "viis cycle" and, in a classic and pely paragraph, analyzed the dima with clarity and insight before nitting that there was no solution. Jethods of dealing with problems ied. Some of those interviewed eak out" or show symptoms of the andon-ship syndrome," involving a ht from familiar circumstances and family: others actually turn to the family in search of outlets for their unhappy responses to difficulties (see "Sex and Family"). In fact, Dr. Fleem found that some individuals use the family as a means of simultaneously hiding from their problems and creating new ones. This he defined as "marriage."

Love

R. FLEEM discovered that most Americans, in one way or another, want "love." Love-which the doctor defined as "mutual support and shared vital interests, combined with a strong erotic attraction that results in the sustained gratification of both parties without recourse to alcohol, mood elevators, or chronic self-deception"was not conspicuously present among the 18,000 subjects interviewed by the indefatigable researcher. Nonetheless, all claimed to want it and believed passionately that it existed, despite the crushing evidence to the contrary. Dr. Fleem himself, shortly before his death, conducted a self-interview on the subject of love and, in the course of a ruthless cross-examination, became so enraged that he refused to speak to himself and later would do so only in the presence of a lawyer.

Intellectual Pursuits

R. FLEEM found that ideas qua ideas play virtually no part in the life of the average American, Most people, most of the time, think about "things" or other people, not about ideas. Bowling, for instance, plays a much more prominent part in the life of the average American than does, say, the quest for standards in a meaningless universe. A true intellectual, Dr. Fleem found, may spend as much as 5 percent of his waking hours thinking about ideas; then he usually goes bowling. (A Note: The first volume of the Fleem Report will appear on May 23, 1980, on what would have been Dr. Fleem's fifty-eighth birthday. Subsequent volumes will be issued annually on the anniversary of his death, July 4.)

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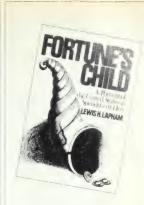
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PUZZLE

INNER CIRCLES

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr. (with acknowledgments to John De Cuevas)

This month's instructions:

The overlapping circles in the diagram are numbered to correspond to the clues. All the clues have two answers and all answers are of six letters. The main answer is defined normally (definition plus subsidiary indication). The sec- 9 ondary answer is indicated by a definition only, and comes before or after the clue to the main answer, but not within it.

Each of the circles is divided into six sections, but two are hidden. When the main answer of the clue is entered in its circle, the two hidden letters must be transferred to the correspondingly numbered section of the outer wheel instead. The two letters in the overlapping section of the following circle will, however, mesh with the letters of the first circle to form another word, which will be the secondary answer to the clue. The two answers from each clue may run clockwise or counterclockwise, or one each. Since this can produce two correct diagrams, enter the answers to Clue 1 clockwise



To illustrate: suppose the main answer to a clue is SIGNET, the secondary answer is FASTEN, and the secondary answer to the ·following clue is SAFETY, then the letters would be entered as shown. The I and the G of SIGNET would be entered in the outer wheel.

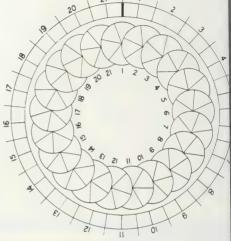
The solver must determine the order in which to enter the two letters of each main answer in the outer wheel so that when complete, an appropriate seven-word quotation, and its author, will appear, reading clockwise from 1.

Answers include one trade name, one other proper noun, and two common foreign words. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to the August puzzle appeared in the August

CLUES

- 1. Pathetic kind of make the British order
- 2. Cut the baloney a little work-over bugs some public servants

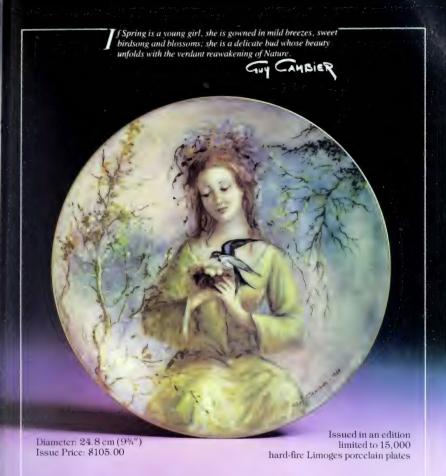


- 3. Fine old instruments for board game having comebac on southern greens
- 4. Back supporters of letters as plot develops
- 5. Give the responsibility in total if it's mountainous 6. Hauling heroin in dirty-looking rowboat
- Colorfully depict a bishop: idle and fiery
- 8. Lady of Spain, not her grossly big seat 9. Nostradamus reveals, the Italian way, he's a cruel mai
- 10. Lifts person like a peacock (it goes badly)
- 11. Motorcycles knock a horse out of the water
- Chipped in after Kennedy backed a delay
- 13. Illegal activity, pretty much of a black eye for flunk
- 14. Unknown factor in gnarled trees puts forth current
- 15. Control dog's skin disease without a coat 16. "Book of Numbers!" was first German poem
- 17. He makes amends for obscure ornate name
- 18. Ran away to take out de high-class types, we hear?
- 19. Exile to conduct searches in the dark
- 20. Characteristics of regional speech-it was contracted around no-good tough
- 21. Spots in a garden, in front of feed boxes, gold-backet

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with the and address to Inner Circles, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avende, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by September 1. Senders of the first

three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscrip tion to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the October is sue. Winners' names will be printed in the November issue



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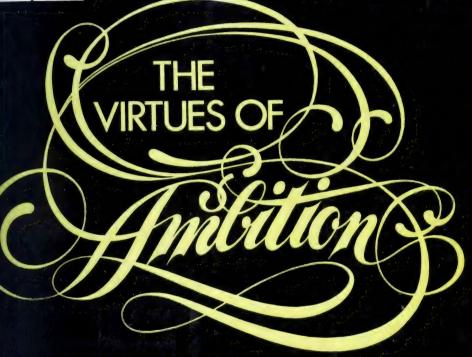
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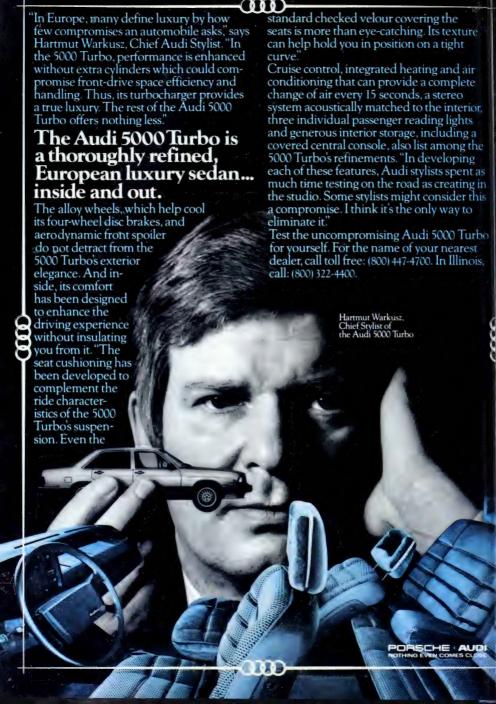


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Benefits Versus Costs

The shape and thrust of government regulation have shifted radically since the first federal regulatory arm—the Interstate Commerce Commission—came into being in 1884 to oversee competition among the railroads.

Regulations grew during the 1930s as Congress turned increasingly to federal agencies to carry out New Deal programs. The regulators then were immersed largely in economic matters. They looked after the orderly functioning of specific industries.

The whole concept of regulation has changed vastly, particularly since the 1960s. It's now centered more on social

than economic goals.

As a result, social considerations are governing economic decisions. Setting social criteria means defining what the "public good" is. More and more, the defining is done by special interest groups. Under pressure from single-issue constituencies, Congress typically enacts legislation to achieve certain social goals — clean air, say — and erects a bureaucracy to set up and run the mechanism for reaching the goals.

Decisions on how and when to reach the goals are controlled by an unelected bureaucracy, insulated from the politi-

cal process.

No one would deny that some regulation is necessary and desirable in our complex society to protect all of us. But what's often overlooked is that regulation imposes a growing burden on the economy and can exact costs that far exceed any benefits to society. • Environmental and safety regulations added an average of \$666 to the price of a 1978 car. The tab paid by consumers was \$7 billion.

• Federal, state, and local regulations add about \$2,000 to the cost of the aver-

age new home.

• Compliance with government regulations accounts for 25% of hospital costs, the Hospital Association of New York found.

• More than five million small business owners spend \$3,000 each year to fill out federal forms, reports the Fed-

eral Paperwork Commission.

Shortsightedness abounds in the regulatory jungle. Consider the company that was required to install scrubbers to reduce its emissions of visible iron oxide dust. Sure enough, the scrubbers removed 21.1 pounds of dust per hour. But producing the power to run the scrubbers sent up 23 pounds of other pollutants. More pollution was created than was removed.

Prudent regulation is good. Excessive regulation does more harm than good. It stifles the economy, inhibits productivity, feeds inflation, closes plants, causes jobs to dry up. Regulatory excesses drain off money that should be invested in ways to stimulate the economy, increase productivity, and create jobs.

Regulation is intended to bring benefits to the public. Those benefits cost money. Whether a proffered benefit is worth the price tag is something we all should be asking more insistently of our elected officials.



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LETTERS

Solzhenitsyn's dark side

The remarks attributed to me by George Feifer in "The Dark Side of Solzhenitsyn" [May] are preposterous.

I never met with Mr. Solzhenitsyn in Moscow (as alleged). I do not regard Mr. Solzhenitsyn as "the most immoral man I know," and I do not recall ever having uttered these words or anything remotely like them.

My colleagues and I are proud to be Alexandr Solzhenitsyn's American publisher and as he well knows he has my affection and esteem.

WINTHROP KNOWLTON Chairman Harper & Row New York City

GEORGE FEIFER REPLIES:

Several witnesses of the MacDowell Colony were present when Mr. Knowlton made his observation about Solzhenitsyn. Since Knowlton is Solzhenitsyn's publisher, I felt it better to limit myself to the one statement ("Solzhenitsyn is the most immoral man I know," he declared. When I pressed him to explain, he altered this-under my questioning-to "the most amoral man.") But if he persists in his denial of it, I shall make public his further remarks, which are more detailed, therefore more damaging. His sensitivity in the matter is not license to say one thing in private and another in print, but if he chooses to do this, he should not issue denials that can be quickly and easily disproved.

A matter of secrets

While I was pleased to learn that Harper's will continue to be published, I hope that we may look forward to better pieces than Michael Macdonald Mooney's "The Ministry of Cultur August].

Mr. Mooney too often relies on it nuendo and unsupported assertion. F example, he deplores what he terms the "amazing secret procedures" by which the National Endowment for the H manities distributes its grants. He do not describe how the procedures a secret; nor does he mention that is dividual scholars and organizations all parts of the United States app. for well-publicized grants and receiv on request detailed comments on the applications. Instead, Mr. Mooney er gages in unsubstantiated invective about secret procedures and the inte pretation of learning.

Mr. Mooney's inability to get hi facts straight is evident in his use c what he calls "a quotation from th Oxford English Dictionary defining the humanities as a religion." Had Mr Mooney looked closely at the OED, h might have noted that what he quote is not a definition of the humanities but is one of four possible definition of humanism. The OED does include definition of the humanities as "learn ing or literature concerned with hu man culture," and as Mr. Mooney himself mentions, there is a somewhal longer definition of the humanities in the legislation that created the Nation al Endowment for the Humanities in 1965. The accurate definitions, how ever, do not suit Mr. Mooney; and having tagged the humanities as "the religion of mankind," he is off in a furious and largely incomprehensible rant. "The humanists," we are told "are true believers, sometimes impatient with reality, but only because they are required to abandon the whole truth in order to concentrate on their special version-they are anointed as responsible for the salvation of al mankind." A curious assertion from a writer who, possessed by his own ision of the truth, delivers fuzzily rophetic generalizations about the enith and decline of civilization.

WILLIAM J. BENNETT
Director
National Humanities Center
Research Triangle Park, N.C.

Michael Mooney rightly points to the congruity of the humanities carried n in closed meetings. After much disassion and reflection, NEH Chairman oseph Duffey has now opened all disussions of public policy carried on by ne National Council on the Humanies, the NEH board of oversight and eview, and the committees of the ouncil, so that press and public have all access to the making of policy. losed are only those parts of meetags at which specific applications, ogether with the opinions of reviewers nd panelists, are reviewed. So there o longer is any point in the proceures of the Council at which Mr. Mooey's criticism applies, a source of reat satisfaction to friends of the indowment in Congress and elsewhere. Mr. Mooney does a public service phrasing the question as he has, even hough I for one take a much more

affirmative view of Mr. Duffey's stewardship of the Endowment and the Carter administration's support of it. JACOB NEUSNER

JACOB NEUSNER
Member, National Council
on the Humanities
Providence, R.I.

MICHAEL MOONEY REPLIES:

Mr. Bennett blusters: about innuendo, unsupported assertions, and "unsubstantiated invective about secret procedures and the interpretation of learning." Accuracy, says the director of the National Humanities Center. does not suit my purposes. Them's mighty serious complaints, I should think. Meanwhile, I salute the recent announcement by Dr. Neusner that the NEH has now modified its secret procedures with respect to public policy. I can only assume that Mr. Bennett was ignorant of national humanities practice: or, perhaps, that the NEH's procedures were so secret they were secrets from Director Bennett, Surely, Director Bennett would not deliberately make charges he knew to be defamatory. As to my "inability to get [my] facts straight" about definitions for the humanities. Mr. Bennett will find the accurate quotations at p. 995, column 1, of the 1973 shorter *OED*. Presumably, Director Bennett had another edition.

The heavenly city

Cities around the world face similar problems, whatever their locations, political and governmental structures, or ideologies. Whenever more than a million people are concentrated in a limited area, they generate the same complexities: how to supply potable water, keep the city clean, dispose of the waste, maintain safety, provide efficient transportation, protect against fire, maintain a housing stock, make provision for the poor, dispose of sewage without polluting surrounding waterways, deal with mounting government costs, resolve disputes, and cope with unanticipated problems like massive migrations, energy shortages, and the impact of new technologies. And how to balance budgets.

No single city does all these things well. London's local parks are a delight and New York's a disaster; Rome's traffic is dreadful while Munich's, although frenetic moves. Chicago's streets



Clearing the Nation's Air

What the chemical industry is doing to help clean up the air you breathe

The chemical industry was taking steps to prevent pollution long before most of the nation recognized the need for action. Today, almost all of our industry plants meet or exceed Environmental Protection Agency clean air requirements. But we're not stopping there. Here are some of the actions we're taking to help America breathe easier:

1. Committing billions to clean up

The chemical industry is investing more than any other U.S. manufacturing industry in fighting pollution, according to the U.S. Census Bureau. Since 1976, we have doubled our investment in air pollution control equipment. By the end of 1979, this commitment exceeded \$2.6 billion. We are also investing millions of dollars in environmental research. The expenditures for one research program alone are expected to exceed \$9 million by the end of 1980.

Upgrading plants and processes

The chemical industry is working hard to make sure its plants and manufacturing processes do not produce emissions that cause harmful pollution. New plant construction includes sophisticated operating equipment and technology. Older, existing plants are being refitted with additional equipment to improve emission control and meet environmental requirements. Through industry research and technology, we continue to develop sophisticated methods to capture and recycle emissions to create useful raw materials from potential pollutants.

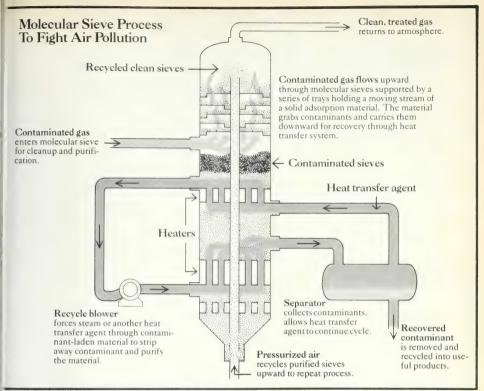
3. Trapping particulates more effectively

Some chemical companies use "scrubbers" to help keep contaminants from escaping into the atmosphere. For example, a scrubber at one company helps trap more than 1,300 tons of particulate sulphur each year. Other com-

panies use electrostati precipitators to help reduce fly ash emissions by nearly 100 percent. Still other companie use "baghouses," which oper ate like household vacuum cleaners, to keep dusts and solid particles from contaminating the air.

4. Capturing vapors with new technology

Research is helping us find new and better ways to trap and control gaseous wastes before they can escape into the atmosphere. For example: a highly specialized molecular sieve recovers waste sulfur dioxide from the vent gas of sulfuric acid plants for recycling into the acid-making process. Special incinerators help control odorous gases. We've created compounds which can trap specific kinds of pollutant molecules. We've



lo help improve our nation's air quality. America's chemical industry is using equipment ranging from imple wet scrubbers to highly sophisticated molecular sieves to remove solids, vapors, and odors.

lso developed a "double adorption" system that sends gases back through adsorption owers for a second cleansing.

5. Getting more employees involved

The chemical industry aleady has more than 10,000 employees whose sole job is to operate, maintain and monior pollution control equip-

ment. And we keep adding to this number each year. At one facility, employee programs encouraged ideas which helped eliminate 75,000 tons of air pollutants each year. Some companies have mobile environmental laboratories traveling the countryside to sniff out air emissions and pinpoint the source.

What you've read here is just an overview. For a booklet

that tells more about what we're doing to protect the environment, write: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. DH-10, Box 363, Beltsville, MD 20705.



America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

are clean, New York's, filthy. New York's water supply system is (despite maintenance and rehabilitation problems) superb, while Istanbul's is patchwork, In some cities the waterways are essential parts of an internal transportation system, in others their potential for such use is disregarded; in some the waterways are devoted also to recreation, filled with pleasure boats and ringed by restaurants, while in others, for no good reason, they are surrounded by decaying industrial and commercial uses that no longer serve a fruitful economic purpose. Some water fronts are polluted, others devoted to industrial purposes or luxurious residential use.

In some cities, as in Paris's La Défence, uncontrolled construction concentrates massive high-rise structures in ugly sky-piercing enclaves; in others, as in Sydney, high-rise and lowrise structures are combined in open and eye-pleasing harmony. In some, as in Mexico City, magnificent old structures are razed to make way for new buildings; in others, as in Toronto, the modern buildings have gone up without drastically destroying the old. New York City, responding to its nearbankruptcy, is developing an excellent internal accounting system, while Rome just shrugs its shoulders and keeps piling up debt, with the blasé assurance that the national government will take care of it. Many cities can't exist without a financial "fix," but Helsinki actually lends money to the national government of Finland.

One city will do one thing well, another badly. Local administrators who have solved a problem of local transportation using a network of ferries may be unable to figure out how to keep the streets clean, unaware that a technique for doing so has been developed by another city halfway around the world.

Hence the need for an International Cities Information Exchange. Why cannot New York learn how London manages to keep its local parks fit for human use, its streets clean and welllighted? Why cannot Istanbul learn how New York provides quality water? It isn't only a matter of money. Why cannot Erevan learn how Pittsburgh cleaned up its air pollution, or Paris learn how Sydney managed its development to achieve a harmonious mixing of high and low buildings? Why

cannot Los Angeles learn from New York and Chicago and London and Paris how to provide a mass-transit system, or New York learn from Toronto and Moscow how to run a clean and

The trouble is that our world's great sophisticated urban centers are selfcentered. Each does not realize that its problems are rarely unique, but rather common to all. The fact is that the world's cities have much to learn from one another.

The big cities of the American Northeast, which have lost so many jobs in the past decade, have something to learn from Singapore, which has developed a thriving economy, using ingenious incentives.

And Madrid, as well as many American cities, can learn from Queretaro, a small industrial city in the center of Mexico, how to space out town squares in such a way as to make the city aesthetically interesting and commercially inviting.

Munich's center city mall, and its dramatic effect on the city's human appeal, as well as its commerce, offers lessons for New York, where resistance to malls has been endemic.

From Bonn, West Berlin, Trieste, and any number of other European cities, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston can learn how to promote tourism by converting homes and even apartment floors into low-cost hotels, thus making these cities available to prospective visitors who want to come but simply can't accept the choice between sky-high hotel prices and fleabags.

The New York Charter Revision Commission discovered, among other things, that the British cities have excellent complaint-receiving and resolving services; that Belgrade has a system of self-management in its municipal departments that deserves careful study by American cities.

Who should initiate a Cities Information Exchange? A few efforts have been made. There is an organization in the Hague that holds conferences and seminars on city problems. A group in Washington publishes a good newsletter. Research on urban problems, some of it of dubious value, takes place everywhere. We are talking here of more than the cosmetic "sister cities" kind of program in which New York participates, or the collecting of statistics.

One sponsor possibility is the Unit Nations. It has not been very succession ful in bringing nations together. If could bring the people who gove the world's major cities together, heling them to help one another, a sma step toward achieving the professi U.N. objective of fostering world u derstanding and cooperation might | taken. At least, the people who occur the world's great cities might benefit from the effort.

Another possibility is the feder government, which as of now maintain hundreds of year-to-year subsidies pro grams to keep dving cities alive, for purposes ranging from the saving of a local hospital to the cleanup of single street. The vitality of these pro grams is frequently questioned, by nobody examines the way other worl cities deal with similar problems. Per haps the national government could, a relatively little cost, undertake to fun a small Cities Information Exchang office. The benefits might be substan

The foundations, several of which are engaged in what they call urbail affairs, might consider the funding of such a unit as perhaps more vital than some of the heavy theoretical studies that lie on their shelves. A single idea garnered by one city from another would more than compensate for the cost.

The International Cities Informa tion Exchange might be set up as a nonprofit corporation, operating much like an educational-research institution, keeping continually alert to the innovations being tried in cities around the world, conveying the results to other cities for their possible use and responding to queries from local governments who want to know how their counterparts elsewhere have dealt with similar problems. Perhaps some enlightened wealthy individual, interested in the ultimate fate of New York, would not mird putting up the initial cash needed. After all, it's more difficult than it used to be to contribute heavily to political campaigns. Here is a good and useful project into which to put that spare money. It might even be tax deductible.

> EDWARD N. COSTIKYAN MAXWELL LEHMAN New York City

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WISDOM

RACE PROBLEMS

VER YORK REVIEW

HU CULOR

ORDEAL BY FIRE

Casting the candidates into bronze

by Lewis H. Lapham

OONER OR later I expect to see a candidate for the office of the president of the United States pitted against a bear. The engagement could take place in Madison Square Garden, or any other arena convenient to the television cameras, and I can imagine Walter Cronkite complacently assessing the candidate's prior encounters with a lion and a wolf.

Over the last twenty years the presidential campaign has become an increasingly savage ordeal, and I wonder about the capacities that the electorate seeks to discover in the men who can survive the quadrennial gladiatorial shows. The candidates come and go within a burning arc of klieg lights, pursued by the inquisitions of the press, weighed in the daily balance of the public-opinion polls, their voting records and childhood memories sifted through the labyrinths of computer analysis.

The sophistication of the technology has the paradoxical effect of reducing the campaign to a barbarous entertainment. Never before in the history of the world have so many people had so much access to so much information about their prospective rulers, but the accumulated data apparently give them small comfort, and so they rely instead on what has become a trial of physical strength, as if they were hoping for a proof of divine or supernatural favor. The more that is known, the less that can be said. Maybe this is to be expected in a world held to ransom by the threat of nuclear war.

If the media stand as surrogates for

the public in whose name they claim the right to know, then the withering intensity of the campaign might be said to represent the terms of the courtship imposed upon the man who would declare himself fit for the hand of the republic. Medieval chroniclers tell of princesses who sent Christian knights in search of dragons, requiring them to recover bits and pieces of the True Cross and to wander for many days and nights in heathen forests. Toward the end of the twentieth century, in a country that prides itself on its faith in reason and the wonders of its science, candidates for the presidency wander for months and years through the ballrooms of Holiday Inns. answering, in twenty words or less, questions that cannot be answered in 100,000 words, smiling steadfastly into the lens of the camera that never sleeps, and displaying, in the manner of surgeons and generals, not the least sign of fear or disgust. It is not enough that they must risk their lives, their health. their dignity, and their marriages, but they must do so with the pretence of taking boyish enjoyment in the enter-

As long ago as the mid-1960s I knew a man who aspired to a career in politics and in whom the New York Democratic party stood willing to invest its endorsement. A few days before he had to make up his mind about entering the spring primaries, an older politician invited him to lunch and. over the brandy and cigars, put to him a hypothetical question.

"Imagine," said the older politician, Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's. "that you have been making the same speech for three weeks. You know the words to be meaningless, and they taste as stale in your mouth as the food you have been eating in towns about which you can remember nothing except the names. Imagine further that you haven't seen your family for those same three weeks and that you have been promising your wife that on Columbus Day you will stay in bed with her in the morning and take the kids to the zoo in the afternoon. But on Columbus Day somebody from party headquarters calls at 7 A.M. and says that in an hour you have to make a speech on Mulberry Street. It is raining, and of the thirty-five people expected to be standing in the street, probably no more than two or three of them understand English."

"Now my question," continued the older politician, "is not whether you would go to Mulberry Street. You're a good boy, Mort, and we know you'd do what you're told. The question is—would you want to go?"

My friend drank the last of his brandy and said that he would hope to be appointed secretary of agriculture.

Carter's endurance. I don't know how to interpret the recent clamor in the press about his brother. Billy, and the chance of Sen. Edward Kennedy's usurping the Democratic nomination. Throughout much of the summer the press occupied itself with reports of the \$220,000 paid to Billy Carter by the Libyan

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THE EASY CHAIR government. The Senate formed a committee to investigate the nature of Billy Carter's influence on American foreign policy, and the newspapers abandoned themselves to rumors of corruption in the White House and the Justice Department, But what did the press discover that it hadn't known for months? That Billy Carter is a sly and greedy man? That the president has a talent for making poor judgments? Surely these truths have been obvious for as long as President Carter has been resident in Washington. At almost any time during the last three years the press could have imputed criminal motives to various members of the president's household. Bert Lance retired to Georgia under indictment by a federal grand jury, Peter Bourne left the White House rather than answer questions about his interpretation of the drug laws, and Hamilton Jordan was investigated on suspicion of possession of cocaine. Within a few weeks of his inauguration Mr. Carter demonstrated an aptitude for the confusion that apparently characterized his approach to Billy Carter's dealings with the Libvans. Having shifted or reversed his position on almost every campaign issue, he no longer surprises people when he talks about the "inordinate fear of Communism" and then, a week or a month later, proceeds to describe the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as "the most serious threat to peace since the end of the second world war"; or when he cancels production of the neutron bomb and then recommends the building of the MX missile; or when he sends Ramsey Clark to plead with the Avatollah Khomeini for the release of the American hostages and then, growing peevish and restive with

So also with the news of Mr. Carter's shortcomings as a candidate and the muttering among the delegates at the Democratic convention to the effect that they would prefer somebody else in the lists against Ronald Reagan in November. The convention never had the slightest hope of nominating anybody other than Mr. Carter, and yet, for the two weeks prior to the roll call in New York, the press made a great noise about the prospect of an

the politics of human rights, orders a

commando raid on Teheran; or when

he talks about bringing down the rate

of inflation while presiding over a defi-

cit of \$61 billion in this year's budget.

"open convention," in which the delegates, released from their bondage to Mr. Carter, would swarm like bees to the sweetness of Senator Kennedy. But Mr. Carter has always been a weak candidate. In the spring of 1976, he lost nine of the last thirteen primaries in which he took part, and between the convention in July of that year and the election in November he all but lost his advantage over President Ford. By the summer of 1979 the public disappointment in his administration had become so widespread that Mr. Carter felt called upon to blame the American people for their failure to pay attention to his sermons.

Although the persecution conducted by the press developed no new lines of evidence with regard to Mr. Carter's faults either as a president or as a candidate, the intensity of the cross-examinations constituted a further test of Mr. Carter's capacity to withstand insult and humiliation. Obliged to undergo what has become the modern equivalent of an ordeal by fire, he walked across the burning coals and emerged unscathed.

Once again he looked out on a hostile crowd with a serene and terrifying calm, showing himself to be a man so divorced from common feeling and experience that he could pretend that somehow the flames were not meant for him, preserving within the fastness of himself the imperturbable quiet of the martyred saint. After his press conference on the evening of August 4. in which he confessed the sin of indulgence toward his misguided brother. his rating in the opinion polls improved by a margin of three percentage points. A week later, after Senator Kennedy's grudging capitulation at the convention, the professional politicians applauded the hackneved cynicism of his acceptance speech, and praised him for his manipulation of the levers of office.

F THE examination by the media proved nothing about Mr. Carter's ability to govern the country, that is because relatively few people still care about something as tedious and inexplicable as the mechanics of government. Although I have met innumerable Republicans who already congratulate one another on what they assume will be Governor Reagan's glorious victory in November, I haven't

yet met anybody who seriously expects Mr. Reagan to restore America's military supremacy, to establish a prosperous economic order, or to make dutiful children of the rebellious and disaffected poor. Even Mr. Reagan's most earnest supporters concede that his claptrap theories of "supply side economics" amount to little more than another professor's dream of finding the philosopher's stone, that Mr. Reagan has trouble with elementary geography, and that in a conversation with Chairman Brezhnev he could offer little more than a well-turned anecdote about a Communist he once met in a Hollywood nightclub. In just the same way, only the most fervent of Mr. Carter's admirers believed, in the halcyon summer of 1976, that he could govern the country with any degree of knowledge or competence. In his autobiography, Why Not the Best, Mr. Carter portrayed himself as a Christian worthy of emulation and offered the story of his life as a text on the lesson of selfimprovement and triumph over adversity. His ignorance of government and the black arts of politics he submitted as proof of his moral virtue, and he invited the electorate to be as foolish as he himself. Governor Reagan makes a more sophisticated promise (offering to do less instead of more), but he pays court to the same yearning for simplicity.

F IT NO longer matters what a president knows or doesn't know about the Russians or the federal bureaucracy, then by what means can the electorate choose between the rivals for its fealty and esteem? The presidential campaign undoubtedly constitutes a fearful test of a man's capacities, but his capacities for what? The one attribute that can be known and seen comes to stand for all the other attributes that remain invisible, and so the test becomes one of finding out who can survive the stupidity and pitiless indifference of the media. It is as if the glare and intensity of the klieg lights stand as a metaphorical substitute for the glare and intensity of the radioactive fire. Just as thermonuclear light dissolves the structure of matter, so also do the media dissolve the humanity of the candidates who would wear the masks of power.

Maybe this is why so many people

find it so hard to watch the conventions on television or to read about them in the newspapers. They suspect that the campaign bears witness to a man's transmutation into bronze. The candidates insist so loudly on their compassion (for the sick, the poor, the disadvantaged, the afflicted, the old, etc., etc.) precisely because they know they cannot afford to feel compassion. Who now goes to bed at night without thinking, vaguely, at the back of the mind, about the chance of holocaust before morning? Even as I write this, in a room overlooking the sea at Newport, Rhode Island, I know that in a cafe in Beirut two Palestinian terrorists sit drawing on a tablecloth the diagram of a murder, that in Miami a man with a bomb waits in an airport for a plane that he can take to Cuba, that somewhere off the coast of Vietnam a boat crowded with bewildered children founders and sinks in a sudden squall. On the near horizon a pretty sailboat nods and dips against a northwesterly breeze: beyond it, maybe fifty or a hundred miles at sea, the crew of a Soviet submarine plots the shifting arc of the trajectories for New York and Washington.

◆ O THE extent that people sense that the world has become monstrous, they make of the indifference to human suffering a necessary virtue. In such a world what else counts, except the capacity to survive? The brutalization of political discourse corresponds to the brutalization of the moral dilemmas presented to the heroes of the entertainments that lead the best-seller lists. mostly tales of espionage and works of science fiction. The polls report 35 percent of the American population oppose abortion for girls under the age of eighteen who have been raped; within the last few months candidates proposed by the American Nazi party and the Ku Klux Klan have made impressive showings in elections in California, Michigan, and North Carolina. The Congress votes ever more extravagant sums for weapons: in Orlando and Miami the black minority, despairing of parliamentary procedure, gives voice to its political views by means of street riots; among the cognoscenti in New York and Beverly Hills the fashion in wit (as well as in rock and clothes) follows the trend of sadomasochistic violence. Throughout the middle reaches of the country, the wish for order and authority finds expression in the promises of demagogues, both political and evangelical, who offer simple fascist nostrums to congregations afflicted with the pain of doubt.

If the presidential candidates can be seen as mirrors of the public desire. then the most revealing questions about the election have less to do with campaign issues than with the qualities of a candidate impervious to the glare of the media. In what kind of man does the electorate find comfort and reassurance? Who can imagine Abraham Lincoln's depressions when subjected to the analysis of NBC news. or Woodrow Wilson's nervous disorders interpreted by Time or Newsweek? Most candidates, like most captives forced to hold white-hot iron in their hands, fail the ordeal. Muskie cried and Stevenson hesitated, Eagleton dissolved and Senator Kennedy, although attractive as a symbol, was reduced to ashes as a prospective president.

Judging by what I can see of them on television, as well as by reading their speeches and reflecting on their notions of governing, both President Carter and Governor Reagan seem eminently capable of dissociating themselves from their thoughts and actions. If Governor Reagan says something absurd (about the environment, the Afghans, or the unemployment rate), he thinks as little of it as if a director had given him a script for a foreign movie. If anything goes wrong with any of President Carter's policies, he blames the error on the Arabs, the humanists, the oil companies, the homosexuals, or the press. Both candidates exude the idiot self-confidence of the twice born, and I cannot imagine either of them wandering through the White House in the hour before dawn, haunted, as was Lincoln, by the terrible price of liberty paid on the battlefields of Antitem and Gettysburg. Neither Mr. Carter nor Mr. Reagan appears to possess a tragic view of life, or even to know what is meant by such a thing, and maybe this is a necessary quality of mind for a president always in the company of the codes that translate, within a matter of hours, into the death of cities and generations.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 1980



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TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

Legislating love

by Walter Berl

He did not know where he was. Presumably he was in the Ministry of Love; but there was no way of making certain.

George Orwell, Nineteen Eighty-Four

O FAR there have been only a handful of sexual harassment cases decided in the federal courts, and none has reached the Supreme Court. The typical case involves a young woman who is hired as an office worker and, after a few months during which she has become eligible for promotion to a secretarial position, is invited to lunch by her supervisor. He says he wants to discuss her fitness report and future prospects with the firm, and that this can best be done in a quiet setting. After a cocktail or two, he makes a sexual advance, indicating that her prospects would be materially enhanced were she to consent. Replying that she will "ne'er consent," and, unlike Byron's Julia, meaning it, she proceeds to file a complaint with higher management. After a cursory investigation, an embarrassed higher management decides to take no action, or arranges a transfer, or, in the extreme case, discharges her as a troublemaker. Rarely, if ever, is the supervisor transferred or discharged. She goes to court.

Sometimes the sexual advances are more direct. A physical assault in the stockroom serves to demonstrate (and is intended to demonstrate) what the job will require of the female applicant; it is a job description of sorts. Promises of promotion and salary increases are made behind a file cabinet by bosses with busy hands. Sometimes, quite apart from the man making it, the proposition is tempting, promising a position with "greater responsibilities" combined with an airline ticket to romantic places—on company (but not unaccompanied) business. And

there is even a case, and surely not a unique case, where a frustrated middle manager discharges his assistant because, though spurning his persistent advances, she readily submits to a co-worker's. (The co-worker happens to be the son of a vice-president of the firm.)

These various episodes tell a familiar story, one known to many men,

most working women (or so we a told), and to all movie-goers who have en it told sometimes as An Ameican Tragedy but usually as a coredy in which (to go back in time bit) a Franchot Tone or George Bremakes a sophisticated pass at a Rosalir Russell or Claudette Colbert and

Walter Berns is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.



return gets a resounding slap on the face. But while most cases of sexual harassment do not end in what can fairly be described as tragedy, they are surely not suitable material for comedy and ought not to be treated as such. One well-known law professor maintains that sexual harassment of working women "has been one of the most pervasive but carefully ignored features of our national life." For the failure to recognize this, and do something about it, a price is about to be paid: the sexual harassment of working women has now been declared a discriminatory and, therefore, unlawful employment practice under federal law, and the enforcement of that law has been made the business of one of Washington's most zealous administrative agencies, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, In April of this year, the EEOC issued its "Interim Suidelines on Sexual Harassment." and, presumably, these will serve to put an end to the inconsistency and indecision that have characterized the courts' handling of this issue.

OMEONE UNFAMILIAR with recent developments in the socalled federal system might well wonder how local lechery is properly the business of the national government. What clause of the Constitution authorizes this sort of regalation? The answer is, if the company is one employing a minimum of fifteen persons, it is an "industry affecting commerce," and, as such, is subject to federal regulation. After all, the Constitution expressly authorizes Congress to regulate commerce among the states, and only a slight rearrangement of the terms is required to show how the power of Congress to regulate commerce implies the use of the commerce power to regulate acts of Congress, at least those that would be consummated in a commercial setting.

Furthermore, as these things are seen from Washington, almost every setting is commercial and subject to federal regulation, including private schools and colleges. As I was told by one EEOC official (who found it amusing that I should raise the question), Yale is an industry affecting interstate commerce because it buys a lot of equipment outside Connecticut. It also gathers "raw material" from around the

country and the world, then works on that material for a term of years, and finally sends it—reprocessed, one might say—to a national and world market. Who is to say that this does not make it a commercial enterprise? Certainly not the prestigious universities; they find it more convenient to appoint vice-presidents for compliance than to take the government to court.

Thus, some of the cases under investigation by the EEOC involve allegedly lecherous professors and their female students who, in exchange for sexual favors, are promised high grades and other marks of preferment. (Yale has already been hauled into federal court on sexual harassment charges.) This, it is explained in the literature, is a widespread practice, although in my experience, which may be parochial or atypical, the literature has got it backwards. (Professor Berns, isn't there something I can do to raise this grade?...)

The principal statutory basis of the EEOC's jurisdiction over sexual harassment is Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. When the bill that became this law reached the floor of the House of Representatives, the pertinent section read as follows: "It shall be an unlawful employment practice for an employer...to fail or refuse to hire or to discharge any individual, or otherwise to discriminate against any individual with respect to his compensation, terms, conditions, or privileges of employment, because of such individual's race, color, religion, or national origin." Nothing was said about sex. It was courtly Howard Smith of Virginia-"Judge" Smith as he was known during his many years as chairman of the House Rules Committeewho introduced the amendment to insert the word sex after the word religion. No champion of the rights of man, let alone women. Smith obviously thought that by adding this provision he would kill the legislation. Of course, he insisted he was serious in his professed concern for women's rights; he even read a constituent's letter asking Congress to do something -what, she did not say-about the some 2.661,000 more women than men living in the United States making it difficult, if not impossible, for "every female to have a husband of her own." But his colleagues were not deceived by this bit of persiflage. Edith

Green of Oregon, a staunch proponent of women's rights, opposed the amendment precisely because she feared it would "jeopardize our primary purpose," which was to do something about racial discrimination. Despite her efforts, however, the amendment was adopted; and despite its adoption, the bill became law, and the EEOC was launched.

Still, one would have thought (and I have no doubt that, had they been asked the members of the 88th Congress would have thought) that sexual discrimination is one thing and sexual harassment quite another. When a firm pays a man more than it pays a woman doing comparable work, that is discrimination on the basis of sex. And when a hospital pays a class of workers, mostly men (say, doctors), more than it pays another class of workers. mostly women (say, nurses), doing "comparable" work, that is, or might in time prove to be, discrimination on the basis of sex. (The EEOC is vigorously pursuing this business of comparable work.) But are women as a class being treated unequally when some, but not all, of them are being propositioned with a promise of a pay raise? In what sense, then, is the sexual harassment of a woman a form of discrimination against women? To refuse to hire a black person simply because he is black is surely discrimination against a class of persons and, as much, is surely forbidden by the statute. To refuse to hire or to pay lower wages to a woman simply because she is a woman is discrimination against a class of persons and, just as clearly as in the first case. is surely forbidden by the statute. But, to repeat, how can it be said that the sexual harassment of some-but surely not of all?-women is a form of discrimination against women as women?

HE EEOC's answerto this simple-minded objection was best expressed in a 1977 federal court case. What is a violation of Title VII, said the court, is not that the supervisor demanded sex but that it be made a condition "he would not have fastened on a male employee."

But surely that depends on the sexual proclivities of the supervisor? Some may prefer women, but others may prefer men. Are they all guilty

of discrimination? Two years earlier, a different federal court made this point when it said that it would be "ludicrous to hold that the sort of activity involved here was contemplated by the [Civil Rights] Act because to do so would mean that if the conduct complained of was directed equally to males there would be no basis for suit." And it is no answer to this to say that, while possible, it is highly unlikely that an office manager, for example, will one day demand sexual favors of a female stenographer and the next day of a male mailroom clerk. Are there no female office managers?

Besides, it is not the office manager who commits this form of sexual harassment, not the office manager as an individual male or female; it is the company in whose name he or she offers the job, promotion, or salary increase. He or she might be sued as an individual in a state court-in some jurisdictions sexual harassment is treated as assault or battery, for example -but only Bausch and Lomb, or the Bank of America, or the Public Service Electric and Gas Company may be sued for sexual harassment in a federal court: and it is not easy to understand how the Bank of America can be said to be discriminating on the basis of sex if some of its branch managers proposition female tellers and others proposition male tellers.

In terms of discrimination, I would have thought such a company could claim to have an exemplary record. Be that as it may-indeed, be the statute as it may-"it is much too late in the day to contend that Title VII does not outlaw terms of employment for women which differ appreciably from those set for men"; so said a federal judge in 1977. What he seems to have meant is that, typically, it is the man who supervises, the man who makes the sexual advance, and the woman, not the man, who is asked to do more than ought to be required of an employee. Under current social conditions, as Catherine A. MacKinnon argues in Sexual Harassment of Working Women, "no man would be in the same position as a woman, even if he were in identical circumstances." Which is to say, no man would be in the same position as a woman, even if he were in the same position as a woman. Logically and biologically, says MacKinnon, it might be reasonable to equate the sexual harassment of men and the sexual harassment of women, but in this society, in this sexist society, in this society where laws have to be enacted in order to ensure women their rights, it is not reasonable. This is the theory on which the EEOC is proceeding.

From all that appears in the "Interim Guidelines," women as well as men can harass and men as well as women can be the victims of harassment. This regulatory neutrality conforms to the Constitution as well as to the various provisions of the Civil Rights Act. which are both gender blind and color blind. But so long as American society remains sexist, as well as racist, or so long as women, as well as blacks, are victims of past discrimination. the commission's efforts will be extended mainly if not exclusively on their behalf. Thus, it is the female worker who is being invited-indeed, encouraged-to file complaints of harassment with the commission, and it is on her behalf that the commission. after investigating the complaints, will either file suit in the federal courts or issue, to the complainant, a Notice of Right to Sue.

T is somewhat surprising that the guidelines do not contain a definition or description of sexual harassment. We are told that it may be "either physical or verbal in nature," but there is not a clue as to what sort of act or what sort of language will be held to constitute the offense. This, said the EEOC, will be done "on a case by case basis," and American employers will have to wait on these events.

One thing, however, is made very clear: whatever the offense proves to be, the employer will be held responsible for it-"regardless of whether the specific acts complained of were authorized or even forbidden by the employer and regardless of whether the employer knew or should have known of their occurrence"; so say the guidelines. Nothing will be gained by the employer showing that the supervisor lacked authority to make the offer of preferment or was, in fact, violating company policy when he made it: or even that the sexual advance was made away from company premises and outside company time. In short—to state this in terms familiar to lawyers who remember their far law on vicarious liability—there is precognition of the practice of empliees, or servants, or agents, to go off na "frolic and detour" of their own By deciding to impose strict liabily on the employer, the EEOC hopes to be fluence the federal courts, which has been divided on the issue.

It is easier to see where the ployer's responsibility begins the where it will end. In the cases n being collected and processed by commission, the supervisor's advanwere spurned and his conditions jected. But it does not always work this way. What is the commission ing to do when the proposition is cepted and, the supervisor being a mil of his word, the compliant woman hired, promoted, or given a salary crease denied to others? Will an "hd est madam," in Shakespeare's phra be entitled to bring an action again the employer? Could it not be sa that, by being virtuous, she is denil (or, at least, is denying herself) equal employment opportunity? All what sort of an investigation would be required to determine whether se has a justified complaint? (In the cacoming closest to this situation, t woman did her part by yielding, bi the supervisor reneged, and not on reneged but promoted another woma. and the first woman sued. Can s recover damages from the company Can she recover if it can be prove that the second woman also yielded?

And what about the compliant wol an's male co-worker? Since the ty ical supervisor is male and, for ttime being at least, not homosexuscan it not be said that this male c

^{* &}quot;It is not contested that the defe dant was possessed of a cart and hors or that plaintiff was proceeding on fo across a certain public and common hig way, to wit, Bishopsgate Street, or th he was struck by said horse and ca which was coming from the direction Shoreditch and was being driven in careless manner by the defendant's se vant, or, as a consequence, that plaint suffered a fracture of the leg, causing him pain and great expense, and add tional expense in having to retain diver persons to superintend his business f six calendar months; but, nevertheles if the servant, instead of being on h master's business at the time and actir against his master's implied command was going on a frolic of his own, the the master is not liable.'

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worker is being denied an equal employment opportunity? Catherine Mac-Kinnon thinks he might have a case. Whatever his other qualifications, he obviously has less to offer the lecherous supervisor, and simple justice would suggest that he be entitled to maintain an action under Title VII. Of course, he will have to show that the woman was promoted because she vielded to the sexual advance, and he will have to prove that she did in fact yield. Collecting these statistics will be burdensome, difficult, and expensive, but, in the case of large companies, not impossible. For the others, the EEOC will have to rely on traditional investigative techniques, here applied to what at least some of the persons involved regard as their private lives.

ORE DISQUIETING still are suggestions in the guidelines, which EEOC officials do not hesitate to confirm, that employers now have "an affirmative duty to maintain a workplace free of sexual harassment and intimidation." To squeeze these juices out of the already crumpled pulp of Title VII, the commission has to argue that it is an unlawful employment practice to fail to prevent such things as sexual banter in the work place. What is here declared to be an unlawful employment practice is the failure to provide a working environment "uncontaminated" by sexual harassment. Thus, a statute forbidding discrimination with respect to the "conditions" of employment-which would seem to mean that, just as an employer may not discriminate with respect to "compensation" (by paying women less than men), or with respect to "terms" of employment (by requiring women to work longer hours), or with respect to "privileges" of employment (by denying them holidays or rest periods given to men), so it may not discriminate with respect to conditions of employment (by demanding more of women by way of qualifications or output than it demands of men)- this statute is now being interpreted in require employers to provide working conditions that meet the commission's idea of an environment free of what it calls intimidation. From this reading of the statute, an employer discriminates when he intimidates, and he intimidates when he fails to cleanse the office or shop floor of polluting talk, or pictures, or whatever. (This too, will be worked out "on a case by case basis.")

Enforcement of this provision will not be an easy task. The Playboy centerfolds that decorate walls in the warehouse or the "girlie" calendars hanging above the desk of the Parts Department foreman will, admittedly, present no evidentiary problem. They are readily visible and, upon complaint, can be ordered removed, and inspection can readily determine whether the order has been obeyed. (Whether such an order can survive constitutional challenge-on freedom of expression grounds-is something else again.) But what about oral harassment, that is, talk, whistling, or vulgar noises? And obscene gestures? Here the commission will be dealing not with what was said by a supervisor to a subordinate-which, because it was said in private, is difficult enough to ascertain-but with what was said or done by one worker to another worker. Lewd whistling might pollute the atmosphere, but, depending on how it is received, it might not; and the two cases will be difficult to distinguish. Fortunately, in these sexually polluted atmosphere cases, the commission will not hold employers strictly liable for (unappreciated) acts, words, sounds, or gestures of their male employees; they will be liable only if they fail to take "immediate and appropriate corrective action." Employers will, of course, be grateful for this uncharacteristic display of generosity on the commission's part, and we can expect them to cooperate eagerly with the teams of inspectors dispatched by its regional offices to determine whether the atmosphere has, in fact, been cleaned up.

Nevertheless, employers will make a serious mistake if they think they need only be concerned with how their male employees behave. While I hesitate to say that by their dress women can themselves pollute a working environment, I do think they can be accessories before the fact of its pollution. As the commission has acknowledged, however grudgingly, women can be provocative; and it would be unfair to admonish or, in the grave case, to discharge the whistling office boy while ignoring the nubile stenographer whose

"daring décolletage" may have provoked his whistle. Rather than havin to devote what will surely be thousand of hours investigating such cases, i might be preferable to impose drescodes on female employees.

HE MOST SERIOUS objection to this may be constitutional: il it is a constitutional right to express one's hostility to the country by affixing its flag to the seal of one's pants, or if, contrary to board of education regulations, school chill dren have a constitutional right to ex press themselves by wearing armbands women may have a constitutional right to express themselves with clothing Then, too, some women, and especial ly those who like men and look upor the workplace as a good place to meet and attract them, will resent being told what to wear at work and what not to wear; and like the women of Iran, they are not likely to be mollified by the reassurance that it is all in a good cause. But their resentment will have to be weighed in the balance with the indications that men can be aroused by what women wear and, on occasion, can be provoked to do or say things they may later regret. As I was informed by officials in the EEOC's Office of Policy Implementation, it was the commission's recognition of this provocation problem that partly explains the absence in the guidelines of a precise description of what constitutes sexual harassment. Perhaps, then, the final guidelines will take into account not only what the male in the office said or did but what the female said or did, including what she wore. They will be grossly unjust if they do not because, contrary to the assumption in sexual harassment literature, it is women, not men, who are ultimately responsible for what might be called the moral tone of any place where men and women are assembled. even, I think, the workplace. (Tocqueville observed this of American women 150 years or so ago, and I think it is still true.) In general, men will be what women want them to be, ("Do you want to know men?" asked Rousseau, "Study women.") An employer's "affirmative duty to maintain a workplace free of sexual harassment" will require that he take account of the power women have over men.

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This is certain to cause employers all sorts of trouble, especially if they try to impose dress codes: but here the EEOC can be of assistance. It can issue national guidelines, and the typical male employer, rather than engaging in a running battle with his female employees (who will constantly remind him of the greater freedom allowed by other companies), will eagerly adopt and enforce them. Here, for the commission's own guidance, is a modest proposal: Rule 2 (Rule 1 will have to deal with slit skirts): "The nipples of the female breast (see 45 Code of Federal Regulations 11.3[a]) shall not be allowed to protrude so far as to be visible in outline through the dress, blouse, or sweater." In a few years—say, by 1984—we can expect the Federal Register to have many pages of such rules.

N MARCH 24, 1978, President Carter issued Executive Order 12044, "Improving Governmental Regulation." Its purpose was to ensure, to the extent possible, that regulations be simple and clear, that legislative goals be achieved effectively and efficiently, and that unnecessary burdens, on the economy as well as on individuals, be avoided. If regulations are judged likely to have a major impact on the economy, or any part of it, their issuance must be accompanied by what is called a "regulatory analysis," explaining the problems, the alternative approaches to dealing with it, and justifying the approach being taken. If, on the other hand, the agency determines that its regulations will not have a major impact on the economy, it is required officially to say so. This the EEOC did when, in the Federal Register, it published its "Interim Guidelines on Sexual Harassment."

I have no disposition to quarrel with this assessment; adherence to the guidelines may impose some economic costs on industry, but these costs will probably be insignificant and, anyway, unlike the costs of putting "scrubbers" on the nation's coal-burning furnaces, are probably incalculable. If enforced in the same zealous spirit that has sometimes characterized the commission's work in the area of racial discrimination, however, the guidelines will certainly have an im-

pact on the commercial environment and on the men and women who work in it—I mean, an impact other than, or in addition to, the one nominally sought by the commission. Their enforcement will take the national government into an area where it does not belong and require it to do things that ought not be done by a government founded on liberal principles.

In our time, the government may fix prices, limit emissions, forbid effluents, bus children, set quotas, prescribe diets, and proscribe medicines, and some sort of case can be made for each of these regulatory policies. (Rather the COWPS, EPA, OSHA, FDA, EEOC, FTC, and the rest than -to take the extreme cases-runaway inflation, unbreathable air, undrinkable water, explosive grain elevators, poisoned mothers and deformed babies, or morally corrupting television programs.) But now this national government is threatening the essentially and necessarily private realm of the

Of course, this will be denied by the commission. It will protest that its concern is the workplace, not the bedroom: but many lovers who end up in the bedroom meet in the workplace. That its purpose is the prevention of sexual harassment, not the inhibiting of romance: but in its efforts to identify the one, the commission will intrude upon the other. That it will not interfere with the easy and sometimes playful familiarity that characterizes the relations of men and women. That its simple goal is a workplace where men look upon women as equals and not as sex objects; but even the man at work is aware that women are different and that the difference is sexual, and that to deny the difference is to destroy the relationship. That it will provide no congenial forum for the malicious and false accusation; but men will accept that assurance only at their peril. That it will never use its power vindictively against firms or organizations that have the courage or temerity to oppose it; but there are organizations-a couple of little private and wholly privately funded colleges come to mind-that can demonstrate the worthlessness of such assurances. That it is aware that women can provoke men, and that the final guidelines will take this into account: but it will not admit that Rousseau was right when he said that women give the law in love because, "according to the order of nature, resistance belongs to them."

In the sexual harassment literature there is no such thing as romance; there are only commercial or power relationships-marriage, prostitution, or harassment-in which women are required to exchange "sexual services for material survival." And there is no such thing as nature. That, the feminists say, is the trouble with the law: it reinforces the pernicious and unscientific view that there is an essential difference between men and women, and it is this view that is responsible for sexual harassment. It encourages men to define women on the basis of their sexuality, while, according to nature, the differences between men and women are insignificant. One's sexual identity is determined by social factors-as MacKinnon puts it, the most salient determinents of sexuality "are organized in society, not fixed in 'nature'"-and these social factors must be eliminated by changing the laws.

Feminists complain about certain aspects of the criminal law and specifically that, while sexual harassment is technically a crime in most jurisdictions, the rules of procedure and evidence make it difficult to gain convictions. Juries are cautioned to be especially careful in their evaluation of testimony, to take account of the emotional involvement of witnesses, and the fact that the alleged offenses take place in private, thus making it difficult to determine the truth respecting them. As MacKinnon says, the law gives men a "right to be let alone" and makes of this a "shield behind which isolated women can be sexually abused one at a time."

But by respecting the privacy of the erotic relationship, the law gives men and women together the right to be let alone, and does this not in order to allow men to beat their wives or harass their secretaries with impunity—although these may be some of the consequences—but to allow them to desire each other, enjoy each other, give pleasure to each other, and consumate the love they bear for each other. Thus, traditionally, love has been seen to be none of the government's business.

CONSERVATISM IN AMERICA

A small circle of friends

by L. J. Davis

THE Republicans standing an excellent chance of capturing the White House againthanks largely to Mr. Carter, his weird ineptitude, and his outlandish family -it has become popular to speak of a conservative tide rising in the country. Maybe there is, although it's hard to see what the abolition of the 55 mph speed limit has to do with the philosophies of such thinkers of the Right as Hume and Rusher. In truth, if Mr. Reagan does indeed triumph at the hustings this November, it will be a victory for Mr. Reagan and a defeat for Mr. Carter, and not the brawling triumph of phantom armies that have clashed by night; America doesn't work that way, at least not yet. Mr. Reagan is a genial man, given to homilies and occasionally accurate home truths, and he may well discover that this very geniality is not exactly an asset with the hard core of his supporters on the far Right who previously abandoned Congressman Philip Crane when Crane discovered that one of the tasks of a president is to govern the country. This is not exactly what the far Right and the New Right have in mind. They have something else in mind instead. Although, like the endless editions of the New Nixon that used to be seen, it keeps on changing its haberdashery, its purity of purpose has never wavered. It is loud in its protestations of love for this country, but from the available evidence it seems that it really doesn't even like this country very much. What it has in mind instead is a kind of Paraguay.

To the far Right, the enemy is always internal. The struggle is always fierce. The issue is always in doubt. First it was the "mob," the unlettered masses who proved so unwilling to place their destiny in the hands of their betters. Later it was the papists and the Irish. Later still, the populists detected the foe in the bankers and the Jews. After the first world war. Attornev General Palmer added the Bolsheviks to the list and actually deported some of them, or thought he did; they were mostly foreigners, too, Russian immigrants and the usual Iews and whatnot, gnawing at the heart of the commonwealth. The resurgent Ku Klux Klan carried on from there, retained the papists, and added the blacks. During the Depression, Father Coughlin subtracted the Catholics and substituted the Democrats. Unusual clarity was achieved by Sen. Joseph McCarthy, who not only threw open the door of the secular church of paranoia to certain blacks and Jews, but made a conclusive identification of the enemy within: not the immigrants, not the agents of the pope L. J. Davis is a novelist, critic, and investigative reporter.

(as Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, had so fervently believed), but all those eastern intellectuals with their prep schools and universities, who fronted for the Soviet Union. Joseph Welch, who ironically cast his John Birch Society in the image of the Communist party, carried on the great tradition by encouraging his followers to attend pseudo-academic seminars where, they were promised, they would become as smart and glib as those who were selling the country down the river. It was magical thinking, of course, and a little before its time. But now we have it coming on full force, with the New Right, and Christ's remnant, and the forces of Satan

Like the old Right, the New Right consists of a small, tight-knit group of true believers. It is so tight-knit, in fact, that any diagram of its organization looks like an octopus trying to shake hands with itself, so completely interlocked are the directorates of its various components. Basically, however, the movement can almost be understood by a glance at its unofficial politboro, which consists of four men and a couple of computers. The four are Paul Weyrich, Howard Phillips, Terry Dolan, and Richard Viguerie. The computers are located in Falls Church, Virginia.

"Viguerie calls it his 'network,'" says Wes McCune of Group Research,

a professional Right-watching organization with headquarters in an old townhouse within sight of the Capitol dome. "They plot and plan, just like liberals do." Indeed, unlike many conservatives, the generals of the New Right give every indication of enjoying politics-almost as much as their opponents do. One wonders when they sleep. Plotting and planning, they meet regularly in Viguerie's office in Falls Church. They maintain good relations with the more garden-variety conservatives of the American Conservative Union-joining them, for example, in putting together a million-dollar truth squad that toured the country to campaign against the Panama Canal Treaty. They run a large business and three organizations along with at least two foundations. They organize conferences, put out magazines and newsletters, consult with like-minded individuals, and meet almost weekly with the so-called Kingston Group, an informal coordinating body whose cocktail parties are sometimes held in the Capitol itself.

While all this activity is no doubt very commendable, it has a little problem. The Right, historic and contemporary, is a reactive force. Disliking the art of democratic government almost by definition, and harking back to a moment of perfection somewhere around 1850, the movement has been a trifle strapped when it comes to taking the initiative. While the New Right is praised even by its bitterest enemies for its new-found sophistication, it, like Tolkien's Sauron, cannot create. It can only imitate. And because of its rigid assumptions, it imitates badly.

OWHERE IN the New Right's extensive lexicon can one find the faintest grasp of the fact that American politics is a consensual process dedicated to seeking the best of a bad bargain. The New Right isn't in the least interested in consensus. Somewhat dimly aware that the second Roosevelt built the modern Democratic party by putting together some kind of coalition, it has launched a coalition movement of its own by seeking, ironically, the narrowest and most divisive single-issue pressure groups in the country, with the Christian fundamentalists and the anti-abortion people as its keystone. Respecting the clout of liberal academic organizations while despising their goals, it has established foundations and institutes that operate in near-total ignorance of intellectual discipline and scholarly integrity. Envying liberal and labor action groups without understanding that there are many kinds of trees in the forest of liberalism, they have copied the most effective of these organizations while dispensing with their contentious diversity. For all this, the New Right remains a stranger to the democratic process; they often seem to be motivated less by a coherent program than by a mindless adolescent destructiveness, a pure unholy joy in making life miserable for their perceived enemies.



Richard Viguerie

Richard Viguerie, 47, writes the letters and pays the bills. Indeed, there are many who go so far as to say that the New Right is nothing but Viguerie and his computers out in the Virginia suburbs, that without Viguerie's hardware and miraculous fund-raising abilities, the movement would weigh no more than its reflection in the nearest mirror. There may be some truth in this. According to the estimates of the United Auto Workers' Community Action Program, Viguerie has the capacity to generate as much money as the entire American labor movementabout \$14.5 million a year-and that kind of money makes possible a multitude of sins.

In an ironic reversal of their usual roles, the Democrats have become the party of the large contributor and the Republicans have come to depend on many small donations generated by

direct mail. It is not a new method "Jefferson built his political organiza tion on letter writing," says George McGovern, a prime New Right targe and himself no slouch when it comes to postal appeals. (In his 1972 rur for the presidency, he raised \$32 mil lion, \$20 million of it by direct mail.) "It's the liberals' fault that they've let the right wing take over the tech nique, just because of the sluggishness of the Democratic National Commit tee and because they're too disor ganized to use it." The GOP discovered the power of the small contributor in 1964, when the fat cats deserted the party in droves. And it was from the files of the Goldwater campaign that young Richard Viguerie began to as semble the money machine that made the New Right possible.

A ferociously competitive Catholic of Louisiana French extraction-he sponsors golf tournaments at which he gives himself trophies-Viguerie came to politics through the Young Americans for Freedom; he was its first executive secretary. He bases his political beliefs, in part, on the reincarnation theories of Edgar Cayce. Viguerie combines his mysticism with an admiration for clout-"the people," he says, "love strength"-and a pronounced if somewhat specialized practical bent. Starting with a room on Capitol Hill and the names of 12,000 Goldwater contributors that, legend has it, he laboriously copied by hand from the master list in the office of the clerk of the House, he has done well by doing good. Viguerie has not only become the paymaster of the New Right, he has become a millionaire.

y now there may be as many as 20 million names in the two big computers in the movement's nerve center at Falls Church. Three of the four key New Right organizations-Viguerie's mail operation, Howard Phillips's Conservative Caucus, and Terry Dolan's National Conservative Political Action Committee-are located in suburbs. Cities, with their bewildering complexity, have a way of enforcing an appreciation for the finer points of human ambiguity. (Cities are also filled with poor people, and the New Right doesn't understand poor people at all.) Of these 20 million names,

between 4 and 4.5 million represent the mother lode, in the form of potentially solid contributors. If the language of Viguerie's letters is somewhat fevered and his allegations preposterous, this is apparently what is called for; the money keeps rolling in. Viguerie shares ownership of any new list he generates on his clients' behalf, and he reserves the right to rent it out to others. A Viguerie-solicited contributor to the war chest of. say, Sen. Jesse Helms can therefore relax in the confident expectation that he will not lack for future mail alerting him to fresh dangers to the republic. (And fresh saviors of it.)

Viguerie's letters are nothing if not entertaining; they not only preach blood and battle, but they express a keen appreciation of the recipient's worth. For example, a missive written over the signature of Sen. Gordon Humphrey, the former airline copilot from New Hampshire, contains a special "numbered report" that is "for your eyes only." The recipient is, of course, one of a "limited number of leading conservatives across the country"; in addition to the special report, he gets a sticker to peel off and affix to a return-reply memo that assures Senator Humphrey that the information has not fallen into the wrong hands. The letter, a mild one by Viguerie standards, goes on to describe Senators Church, McGovern, and Culver as dangerous radicals, Senator Bayh as an extremist, and Senator Cranston as a staunch ally of demonic Big Labor. (Big Labor is always capitalized in these undertakings. Big business is never mentioned at all.) In the interest of verisimilitude. Viguerie has installed a machine that puts the stamps on crooked, as though a person had done it by hand.

While Viguerie's efficiency is a byword, there exists a scintilla of doubt whether his clients always get what they bargained for. Viguerie takes the prospecting risk himself; he, rather than the client's staff, goes out and gets the names. In any such solicitation, a 2 percent return is considered golden; it pays the cost of the mailing. It is then time to start mining for some real money, hitting up the same 2 percent for further contributions, and it is here that Viguerie works his creative gimmicks. His pitch now becomes fine tuned, based on the acute



to know more about our water, or the old-time way we make Jack Daniel's drop us a line

OF THE 2.531 CAVES in Tennessee, this one in Moore County is particularly prized.

It's fed, you see, by an underground, ironfree spring flowing at 56° year round. Mr. Jack Daniel, a native of these parts, laid claim to the cave in 1866. And from that year

forward, its water has been used to make Jack Daniel's Whiskey. Of course, there are hundreds of caves just as lovely. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, you'll know why this one is valued so highly.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352 Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government

perception that much of the white rage in the country stems from the feeling that middle-class white people are not important anymore. He asks his donors for \$12 and change to pay the candidate's poster bill. He invites him to join a campaign committee, forward his recommendations and-incidentally-kick in with another check. In short, he makes the donor feel wanted for his own sake, And it works, sort of. It raises a certain amount of money, but it costs. Of the stupendous \$7 million Viguerie raised to ensure the continued tenure of Jesse Helms against modest opposition, more than \$4 million went to pay Viguerie's salary and expenses, leaving the senator with something less than \$3 million with which to carry the fight to the enemy. And if the client doesn't happen to have Senator Helms's magic name, a Viguerie operation can come to resemble a losing race on a treadmill. In the Iowa Republican primary in 1978, Roger Jepsen found himself paying Viguerie \$303,000 for a gross of \$310,000, which meant that the nomination cost Jepsen more than any other primary victor in Iowa history and the effort netted him a grand total of \$7000.

Viguerie's performance sometimes fails to meet his clients' expectations, but he defends his methods by arguing that direct mail is not merely or even primarily a fund-raising device. In his view, its value is as advertising, and the advantage is that the same letter can thump many tubs in addition to raising cash; it can also recruit campaign workers and keep the pot boiling by alerting the recipient to the dark schemes of the liberals. Like all purists, he has been known to go to some lengths, justifying (and confusing) ends with means. He has occasionally used the names of congressmen without bothering to ask their permission, and his mailings are sometimes disguised to make them appear to have been written in congressional offices. He even claims that there are times when he doesn't mind losing-most recently, on the Panama Canal-if his movement identifies new supporters. While this novel attitude drives other professional fund-raisers up the wall, it is not without its dividends. Every new supporter is another name on his list, another name to rent and rent again, another coin in his pocket. Richard Viguerie did not become a millionaire by passing up dimes in the street.

ONEY, As, they say, is the name of Viguerie's game. Although his role as paymaster places him at the center of events, his style remains that of a successful, if slightly detached, advertising executive. The boldest initiatives of the movement originate elsewhere, in the minds of Weyrich, Dolan, and, to a lesser extent, Howard Phillips.

Weyrich, 37, heads up the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, an organization modeled on the liberal Committee for an Effective Congress. The CFSFC acts as a support



Howard Phillips

unit and funding conduit for congenial candidates; in 1978, it donated upwards of \$400,000 in cash and professional services to the ideologically correct. Weyrich is also a founder of the Heritage Foundation, the New Right's own think tank, which passes its scholarly credentials, a spokeswoman solemnly assured me, on the claim that its resident academics won't try to prove anything that's really crazy. Weyrich's principal role, however, is that of a strategist.

An Eastern Rite Catholic who has been known to pray in public restaurants, he initially served as an aide to Sen. Gordon Alliot and later to Carl Curtis, but he came home to the New Right when he found himself unable to understand why the Republican National Committee gave money to the likes of Jacob Javits. Weyrich thinks big. Unlike Viguerie, who would be

lost without liberals to outrage, he dreams of a day of judgment, when there will be no liberals at all. With considerable prescience, he has steered his new colleagues in the direction of the so-called family issues, adding abortion, homosexuality, pornography, and Christian virtue to such reliable standbys as the garrison state, laissez faire economics, the national debt, and Red-baiting as staples in the New Right's none-too-capacious larder. He encouraged the movement to expand by taking up the cause of a number of segregated southern Christian schools just as the Internal Revenue Service began belatedly to move against them. By doing so, he hoped to open up a line to the unexplored territory of the nation's religious fundamentalists, and his efforts were immediately successful. The result, in February, 1979, was the formation of a coalition of evangelical ministers called Christian Voice, with Weyrich's close associate, David Troxler, installed as its legislative consultant. The congressional advisory committee originally included Senators Humphrey and Jepsen; James A. McClure, Frank Church's very conservative colleague from Idaho: and Orrin Hatch of Utah.

Christian Voice is an ambitious undertaking. Among other things, it proposes to form a political action committee and raise a million dollars for the candidates of its choice. It plans to compile a Christian voting record of each legislator (including the Jewish ones) based on such issues as abortion, busing, and aid to the Rhodesian missions. The resulting compilation will be trumpeted from the participating pulpits, which will also be used to rally the communicants-called "Christ's remnant"-to the hustings. To ensure that its message reaches the maximum number of receptive ears, Christian Voice also plans to bring its message to the 40 or 50 million viewers of the Christian Broadcasting Network, "We will not stand idly by as the last vestiges of Christian morality are purged from our nation," founding director Robert Gordon Grant told the press. "We will no longer look the other way as opportunistic, shortsighted politicians cater to small radical interests and in the process destroy both our economic freedom and our political freedom."

Political freedom is, of course, some-

ing that exists in the eye of the holder. A hint of how the beholders: Christian Voice define it can be und in Senator Hatch's statement to be Des Moines Register, to the effect at the organization's goal was a deceracy much like that of the Ayallah Khomeini. A further hint can be scovered in the opening words of the ganization's hair-raising Statement Purpose.

We believe [says this document] that America, the last stronghold of faith on this planet, has come under increasing attack from Satan's forces in recent years . . ., that the standards of Christian morality (long the protection and strength of the nation), the sanctity of our families, the innocence of our young, are now under the onslaught . . . launched by the "rulers of darkness of this world" and insidiously sustained under the ever more liberal ethic.

iberalism, says Grant, is "inconsisnt with Christianity."

But more work needed to be done, o perfect the media connection. Wevch, with the assistance of Phillips, ent on to establish a group called loral Majority. Central to this phase re Pat Robertson of the Christian roadcasting Network's 700 Club and ie Reverend Jerry Falwell of the "Old ime Gospel Hour" and pastor of e Thomas Road Baptist Church Lynchburg, Virginia, the largest in le country. (See Harper's, August 980.) Moral Majority is Weyrich's indow on the world, but like most ew Right organizations, it strikes herever it sees an opportunity, and recently took over the Alaska Reublican party. Before he left to join ne Reagan campaign, Moral Majorv's executive director was the Revrend Robert Billings, who doubled s Weyrich's deputy at CFSFC.

HE PULPIT and the tube are only two legs of the tripod of Weyrich's grand alliance. To perfect his design, an umrella organization was needed, and or that he needed Howard Phillips. Phillips, 39, is the movement's loyal idekick, its tame Jewish Democrat lis Conservative Caucus, a muddy opy of Common Cause, claims coorinators in all 50 states, but its power

is more apparent than real; Phillips's principal value to the New Right consists of his religion and his party affiliation. Viguerie, Weyrich, and Dolan —Christian all and (no matter what

they claim) Republicans-lose no opportunity to wave him around like a flag captured in a children's game. He is a trophy, proof that the New Right is a broad-based movement. Like Viguerie, he came up through YAF, and he later dismantled the Office of Economic Opportunity for Richard Nixon. The latter experience brought him disillusionment, as an unprincipled Congress made his life miserable by insisting on enforcing the laws it had made. He changed his party affiliation to qualify for the Democratic senatorial primary in Massachusetts, which he lost badly, possibly because he was not a Democrat.

As for Phillips's Jewishness, its principal outward expression these days is his enthusiasm for Weyrich's plan to mobilize the nation's seventy-five million-evangelical Christians into a force of theopolitical repression. Ed McAteer, his field director, helped give Moral Majority its start when he introduced Phillips to Jerry Falwell.

With Phillips's blessing, McAteer then went on to set up Religious Roundtable. In addition to representatives of the evangelical groups already recruited, the Roundtable's two-day organizational session in September, 1979, was attended by Phyllis Schlaffy, the glib leader of STOP-ERA: Gary Potter of Catholics for Political Action; Edward Rowe of Anita Bryant's crusade to save homosexuals; Clay Claiborne, the founder of Black Silent Majority: Bob Dugan from the moderate and mostly unpolitical National Association of Evangelicals; Dr. George Benson from Harding College in Searcy, Arkansas, long a source of venimous rightist propaganda; Peter Gemma, Jr., of the National Pro-Life Political Action Committee: and John Fisher. president of the American Security Council, a military-industrial group whose vision of America is identical with an aerial photograph of Fort Benning, Nobody had ever brought them all together before.

Conspicuously absent from this love feast were the Mormons, and they were sorely missed. The New Right has not been idle on this score, however. The task of bringing them in is



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the special province of the movement's field operator, Terry Dolan. And his chosen instrument is Frank Church.

A small, sandy man of 29 who gives the impression that he has never gotten over the thrill of being the house iconoclast in his college fraternity, Dolan heads the National Conservative Political Action Committee. While he spends much of his time preaching on the treason of the Supreme Court and other subjects of consuming interest to journalists, it soon becomes apparent that while Weyrich and Phillips are planning for the long haul and Viguerie is preoccupied with the money, Dolan has already manned the front lines.

Political action committees—PACs for short—are a recent phenomenon. Originally given color of law to enable corporations and professional groups to establish political task forces just as unions had always done, the number of PACs has grown to over 2,000, all but about 700 of them with corporate and professional ties and the majority of them conservative.

Under the law, individuals are limited to contributions of \$1000 to any individual candidate in the primary and another \$1000 in the general election: PACs can spend \$5000 and \$5000. There is, however, a loophole: a PAC can spend all the money it can lay hands on so long as it campaigns against a candidate without supporting his opponent. Exploiting this device, the NCPAC has committed in excess of \$1 million to the destruction of four liberal senators-McGovern, Cranston, Culver, and Bayh-and one centrist, Frank Church. A million dollars may not seem like a lot of money when compared to the vast sums expended on behalf of Senator Helms, but the NCPAC has devised certain economies of scale. Radio listeners in Idaho, California, and Indiana can eavesdrop as a Mrs. Verna Smith of Boise, Sacramento, and Indianapolis finds herself shocked by the appalling voting records of her three senators, Church, Cranston, and Bayh. Elsewhere, the constituents of Culver and McGovern are being treated to a TV spot in which a very black athlete in shorts and sweat socks toys with a basketball the size of a pebble while a very white announcer deplores the globe-trotting proclivities of the errant politicians. Subtlety has never been one of the New

Right's strong points.

These ads are merely the frosting on the cake, however, So, in a way, are the old issues of defense, welfare. and government regulation; these burning questions have been around so long that they tend to get talked about in a kind of shorthand. Not so abortion. With Right-to-Life groups exhibiting the monolithic determination dear to the rightist heart-and, more importantly, producing a small but disciplined swing vote in states like New York-abortion clearly strikes Dolan and the others as an issue whose time has come. The evangelical coalition is still in its formative stages: abortion is a way of keeping the churches in a state of pleasing turmoil while demonstrating appropriate New



Paul M. Weyrich

Right correctness on the great issue of the day. It is also a golden opportunity for organizational cross-pollination and an ideal way to hook in the Mormons. Senator Hatch, a Mormon, has recorded an anti-abortion radio spot. Stop the Baby Killers has identified the same four senators and called for a \$250,000 war chest to defeat them. Stop the Baby Killers is a project of Americans for Life, whose honorary chairman is Congressman George Hansen of Idaho-another Mormon and a bitter enemy of Frank Churchand one of whose lawyers is a certain J. Curtis Herge, J. Curtis Herge is the secretary of the NCPAC. "I personally believe Frank Church is a baby killer.' says Dolan, as though describing the sky as blue. Dolan is unusually interested in Church, although he knows little about him. There are a lot of Mormons in Idaho.

TILL, THE prospect of 75 mil lion evangelicals joining with the Right-to-Lifers, the anti-ERA people, the busing lobby the fans of the garrison state, and the 4.5 million hardcore names on Vigue rie's computers is not exactly a laugh ing matter, even allowing for considerable duplication, Fundamentalists and single-issue groups do not pay much attention to comical bungling: they live for matters of faith and more als, and on faith and morals the New Right is as solid as Wevrich can make it. But although the New Right's capacity for mischief is great er than at any time since the last Red Scare, it is not a monolithic or a cohesive force, and it has a persistent tendency to come unstuck as the going gets good. As Bishop James Rausch recently told the readers of the Catholic Mirror, the New Right may be sound on abortion, but it also happens to believe in a lot of other ideas that might not make the Catholic voter best pleased. As long as they enjoy the luxury of irresponsible dissent, there isn't much reason for the evangelicals and the single-issue people to examine all the other doctrines of the ideologues who pull the strings; until his leaders gain some power, the single-issue fanatic enjoys the enviable privilege of the hedgehog who knows one big thing, and the world is a wonderfully simple place. But Weyrich and the others happen to have a lot of funny ideas about a lot of subjects-not merely the sins of Jews and Episcopalians and Democrats, but the minimum wage. They are not great fans of the unions to which many of their followers belong, nor of the social legislation that sustains them in hard times. illness, and old age-the common soldiery of the New Right may be devoted to single issues, but the New Right's leadership most definitely is not. Faith and morals are one thing; fooling around with a man's paycheck is another, which is the very point that Bishop Rausch was trying to make. The New Right has some interesting plans for its followers, which its followers aren't going to like. Weyrich's initiatives have temporarily obscured this time-honored hidden agenda, but it always reemerges, usually in the first flush of victory. And when it does, the coalition begins to fall apart.





One of these helmets came off the field and off the market when the rules of the game changed.

Not the football rules, but the rules of the legal system under which manufacturers can be sued for damages. In recent years, courts have been inclined to hold a product manufacturer or distributor liable for injuries even when the company had met safety standards or when the injured person was negligent in using the product

As a result, judgments, settlements and legal costs in liability cases have increased dramatically. Businesses are faced with uncertainty in trying to gauge the extent of their exposure to lawsuit. When these factors outweigh the benefits of making a product, that product will leave the marketolace.

That's what happened to the manufacturer of the helmet on the right. He stopped production of helmets until as he says, the legal climate changes in the United States. It has happened also to some makers of vaccines, plastic products and machines. Right now, the chemical and pharmaceutical industries are deeply concerned about the potential financial impact of recent court decisions.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we, too, are concerned about this problem. Our companies provide insurance designed to protect business from financial loss resulting from a lawsuit. This protection normally encourages business to remain in the marketplace. It enables manufacturers to develop new products, to provide more jobs and generally to contribute to our economy.

But the trend in legal judgments threatens all that stability. As lawsuit settlements and awards become higher, insurance companies tend to be more cautious in writing insurance coverage. And they must charge more for it. That in turn causes manufacturers and sellers to raise their prices to cover the increased cost of insurance protection. Which means that consumers pay more for what they buy.

It's frustrating, but not hopeless. Steps can be taken to prevent injuries and to control the rise of liability costs. And that would benefit everyone.

Here's what we're doing:

- Helping to develop standards for safer products.
- Advising manufacturers on safety procedures and loss prevention programs.
- Supporting legislation to reduce the enormous legal costs of administering the product liability system.
- Supporting legislation to make the standards of legal liability more definite, more predictable and more equitable.

Here's what you can do:

- Seek quality products. Check to see that they meet safety standards where appropriate.
- Use all products as they are meant to be used. Read and follow warning labels and instructions for product usage.
- Get involved! Become aware of proposals to improve fairness in the legal liability system.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

This message is presented by the American Insurance Association, 85 John Street, New York, New York, 10038

RESPECTABLE TERRORISM

When its victims become violent

by Lesley Hazleton

VERY COUNTRY counts itself higher than its enemies on the shaky scale of moral virtue. and Israel is no exception. As the targets of unremitting terrorist attack since the inception of their state. Israelis have always considered their stand on terrorism to be unimpeachable. Terrorism was seen for the horror that it is, and the continuing argument as to whether Mr. Begin's underground Etzel group (disbanded by order of Prime Minister Ben-Gurion in 1948) was a terrorist or a guerrilla organization only emphasizes the abhorrence of terrorism ingrained in Israel's national psyche.

Terrorism is a matter of neither tactics nor strategy to Israelis. It is a moral issue, and the condoning of terrorism apparent in the world press in recent years is seen as evidence of an erosion of the moral standards of what we call civilization. Such a stand may seem high-handedly self-righteous to Americans, but then, as Israelis point out. Americans have not lived under the constant threat of terrorism.

But the last few years have seen a slow erosion in Israel's moral standing —an erosion that inevitably accompanies the role of occupier. It first reached public awareness, perhaps, with the widely publicized question two years ago of whether Israel tortures suspected terrorists for information. As journalistic investigations revealed allegations and denials, proofs and counterproofs, the dilemma—for such it was—involved every household in the country. Painfully fragile distinctions were made between "justified" and "unjustified" torture, between "routine" and "sporadic" torture, or between the degrees of violence that constitute torture. One may take a stand, as I do. against any form of torture, and then be faced with a situation such as the following, which really happened.

A bomb exploded in a Jerusalem marketplace, killing and wounding civilians (mainly lews, but also Arabs). The police and army moved in quickly and rounded up all Arabs in the area as suspects. One man had what could have been explosive powder beneath his fingernails, but there was no time to send it for analysis. A common terrorist tactic is to place a second bomb timed to go off five or ten minutes after the first so that the crowd gathered around the damage of the first bomb would be injured by the second. The urgent question was whether there was another bomb, and if so, where. The officer in charge took the suspect into a paddy wagon and beat him. The suspect told him the whereabouts of a second bomb. The Israeli police sapper defused it one minute before it was due to explode. Torture, or "just a beating"? "Justified." and if so, why? Because there was a second bomb? What if there had not been and the man was in nocent? Do the ends justify the means? It would be a most dogmatic person indeed who could answer any of these questions with absolute confidence in any but the purely theoretical sense.

HE OUTCOME of the investigations on torture was ambiguous, the general assumption being that Israel does use torture, but not on the scale of the sado-masochistic horror stories related by released suspects and prisoners, and not as a routine matter of policy. In some cases of random violence by the armed forces, in fact, the military has instituted court-martials. But to be brought face to face with what was being done to counter terrorism roused many Israelis from their illusion of absolute rectitude. Terrorism degrades not only those who perpetrate it, but also those who are its innocent victims and those who combat it.

A further sharp rise in the cycle of violence in Israel occurred in early June this year. Bomb attacks against Lesley Hazleton is the author of Where Mountains Roar, published in July by Holt, Rinehart and Finston.



HOW TO HELP PROTECT YOUR CHILD'S LIFE

CHILD RESTRAINT SYSTEMS IN CARS CAN LOWER THE RISK OF SERIOUS INJURY

The facts aren't pretty. Each year, more small children are killed in automobile accidents than in drownings, fires, or falls, And that's only part of the story. About 46 000 children under the age of five are injured in auto accidents every year. Experts estimate that the vast majority of these fatalities could have been prevented and most injuries reduced if Child Restraint Systems had been used. The tragedy is that less than 10% of all children in cars are properly restrained in child seats.

An unrestrained child is vulnerable in an auto accident. During its first few years, an infant is proportioned differently than an adult. That means small children are top-heavy—usually until the age of five.

If children aren't restrained during an accident, or even a sudden stop, they may tend to pitch forward, headfirst. Even in a minor collision a small child can be thrown against the car's interior, and serious injuries can occur.

Holding a child in your arms is not a substitute for a Child Restraint System. Some people think that by holding a child in a car they are protecting him or her. But safety experts disagree. In an accident, a child in a parent's arms can be crushed between the car's interior and the unrestrained

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three Palestinian nationalist mayors on the West Bank resulted in serious injury to two of them and the disfigurement of an Israeli army sapper trying to defuse the third bomb. It is assumed that the bombs were the work of members of Israel's small but fanatic ultraright wing, though no arrests have vet been made. These bombs announced a pattern for the future, one in the making for some time but suppressed from consciousness in the vain hope that it could still be avoided: a pattern of Palestinian terrorism countered by Jewish terrorism until the thin line between terrorism and counterterrorism is erased and all terrorists. whether Palestinians or Jews, become blood brothers.

The "occasion" for the attacks on the mayors was a Palestinian attack in Hebron a month earlier, when settlers from the extremist Gush Emunim and Kach movements were gunned down in the center of the Arab town. For once, many Israeli liberals were strangely fatalistic about the attack, and for what seemed good reason. Neither Gush Emunim nor Kach (whose ranks contain a disproportionately high number of recent American immigrants) has the slightest regard for democracy. As their members will tell anyone who cares to listen, they follow a "higher law" than Israeli law. Many of their statements are markedly fascist in tone, and among them are people such as Eli Ha'Zeev, the infamous American convert who was killed in the Hebron attack. This clinically definable psychopath sought satisfaction in violence. Emotionally scarred by the Vietnam war, he found an almost orgasmic kick in killing. "Shooting Arabs is a great way to get your gun off," he was fond of saving.

At first, shortsightedly. I was strangely satisfied when I heard of Ha'Zeev's death. "I can't blame the terrorists," I thought, "What's going on in Hebron is just too much provocation. Ha'Zeev deserved to die, and in exactly that way." But the bombing attacks on the Arab mayors brought me to my senses. Terrorism does not occur in a vacuum. It only creates more, blood and violence feeding on themselves And it can never be condoned, let alone justified. Its goal is not even to kill. That is only a side-benefit. Its aim is to terrorize the majority into passivity, into forgoing principles and independent thought for the sake of physical life. The only ones it spurs into activity are other terrorists. The rest of us sit by in despair, wringing our hands and questioning how we can deal with it without risking our democracy.

The problem has no respect for national ties. Buses carrying Palestinians from the West Bank to work inside Israel proper have been attacked and Palestinians killed—by Palestinians—in the attempt to suppress any dissent from the Palestinian Liberation Organization line. The self-righteous conviction that there is only one way forces potentially moderate Palestinians into silence.

Now it seems that Jews may begin to kill Jews, also, Israeli leaders as well as journalists attempting to cover both sides of the Palestinian issue have been receiving death threats-from Jews -over the last few months. The fanatics of Gush Emunim and Kach have been arming themselves for some time. the more outspoken of them with the declared aim of armed rebellion should their path be blocked by the Israeli government. The likelihood of civil strife inside Israel, though still remote, thus increases by the day. And because Israel still considers itself so sensitive to the value of life, no Israeli envies the prime minister or defense minister who would have to give orders to shoot at armed civilians on the West Bank opposing a government decision to dismantle settlements or even to withdraw the military government. The very idea of Jews killing Jews is abhorrent to all but a fanatic few who play on the majority's abhorrence. Indeed, the cruel remark among Israeli leftists when Menachem Begin came to power was that he could never be a fascist because he would never spill Jewish blood.

of terrorism to know it for what it is; or perhaps one has to share citizenship with those who perpetrate it. I can appreciate that, from a distance of six thousand miles. Americans might feel considerably more sanguine about it than Israelis or Palestinians. After all, it takes place in another country, and it happens to other people. Americans do not go to the funerals, nor do they see the injustices perpetrated by the security forces for fear of further terrorism.

And therefore, perhaps, they miglieasily imagine that they do not have to face the moral issues involved.

But they do. And urgently. A sign of how urgently is the increasing confusion in the press between the word guerrilla and terrorist—a confusion that indicates abdication of responsibility by the press, and thus by it readers and listeners and viewers, of the issue of terrorism. This abrogation of the responsibility to distinguish be tween what is justifiable warfare and what is abhorrent under any circum stances undermines the values of any civilization, but especially of one based on the ideas of democracy.

Distance may be one factor in the media's adoption of that sour and ster ile aphorism, "He is a terrorist, voi are a guerrilla, I am a freedom fighter.' The further away the action, the more sanguine the description, regardless of specifics. Only when terrorism strikes close to home can it be seen for wha it is and given the label by which it is known to be abhorrent. In this respect the Israeli media are as much at fault as any other: I still remember my shock at seeing an attack on a bishor and two nuns in Rhodesia described by an Israeli paper as a "guerrilla attack." I cannot but be aware of my anger each time I hear the British Broadcasting Corporation refer to Irish Republican Army gunmen as "terrorists" and to Palestinian gunmen-in the same broadcast-as "guerrillas." And now, to my dismay, the New York Times has adopted this same invidious means of distinction according to political respectability rather than action: when the Arab mayors were attacked in early June, the Times used the correct word, terrorists-at a time when it has been calling Palestinian terrorists "guerrillas."

One thing must be clear (and it is to our shame that it has to be stated): it is still true that "by their actions you shall know them." Those who take civilians hostage and kill or threaten to kill them are neither guerrillas nor commandos, but terrorists. Those who place bombs in marketplaces are terrorists. Those who batter children to death are terrorists.

As Hillel Halkin wrote last spring in Commentary, if the PLO were interested in guerrilla warfare, its opportunities are hardly limited. Both Israel and the occupied territories are full of sol-

diers, army camps, military vehiclesall targets for guerrilla warfare. Neverheless, the PLO, alone among all underground nationalist organizations, nas chosen solely civilian targets. Whereas guerrilla warfare often involves unplanned civilian casualties in he course of attacks on military tarzets (as in Israel's retaliatory bombng raids against PLO bases in Lebaon-leading many Israelis to oppose he bombing strategy), the tactics of he PLO are to strike civilians directly and intentionally. Yet no Palestinian as yet come forward to condemn or oppose terrorism. Indeed they cannot, since terrorism is the declared policy of the PLO, "Machine guns and bulets are the only way to reach an understanding with the Zionist enemy . . . only the massive use of bullets." declared Abu Jihad, head of the military arm of the main section of the PLO. n Way this year.

When armed men enter a kibbutzsuch as Kibbutz Misgay-Am earlier this rear-with a detailed map of the kiboutz layout, take over the infants' nouse, and kill infants and hold them postage, there can be no question that his is not guerrilla warfare. It is terorism, pure and simple.

Terrorism is known to be illegitimate. Guerrilla warfare against an occupying army or repressive regime, on the other nand, is a legitimate recourse of oppressed peoples deprived of democratic expression. The two are clearly distinzuishable by the actions involved. And by ignoring this distinction and calling errorism "guerrilla warfare," the world press is legitimizing terrorism and elevating it to respectability.

HIS LEGITIMIZATION extends even to adopting the language of terrorists: for example, the sheer obscenity of reading that the PLO "claims credit" for an attack. Not "takes blame," or even "accepts responsibility," but "claims credit." This distortion of the uses of language leads to a distortion of thought. Our words define and limit our thoughts. and if we are to think coherently, then we must first speak coherently. Menachem Begin, within the guidelines of his policy, was correct to insist on using the ancient names "Judea" and "Samaria" instead of "the West Bank." And yet wherever this happens, the preaching that one hears is, "it's just a word, it means nothing."

A top American TV news producer said that to me with a degree of impatience and irritation that wistfully asked: "Don't ask me to think." "It's just a word," he said, "It's pointless today to be so particular about accuracy. You're out of date. If they're called guerrillas, then that's what they are. You can't change it with just a word," The solipsistic sloppiness is as amazing as the source. This is past the stage where one might plead mistaken judgment. Too many members of the press have become moral eunuchs, impotent to embrace at least those values without which no civilization worth caring for will endure. The words are still there, but the values that determine their use are rapidly disappearing. And this has been one of the terrorists' greatest successes.

Together with the actions of the United Nations Security Council, the role of the press in making terrorism legitimate is crucial in the increasing cynicism about the uses of violence. "Why make such a fuss?" the same TV journalist asked me, "What is war but the wholesale slaughter of innocent people? So this is another kind of war. Look at it that way." His point about war is well taken, but it does not bear on the present argument: that we suffer and even condone the evil of warfare does not mean that we must con-

done every evil.

I dread opening the paper each day, no less because of what is happening inside Israel than because of the warped reaction of the rest of the world. No sooner has the Security Council kept a prim silence over the terrorist attack on Kibbutz Misgav-Am than it denounces a retaliatory Israeli air raid into Lebanon. No sooner is the attack by Jewish terrorists on Arab mayors reported than I read that Jordan may again become a base for "guerrilla operations." No sooner do I hear the latest of a slew of statements by PLO leaders to the effect that the PLO's aim is the armed destruction of Israel than the European states support the PLO as a peaceful partner to Middle East negotiations, "Peace for us means the armed destruction of Israel. Revolutionary violence is the only means," Yasir Arafat declared in February. Does this mean that the European states concur?

There are some Israelis who, like me, believe that there should be a Palestinian state, both for Israel's sake and that of the Palestinians. There are many more, though still a minority, who recognize that there will be a Palestinian state in the near future, and that Israel must find a way to accommodate to it. But all of these Israelis, like me, believe-indeed, insistthat such a state can not be run by those who proudly declare their commitment to violence and to the destruction of the state of Israel, just as we are committed to Israeli policy not being run by extremists through the fear of their violence. A basic precondition to negotiation is the willingness in principle to coexist in peace. Without that there is nothing left but the same amazing farce as that committed in 1974, when Yasir Arafat addressed the United Nations General Assembly with a gun in his belt, and was not only allowed to speak, but was applauded.

In the intervening six years, the tendency to condone terrorism as a legitimate strategy has only strengthened Palestinian irredentism. While Israeli dissent from hard-line government policy is organized and gaining strength, there has been no voice of dissent within the Palestinian move-

ment from its hard line.

If Israel is to deal with its own terrorists-and while terrorism is the official policy of the PLO, Prime Minister Menachem Begin has decried the Jewish terrorist attempt on the Arab mayors-then the Palestinians must deal with theirs. And they must be pressured to do so in the same ways, implicit and explicit, as Israel is pressured. When the call is made to Israel to dismantle its settlements in the West Bank, as I believe it must do if Israel itself is to survive in any but the purely physical sense, the call must go out simultaneously to the PLO to renounce terrorism and to declare its willingness in principle to coexist as a nationstate side by side with Israel. To pressure one without the other-to extend silence and therefore passive support to Palestinian extremism while denouncing Israeli extremism-is merely to aggravate the spiral of terrorism, to encourage fanaticism on both sides, and to inject despair into the hopes of many Israelis who seek not territory, but peace.

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UNPROFITABLE WAR

Debasing the currency with arms

by George McGovern

ERE IT NOT that learned economists differ profoundly with one another, I would not easily muster the temerity to suggest causes and cures for the nation's economic problems. The economists themselves, however, are collectively baffled by the debilitating tandem of rising prices and high unemployment known as "stagflation." As in the first years of the Great Depression, the nation finds itself in circumstances that neither experience nor experts can readily explain. Economics, a more dismal science than ever, is once again at a historical impasse: the traditional correctives no longer correct. The harsh but sure remedy for inflation-deliberately induced recession-becomes, with each turn of the cycle, more harsh but less sure. while the traditional remedy for recessionfiscal and monetary pump priming-sends inflation soaring to new heights.

In a hearing before the Congressional Joint Economic Committee last spring, I suggested to the chairman of the Federal Reserve System, Paul Volcker, who did not seriously disagree, what I believed to be the sources of accelerating inflation over the last decade: first, the Vietnam war, which was fought without a tax increase and without cutbacks in other areas; second, continuing increases in military spending after the war, following only

small short-term reductions, depriving the nation of its long-promised peace dividend; third, the fourfold explosion of oil prices in 1973, which brought to an end the era of plentiful, low-cost energy; fourth, the decline in American productivity, attributable in part to the drain of military spending and production; and finally, the chronic federal budget deficits that were largely the results of these factors.*

There are, of course, other causes of inflation, and economists, like politicians, are influenced in the causes they cite by such noneconomic reasons as political preference and social philosophy. Conservative economists emphasize the costs of social programs and government regulation and the influence of labor unions in restricting the free market. Liberal economists do not deny the interference with the competitive mechanism but cite the personal injustices of an unregulated economy and of relying on the business cycle—

*Energy, falling outside the normal range of domestic economics because of our dependence on imports, is a special case. With the nation heading for an oil import bill of perhaps \$80 billion this year, it is essential to stem the flow of out-going funds to pay for foreign oil, which, if spent at home, could be used to create jobs, fund energy research, and otherwise help revitalize our economy. Some experts contend that conservation could save as much as 30 percent of our imported oil, about the amount the United States imports from the Persian Gulf

George McGovern is senior senator from South Dakota. His political autobiography, Grass Roots, was published by Random House.

George McGovern LINPROF. ITABLE WAR

meaning periodic recession and high unemployment-to fight inflation. Few if any economists of either persuasion would deny the impact of energy costs on inflation.

Only a few economists have been willing of late to cite the military budget as a cause of inflation, although it is projected to exceed \$150 billion in fiscal 1981, an increase of at least \$16 billion over 1980. Defenders of military spending point to the relative decline of the military budget as a percentage of total outlays as the basis for dismissing military costs as a cause of inflation. Other commentators seem reluctant to explore or discuss the economic consequences of military spending in a political atmosphere of renewed Cold War and rising anti-Soviet sentiment. A strategic case can be made for strengthening U.S. conventional forces in such areas as the Persian Gulf: it does not follow, however, that increased military spending is an unfit subject of inquiry in the context of controlling inflation. Avoidance of the issue is politically mandated, the subject being a bugbear of contemporary politics.

AM INCLINED to the view that all of the commonly cited causes of inflation, as well as some that are not often cited, are indeed causes of inflation. But to conclude that everything adds to inflation is hardly more useful than saying that nothing does. If we are to devise correctives for the destructive cycle of inflation and recession, it is necessary to know how each element affects the overall economy and how it relates to the others. Economists could facilitate this effort by setting aside fears and predilections and providing us with more strictly economic analyses regardless of what these may seem to imply for public policy. Policy choices are essentially political in nature, but the policy making process should begin with factual data untainted by political preference.

Urging economists to discipline their political preferences, I am obligated, as a politician, to identify my own. In domestic affairs I subscribe to the philosophy of the Employment Act of 1946, which holds that, within the limits of economic feasibility, it is the proper role, and indeed responsibility, of government to put limits on the workings of the business cycle so as to promote maximum employment and purchasing power and to provide the American people with a measure of security against extreme economic deprivation. This outlook connotes the unacceptability of relying on recession and high unemployment to reverse inflation even if these

were technically efficient means (as for various reasons they are not) of doing the job. Ir foreign relations I subscribe to the lesson of World War II, which is that the United States must accept primary although not exclusive responsibility for maintaining world peace and thwarting international aggression, and I also subscribe to a lesson of the Vietnam war, which is the need for discrimination in our foreign involvements and the weighing of costs against prospective gains and risks. In sum, I believe the United States must recognize the obligations as well as the limitations of government in domestic affairs, and its limitations as well as its obligations in foreign affairs.

It seems likely that an easing of inflation will accompany the recession in the course of 1980, but this should not be mistaken for a real solution. The New York Times was perhaps harsh in referring to the incipient recession as the "centerpiece of President Carter's economic program," but it was on the mark in observing that "great pain and losses of wealth will now be incurred for no lasting benefit." Aside from the burdens placed upon farmers, the poor, and the unemployed, one of the most insidious aspects of the inflationrecession cycle is that the inflation rate never goes all the way back down; each recovery starts from a higher basic inflation rate than the one before and inflation then soars to new heights. Economists now regard 10 percent as the "basic" inflation rate, and it is from this level that they would expect the next surge of inflation to begin, after recession has wrung all it can from the farmers, the poor, the aged, and the unemployed. "Unless we can break the back of inflationary expectations," Norman Robertson of the Mellon Bank said recently, "in just a few years we will find ourselves asking why we have an inflation rate of 25 percent."

How to break it? Arthur Burns, former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, argues that the cause of inflation is the social reforms and expectations of a better life dating from the New Deal of the 1930s. Citing losses of productivity, stagnation in investment, high business taxes, government regulation, and costly social programs, Burns concludes that federal budget deficits have caused inflation since the mid-Sixties and that a better understanding of the business cycle will lead us to accept periodic recessions as "regrettable" but unavoidable means of forcing business managers to improve efficiency, bringing down interest rates and "wringing some of the inflation out of the economic

system.

The cost of free enterprise

AGREE WITH those who accept the responsibility of government to protect its citizens from extreme deprivation and who remain unreconciled to recession as the only reliable cure for inflation. Without a solution to inflation as yet, they believe that there has got to be a better way. Nor does one have to be an economist to perceive the gloomy irrationality of the idea that the only cure for one social evil-inflation-is deliberately to bring on another-unemployment-with its consequences of hardship, poverty, social disruption, and crime, I concede that much of what the conservative economists argue-that social services are costly, that regulation is burdensome, that collective bargaining between labor unions and corporations weakens the competitive mechanisms of the economy -and still conclude that, even if it were politically feasible to remove all restraints on competition, the social costs would be too high. As Barry Bosworth, former director of the Council on Wage and Price Stability has pointed out, a case can be made for the effectiveness and efficiency of competition in allocating resources "but nobody ever said it was fair or equitable."

In practice, returning to a classically competitive economy is not politically feasible. The dismantling of the cost-administering power of the great national and multinational corporations would require a revolution, and the dismantling of the power of labor unions to determine wages, and therefore prices, largely independently of market conditions, would require a counterrevolution. It is therefore a fact, whether one accepts, applauds, or deplores it, that large sectors of our economy are not competitive and cannot be made so.

Because of this noncompetitiveness inflation is no longer the result solely of too much money chasing too few goods. In addition to this old-fashioned "demand-pull" inflation, economists have identified what they call "cost-push" inflation, which results from the ability of labor unions to push up wages and of large corporations to pass along labor or other costs in the form of higher prices even in the face of slack demand, ample supply, or high unemployment. This "cost-push" inflation tends also to feed on itself as price increases impel labor unions to seek catch-up wage increases and companies pass these costs along with new rounds of price increases.*

Economists generally agree that this, for the most part, is the kind of inflation we have been experiencing in recent years.

In these circumstances reliance on the business cycle, which is to say on recession, as the cure for inflation, becomes not only exceedingly harsh for many people, but economically clumsy and inefficient. Forced reductions in demand simply do not work the way they are supposed to when large segments of the economy are insulated from market forces. With each turn of the cycle it takes a more severe recession to get the desired reduction in inflation. Economists suggest that it now takes one million people unemployed for two years to reduce the inflation rate by 1 percent. To end inflation through the "natural" workings of the business cycle we would have to impose high interest rates and suppress investment and demand over a long period of

"To conclude that everything adds to inflation is hardly more useful than saying that nothing does."



^{*}One need only to think of the recent problems of the automobile industry and its price increases despite the increase in competition from abroad.

time, in the course of which millions of industrial workers would be ruined. Some of the prescriptions now being heard for curing inflation carry some of the logic of Vietnam: that it is necessary to destroy the economy in order to save it.

With little taste for the measures that would have recessions do the work that is the responsibility of politicians in the modern state, I want to return to the thesis of Arthur Burns that inflation must be understood in the context of the political and philosophical currents that have transformed American life since the 1930s. Burns identifies these as the breakdown of the tradition of individual selfreliance born of the Great Depression, the subsequent acceptance by government of responsibility for the promotion of "maximum employment" as spelled out in the Employment Act of 1946, and the emergence of a popular "feeling of entitlement" to a steadily rising standard of living. There arose during the same years another major political and philosophical current, no less consequential, about which Burns and other economists of his persuasion are generally silent: the current of war and Cold War, of global responsibility, and of intervention and involvement in the problems of almost all regions of the world. The emergence of the United States as an international power founded a vast domestic arms industry sustained entirely by federal expenditures; it brought the government into the national economy on a scale comparable to, and in wartime exceeding, the government's entire range of activities in the field of domestic social programs.

Because the national defense has to do with society's survival, its costs are evaluated by a different standard from that applied to activities in such fields as health, education, and welfare. Military costs are by no means exempt from budgetary scrutiny but, unlike other expenditures, are favored by the presumption of their necessity. The burden of proof, otherwise placed upon the advocates of a program or activity, is transferred, in the case of the military, to those who would disallow it. It is up to the skeptics to show that a proposed new missile system or bomber or submarine or aircraft carrier is unnecessary to the nation's defense. Most legislators, most of the time, play it safe, either because we do not feel completely certain that a new missile system or aircraft carrier is unnecessary, or because we do not wish to draw upon ourselves the stigma of having "sold short" the national security, or for both of these reasons. As a result, the Congress is something of a cakewalk for the

Pentagon generals and the arms manufacturer peddling their stock in trade.

Cold War inflatio

LAYING IT SAFE would be fine if really were safe. If every new wea on, by definition, made the natic "stronger," and if cost were no con cern, there would be no good argument to h made against ever-increasing military experditures. The trouble is that every new wear ons system does not make the nation stronge even in a narrow technical sense. Some wear ons are redundant: for example, those that enable the United States to destroy the mai cities of the Soviet Union ten times, insteal of five times, or even once. Others have tech nology that is unnecessarily complicated, a well as hugely expensive: the army's nev XMI tank, for example, has proven unreliabl in performance and costs \$1 million each compared to the less sophisticated but de pendable World War II Sherman tank, which cost \$70,000 at the time and would cos \$235,000 in today's inflated dollars. Intrigued by the weapons made possible by technology the armed services, the Pentagon, and the Congress have consistently favored expensive high-technology weapons over simpler, cheap er, often more reliable ones. Comparing Amer ican and Soviet arms programs, a reporter said: "The Americans favor Cadillacs and fancy vans: the Russians build Chevies and plain old trucks." By contributing to the arms race, new strategic systems like the pending MX mobile missile weaken the national security, just as the multiple warhead missiles already have-by impelling the Russians to build similar systems of their own. New weapons thus do not translate automatically into greater national security.

Still less is this the case when national security is measured by a standard broader than a technical one. I have heard Pentagon officials argue that it is to the advantage of the United States to engage the Russians in an arms race because of our considerably greater productive capabilities. This reasoning recalls an old practice of the Pacific Northwest Indians known as the potlatch, which began as a contest in gift-giving for the sake of prestige but degenerated into competitive orgies of waste in which treasures were heaped on the fire until the most prodigal chief emerged as winner. Rich as the United States may be, it need not be spendthrift, and even if the nation had unlimited resources, the irrationality of trying to spend the Russians into bankrupt-

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George McGovern UNPROF-ITABLE WAR cy before the United States itself goes bankrupt is absurd. It is foolhardy to suppose that an inflation and deficit-ridden U.S. economy can endure additional unnecessary spending in any field, military or otherwise.

At the risk of falling into the trap of those economists who ignore current reality in favor of quoting from their own work, I want to recall from a speech I gave in the Senate in 1963 some rhetorical questions:

Have we remembered that the defense of a great nation depends not only upon the quality of its arms, important as that is, but also on the quality of its economic, political, and moral fabric? Have we considered the impact upon these other sources of strength of our vast military investment? Is there a point of diminishing returns in the race for security through arms?

Military costs both reflect and aggravate inflation. While the price of weapons goes up steadily, with Pentagon cost overruns more the rule than the exception, the military budget itself pumps excess cash into the economy and aggravates federal budget deficits. The country is invited to take reassurance in the recent decline of defense spending as a percentage of total expenditures and as a percentage of the gross national product, but it should be remembered that for much of the twenty-five years after World War II-when military costs frequently accounted for 40 percent or more of the federal budget-essential domestic programs, in such fields as education, transportation, and urban renewal, were shortchanged, at a cost to social stability and the strength of the nation. Like a manufacturing company wearing down its tools, the United States has been living on its capital, with human as well as material resources diverted from the productive, wealthcreating areas of the economy to the nonproductive military side. For three decades beginning with World War II, the U.S., in response to the demands of war and Cold War, permitted its national economy to be distorted and resources diverted from normal productive purposes. Only because it has endured so long, the government confused emergency spending with business as usual.

HE VIETNAM WAR and its aftermath were uniquely destructive to the American economy. Like all previous wars, Vietnam was a period of inflation—the result of the Johnson administration's refusal either to raise taxes or curb social programs to pay for the war. The period after Vietnam, however, differed from

previous postwar eras in two significant re spects; military spending, after falling slight ly in fiscal 1973, resumed rising annuall thereafter, and inflation, which had ended a ter previous wars, intensified. This double digit inflation can, in large part, be attributed t the quadrupling of petroleum prices, but ar other important, insufficiently recognized caus was the failure of the government to delive on the long-promised peace dividend. Mone that might have been redirected to neglected areas of the economy, or to citizens through tax reductions, instead went for additional military expenditures, keeping the country of a wartime footing. History shows that a sta ble noninflationary economy is an aspect of peace. But the United States, like the Sovie Union but unlike its European and Japanes allies, remains under the burden of a more of less permanent wartime economy.

I think it is nearly impossible to explain in common language the Senate Budget Com mittee estimate that the military will spend \$ trillion over the next five years. It is a fin round figure, represented by a one wit twelve zeroes after it, but it should giv pause to anyone who is concerned with th effects of government spending on inflation The dimensions of American defense spend ing, and the competitive disadvantage a which they place the United States, are high lighted by a comparison of American mili tary costs with those of our allies. Compare to \$520 a year on defense for every Ameri can, West Germany spends \$396 annually pe capita on its military, Great Britain spend \$314, Denmark \$303, Canada \$157, and Ja pan, the world's industrial and commercial prodigy, only \$87 per capita. The disparit is no less striking in terms of percentage o gross national product (GNP) spent on de fense. Germany, although it maintains the largest and best equipped armed force in West ern Europe, does so with only 2.6 percent of its GNP, while Japan spends less than 1 per cent of its GNP on defense, compared to ove 5 percent for the United States. Comparativ freedom from military costs has been an im portant factor in the success of Germany, and even more of Japan, in building their econo mies, winning export markets and curbing in flation, despite far greater dependency that that of the United States on imported energy

Of particular significance is the success of Germany and Japan in winning world markets for products such as automobiles and televisions in which the United States on excelled. One reason for this is the traditionally greater emphasis on exports of these countries compared with the United States

another is greater harmony between labor and industry than that prevailing in the United States. But of even greater consequence is the intense concentration of the Germans and Japanese on research and development to produce superior products at competitive prices. The United States, by comparison, has begun to experience the consequence of a long term capital-and-brain drain from the civilian to the military sector of the economy. Since the 1940s the United States government has applied 60 to 80 percent of its annual research and development expenditures to military or closely related purposes. At the same time the armaments industries and their dependents in the government and academies have preempted human as well as capital resources. The scientists and engineers who might otherwise have been designing better automobiles. televisions or transistors to compete with the Japanese and Germans have instead-figuratively if not quite literally speaking-been designing Trident submarines, turbine-driven tanks, and cruise missiles.

Unproductive bombs

HERE IS A significant qualitative or functional difference between the consequences of productive capabilities channeled into the military or into the civilian economy. In the civilian economy all goods and services are useful for either consumption or investment; they either contribute directly to our standard of living in the form of, say, food, clothing, medical services, or recreation, or they are used to stimulate production in such areas as industrial machinery or job-training programs. Military products, on the other hand, although militarily or politically useful, have no other economic value; weapons are neither consumed nor do they have any investment value. Although they produce jobs and generate income, they are a steady, heavy drain on the economy. In addition, military production contributes to inflation by channeling money in the form of wages into the economy without producing goods and services that can be bought with these funds; military production generates demand but not supply.

Inflation is also aggravated by the way in which weapons and related equipment are purchased: the single customer, the federal government, commits itself to pay actual production costs plus a margin of profit, thus freeing producers from normal competitive presures to keep costs down and encouraging producers to increase costs so as to increase

revenue; this is one reason why military contracts commonly exceed their original cost estimates. With the backing of the federal government, military industries have an advantage when they bid in the open market for skilled manpower, machinery, and scarce materials, thus forcing up the prices of these resources for civilian industries, which in turn pass these costs along as higher prices. "One thing that is almost never mentioned is the impact of a defense buildup on management efficiency," the liberal economist Gar Alperovitz has stated. "You create a whole generation of managerial talent used to gold-plating and cost overruns."

But it is not just liberals who despair at the drain of military spending. In a lecture at New York University on November 30, 1967, Arthur Burns, a conservative, said:

To be sure, an extra billion dollars' worth of bombs or missiles will increase current production just as much as an extra billion of new equipment for making civilian goods. Bombs or missiles, however, add nothing to the nation's capacity to produce, while new equipment serves to augment production in the future. The real cost of the defense sector consists, therefore, not only of the civilian goods and services that are currently foregone on its account; it includes also an element of growth that could have been achieved through investment in human or business capital.

Perhaps the most significant economic consequence of three decades of heavy military spending has been its contribution to the erosion of productivity. Technological stagnation in industries such as steel, heavy machinery, shipbuilding, and especially railroads reduces overall productivity and places U.S. industries at a competitive disadvantage with countries such as Germany and Japan that continue to modernize their industrial plants. Inefficiency, of course, means higher costs and, without a productivity dividend, rising wages can only be paid by passing along the costs in higher consumer prices. In this way the decline of productivity induced by neglect of technological innovation in the civilian economy leads to cost-push inflation, which is different from price rises caused by market forces.

Cost pass-along generates unemployment as well as inflation, contributing to the pernicious condition of stagflation. As American industries price themselves out of the market and foreign competitors displace them, plants close or transfer operations to foreign countries. Foreign producers have taken over much of the American market for automobiles, tele-

"Military production generates demand but not supply." George
McGovern
UNPROFITABLE WAR

visions, tape recorders, stereo equipment, cameras, and other products. Military procurement has also bid up the price of machine tools, the very means of production, so that industries have been discouraged from replacing old machinery with more modern, efficient machines. The result has been reduced productivity, more cost pass-along, and more unemployment. Traditional economists advocate tax incentives to promote plant modernization and expanded research and development to improve productivity. Others argue that nothing less than a large-scale transferring of resources from the military to the civilian economy will be adequate to do the job of lifting the nation from the stagflation mire.

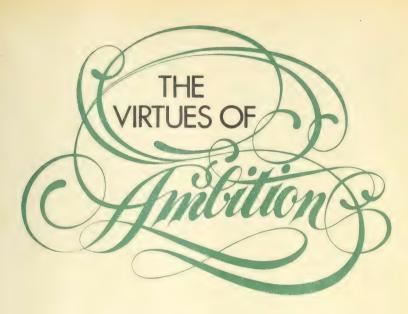
HILE THE relatively unencumbered economies of Europe and Japan forge ahead, the United States can take meager comfort, from a security standpoint, that the Soviet Union is as firmly committed as it is to the wasteful course of the potlatch. Except in education, the Soviets pay the price of a neglected, inefficient civilian economy, with the lowest living standard of the world's major industrial nations, for the sake of a technologically advanced military machine. It is they indeed, with their drab cities, inadequate housing, and shabby consumer products, instead of the highriding Europeans and Japanese, whom the United States seems to be emulating. Perhaps that is what is meant by references to the convergent tendencies of capitalism and socialism. Henry Kissinger once said to John Kenneth Galbraith that you could understand Soviet-American relations in terms of the proponents of military expenditures in both countries who had united against the civilians. In a prophetic essay in 1949, Archibald MacLeish envisioned a 1980 historian looking back on the post-World War II era as a time in which the Americans permitted themselves to be "completely dominated, morally and intellectually," by the Russians, and, MacLeish commented: "...a people which recognizes its unity only in its opposition to another people, which understands its purpose only in its resistance to another purpose, is not a people which has a unity or a purpose of its own.

Well and good, the fair-enough retort may be, but does the United States have any choice? Can it go another way while the Russians continue their own massive arms buildup? The official view, in the wake of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the failure of the SALT II treaty and the general breakdown of détente, is that the United States cannot; that, on the contrary it must increase defense spending in real terms, that is, over and above inflation, and at the same time squeeze enough out of domestic programs to balance the 1981 budget. For my part, I would have no guarrel with the prescription, which is increased defense spending, indeed I would vigorously advocate it, if I were convinced the diagnosis were accurate. There, however, I part company with the Carter administration. I do not share their view that the occupation of Afghanistan signals a Soviet design to envelop the Persian Gulf and sever the oil life line. Still less am I convinced that the SALT II treaty, which is as much to U.S. interests as to that of the Soviet Union. should be shelved or abandoned because of Afghanistan. As former Secretary of State Vance put it in his Harvard commencement speech on June 5, "... neither that aggression nor the fact that this is a political year are sufficient grounds for a failure to act in our national interests."

Ratification of the SALT II treaty, followed by intense negotiations toward a SALT III agreement providing for more extensive mutual reductions of armaments, would open the way, belatedly, to the peace dividend we failed to award ourselves when the Vietnam war ended. In the absence of a strategic arms agreement, according to a national intelligence estimate reported in January, 1980, the Soviets will acquire by the end of this decade almost two and a half times the number of warheads -about 14,000—mounted on highly accurate land-based missiles directed against the United States than they would have if SALT II were implemented and followed by other arms control agreements. Should this occur, the system of 200 mobile MX missiles now being planned at a projected cost of something over \$30 billion (without allowance for highly probable cost overruns) would be effectively neutralized, unless the United States were prepared to double or triple the MX system at double or triple the cost. The United States and the Soviet Union can, if each wishes, subject the others to severe economic hardship, including low productivity and slow economic growth resulting from continually spiraling, mutually neutralizing military costs.

Impelled by a philosophy of government that chooses to ignore the ties between wasteful military spending and a constant high rate of inflation—both of which over a long period of time are incompatible with the continuation of a democracy—that is the course the United States is now following; and while other nations prosper, it has become ever more closely bound to the Soviet Union, and to inflation, as partners on the road to ruin.

HARPER'S OCTOBER 1980



Some kind words for money, fame, and power

by Joseph Epstein

AMBITION IS ONE of those Rorschach words: define it and you instantly reveal a great deal about yourself. Even that most neutral of works, Webster's, in its Seventh New Collegiate Edition, gives itself away, defining ambition first and foremost as "an ardent desire for rank, fame, or power," Ardent immediately assumes a heat incommensurate with good sense and stability, and rank, fame, and power have come under fairly heavy attack for at least a century. One can, after all, be ambitious for the public good, for the alleviation of suffering, for the enlightenment of mankind, though there are some who say that these are precisely the ambitious people most to be distrusted.

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Surely ambition is behind dreams of glory, of wealth, of love, of distinction, of accomplishment, of pleasure, of goodness. What life does with our dreams and expectations cannot, of course, be predicted. Some dreams, begun in selflessness, end in rancor; other dreams, begun in selflessness, end in large-heartedness. The unpredictability of the outcome of dreams is no reason to cease dreaming.

To be sure, ambition, the sheer thing unalloyed by some larger purpose than merely clambering up, is never a pretty prospect to ponder. The single-mindedly ambitious is an old human type—"Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition," wrote Shakespeare in *Henry VIII*. "By that sinne fell the Angles"—and scarcely a type that has gone out of style, or soon figures to. As drunks have done to alcohol.

the single-minded have done to ambition—given it a bad name. Like a taste for alcohol, too, ambition does not always allow for easy satiation. Some people cannot handle it; it has brought grief to others, and not merely the ambitious alone. Still, none of this seems sufficient cause for driving ambition under the counter, in an undeclared Volstead Act.

By this I do not mean to say that ambition has gone or been driven out of style. It hasn't. Or at least not completely. In our day many people, goaded by ambition, go in for self-improvement programs of one kind or another: speed reading, assertiveness training, the study of books calling for looking out for number one and other forms of aggressiveness. But such activities have always seemed déclassé, and the sort of person who goes to est today thirty or forty years ago might have enrolled in a Dale Carnegie course. In most respects, it appears that the more educated a person is, the more hopeless life seems to him. This being so, ambition, to the educated class, has come to seem pointless at best, vicious at worst. Ambition connotes a certain Rotarian optimism, a thing unseemly, in very poor taste, rather like a raging sexual appetite in someone quite elderly. None of this, of course, has stopped the educated classes from attempting to get their own out of the world-lots of the best of everything, as a famous epicure once put it-which they continue to do very effectively. To renunciation is thus added more than a piquant touch of hypocrisy.

If the above assertions seem overstated, consider what seems to me the unarguableness of the following assertions. If one feels the stirrings of ambition, it is on the whole best to keep them hidden. To say of a young man or woman that he or she is ambitious is no longer, as it once was, a clear compliment. Rather the reverse. A person called ambitious is likely to arouse anxiety, for in our day anyone so called is thought to be threatening, possibly a trifle neurotic. Energy is still valued, so too is competence, but ambition is in bad repute. And perhaps nowhere more than in America.

Ambition on the run

HE DEGRADATION of ambition is not an exclusively American phenomenon. But a case can be made that it has hit America particularly hard. For years America has represented Europe's idea of the coarseness of which ambition, cut loose from the moorings of tradition, is capable. All that American en-

ergy, placed exclusively in the service of getting on, getting in, getting ahead-of sheer getting-was viewed as crass in the extreme in the nineteenth century and scarcely less so in the twentieth. Americans themselves soon enough picked up on this view, and our own writers have provided ever-fresh mintings of the type of the American upstart: Daisy Millers, Silas Laphams, Carrie Meebers, George Babbitts, Jay Gatsbys, Flem Snopeses, Sammy Glicks. The pusher, the hustler, the self-starter. these became if not the essential then the dominant American type in the eves of the world -and in all the type's true ignominy. How widespread the type has really been, and continues to be now, is difficult to know. Referring to his own character, Sammy Glick, the novelist Budd Schulberg has written: "But the Sammy-drive is still to be found everywhere in America, in every field of endeavor and among every racial group. It will survive as long as money and prestige and power are ends in themselves, wild, unharnessed from usefulness.'

Well, money and prestige and power have always and everywhere been viewed as ends in themselves as well as means to quite useful ends-and, it ought but does not quite go without saying, not in America alone. Consider Dickens's Uriah Heep, Balzac's Monsieur Grandet, the first the rankest opportunist, the second the most tireless miser, one pure English, the other pure French, yet neither is made to stand in as a representative Englishman or Frenchman—the correct assumption being that any complex society throws up such types. But the American hustler-pusher-self-starter is taken not to be universal but representative of a national type: a fish indigenous to American waters, a distinctly American species.

Not Balzac nor Stendhal nor Dickens, three great writers in whose novels ambition often has a place very near the center, needed to pretend for a moment that the societies of their day were clean and well-lighted places. But this did not disqualify their heroes' ambitions, at least not necessarily; in some ways it even ennobled them. For these writers life was life, and ambition, toward good and bad ends, was part of it. As André Maurois, one of Balzac's biographers, put it: "Balzac does not judge but merely notes. To change the form of society is only to change the people in power; the species are changeless; there will still be workers, bureaucrats and rascals in carriages -another lot, that is all."

One must be wary of ambition, one's own and the next fellow's, especially where it contends against things of the spirit, yet today most people have gone well beyond wariness into a crippling ambivalence. This has immeasurably complicated the place of ambition in contemporary America. Ought ambition, for example, to be something one encourages in one's children, or for that matter in oneself? Ought one to look terrifiedly or admiringly upon the ambitious man or woman? Is he or she intrinsically the enemy or instead a savior of sorts, supplying the motor power that keeps the furnace humming? Because such fundamental questions continue to receive confused and contradictory answers, because the worth of something so fundamental as ambition has been cast in foggiest doubt, people live with confusion and contradictions running up the center of their lives, in a state of perturbation, distraction, and fretfulness,

While Americans as a nation are in fact rich, we feel ourselves to be, somehow, poor. While we have in recent years shown ourselves capable of surmounting bulky problems-pollution for one, extravagant population growth for another-vet we continue to feel ourselves impotent and hopeless. All this suggests a people that has lost its way, its energy, its dreams -in a word, its ambition. Ambition represents the spirit of futurity. Ambition, the fuel of achievement, drives one's thoughts into the future. To be ambitious is to be future-minded. But we do not seem to live in a very futureminded epoch. "Not even the future," said Paul Valéry, "is what it used to be"-a remark that applies aptly to us. Whether the loss of belief in ambition has caused this loss of confidence in the future, or the opposite, is difficult to say. But that the two are connected

is not arguable. It seems unarguable, too, that ambition in the United States today is losing—if it has not already lost-its justification in the common culture. History has known periods of greater and lesser human energy; and those periods of greater energy have been periods when ambition was a passion in good standing. In The Century of Louis XIV. Voltaire remarks on the four most admired historical epochs: Periclean Athens, Augustan Rome, Italy under the Medici, and France under Louis XIV. Since Voltaire's day one might wish to add to the list the United States of presidents Washington through Jefferson and England under Queen Victoria. But what all these periods have in common is their lack of equivocal feeling about ambition. Not that ambition in any of these periods failed to produce its usual perversities, from the Athenian Alcibiades to the American Aaron Burr. But whatever its excesses, ambition has at all times been the passion that best releases the energies that make civilization possible.

—that has been said—about ambition? Here is a (surely) partial list:

To begin with, it, ambition, is often antisocial, and indeed is now outmoded, belonging to an age when individualism was more valued and useful than it is today. The person strongly imbued with ambition ignores the collectivity; socially detached, he is on his own and out for his own. Individuality and ambition are firmly linked. The ambitious individual, far from identifying himself and his fortunes with the group, wishes to rise above it. The ambitious man or woman sees the world as a battle: rivalrousness is his or her principal emotion: the world has limited prizes to offer, and he or she is determined to get his or hers. Ambition is, moreover, jesuitical; it can argue those possessed by it into believing that what they want for themselves is good for everyone -that the satisfaction of their own desires is best for the commonweal. At bottom the truly ambitious believe that it is a dog-eat-dog world, and they are distinguished by wanting to be the dogs that do the eating.

But the ambitious pay a steep price, it is felt, for harboring their antisocial and outmoded view of the world. To be ambitious is, by definition, to be driven. Balzac, in his novel Lost Illusions, speaks of a character who, having ambition roused in him, has been "imprudently doomed . . . to great suffering." In the same novel he speaks about another character, "a saintly creature," who "little knew that when ambition comes it puts an end to natural feeling." To be ambitious is not thus only to be driven but to be a bit inhuman into the bargain. The great men and women in history have always been able to flout the small but crucially important human emotions. Great figures may even despise mankind a little.

Ambition, it has been further if not argued at least implied, is inherently tragic in its consequences. If the ambitious, in their varying ways, strive after human grandeur, such striving does not come cheaply. In the Antigone, Sophocles wrote: "That greatness never/Shall touch the life of man without destruction." What is, or can be, inherently tragic about ambition is that it is often insatiable. Ambition, deep-down ambition, can finally know no satisfaction. Ambition works on a person, eats away at him, grinds him down. So, at any rate, it is said.

Ambition is also, in the ordinary way of the world, it is argued, likely to corrupt those touched by it. Antisocial in its impulse, gnawing in its emotional effects, ambition let loose works its way into, and figures ultimately to rot, character, Macbeth, Lear's two disloyal daughters, Mark Antony, Coriolanus-it sometimes seems as if Shakespeare's plays are scarcely about anything other than corruption by way of ambition. Once a man is roused by ambition, the standard argument has it, his conscience goes into retreat. To be ambitious is to be, if not outside the bounds of morality, then to feel less constrained by those bounds. Absolute power corrupts absolutely, said Lord Acton in a famous mot, but merely a touch of ambition can achieve the same end.

From here it is but a short hop to believe that those who have achieved the common goals of ambition-money, fame, power-have achieved them through corruption of a greater or lesser degree, mostly a greater. Thus all politicians in high places, thought to be ambitious, are understood to be, ipso facto, without moral scruples. How could they have such scruples-a weighty burden in a high climband still have risen as they have?

Behind ambition-and none too far behind -are commonly understood to lie vanity. greed, the will to power. Ambition, when given free rein, is certain to bring out the worst in people. The greatest victims of ambition, however, are those who achieve their goals, (Whom the gods would make mad, they first allow their dreams to come true . . . and so forth.) But of course those who do achieve the goals of their ambition are not the only victims of ambition. The field is liberally strewn with other casualties. Those, to name one category, whose lives have been poisoned by feverish but ill-defined ambition; those, to name another, who have felt the endless discouragement of living without the distinction they crave; and those, to name a third, paralyzed by fear of entering the battle to begin with.

What is the worst that can be said about ambition? In sum, that it is antisocial; that it is insatiable; that it is corrupting; that it leaves only victims, rendering men mad (like Macbeth) or insensately vulgar (like Sammy Glick) or pathetically broken (like Arthur Miller's Willy Loman). Of great men of ambition, Hegel, in his Lectures on The Philosophy of History, said: "Their whole life is labor and trouble.... They die early, like Alexander; they are murdered, like Caesar, transported to St. Helena, like Napoleon." Theodore Dreiser spoke about "the virus of success," but the virus starts earlier-it enters the bloodstream with ambition. The ambitious view of life is

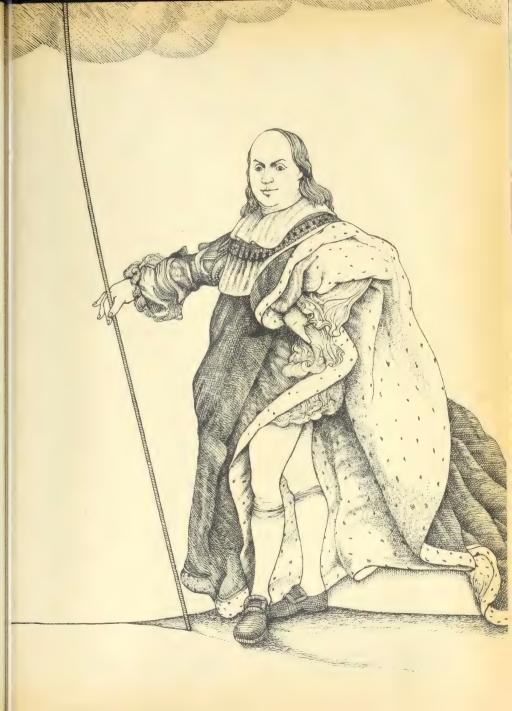
forbidding and unforgiving. Its price is too high. It is inhuman in its demands; it is inhumane in its toll. If life is to be lived differently, if life is to be more spiritual, more tender minded and large hearted, ambition, clearly, must go, Or so it is said.

The worst that can be said about ambition is what frequently is said about ambition. How did this come about? How did "the tradition of ambition," once so firm and strong, become so wobbly and weak? Ambition itself is an ideal, something passed on from generation to generation, a quality that, like love or truthfulness or courage, it was once felt ought to be inculcated in the young. Ambition is an ideal to which one must aspire. But if ambition is to endure as an ideal, it must command wide respect. Ample is the evidence that this respect has begun to wear away. Luigi Barzini, in his memoir O, America!, a book in the long tradition of foreign commentators on the American scene, wrote about the United States he found when he first visited this country in the 1920s:

Opportunity in America went hand in hand with a crippling personal burden-"the individual moral duty not to waste one hour [of life, to] achieve success and make money, build and produce more and more, and at the same time, persistently improve the world, untiringly trying to teach all men how to live, work, produce, consume and rule themselves the American way!" The irony is that I still believe the world would be a better place if some of the American ideals of my youth had prevailed everywhere, and first of all, in the United States itself.

Lost illusions

F AMBITION is to be well regarded, the rewards of ambition-wealth, distinction, control over one's destiny-must be deemed worthy of the sacrifices made on ambition's behalf. If the tradition of ambition is to have vitality, it must be widely shared; and it especially must be esteemed by people who are themselves admired, the educated not least among them. The educated not least because, nowadays more than ever before, it is they who have usurped the platforms of public discussion and wield the power of the spoken and written word in newspapers, in magazines, on television. In an odd way, it is the educated who have claimed to have given up on ambition as an ideal. What is odd is that they have perhaps most benefited from ambition-



if not always their own then that of their parents and grandparents. There is a heavy note of hypocrisy in this; a case of closing the barn door after the horses have escaped—with the educated themselves astride them.

Take, as an example, The Culture of Narcissism, by Christopher Lasch, the work of a professor of history about, in his phrase, "the dotage of bourgeois society." Professor Lasch's book has a strongly anticapitalist bias. His is a book of the kind that tells Americans what swine they are, how corrupt their society is, how empty their lives are-and which becomes, despite this or perhaps because of it, a best-seller. The commercial fate of The Culture of Narcissism is not the fault of the author; still, as a social scientist might say, it is an interesting datum. Capitalism, like the gods, apparently enjoys a good joke, and one of its recurring recent jokes is that of richly rewarding its most furious detractors.

One of Professor Lasch's chapters is entitled "Changing Modes of Making It: From Horatio Alger to the Happy Hooker." Professor Lasch means that Happy Hooker quite literally. The only way one achieves success in America today, in his estimation, is by prostituting oneself. "In the seventies . . . ," he wrote toward the decade's end, "it appears that the prostitute, not the salesman, best exemplifies the qualities indispensable to success in American society." Achievement, according to him, is finished. Instead publicity is the great desideratum:

Today men seek the kind of approval that applauds not their actions but their personal attributes. They wish to be not so much esteemed as admired. They crave not fame but the glamor and excitement of celebrity. They want to be envied rather than respected. Pride and acquisitiveness, the sins of an ascendant capitalism, have given way to vanity.

The world Professor Lasch describes is one of automatons-zombies, really-scrambling for empty prizes, scheming to get ahead, falsifying friendliness to hide "a murderous competition for goods and position." It is we of whom he speaks. How does Professor Lasch come to these views? By quoting from likeminded authors-sociologists and novelists (Joseph Heller among the latter) whose works have the same animus toward their subject as his does in the writing of history, and thus does the literature feed off itself-and by applying social clichés-"the shifting emphasis from capitalist production to consumption"to arrive at preordained conclusions. What Professor Lasch concludes is that "the dotage of bourgeois society," the twilight of capitalism, is a nightmare prophesied in the writings of the Marquis de Sade. He writes:

In the resulting state of organized anarchy (such as we now live in), as Sade was the first to realize, pleasure becomes life's only business—pleasure, however, that is indistinguishable from rape, murder, unbridled aggression. In a society that has reduced reason to mere calculation. reason can impose no limits on the pursuit of pleasure—on the immediate gratification of every desire no matter how perverse, insane, criminal, or merely immoral.

What is of interest in a book like *The Culture of Narcissism* is not its exaggerated formulations. its twisted evidence, its overheated conclusions, but how readily it is accepted by large segments of the very people it so crudely caricatures. "American Life in an Age of Diminishing Expectations" is Professor Lasch's subtitle, and his own book—which, if taken seriously, will aid in further diminishing expectations—is part of a growing literature that speaks to exhaustion, helplessness, and self-hatred.

Some writers come at things in even larger spurts of despair than Professor Lasch, sounding the full high note of Spenglerian gloom. Here it is, played in a 1979 version, by I. Robert Sinai, another professor:

The continued pursuit of economic growth by the "advanced" nations is producing a whole series of crises which threaten to tear them apart. Impelled by the boundless ambitions of the technocrats, driven forward by the apparently irresistible momentum which the existing institutionspolitical, economic, and technological-set up toward further economic and technological development, intoxicated by the ideals of economic growth and consumerism, caught in a frenzy of self-seeking and greed, the new industrial revolution is beginning to fissure the physical environment and to produce complex changes of ecological disruption. Industrial pollutants are spreading over the land, sea, and air. Clamour, dust, fumes, congestion, and visual destruction are the predominant features in all our built-up areas. The population explosion is making our overgrown cities uninhabitable, and the mounting frustrations of urban life manifest themselves in such symptoms as a seemingly chronic restlessness and discontent, the break-up of families, the growth of drug addiction, obscenity, freak cults and violent forms of protest, self-assertion and defiance. The palpable mass of uniform life, the insect-immensity of the city or beach crowd, induces destructive spasms, a blind need to lunge out and make room. Man becomes a bewildered spectator to what goes on about him, the

consumer an uprooted, free-floating, volatile and manipulated creature, the psyche is choked and smothered, and the civilization produced by this galloping economy becomes unstable and filled with the most explosive tensions.

Professors Lasch and Sinai disagree on the causes of our downfall. Insofar as they believe in unitary causes, Lasch holds capitalism to be the villain, while Sinai blames a misfit democracy out of which has arisen a technocratic elite "infected with the values of the mass." But Lasch and Sinai are agreed in their general conclusions—and what they conclude, generally, is that the game is nearly up.

The-world-is-rapidly-coming-to-an-end passages, like that of Professor Sinai, reveals nothing so much as a collective pessimism and

draining of confidence.

OW DID THE confidence of former days drain away? One can find reasons aplenty. A diminution of what were once thought endless natural resources. A loss of belief in national destiny—and with it foreign and military adventure. An almost systematic disqualification of types of the man of action -soldiers, businessmen, politicians—leaving the young free to admire only such relatively trivial types as entertainers and athletes, and an occasional artist. An attack on the ambitious person as a hollow type, everywhere depicted as a man or woman whose every step was thought to be regulated by considerations of personal advantage. An attack, coming from a somewhat different angle, on excellence itself, as exemplified by the contemporary standing of a word such as elitism-which has become something of a buzz word, a pejorative meant to equate, for those who use it pejoratively, the desire for excellence with social snobbery and political malevolence. A thinning out of the traditions that once made a life of action, fired by ambition, reaching for success, a perfectly honorable life. Nietzsche says somewhere that there is no action without illusion, which may or may not be true. But currently great numbers, confronted by the possibility of action, see only the prospect of illusion-and refrain.

Is ours, quite simply, not an age of ambition? Is the drama, the dream, of ambition played out, so that it can no longer animate souls, driving the best to their greatest exertions, the middling to do well, even the dull

to rouse themselves? The dream of ambition seems most evidently played out when one finds fourth- and fifth-rate people-gossip columnists, false aristocrats, show-business figures, corporation dopes-who have everywhere risen to the top. Not that this phenomenon of the dull in the ascendant is altogether a new one, either. Henry James, in an essay on Turgeney, wrote: "Evil is insolent and strong; beauty enchanting but rare; goodness very apt to be weak; folly very apt to be defiant; wickedness to carry the day; imbeciles to be in great places, people of sense in small, and mankind generally, unhappy." Very well said, of course, but when Henry James wrote this, in England, to mention but one country, Gladstone and Disraeli were still alive, so were Darwin and John Stuart Mill, George Eliot and Matthew Arnold.

Isolated great figures can arise in any era and under almost any conditions. But some eras, certain conditions, are more conducive to the development of strong character than others. If it has any logic, human destiny, at its simplest level, is a compound of the qualities of an individual and of the spirit of the community in which that individual lives. "The community stagnates without the impulse of the individual. The impulse dies away without the sympathy of the community." So William James wrote in his essay "Great Men and Their Environment," making the point that "social evolution is a resultant of the interaction of two wholly distinct factors-the individual, deriving his peculiar gifts from the play of physiological and infrasocial forces, but bearing all the power of initiative and origination in his hands; and, second, the social environment, with its power of adopting or rejecting both him and his gifts." Possibly genius can flourish without the sympathy of the community, but men and women who are not geniuses yet aspire to do their utmost can grow dispirited, depressed, demoralized without the "sympathy of the community."

Justice Holmes, a man of wider and deeper culture than any figure prominent in the national public life today, the least neurotic and most clear-minded of men, once wrote: "Life is action and passion; therefore it is required of a man that he should share the action and passion of his time at the peril of being judged not to have lived." What makes the judgment Holmes refers to devastating is that in the final analysis it is a self-judgment. Implicit in it is a question every person must ask of himself: Have I used all my faculties to the limit, have I lived to the fullest of my capacities? The contemporary problem is to decipher what, truly, is the action and passion

of a time when both action and passion have been so often discredited.

Has ambition come to take on the character of the situation that in current psychology is termed "the double bind"? The classic example of the double bind is, "I command you to disobey me." Obey and one is not following the command; disobey and one is in fact following the command—and hence obeying, and thus not disobeying, and so forth. Can the double bind of thinking about ambition be formulated as "Succeed at all costs but refrain from being ambitious"? Or is there no bind on the subject at all, either single or double, but merely expressed opinion belying behavior, another word for which is hypocrisy?

Certainly people do not seem less interested in success and its accoutrements now than formerly. Summer homes, European travel, BMWs—the locations, place names, and name brands may change but such items do not seem less in demand today than a decade or two ago. What has happened is that people cannot own up to their interest in success. cannot reveal their dreams, as easily and openly as once they could, lest they be thought pushing, acquisitive, vulgar, Instead we are treated to fine pharisaical spectacles, which now more than ever seem in ample supply: the revolutionary lawyer quartered in the \$250,000 Manhattan condominium, the critic of American materialism with a Southhampton summer home, the publisher of radical books who takes his meals in three-star restaurants, the journalist advocating participatory democracy in all phases of life, whose own children are enrolled in private schools. For such people and many more perhaps not so egregious, the proper formulation is, "Succeed at all costs but refrain from appearing ambitious.'

But many people do truly feel a bind of sorts. They want to succeed, desire what success brings, are hungry for achievement, but do not want to seem, even to themselves, ambitious. The bind chafes; they feel themselves split apart. They fear accusations-even selfaccusations. They dislike thinking themselves ambitious; ambition implies to them an unappealing middle-classness, which is unpleasant for them to contemplate. They may already have discipline, be instinctive planners, be security-minded, live for the future, thrive on work-all middle-class virtues, these-never mind, deep down, they do not feel these qualities properly expressive of their true qualities, or so they prefer to think. They even, many of them, have grave doubts about their accomplishments. Such success as these have brought they sometimes view as aligning them

with the haves, the oppressors, the executioners of the world. This makes them often squirm with guilt; it sometimes drives them into therapy. But, be it noted, it scarcely ever pushes them into living less well.

V. S. Naipaul has the narrator of his novel, A Bend in the River, remark about a group of well-set-up people listening to a recording of Joan Baez: "You couldn't listen to sweet songs about injustice unless you expected justice and received it much of the time. You couldn't sing songs about the end of the world unless . . . you felt that the world was going on and you were safe in it." So frequently it is with people who worry about their success. who are concerned about being thought too ambitious-such worry and concern are among the luxuries afforded those who have nearly everything else. The fear of coping with success, it might be said, is the mental equivalent of listening to a Joan Baez song; it makes one feel better about one's situation without actually doing anything about it.

Menacing greed, spiritual vulgarity, untrammeled corruption have never been in short supply in the world, but these cannot be made the exclusive property of ambition. Having ambition is no guarantee of good character or bad. Ambition repels when it is in too great a disproportion to ability; or when it is unrestrained, or heedless of contending claims. Ambition is sad when it is out of all proportion to gifts: when a man or woman tormented by the need to rule an empire hasn't the competence to run a good shoe store. "This disparity between aspiration and equipment," H. L. Mencken noted, "runs through the whole of American life; material prosperity and popular education have made it a sort of national disease." But neither can the blame for this be laid to ambition. If people are to feel comfort in deserved success, if they are to retain the energy that ambition can give-and, as Dreiser writes in Sister Carrie, "there is nothing so inspiring in life as the sight of a legitimate ambition, no matter how incipient"then a clearer view is needed about what ambition is and what it entails.

The price of success

HAT DOES ambition entail? In his

book On Happiness, the French philosopher Alain remarks that "Everyone has what he wants." Alain thought that ambition was in large part a matter of taste, and it is not altogether clear whether it was to his, but he

did have a serious respect for it. "Society," he wrote, "gives nothing to the man who asks for nothing, I mean, firmly and persistently; and that is not a bad thing, for education and aptitude are not the only things that count." Alain thought that in such matters realism was of the greatest necessity. "The point," he wrote, "is that if you take it upon yourself to tell unpleasant truths to a man who is in a position to open doors for you, do not say that you wanted to pass through them; you dreamed that you were passing through them, as we sometimes dream that we are a bird."

Alain was absolutely in earnest when he wrote that "everyone has what he wants." He is in interesting company, for Goethe, in the epigraph to his autobiography, cites the proverb that runs, "Whatever we desire when we are young we have in abundance when we are old." What Alain felt was that—apart from the odd accident, the arbitrary infliction of disease—each of us determines his own destiny. "Many people complain about not having this or that; but the reason is that they did not really want it." Alain felt that the world did not, in the matter of ambition, offer much in the way of equilibrium.

People who have made their fortune have done so by striving to dominate something. But the man who would like a nice little business where he could be happy in a nice friendly atmosphere, where he could induge his preferences and fancies, where he could be easygoing and even generous—such a man evaporates, like rain on a hot pavement.

Alain was no booster, no Dale Carnegie got up in pellucid French prose; he was, among other things, the teacher of Simone Weil and the winner, in 1951, of the first Grand Prix National de Littérature. But this highly cerebral and learned man believed that, above all, one must be truthful with oneself about one's own motives, especially if one is to survive in the world. "It takes rigor, and it takes courage," he held, to will one's way to what one wants; and, in a crucial distinction, Alain added, "To hope is not to will." Will is of the utmost importance for Alain. "The colonel who retires on a farm in the country would have liked to have become a general; but if I could examine his life, I would find some little thing that he neglected to do, that he did not want to do. I could prove to him that he did not want to become a general."

In mentioning his hypothetic colonel—and this is all that is said about him—Alain did not mean that he could find some secret or psychically hidden motive for the colonel's inability to rise in rank. What he meant is that

the colonel, assuming he had the ability to rise to general, had not the will to do so. A more perfect obedience, a muting of his critical sense, a greater attention to the social side of military life, any of an ample assortment of lapses of this kind could have cost our colonel his promotion. He may have lost it through a deliberate and quite moral decision to speak his mind about a policy with which he disagreed. He may have chosen not to leave an alcoholic wife; or he may have chosen to leave a quite respectable wife for a younger woman. But be it moral or tactical or personal, there was, Alain implies, something the colonel did not do because he would not, could not, do it.

So it seems to be with other careers. Wish to be a great poet? Assuming one has the ability, it may nonetheless mean having to give up the pleasures of family life. Wish to become a millionaire? It may mean having to cease thinking about spending money and concentrate completely on earning it. Wish to live in an atmosphere of unstinting cultivation and refinement? It may mean falling out of touch with contemporary life, or shutting oneself off from caring about the world's injustices, or even doing work of a repulsive kind that will bring in enough money to make such a life possible. Alain's larger point is that, assuming we stand ready to pay the price, we all get what we want.

The rub is, of course, the price. Why not be a great poet with a happy family? Why not a great poet with a happy family who, through recognition of his wondrous gifts, becomes a wealthy man? Why not a great poet, etc., etc., who is also a fine athlete and an operatic-class baritone? Glory, greatness, riches, love-who doesn't want them all? But acquiring the one often precludes acquiring one or more of the others. This is mere wanting, hoping, fantasizing. For one thing, talents are not so lavishly distributed. The acquisition of one sort of ability often makes that of another unlikely, if not impossible; imaginative sympathy, a strength in an artist or historian, can cripple a man of action. Even the extravagantly gifted often find themselves weighted down by countervailing forces: indolence, a violent temper, a guickness to grow bored. To take the gifts one does have, to concentrate one's strength upon their development, to disallow distractions, and thus to win through-none of these is an easy task.

What among other things makes them difficult is that so often those things that people do best interest them least. On this point Amiel, the nineteenth-century diarist, wrote: "Everyone sets his heart on what he aspires to, and aspires instinctively to what he lacks, This is an unconscious protest against the incompleteness of every nature." Yet even if one does wish to develop such gifts as he has, obstacles everywhere arise, in the form of personal temperament, moral scruples, insufficient firmness of will. But there is another, really quite staggering problem, and this is that most people do not truly know what they want from life. "I wish," a Long Island housewife in a recent novel says, "to die thin." To few among us is such clarity of purpose given.

When a person asks himself what he wants out of life, he is asking a question that cuts to his soul. To answer it with candor and precision and realism about one's own limitations requires self-knowledge of the highest kind. Napoleon may have known what he wanted out of life: Gandhi most certainly knew, but at those lower reaches where most people abide, knowledge about what one wants, truly wants, becomes more complicated. Knowledge about the extent of a person's ambition is not knowledge of a theoretical kind. It comes only from experience. A set of bleeding ulcers may tell a man he has gone as far as he can, and not push things further. A decision that one cannot bring oneself to make even though it favors one's own career, may, similarly, tell a man that he has come to the end of the line. Yet things can work as readily the other way round. A person can discover that he hasn't the strength to back up the things he truly believes in. Or he can learn that nothing gives quite the same pleasure as mastery over his work, or that he thrives under pressure, or thrills at the prospect of competition. Ambition can be almost systematically encouraged or discouraged, but it is only out in the world where it is tested and its true strength revealed.

Michael Korda's friends

OES HUMAN nature change? This is one of the great and continuing questions—great because if the answer to it were known so much else about the human condition would be knowable, and continuing because the answer to it cannot, ever, be known with certainty. But conditions do change, and changed conditions do change views, and changed views result in changed behavior. "If human nature does alter," E. M. Forster wrote, "it will be because individuals manage to look at themselves in a new way."

A new way in which many people have begun to look at themselves has to do with work. More specifically, a distinction, fairly recent, can now be made between those who live for work and those who work to live. For the former, work is central to their lives; their work defines them not only to the world but, more important, to themselves; life and work for them are nearly coterminous, and to them not to be able to work would be a crushing deprivation. For the latter, work is at best an unavoidable necessity; life is most intensely, most gloriously vivid not on but outside the job; work is more or less an intrusion upon life, dampening, irritating, alienating. One cannot know with any certainty whether a greater number of people live for work or work to live. But among the young-people still under, say, thirty-five-it seems as if greater and greater numbers fall into the latter category. Whatever work might be offered them, they would, frankly, rather be in Aspen, or eating crêpes in San Francisco.

The world has never known a short supply of stupid and odious jobs; nor of cruel work: stoking furnaces, going down into mines, fourteen-hour days in sweatshops. Much of this has been eliminated; much has ameliorated. But though the worst work has fallen to the lot of the working classes, the most strident complaints about work have come from the educated classes. Work, the argument runs, has deteriorated to the point of choking the spirit. "Most work," as one writer on the subject puts it, "is unrewarding, unfulfilling, meaningless . . . one would not perform it if one could get out of it . . . insofar as one is absorbed too deeply in it, it destroys the body and soul."

Some who hold these views believe that the problem with work set in with the advent of industrial capitalism; others who hold them argue that work, dreary and dreadful though it currently is, can be made more creative and enticing; others still imagine utopian schemes in which necessarily unpleasant work is shared on a rotating basis, thus allowing everyone to be able to develop to his or her highest potential. Yet, when all this is set aside, doesn't the proposition obtrude that much of the world's work is not pleasant, some of it is furiously boring, and has always been sothough perhaps much more in the past than now-and probably always shall be so? Although as recently as a generation ago people did take pride and put craft in less than glamorous jobs (butchering, say, or auto mechanics), the reasons for working well even at jobs performed under harsh conditions seemed more compelling then than now. Some of these reasons were: survival, one's own mobility, one's children's future, self-respect.



There also seemed less room to turn around in; one chose a job and stuck with it. A family lived in one city, one neighborhood even, for generations. The options, as people nowadays say, were less. On this point, the late Lionel Trilling remarked:

I think that we must take into account the kind and amount of gratuitousness that has come into contemporary life for all sorts of reasons. That is, our choices are freer now than they ought to be. The control of our lives by necessity is less than it formerly was. We are put under a diminishing pressure of what we can call duty, we are put under a diminishing pressure of what we call necessity. Not that these things have gone from us, but the confrontation of danger, the confrontation of death, the confrontation of suffering, this we do not have to make as frequently as people formerly did. We're pretty sure we're going to be fed, we're pretty sure that we will not die at one of those early ages that people used to die at.

None of which is to say that many men and women do not find pleasure in their work, and intrinsic pleasure in the work itself, not alone in its extrinsic rewards. People do, and doubtless will continue to. Many leave more lucrative jobs for work they hope will prove more satisfying. But these people are more often than not in search of fulfillment-that is, of contentment. Contentment and ambition are often very different things. However hard or even degrading certain jobs were thought to be, years ago it was precisely ambition that was to pull one up; and if a person was not ambitious for himself, he was ambitious for his children. ("I am the daughter of a dining car waiter," Secretary of Health and Welfare Patricia Harris once told a Senate committee, her rise marking a tribute to her father fully as much as to herself.) Now, though, one can attack the character of work itself. Ambition at least left open the possibility of individual effort, of climbing up and out, which is precisely what so many people did. But to attack work itself is to perceive reality very differently indeed. "If men define situations as real," wrote W. I. Thomas, "they are real in their consequences.'

UCH EVIDENCE exists of people acting on the assumption that work is drudgery and worse by dropping out. In the late 1960s and early 1970s there was the com-

mune movement, now all but dead. Over the same period there were, on the part of the young, many instances of deliberate downward mobility, in which the sons and daughters of the upper-middle classes took up careers as artisans and craftsmen, as if in protest of the ideal of perpetual mobility. More recently, it is said that something like 40 percent of the unemployed in the United States choose not to work. These people live off one kind of hustle or another: food stamps, unemployment payments, welfare programs. How many among them are well schooled is not known. but the percentage may not be insignificant. Their complaint is grounded in psychology. They do not find work, as they say, "meaningful." They have, as a result, laid themselves off. These are people who have taken seriously all the talk about the "rat race," the "overstructuring" of work, vapidities about the "system," and other clichés. The consequences are sad waste, chiefly of their own lives.

Yet perhaps nothing is better calculated to drive people to drop out than the current advocates of the rewards of work, the success merchandisers of the day. Chesterton once said that people who write books about success cannot even succeed at writing books, but that does not mean that their books, however ill made, are not often very profitable. The most recent batch of such books preach an unapologetic selfishness that is rather a new element in the history of this degraded literature.

Take, for example, the work of Michael Korda, author of Power! How to Get It, How to Use It, and Success! How Every Man and Woman Can Achieve It. Mr. Korda is no tub-thumping fundamentalist, no Rotarian enthusiast, no snake oil salesman, but a New York publisher's editor, English born, Oxford educated, a spokesman for the rights of women (he is also the author of a book entitled Male Chauvinism! How It Works!). Korda's books-and particularly his book Success!—are especially interesting in representing the view not of the yokel but of what passes for the sophisticate: the man with bespoke clothes, elaborate oneupmanship tactics, the connoisseur of contemporary status symbols.

What Michael Korda is saying is that success is much to be preferred over failure, that the pleasures success brings are not to be sniggered at, that striving for success is a superior game—"the ultimate turn-on," he calls it. Success! is a how-to book written for people who have not succeeded, and probably are not likely to. Its author has succeeded, modestly

in the publishing business, rather more substantially with his how-to books, but that does not mean that he, Michael Korda, is cynical or even disingenuous. The successful men he describes he seems truly to admire; they almost look out from the upper stories of Manhattan skyscrapers, their well-shod feet on desks of good wood; or are being trundled about in the warm dark of limousines (while others, the rabble, await buses in the rain); or taking savory yet unfattening meals in the most expensive restaurants. Korda seems genuinely dazzled by this world.

But what sort of world is it, this world of the successful that Michael Korda bids his readers to? It is, to begin with, a world of scathing insecurity, in which everyone assumes that the other fellow is trying to do him in-and everyone is probably correct. People manipulate each other and all situations; the great thing is to keep everybody else off balance. The greatest enemies are those in your own company. Work itself seems secondary, even tertiary, to wielding, and at the same time keeping an eye out for, the long knives. The biggest fool in the world Korda describes, is he who merely does his work supremely well, without attending to appearances.

Appearances, in Korda's world, are nearly everything. He provides diagrams on how to sit at a meeting, how a suit coat ought to fit over the back and shoulders, how to use glasses and cigarettes for rhetorical flourish, ("If you don't smoke and don't wear glasses, my suggestion would be to buy a pair of glasses and have clear lenses put into them.") Telephones, their kind and number and color, are a limitlessly useful weapon in the struggle for success: "The more people you yourself can put and keep on hold, the more successful you will seem. You can't have too many buttons." This last remark almost but not quite applies as well to the sleeve cuffs of a suit, which ought, for someone intent on succeeding, to have at least three, possibly four buttons: "Ideally, the sleeve buttons should be reali.e., you should be able to button and unbutton them-but to get this small, correct touch, you have to go to a tailor." A successful woman carries a handbag or a briefcase, but never both at once. For men, "short sleeves are out." "It pays to be thin."

But beneath the concern with appearances that take up the better part of Michael Korda's book is a world absolutely hellish. Any values or point of view one might have is so much excess luggage, the first things to be jettisoned in a crisis: "If you don't want to change jobs, but feel your success values are unsuited to

the place you work, start changing themfast." One needs, in this world, to develop expensive tastes and "the impulse towards hedonism needs to be cultivated as well"-both as goads to succeeding. And rightly so, if Korda is correct, for what else is there but costly toys and fleshly pleasures? Everyone around you is certain to be duplicitous: those above are out to suppress you, those below to cut you down. Even a wife or husband-envious of your success, or fearful of your rise -can be an enemy working against you. "The true test of success is the degree to which one can isolate oneself from others." A line of demarcation is everywhere to be drawn "between ordinary people and the successful."

Despite his own fascination with it, Michael Korda makes success seem a nightmare. Fraudulence lurks everywhere. No one is to be trusted. One's own values count for nothing; one's true point of view is best suppressed. Paranoia, in such a world, is the better part of valor—if valor itself has any place at all. And Michael Korda, recall, is a devotee of success, an advocate of ambition. Read with care, his book would be sufficient to make a Maoist out of a 4-H kid.

The age of Hamlet

HE ATTACKS on ambition are many and come from various angles; its public defenders are few and unimpressive, where they are not extremely unattractive. As a result, the support for ambition as a healthy impulse, a quality to be admired and inculcated in the young, is probably lower than it has ever been in the United States. This does not mean that ambition is at an end, that people no longer feel its stirrings and promptings, but only that, no longer openly honored, it is less often openly professed. Consequences follow from this, of course, some of which are that ambition is driven underground, or made sly, or perverse. It can also be forced into vulgarity, as witness the blatant pratings of its contemporary promoters. Such, then, is the way things stand: on the left angry critics, on the right obtuse supporters, and in the middle, as usual, the majority of earnest people trying to get on in life.

Many people are naturally distrustful of ambition, feeling that it represents something intractable in human nature. Thus John Dean entitled his book about his involvement in the Watergate affair during the Nixon administration Blind Ambition, as if ambition



were to blame for his ignoble actions, and not the constellation of qualities that make up his rather shabby character. Ambition, it must once again be underscored, is morally a two-sided street. Place next to John Dean Andrew Carnegie, who, among other philanthropic acts, bought the library of Lord Acton, at a time when Acton was in financial distress, and assigned its custodianship to Acton, who never was told who his benefactor was. Need much more be said on the subject than that, important though ambition is, there are some things that one must not sacrifice to it?

But going at things the other way, sacrificing ambition so as to guard against its potential excesses, is to go at things wrongly. To discourage ambition is to discourage dreams of grandeur and greatness. All men and women are born, live, suffer, and die; what distinguishes us one from another is our dreams, whether they be dreams about worldly or unworldly things, and what we do to make them come about. "To fulfill the dreams of one's youth," says Father Vaillant, in Willa Catheri's Death Comes for the Archbishop, "this is the best that can happen to a man."

The quality of an age's ambitions distinguishes it from other ages. An age's ambitions, similarly, mark the quality of its human energy. Sometimes great causes will loose this energy—the founding of new religions, great new movements in the arts, wars and revolutions; sometimes inventions and radical technological advances will spring this energy forward—steam power, air travel, exploration; sometimes there is a concentration of great men; and sometimes all these forces come together-as the Industrial Revolution, the quest for empire, and an efflorescence of statesmen, artists, and intellectuals did in Victorian England. Yet our own age. whose chief accomplishments are likely to be considered by history as scientific and technological, appears otherwise strangely enervated, oddly shorn of human energy. "Moderation," says La Rochefoucauld, "is languor and idleness of the soul, ambition is its activity and energy." But neither, it must be added, is ours an age noted for moderation.

The current age is beginning to seem an age of social insecurity, whose leading belief is in the inability of individuals to change the drift of things. A dash of Marxism, a touch of Freudianism, a vague groaning about something called "the system," a distrust of action, a denigration of success—such appear to constitute the chief strands of social thought of the day. None of this allows much leeway for the use of intelligence, courage, and resolution on the part of individuals. It is almost

as if we subscribed to a form of social determinism that has no name and whose causes and effects we haven't quite managed to formulate, but to which we feel ourselves helplessly hostage.

The discouragement of ambition is partly -even greatly-responsible for this feeling of helplessness. It may seem an exaggeration to say that ambition is the linchpin of society, holding many of its disparate elements together, but it is not an exaggeration by much. Remove ambition and the essential elements of society seem to fly apart. Ambition, as opposed to mere fantasizing about desires, implies work and discipline to achieve goals, personal and social, of a kind society cannot survive without. Ambition is intimately connected with family, for men and women not only work partly for their families; husbands and wives are often ambitious for each other. but harbor some of their most ardent ambitions for their children; yet to have a family nowadays-with birth control readily available, and inflation a good economic argument against having children-is nearly an expression of ambition in itself. Finally, though ambition was once the domain chiefly of monarchs and aristocrats, it has, in more recent times, increasingly become the domain of the middle classes. Ambition and futurity—a sense of building for tomorrow—are inextricable. Working, saving, planning, these, the daily aspects of ambition, have always been the distinguishing marks of a rising middle class. The attack against ambition is not incidentally an attack on the middle class and what it stands for. Like it or not, the middle class has done much of society's work in America; and it, the middle class, has from the beginning run on ambition.

Of longer standing is the argument against ambition holding that, in the long view, it is finally worthless. Recall Dr. Johnson's "The Vanity of Human Wishes," with its view that all but the most serious religious faith is vanity. Dr. Johnson is of course correct—again in the long view. But George Santayana's riposte, in a poem of his young manhood, seems closer to the mark for most of mankind, who must, after all, take the short view and live in the

world as we find it:

That all is vanity is undeniable,
But joy is no less joy for being vain
And evils to which everything is liable
Are evils of which nothing should complain.
The facts are fixed, our mood alone is
pliable
And call it dew or drizzle, rain is rain,
And by the proof that life is an inanity

We cannot change the fortunes of humanity.



It is not difficult to imagine a world shorn of ambition. It would probably be a kinder world: without demands, without abrasions, without disappointments. People would have time for reflection. Such work as they did would not be for themselves but for the collectivity. Competition would never enter in. Flutes and oboes would play. Conflict would be eliminated, tension become a thing of the past. The stress of creation would be at an end. Art would no longer be troubling, but purely celebratory in its functions. Flowers and vegetables would be grown. Children, necessary to the preservation of the species, would be raised in common. The family would become superfluous as a social unit, with all its former power for bringing about neurosis drained away. Longevity would be increased, for fewer people would die of heart attack or stroke caused by tumultuous endeavor. Anxiety would be extinct. Time would stretch on and on, with ambition long departed from the human heart.

Ah, how unrelievedly boring life would be!

LTHOUGH PEOPLE will always argue about the ends to which ambition is put, the real question posed by ambition is whether or not each of us has a true hand in shaping his own destiny. People who believe that our control over our own destinies is slight, if not nonexistent, will not think very well of ambition: it may even seem rather comical to them. For such people forces, not individual will, are what count; history, not biography, is decisive. One would be foolish not to grant historical forces their due; nor should the importance of accident be overlooked. But give forces too much due, allow too much importance to accident, and the significance of our actions becomes nil. "No," Alexander Solzhenitsyn wrote, "we must not hide behind fate's petticoats; the most important decisions in our lives, when all is said. we make for ourselves," To the extent that one believes that each of us is largely responsible for his own fate, to that extent will one believe in the importance of ambition, which, in one of its many aspects, is the expression of the desire to shape one's own fate.

Ideas have consequences, bad ideas fully as much consequence as good ones. Some people hold that we are, essentially, what we keep hidden about ourselves, our fears and secrets. Other people hold that, whatever our personal secrets and fears, we are what we do. There is often a conflict among men and women of good heart between those who believe that it is what one achieves that matters and those who believe that what one is and how one lives matters more. Some of us are Hamlets in our outlook, some Don Ouixotes. In many the two types are combined in unending battle. But at the moment, among the best educated, Hamlet's view seems to predominate. Oddly-and ironically—the loss of confidence in ambition comes at a time when the gates of opportunity have never been thrown so wide open. Until fairly recently, for example, women were discouraged from harboring large ambitions, and only truly exceptional women had a chance to make their mark. The same can be said for minority groups. Ambition has never seemed a possibility for so many. Equality of opportunity has grown greater and greater. Yet neither hope nor ambition has kept pace.

There is a strong view that holds that success is a myth, and ambition therefore a sham. Does this mean that success does not really exist? That achievement is at bottom empty? That the efforts of men and women are of no significance alongside the force of movements and events? Now not all success, obviously, is worth esteeming, nor all ambition worth cultivating. Which are and which are not is something one soon enough learns on one's own. But even the most cynical secretly admit that success exists; that achievement counts for a great deal; and that the true myth is that the actions of men and women are useless. To believe otherwise is to take on a point of view that is likely to be deranging. It is, in its implications, to remove all motive for competence, interest in attainment, and regard for posterity.

We do not choose to be born. We do not choose our parents. We do not choose our historical epoch, or the country of our birth, or the immediate circumstances of our upbringing. We do not, most of us, choose to die; nor do we choose the time or conditions of our death. But within all this realm of choicelessness, we do choose how we shall live: courageously or in cowardice, honorably or dishonorably, with purpose or in drift. We decide what is important and what is trivial in life. We decide that what makes us significant is either what we do or what we refuse to do. But no matter how indifferent the universe may be to our choices and decisions, these choices and decisions are ours to make. We decide. We choose. And as we decide and choose, so are our lives formed. In the end, forming our own destiny is what ambition is about.

THE COPPER BALLOONS

short story

by Lewis Nordan

HEN HE LEFT for work, his wife said she thought he might be running a slight fever. It didn't matter to Toby McNaughton. He t wonderful, as if something new and unmon were about to happen in his life. All way, on the drive from his mobile home Siloam Springs, down the highway that led ough the deep woods where he sometimes nted, past the brown-stubble pastures full of the men's horses, past the low-slung chickenuses and bluffs and outcroppings, into the ordy little Ozark city, right through the factry gates, Toby McNaughton felt that today is special. That he himself was special.

The security guard, a uniformed man with leather-bound clock slung from his shoulder a strap, checked his pass and waved him rough. With the others arriving on the first lift, Toby walked from the parking lot and rough the factory doors. Lockers were alady clattering and coffee was being brewed

the break room.

He spun the combination lock and opened to door and put away his jacket. He took out is cap and safety glasses and rubber boots and leather gloves. Why was it a person felt his way? He felt friendly, he spoke to everyne. Girls seemed more beautiful, the sporting-oods factory was a comfortable home. He ammed the locker shut and stood in line at the clock.

In just twelve hours he would be back home gain. The memory and sweet taste of his wife late remained with him, and the vision of heir young son, still asleep in his bed. The aise had come through—just a dime, but that vas all right. The company had agreed to Washington's Birthday as a paid holiday. It vas a fine day for Toby McNaughton.

He took his card from the rack and slipped t into the clock. Clack, it was imprinted. Sweet overtime, sweet time-and-a-half this afernoon. He checked his mailbox. The factory sounds had already begun, the whine and chump of the drill press and punch press and sanders, the soft electrical music of forklifts humming through the plant, warehouse doors opening, gliding up the trolleys and folding

open at the ceiling with a clash.

In his mailbox, he saw what he had forgotten. The thing he should have been expecting, anticipating. His correspondence course had come. The brown package, a large, padded envelope with a neat mailing sticker, lay in the box, his name and the address of the company printed neatly on it. He wanted to open it right away, tear the staples loose and reach down into the envelope and take it out immediately. He checked the clock above the business-office door and decided to wait. The factory sounds were growing louder now; he knew he had better get his own machines running. Then he would look, "Introduction to Business Finance" was the name of the course. You could never tell-it might lead to something. Toby walked to Screw Machine.

The foreman from last night's dog shift had set the machines, as usual. There was not much to do. Toby checked each breech and feeder and threader. He checked the rod troughs and safety lights, then sat on a low stool to slip into his boots and glasses. He opened the breeches and started the machines, one at a time. He listened to their groans and heaves and, finally, to the shrill efficiency as, one by one, they

reached the high rpms.

His foreman came in with a cup of coffee. Seven screw machines were running now, on automatic. It was too loud to talk. The other men, who were about Toby's age, in their twenties, were starting their machines also. The foreman indicated with his cup that he would be in the break room in case he was needed. It was the usual beginning of a day.

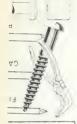
Toby fed a series of brass rods into the No. 3, 4, and 7 machines. The other men did the same on the 1, 2, 5, and 6. At the opposite end, new-made screws began piling up in the bins. The fragrance of the warm oil that cooled the machines was delicious. Brass shavings piled up on the floor like gold.



Lewis Nordan lives and writes in Arkansas.

Lewis Nordan THE COPPER BALLOONS







HIS WAS THE MOMENT of the day when Toby's job seemed most pleasant. With the machines running, he felt completely alone and private. He put oilfilled earplugs into his ears, to protect against damage, and he entered into what he thought of as a loud, familiar silence, a time in which he spoke to no one and no one spoke to him. There were others nearby, the guys on the other machines, the foreman who, throughout the day, came in and out, checking equipment. Across the aisle, on the punch press, there was the Indian girl, a teenager, who sometimes caught his eye. There were maintenance men on forklifts, and sometimes an inspector. Mostly, though, there was just himself. His communication with others required only a nod, a glance. The floor vibrated soothingly beneath his feet. The machines were running smoothly.

Toby lifted the brown envelope from a barrel of shavings and rested his safety glasses on his forehead. He sat on a stool in the corner

and opened his package.

When he drew out its contents, his eyes would not at first focus properly on the book and packet of study sheets and directions. The textbook was a wafer-thin, reddish book in a cloth binding. At the lower right corner was stamped the copper-colored imprint of three small balloons and a gondola depending from them. He opened the book at random and looked inside. He was confused. It was as if he were looking at a foreign language—he might as well have been. He closed the book and looked at the title, embossed in coppery lettering on the spine. A History of the English Language.

He was not angry, not even particularly frustrated. A computer somewhere had sent him the wrong course. It was not the first time such a thing had happened. There was no promise from the factory's management to promote Toby, no matter how many courses he took—a few more weeks of waiting for the proper course was not really a problem. But he did feel a certain emotion, a certain strangeness, looking at this book, at these instructions and lessons. It was a part of the same feeling he had experienced in the morning, a premonition of change. A small sound, a difference in the machine noise, attracted his attention.

It was No. 3, A screw had jammed in the threader and had caused it to stop, to heat up a little. Toby put his instruction materials aside and unbreeched the rod. It was a simple matter to remove the piece of metal from the threader and feed the rod through again. The screws again began to pile up in the bin, the brass shavings on the floor. He signaled Maintenance to empty his barrels of

shavings. When they were done, he swept to shop floor with a stiff broom and started filling the barrels again. He could have signaled of the other boys to spread sawdust, to soft up the accumulation of oil on the floor—It there was no need. He did it himself. When he was finished, the feeling of strangeness he not left him. He was intrigued by the materia he had found in his envelope. He might ha just opened an old chest and found treasure he sat and stripped the cellophane wrapper from the packet of instructions.

Inside the booklet, in black, was the san tiny imprint of the balloons and gondola. I trembled as he read-it was a section title "Introduction." He felt he was being spoke to by an actual voice. He wished he could so the face behind the voice. It would be a ma in a suit, very old and rich. He would sit at desk in an office with glass walls, the Gre Divide, the blue Rockies, visible behind hir He would lift a pen from the desk top and wi cap it. He would write on paper the color bone. The words would say that language wa a vast balloon, three balloons, with a gondol dangling beneath them on silk ropes. It was copper balloons, the thinnest imaginable con per, tissuey and airy and magical enough t float away, immense and weightless, three conper balloons with a gondola beneath, as larg. as civilization, all past and present. The ball loons rose up. In the gondola rode all the con pany of heaven and earth, all peoples and war and inventions, all circus animals and trapez dancers, it carried a million gods and graves Cochise risen, Helios draped in sunligh (where had he seen this, an illustration in the text, a caption?), he saw flocks and bee and gardens and herds, gatherers and dwarf and madmen. Toby's mind reeled. He looked back at the page. It had not said that. Wha had come over him? The words had made hi imagination see things that were not there. He felt frightened; he had never been so happy.

He put down the instruction booklet and opened the text. He read words he had never known existed, words he could not pronounce but that pronounced themselves in his mind He read Northumbrian and Cura Pastoraliand Brunnanburh and the harrowing of hell He thought of the gondola and of the history of words, the words he had said this morning when he left home, "I love you, Kate," and "I'll see you tonight, honey," and "Kiss the boy for me," and all the rest. He imagined other persons, in other times and nations, saying the same words, men in Viking hats or animal skins or space suits, women in their beauty. He imagined the gondola and the copper balloons, thin as tissues, a cornucopia of ords and creatures spilling out, calling out his own voice.

He looked carefully at the page. He turned e pages slowly. He saw a little poem, four ies of unrecognizable words, beneath them a anslation. He read the translation. A little hile the leaves are green; then afterwards ey fall to earth; they rot away; they turn to ist. He thought how true this was, how perctly true, how like the deep woods in northest Arkansas, where he hunted squirrels, the nall river that ran through them carrying ellow leaves on its surface, the river's sandy anks, animal tracks in the sand, sometimes a et-muzzled deer, hoof-deep in leaf mold, lookig up at him. He thought of the abandoned ull upstream, where, sometimes, he lay his ead squirrels and, with a sharp knife, sepaited them from their skins and threw the right guts into the stream. He thought of the oncrete foundation, so distant from present ivilization that it was not even littered, no harred remains of campfires, no beer cans or ubbers or scrawled names. He thought of the teady music of the spillway, the unrecognizble pieces of rusted machinery that lay near ne water, where the mill wheel had been.

"... relationships...," a voice seemed to ay, from nowhere. He turned and almost colided with someone, a person standing scarcely nehes away from him, who seemed to have been talking to him for some time. What was toing on here? It was Lance Eisen, one of the other men on Screw Machine. How long had be been talking?

"Wait," Toby shouted at him.

It was time to feed the machines again. He ook brass rods from the troughs and fed them in. He poured fresh oil through each machine and enjoyed the fragrance, the warmth. Eisen was still talking. Just what was going on here? Nobody talked in this noise. Toby took out an earplug and moved away from the machine, toward the corner where he had been sitting.

Eisen towered over Toby. He was at least six feet five, with brilliant black hair and eyes. He was crying. Could this be possible? They had never spoken more than a dozen words—just hello and goodbye and do you want some coffee. The heavy doors at Receiving opened, across the plant, and flooded the floor of Main Assembly and part of Screw Machine with sunlight and cold air. A tractor-trailer, loaded with flattened cardboard boxes, backed into the bay, and the great doors closed again.

Toby thought again of the book. He took off his gloves and picked up the book. He thought of Northumbria and the copper balloons. He thought of the ruined mill and the poem of green leaves and decay.

"... age ... it's ... up," Eisen said, or seemed to say. Toby motioned him to speak directly into his ear. "... marriage ... up," Eisen said.

"Louder," Toby shouted. He gripped his new book and instruction materials tightly in his arms. He felt giddy and flushed. Eisen was still crying. He shouted into Toby's ear again. Toby was afraid he might be sick. Eisen's marriage was breaking up, Eisen shouted, above the seven screw machines. Toby gave his machines a quick check again, breech, threader, feeder. He checked the oil level. To keep his sanity, he also checked the Indian girl. This time she was not already looking at him. He saw her in profile, the rust-colored skin and fine nose, the high cheekbones. He imagined her on the gondola, beneath the copper balloons. Her hair net, which the women wore for safety, became a beaded band, then full headdress. The machine-key, on a string around her neck, became a necklace made of squash blossoms-they made him think of fertility and youth. He saw horses and spears and paint, he saw beehive ovens and pottery and looms and drums. He saw his own son a papoose asleep on a cradleboard, he saw in her the Indian women in his trailer park and from the reservation, toothless squaws shooting pool in the back room of Muskogee beer halls, he saw medicine men in three-piece suits and braves drinking wine from sacks. He heard their language, their drums and chants and smoke clouds, all of them saying, "Northumbrian, Mercian, West Saxon," speaking a harmony of the Gospels, speaking a dream of the Rood, all the strange new words in the Table of Contents he had just read.

He did not want to talk to Lance Eisen. Eisen shouted into his ear; he seemed to say, "Have no fun. Get drunk." Eisen's large hands were cupped directly over Toby's ear now, and he was shouting full strength. All his sentences were chopped short, or seemed to be, like the words of Indians in movies. "Bicycle," he shouted. "Long trip." It was painful. Toby's head was ringing. Eisen was not talking about his wife, he was talking about a young woman he had known briefly in the army. The two of them, along with another couple, had taken a long bicycle trip through Germany. All of them had got drunk the first day out, but Eisen was drunkest. He couldn't get over the vomiting and diarrhea for two days. "Oh, Jesus!" Toby tried to cry out, but could not. His head was killing him. His emotions had overpowered him, and the noise. He was helpless, he could only listen. He could not get away. The maThe words had made his imagination see things that were not there.



Lewis Nordan COPPER BALLOONS

chines screamed and made brass screws. The bins filled with precise, twisted creatures, like sea animals, and the floors with shavings that looked like gold. He could not get away, because he knew why Lance had decided to tell him this.

Weeks ago, Toby had told a navy story in the break room, an adventure on a train in Italy-the hooting diesel, the beautiful Italian sisters who befriended him, the food and wine and sex, the cheesecakes and flowers and fresh fruit. Eisen had loved the story, had taken it to heart and believed every word. Its message was the beauty of sex and adventure, the inseparability of the two. He was judging himself against the story. Toby wanted to get the story back, he wanted never to have spoken the words. The story was a lie.

"I couldn't have screwed her anyway," Eisen was shouting, speaking of the girl in

Toby shouted back at him, "Lance, I was lying.

He didn't hear. Lance had Toby cornered now, holding his shoulder and weeping and shouting into his ear. "It rained," Eisen said, "turned cold. She got her period."

"Lance, I lied. The Italian girls were a lie."

"She got drunk. Vomited. . . . ?

The machines pounded and screamed and made screws. Toby tried to pull away. Eisen held him and shouted into his ear.

"We kissed," Eisen shouted, still crying. "All tongues, you know.

"Oh, Christ, help me!"

"Little pieces of vomit-they were down in her throat."

"Mother of God!"

"Sex-it's so awful. Oh, God, it is."

The copper balloons, with the gondola beneath them, tilted and swayed and rose up. The gondola tipped over. It spilled its passengers, terrifying creatures, dwarfs and satyrs and monsters Toby McNaughton could not remember ever having heard of. His wife spilled out, too, his Kate, and he himself, as they would be this evening when he got home. They would sit together on the sofa and watch the television news, with their supper plates on their laps. His son spilled out, the baby, as Toby would watch him tonight, sitting in the water of the bathtub, surrounded by toys, a green duck, and a plastic bowl. He would put him in his bed clean and warm and sweet smelling. wearing crinkled pajamas. They would watch the mobile, made of tiny mirrors in the shape of fish, that hung from the ceiling and sparkled with the last light of evening as it filtered through the windows of his sunny room. He would lie beside him on the bed and prop a

bright storybook on his stomach. He would feel grateful never to have to lie to the chil. never to hide from him behind a lie. He would hold him close and kiss his still-damp had and no words would come between them.

Eisen was still shouting into his ear, h head was ringing with pain. "My wife remine me of her. I'm impotent with my wife."

OBY MCNAUGHTON was shoved into the corner now, all the way against th wall. There was nowhere to go, n escape. Even as Eisen shouted h story, Toby opened the book in his hand hoping to find the quiet poem, with the gree leaves. He could not. His eyes fell, instead on a verse from an ancient Bible. The word were magic. There was a translation beneat them, but he understood them already. H could pronounce them, he knew their mean ing. He thought of Pentecostal preacher speaking in tongues, Indian prophets trans lating chicken guts to words. He gloried in the sound and in the meaning. Heofanas and englas, sunnan and monan, steorran and ear Ean, ealle nytenu and fugelas, sae and ealle fixas God gesceop and geworhte on six dagum He tried to show the verse to Lance, bu Lance was still shouting into his cupped hands into Toby's ear. "Relationships," he was shouting.

He tried to tell Lance that these words were important, that all words were. He tried to tell him that words, even in our solitude, are magic, they make us part of something larger and better, their rhythms as well as their meaning, the way they look. He tried to say that they can kill you, too, they are dangerous and animallike, they are monstrous and deceptive and godly, they fall from copper balloons, heofanas and englas, the heavens and the angels, the sun and the moon, the stars and the earth, all beasts and birds and fish God created, and it happened in six days. Lance shouted, "She says relationships, but I know she means fucking." Toby was glad his own words were not getting through to Lance, that he was not being heard. Everything he tried to say sounded stupid and untrue. Nothing came out with the same meaning it had had in his brain. He tried to tear the page out of the book and let Lance read it for himself. It tore across the center. He tried to tear out the other half and show them both to him. It was no use. He thought of raccoon tracks in river sand, minnows in the stream. "It's a sick world," Toby cried out. He was crying now, too. "It's not your fault," he said. "It's a bad, sick world." He stood weeping in the corner.



e machines made gold-colored screws, shave

Then, it ended. After a long time, it was r. Toby was finished crying. Lance was ie. A boy with a sawdust bucket scattered set-scented stuff on the oily floor and emplithe bins. Toby dried his eyes on his eyes and blew his nose on a handkerchief, wondered who had seen them. The Indian I gave no sign of having noticed. It was rd to imagine that he had been so disught, that he could have been trapped like it. It was impossible not to wonder what was ong with him. His body ached. He listened the sound of the machinery.

Two of the screw machines had needed a I for a good while now, but no damage was ne. In a few minutes, the screws were filling bins again. Toby looked at the torn page his new book. Why on earth had he done at? He hated doing things like that; he old never get a full refund now. His head is aching badly. For a minute he thought he gift cut the page out with a razor, very neatand not mention it when he sent it back the company. No, he wouldn't do that. He dn't know what he would do. He was very ed. He signaled the foreman and went to e infirmary for aspirin.

Later, at lunch, an attractive woman came his table and sat across from him. He recogzed her as Lance Eisen's wife, who worked Paint. She had dark blonde hair and wore akeup to cover a few acne scars on her foread and cheeks. For a moment they said othing. Then she said, "I think it's funny." er voice was bitter and hurt. "I think that just so funny." Toby McNaughton put down is sandwich and tried to think of something say. He wanted the day to end. She said, So you think I'm sick, do you? Well, I think lat is just so funny." He couldn't imagine hat Lance had told her. She got up and left te table, crying.

Later still, Toby would learn that the Eisens ad punched out early and gone home. The ext day, Toby would miss work, with a high ever-a virus, the doctor would say, and in nother day it would be gone. The day after nat, at work, Lance Eisen would not look at im or speak to him. In two more days, Mrs. isen-whose name, Toby would learn, was Jarilyn-would come to work with a black ye and a swollen lip. She would not be wearng her wedding ring. In weeks to come, Lance vould tell Toby that he was embarrassed at vhat he had said and that he hoped Toby vould not repeat any of it. Toby would promse that he would not, but within a few days ne would have told his wife and several other persons, some of them at the plant, Soon after that, Marilyn Eisen would come to work wearing her wedding ring again, and, not too long afterward, would tell her best friends that she was pregnant. Toby's correspondence course would finally come in the mail, the right one this time, and no charge would be made for the damaged book. For a while Toby would enjoy "Business Finance" and would turn in his assignments regularly. Then, finally, the math would come to seem boring and pointless. After completing about half the course, he would put it aside and, finally, forget it. Lance would be invited to help out temporarily in Engineering and, before the end of the year, would be working on a new patent with one of the real engineers, a man who said Lance could have a real future with the com-

At first Toby would feel some jealousy, but later he would forget about that, too. The day of the incident with Lance, he would go home, his head splitting, and he would drink too much and wonder that he had ever married so young and fathered a child, and although he would be too drunk to make successful love to his wife, on this day and on other days also, they would pledge their love and fall asleep in each other's arms and wake up with throbbing heads and sour breath. Late in squirrel season, he would go out into the deep woods, when the leaves were gone from the trees and the river was swift, and he would clear a spot on the foundation of the old mill and he would write his name there with a can of spray paint, the first graffiti in this part of the Ozark wilderness. The next winter, he would go back and find other names and empty beer cans. That spring, China would invade Vietnam, and Uganda would fall, and in the next county an old man in a mobile home would die in a tornado. In the same season, he would engage, for the first time, in sexual intercourse with the Indian girl. He would tell her he loved her. He would separate from his wife and son, and he would find out, soon after, that nineteen-year-old women are fickle children. All this would happen later. But now, in the break room, at the table where he sat alone, he was almost peaceful. He finished his sandwich and put in his earplugs and went back to Screw Machine. He fed in the rods, and the noise began, and, even with the headache, he was happy. He could hear nothing, no voices, no strange words or thoughts from a book, no shouts, dangerous and appealing, no cries from the gondola, no beckoning or warning from the copper balloons, and nothing on earth, or outside it, seemed special this day to Toby McNaughton.

Toby wanted to get the story back, he wanted never to have spoken the words.

HARPER'S OCTOBER 1980

FOUR POEMS

by Richard Shelton

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD

I can verify the story from Cain to Abel, from the snake in the garden to the bloody sea. I was there. I saw everything, knew everybody. I knew about Potiphar's wife and kept my mouth shut. I saw the frogs and lice and watched the firstborn die. What could I do? I was sent to observe and report, and I reported that the waters of Mara were bitter and all the males of Midian were slain. I saw Judith with her nail and hammer, and Bathsheba preparing for her widowhood. I saw the heel of God as he departed hastily, and I was not blinded by it as the others were.

I saw it all repeated in the good news and the bad news and the letters smuggled from prison. I was there when Saul had a vision and repented. And when Salomé danced, I whistled and applauded. I had my orders. I saw the plate they brought her. I spoke to Lazarus in Paradise. That crazy beggar refused me a drink of water. And when the crowd outside the palace shouted for blood, I knew they would be rewarded. They were. And later I saw the tax collector suffering from something worse than fear. The poor fool had been duped. He hanged himself. It is all true

exactly as I recorded it. It is disgusting, intolerable, and it is all true.

TO YOU

Someone is always willing to deliver the message: the good new the bad news, the summons. He is only a messenger.

He does not leave the battlefield nor jump from a burning building to bring you word of those he left behind. He is not involved.

He picks up the telephone or rings the doorbell. You have been elected, failed the test, there has been an accident.

The message falls like a brick on your head.

The messenger does not comment. He is only a messenger.

If the message finds you on top of the world or buried in the debris of your failures, it is all the same to the messenger.

His life is not part of your life. He is a windmill, taking orders from the wind. He cannot control the weather.

His finger on the doorbell is impersonal. His voice is flat and even, but you will remember it the rest of your life. It says: Anything that can happen can happen to you.

ING OF THE HOGAN

the darkness of the first world
neath this world
e gray legs of the crow
ilk around in search of a body,
ying: At the time when things began
we knew all about it.
We knew about the mountain spirit,
the black sky, the shining stone.
We knew all about it.

the silence of the second world meath this world slow coyotes run in circles search of their voices, wanting say: At the time when things began we knew all about it.

We knew about the water spirit, the corn pollen, the talking god.

We knew all about it.

n the smoke of the third world
eneath this world
ee souls of dead men
arry offerings in search of fire,
aying: At the time when things began
we knew all about it.
We knew about all the soft goods,
the hard goods, the sacred words.
We knew all about it.

There is no fourth world eneath this world, only the fire

who knows nothing, needs nothing, wants nothing and is content.

PROMISES

When America closes for the night and the last ferryboat leaves Port Townsend, those of us left behind cannot remember where it is going.

Low tide hesitates, gathers its strength and begins to return, bringing driftwood, seaweed torn up by the roots and a little light to help us find our way home. If we were drunker or younger, we think we might sprawl here on the beach all night, listening to the sea's absolute authority and to foghorns calling each other like lost and lovesick whales.

But we are no longer boys who can sleep where we fall and wake to begin a new journey. We have made many promises and kept some.

We have wives who are not waiting up for us but whose eyes will open no matter how quietly we open the door, and close again when we close it, having seen in that moment everything, understood everything, and forgiven nothing.

MOSCOW GAMES

Notebook from a forbidden Olympics

by George Plimpto

"Tip-toe incognito," whispered Mister Bumpus. —The Travels of Dr. Doolittle

HOSE WHO HAVE been here before are surprised at the emptiness, really an eerie one, of the city. Some are reminded of Paris during the August fermature annuelle, and indeed for the four summer months there is an annual exodus from Moscow of a large percentage of the population . . . to dachas, to the resorts along the Black Sea, and the youngsters (their absence is the most noticeable) to the Pioneer camps. But this year more people are gone. To make room for the visitors to the Olympic Games and to keep the best face on the city many people have been asked not to come into Moscow at this time unless they have official business, and some, such as alcoholics and various undesirables, have simply been removed-swept not just under the carpet, but into dustbins, carried out and deposited elsewhere. On the bus today, a group of Californians were wondering how this deportation process might be carried out in Los Angeles in 1984, when the Olympic Games are scheduled to be held there. The junkies, it was suggested, should be relegated to Needles, California, the alcoholics to tent cities in the Napa Valley, the drifters to Palmdale, and the elderly ladies in tennis shoes to Tijuana.

"In each case," a Californian pointed out, "Los Angeles would benefit from their absence, and where they went would benefit from their presence."

Giving a city a face-lift is called "Potemkin-izing," after Prince Grigori Potemkin, Catherine the Great's shrewd adviser, not to mention her lover and, after he had fallen out of her amorous favor, the custodian of her malharem. To impress the empress on a tri through the newly conquered Crimea, Poten kin constructed a fake portable village, conplete with a population of healthy-lookin



George Plimpton is a contributing editor of Harper's.

epherds and shepherdesses, which he would t up along her travel route, and when she is resting for the night, he would pack up e village and hurry it along past her to be t up anew where she would pass it the next iy—trusting, I suppose, that she would fail notice that the shepherds and shepherdies looked startlingly like the ones she had en the day before.

Potemkin-izing is not specifically a Russian ait: one thinks of the false fronts along the reets of the western cowpoke towns built to take the buildings look as if they had two or aree stories. Christo, the Bulgarian-born artist ho wraps buildings in canvas, once told me tat his first job in his native country was to elp with the painting of vast backdrops of fake istas along the rail lines—a task that doubtess inspired some of the scenic fiddling of his atter massive projects in the West, such as grapping part of the coast of Australia.

As this is my first visit to Moscow, I find t difficult to gauge how much Potemkin-izing as gone on. It would be safe to say, in any see, that those who are critical of the society would consider the cleaning-up process to be otemkin-izing; others, more tolerant, might ay, "Well, the old girl"—referring to Moscow—"certainly got herself a splendid face-

ift last month.

MAD BEEN told by people before leaving for Moscow to watch myself—that because I had written in opposition to the U.S. boycott of the Olympic Games in a national magazine the Russian press would be around to see me, television cameras and all, and that whatever I said would be twisted to their purposes. Furthermore, because I have supported Amnesty International and have close friends who work actively for it, I would surely be followed, my luggage searched, and my hotel room bugged. This last, I was told by insiders, would be something of an advantage in that if I wanted my laundry back I should face all four walls of my room and to each in turn shout my discontent and "No starch, please." The best way to nudge the laundry room is to get the KGB involved.

A sense of this affects everyone who comes to the Soviet Union—a pervading feeling that one is playing a real-life role in a spy drama. So paranoid does the average tourist become, and so substantial is the American ego, that it comes not only as a surprise, but something of a disappointment, when nothing happens. One of my friends with the track-andfield group, with which I am traveling, told me that he felt a tap on the shoulder yester-

day getting off a bus. He turned to see a policeman and his heart sank abruptly into his shoes. "This is it," he thought. The policeman bowed slightly and handed my friend a piece of paper that had dropped from his pocket. My friend was enormously relieved, of course, but afterward he told me there had been just the slightest twinge of disappointment that the official had not said, in excellent English, "Mr. Lane, will you come with us, please."

It was in reaction to being ignored by the Soviet authorities that many stories, most of them second, even thirdhand, circulated in the hotel lobbies and at mealtimes, apparently to salve the feeling, What is wrong with me? Why hasn't there been a sharp knock on

the door at midnight?

The most common of these stories was that so-and-so had surprised a KGB agent in his or her hotel room rummaging through the luggage. Whistles of alarm from those listening, and nods of I told you so. But that was always as far as the story went-we never found out what happened then. What did the Soviet agent do? Did he leap for the window? It must have been awfully embarrassing for him. Why hadn't he jumped for the armoire when he heard the key in the door? Or pretended to be repairing the rug? But no, the description was always of him with his hands in the suitcase, startled, looking up like a raccoon caught in the car light's beam amid the overturned garbage cans.

Paranoia even crept into the performance of my official function in Moscow, which was to cover the games for *Time* magazine in the guise of a tourist. I was told to stay away from the Time-Life offices. "There's a KGB man in the courtyard," I was told over the phone. "Your cover may be blown if you turn up here. So you're to meet your contact, a girl named B. J. Phillips, in Pushkin Park and

pass your copy to her."

"How do I recognize B. J. Phillips?" I asked. I felt like putting a handkerchief over

the mouthpiece of the phone.

"It won't be difficult," I was told. "She's got a broken leg. She'll be wearing a cast and supporting herself on two canes—one steel, one wood. She wears big aviator glasses."

"Oh," I said.

A while later, I called up to say that I wasn't sure anyone could read my handwriting (I had been advised to leave my portable typewriter at home) and perhaps it would be best if I came in to the office to type up my copy before going out to Pushkin Park. I didn't say this directly. I used a few hastily made-up code words to confuse anyone who happened to be listening in. Rather than copy

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I used the word *poppy*. "After it's cultivated," I whispered, "I'll bring the poppy to Eugene Origin's garden."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

The editor finally gave up the subterfuge and let me come in to type. It turned out that B. J. Phillips was in the next office, her leg propped up on a chair, working on her stories. I asked if it was all right to come around the corner and give her my copy rather than going out to Pushkin Park. The editor said it was fine with him as long as we turned out the lights so no one could see us through the window.

OMETIMES, WITH the U.S. team not there, it was difficult to know for whom to root at the games. One tended to support those from the Western countries when they competed-Allan Wells. Daley Thompson, Sebastian Coe, and Steve Ovett of England (it was especially difficult when, in the case of the last two, both were in the same race), Peitro Mennea, the Italian sprinter, José Marajo of France, any Finn (they were the merriest people around town), and, from the socialist bloc, the Polish polevaulter, Wladyslaw Kozakiewicz, if for no other reason than it was seemly if a Pole won the pole vault. He did, too, hoisting himself up just a half-inch under nineteen feet for a world

I kept a small list of people at the other end of the competitive scale—those who seemed almost sublime in their ineptitudes. Byong Uk II, for example, a Korean boxer, who got so frustrated with himself that he began kicking at his opponent. Or the two fighters, Ismael Moustalov and Ahmed Siad, from Bulgaria and Algeria respectively, who fought such a dull fight that a friend of mine turned to his companion to say, "You can go to sleep watching this," and discovered that he was.

In the women's gymnastics, both the entire Mongolian and North Korean teams made my list. The measure of their ability was somehow symbolized by the musical accompaniment to their floor exercises. Everyone else had picked large orchestral pieces, the flow of a hundred violins or the disco beat seeming to pick up the gymnast and whirl her across the vast expanse of matting. But when the Mongolian girl, dressed in robin's egg blue, stood poised for her first cartwheeling run, we heard first the loud amplified click of a tape recorder being turned on, and then what sounded like perhaps a pair of ancient player pianos being played at the same time, but with different tunes, so that a cascade of arpeggios roared down in a confused jumble throug which the gymnast hopped and cartwheele and was tumbled over as if in a great draft c wind. Kang Myong Duk was my favorite. O the beam she moved from one end to th other like a boy crossing a log over a swiff moving trout stream. Susan Cheesebouroug of England was another favorite. Orange suited, she began to fall off the beam during he routine, but, almost regaining her balance, she poised, one leg flung out grotesquely, for a long, appalling instant, long enough for some one to call out, "Hang on, old girl!" before she finally slipped off.

At track and field, heading my losers list was a contestant in the twenty kilometer walk-a gentleman from Laos with certainly the loveliest name of the 1980 Olympics, Thip samy Chantaphone. The race had long beer thought to be over. Suddenly, an hour and a half behind the twenty-fourth walker, who was assumed to have brought up the rear, Mr. Chantaphone appeared—whisking through the great doors at the east end of Lenin Stadium onto the track for his last lap. When the huge crowd realized that the man hurrying along in that crazy strut of the distance walker was a contestant in a race long thought to be finished, they rose to their feet and began cheering Mr. Chantaphone. Pandemonium! Mr. Chantaphone was not in the least abashed. He began waving his arms; an enormous smile ignited his features. He stopped and bowed -thus increasing his time to an even more horrendous total. One had the sense of his carrying an imaginary sign above his head: I am Thipsamy Chantaphone, Walker of Walkers.

It was interesting how some of the poorer athletes measured up to the stress of the Olympics. Some gave up from the start. In the third heat of the 1500 meters, a Vietnamese named Quang Khai Le started out last, stayed comfortably there, and finished last by twenty-six seconds. On the other hand, Marzoug Mabruk, a Liberian, burst out to lead the pack in his heat, turning it on absolutely full blast for two and one-fourth laps, and then, of course, ran out of steam and was passed by everybody. But at least he had the satisfaction of telling the folks back in Monrovia that he had "set the pace" and shown his heels to the rest of them for a while. Maybe he would go so far as to say his coach had run him at the wrong distance.

Pizzazz, that was the thing! A fighter named Wamba from a West African country came rushing out yesterday at the five-second warning bell and began fighting, so stirring up his opponent that he got himself knocked out al-



ost immediately. He made my list . . . right there with Thipsamy Chantaphone.

But my two favorite losers remain those nglish yachtsmen at the Montreal games ho were so disgusted at the turtlelike qualies of their Tempest-class yacht Gift 'Orse at they set fire to her and watched from a nghy until she eventually sank. Of the two en, the crew member, merrily tanked up on looze, was especially critical, not only of the ift 'Orse but also of his skipper; he accused im of lacking in style. "I told him his place s captain was with the ship but he refused to odown with her."

A lot of stories about fires drifted around ne hotel lobbies today. A man wearing a traw hat was reported to have self-immolated is morning in Red Square. It was such a ragmentary story that it would doubtless have een discounted if it had not been for that etail about the straw hat. A boater? Rather jaunty one?

jaunty one? We also heard that in the spirit of the boyott the British had burned all their allotted ickets to the games. The boycott was actually hought up by the British—at least they were he ones who proposed the idea at a hastily convened meeting in Moscow at the news that he Russian troops had crossed the border into Afghanistan. I was surprised to hear at the American embassy that the purpose of the poycott had little to do with informing the Russian populace about the Afghanistan sitaction. The Russians are amply supplied with news from the West, if they wish to be, through the BBC and the Voice of America broadcasts, which have not been jammed since 1973, and of course word of mouth spreads very quickly news that might not appear in Pravda. Rather, the intent of the boycott was to indicate to Brezhnev and Co. how seriously the Western powers took the Soviet encroachment . . . a gesture to the top brass. This news increased my skepticism about the value of the boycott. Surely a high official would be more upset by the moves in diplomatic and trade channels-such as the defection of the Romanians and North Koreans in the General Assembly voting over the Afghan issue, and the obvious disgust of the Third World at the Russian incursion. Besides, did leaders such as Brezhnev wring their hands over such steps as an athletic boycott? He is in the Crimea somewhere. He's apparently a great soccer fan, but he has not been on hand for the games, save for the opening ceremonies where he stood and applauded at moments that pleased him, clapping his hands together slowly, as if his internal machinery had run down.

In fact, the whole Soviet political presence seems absent from the games. In a city awash with flags, the only Soviet banners I have seen fly from atop the Great Kremlin Palace and off the sterns of the vaporetti that ply the Moscow River.

The official box at Lenin Stadium, roofed, and with a long row of red-covered seats, has been empty since the opening ceremonies. That's one thing the Soviet hierarchy does not do—give its tickets away to secretaries and friends.

N THE HOTEL Ukraine, where I am staving, there has been a lot of lobby talk among the track-and-field people about cheating out at the games—Soviet judges giving their countrymen the edge even in such events that require measurements, such as the hammer, the shot put, and the discus. I would think it highly improbable, even lunatic, for a troika of judges and assistants (three of these officials converge where the thrown object first dents the grass, scampering to the spot like boys rushing for a tossed coin) to jockey the measuring sticks around, especially under the gaze of 103,000 spectators, many of whom are equipped with high-powered binoculars. But the rumors persist. The most curious is that the great runway doors at the west end of the stadium have been swung open to allow the wind funneling through to aid the javelin tosses of the Russians, and that when a Pole or an East German steps up for his toss, the tall, hangarlike portals are swung shut to cut the windstream off. Nonsense, of course, unless the wind were literally roaring through, blowing the hair straight forward off the brows of the javelin throwers looking downfield. That sort of a wind might carry a javelin with it, but we haven't had anything like that at all: the high clouds hang almost motionless in the pink evening sky. Besides, javelin throwers are unnerved by a following wind, which tends to shove the tail of the javelin down so that it hits the ground first, thus disqualifying the toss.

Flimflamming has also been reported in the triple-jump (once called less decorously, if more accurately, "the hop-skip-and jump"). Here, an Australian named Ian Campbell and a Brazilian named Joao de Oliveira were called for fouls on nine of their twelve jumps, which made it easier for the Russians to place first and second.

I had particularly noticed the Brazilian, Oliveira. After his last try, in what seemed to me a most sportsmanlike gesture, he leapt

"The whole Soviet political presence seems absent from the games."



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I had been applauding along with everyone else, I stopped.

"How do you know?" I asked. "I mean, why doesn't he punch them in the snoot if he feels that way about it?"

"Oh no," the man replied. "It's all a question of symbolic gesture. You've got to know

how to read these things."

Don Rollen, the ubiquitous fan who wears a vertically-striped painted beehive hairdo and invariably sits in the stands where the TV cameras can pick him out—"Rock 'n' Rollin" he calls himself—was picked up next to the press center by the Soviet police for "looking odd" (as an official at the American embassy described the incident to me) and then released. "He does look odd," someone said to me, hearing the news. "With that hairdo of his he looks like St. Basil's Cathedral on the move."

The Hotel Ukraine is one of the seven skyscrapers built around Moscow in the 1950s. The style is Russian art deco, not unlikeunless my memory flags—the compromise architectural monstrosity that gets blown up in the climactic finale of Ayn Rand's The Fountainhead. The place is, nonetheless, an oasis to our group—a home base to which everyone repairs after the games for meals, however unpalatable the latter turn out to be. One of my tablemates, looking down at a small section of fish waiting for him on his plate, and debating whether to tuck his napkin under his chin before knuckling down to it, remarked on what a shame it was that the French had only spent three months in Moscow in 1812. "A few months more, and a bit of the French cuisine might have rubbed off," he said mournfully.

One of the more novel aspects of dining at the Ukraine was that the majordomo of the dining room, a stout figure in a light grey suit, felt it was uncompanionable (and possibly a bad, bourgeois habit) to wish to eat by oneself. If I came into the dining room alor he would imperiously motion me to an emp seat at a table already occupied-very multias if he were a social director on a cruise sh trying to get his single passengers to might But it was difficult if my tablemates turned out to come from Nepal with no comme language to share. One lunch he sat me ne to a poultry farmer from east Texas who over coffee told me that in his business chicks a pumped up to the size of broilers in only s weeks. "We don't let them chicks sleep," I told me. "We jes' keep the lights on and le 'em eat." The thought of those gorging bird staved with me, disturbingly, through an a ternoon of watching weight lifting, when the entrance of every weight lifter through the small stage door off to one side of the stage was accompanied by a mental image of a vasslow-stepping, big-thighed emu.

Hailing a taxi, the usual procedure if it stops and you're alone is to get in and ride not in the back seat, but up front with the driver-a pleasant enough practice that evokes the egalitarian spirit. The trouble is that such proximity suggests one should strike up a conversation with the driver. It's rude—or at least it feels rude-to sit next to someone and stare stolidly out the window. It's like hunching up a chair to a restaurant table where someone is seated alone and then not saying anything. So I try. It has struck me that I know many more Russian proper names than I do words, and how difficult and limiting it is to carry on a dialogue by mentioning in turn Tolstoi, Chekov, Tchaikovsky, Maiokovski, Pushkin ("Ah, Pushkin!"), Beria (thrust of the thumb down). Krushchev (sideways motion of the hand to denote ambivalence), Stalin (thumbs down), Olga Korbut (thumbs up), and so forth. It's exhausting, and I only did it once; after that, I sat in the back. The driver did not seem to mind. At least I could detect no sign of hurt feelings.

Nadia Comaneci is a woman now—long, ropy legs like a racehorse's, a bosom!—and she towers over the strange, Munchkinlike gamines who dominate that peculiar sport like a light standard. In the troughlike walkways around the performing areas, the tiny gymnasts keep loose with slow, lovely cartwheels (they are upside down much of the time) and with a myriad of relaxing exercises, one of which is a trembling of the leg muscles as if trying to shake a bug off a toe. Nadia stands apart. She seems like a teenager at a



ome want to keep land unspoiled. ne want to explore it. Ne want to explore hout spoiling.

ere's a strange either-or proposition buildin this country.

one that says either we completely preour public lands by turning them into anent wilderness, or we tear them And what are we doing about it?

In recent years, through legislation or administrative action, 130 million acres of the 760 million that the federal government owns have been completely withdrawn from exploration of any kind.

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The desire for land that stands pure and pristine is certainly understandable. But,

surely, in these times of scarcity, our need for energy and mineral resources is just as pressing.

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To continue in the direction we're presently going could well be one of the most self-defeating steps we've taken in this century.

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and exploit :
em to the fullest for their natural resources.
We've got to believe there's an acceptable ddle ground between these two extremes.
Because neither is really in the long-range erest of our country.

Look at the facts. Our public lands currently pply only 10% of our energy. Yet they actually ntain about half of all our known domestic ergy resources — vast amounts of coal, shale, tar sands, crude oil and natural gas.

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lower-school recess. She doesn't submit herself as much to the exercises; with her, the preparation seems more mental. What could be running through her mind? Her primary rival (who eventually dethroned her as overall champion) is Yelena Davidova, a Russian, who is exactly Nadia's age (eighteen), but who by some genetic chance has not been assaulted by womanhood: she is still as flatchested as a boy; the sheen on her legs is smooth; she is elfin-seventy-five pounds. Her floor routine is sexy, with little, exquisite bottom-shake movements that a purist friend of mine haughtily referred to as "kiddieporn." True, if Nadia tried such things, it would seem undignified. But I found Davidova's routine whimsical and charming. "Oh Christ," a purist friend said in disgust.

N GORKY PARK I stopped at a bowling alley housed in a barrage-balloonlike bubble at the edge of the wide river balustrade. The place, without air conditioning, was an inferno of heat. A dozen pinball machines along the wall were in operation. I doubt the Russians make such things, but at least they have adapted foreign models for home-country use, to judge from the flashing Cyrillic lettering. Some penny-arcade war machines were also busy-the familiar American sound of the thump and whine of miniature electronic holocausts. I looked over the shoulder of a player and saw a torpedo wake heading for a red tramp steamer ploughing along doughtily against a painted horizon.

Russian bowling, though, has a peculiarly unique style. Apparently the bowler pays by the hour rather than by the number of games bowled, so that the criterion of performance rests on the number of throws rather than any emphasis on scoring. Bowling balls were got rid of down the dilapidated, pocked alleys as if they were fused in some way, and about to go off; they were flung with abandon, often into the gutter, and on occasion they smacked into the guardrail of the Brunswick pin-setting apparatus while the tenpins were still being settled into place—the shattering crash of such impacts rising above the general din: the guardrail would lift as if in alarmed haste above the pins, which would teeter there for just an instant before a bowling ball, often with another immediately on its tail, would smack into them. I only saw one scorecard being kept along the row of alleys-a man scribbling full-bent to keep up with the frantic activities of the players in front of him.

Speed was also a requirement of the ball's delivery. I have never seen bowling balls

hurled...like cannonballs they boun third of the way up the alley. The premethod of throwing them was with a fingered grip, as if either someone had fin out that the care required to insert the finger was too time-consuming, or pethat the three-fingered grip was too drous: one might not be able to extricate hand at the end of the follow-through thus be carried along up the alley behin ball like a human streamer.

I left the alley after fifteen minutes o Outside, even with the weekend crowds and festive, and the calliope sounds from merry-go-rounds and ferris wheels, and calls of the children from the boat ponds ears were soothed by the comparative qui

T-shirts everywhere—international gans, ad copy, funnies, poems, epithets, grams, pronouncements, assertions, ad sions, paintings—carried around on tens thousands of walking billboards. A lot Mickey Mouse sweat shirts. The most arring message I saw was an American T-so on the back of a pleasant-enough look chap—I wondered vaguely if he could spenglish and knew that what he was branding read as follows:

JOIN THE ARMY TRAVEL TO EXOTIC LANDS MEET UNUSUAL PEOPLE AND KILL THEM

The blue jean is the truly coveted item fro the Western world. But the Russian youth a very particular about their blue jeans. The turn up their noses at the Hong Kong-mad models, which are the fancy brands preferre in the United States-the Calvin Klein, Glori Vanderbilt, Sassoon brand names with the tight behinds and the stitched back pocketsand instead the Russian teenagers opt for Ame ican-made Levis, Texas Wranglers, and Shar shooter models. The jeans are worn beltles they don't even rip off the size identification labels. There is a brisk black market in blu jeans. In our group are three young brother from Michigan who were approached just o Red Square by their Russian counterpart young men who were interested in buying th trio's blue jeans right off their bodies. On one of the Americans was wearing underwea apparently, so he went around a corner and divesting himself of his blue jeans, go back to the hotel wearing a pair of blue box shorts, eighty rubles (over a hundred do lars) richer. He had taken a brave enoug entrepreneurial risk, though not as brave



is brothers' would have been had they given p their jeans.

The light switches in my hotel room, and 1 every room I have been in so far in Moscow, re placed six feet up on the wall. How do mall children, much less midgets and gnomeke men, turn on the lights in the evening? to they wrestle chairs around and stand on nem? Paintings are invariably hung up near re ceiling. Such interiors, it occurred to me, re very suitable for Peter the Great, who as almost seven feet tall; when he strode round St. Petersburg his courtiers had to run longside full tilt to hear what he had to say them. Yesterday I saw an odd wooden statue If Peter in Leningrad's Hermitage that was ishioned just after his death and is supposedly n exact replica-a body mask rather than ne of the face. He is seated in a chair wearig blue-gray court clothes, the tunic very usty; it looks as if, were it smacked smartly, ust would emerge in a large cloud. His hands nd feet are tiny, absurdly out of proportion the body. His head is as round as a soccer all, with a small black moustache tacked on t a curious angle. His hair, which is coal lack, is reported to be his own. The countennce is quite foolish. The replica works; that to say it can be pushed around like a woodn artist's model in a figure-drawing class. I ish the curators of the Hermitage had him anding upright rather than slouched in a hair looking like a man who feels he is on ne verge of suffering a severe gas pain. It ould be interesting to have a correspondence ith the authorities in the museum on this natter: "Dear Sirs...." The fact is I wish I ad not seen him at all. Once, his enormous mpty boots were on display at an exhibition saw in New York's Metropolitan Museum, nd the imaginary portrait generated in my aind from seeing them is certainly one I preer to what I saw in the Hermitage.

The Moscow subway, as everyone knows, the eighth wonder of the world. However nuch one has heard about the opulence of ne stations with their marble, their statuary, and their chandeliers, and the speed and leanliness of the trains, one is unprepared. I mespecially impressed with the escalators, hich with alarming speed seem to disappear ta sharp decline down to the point of infinity—such a long and deep descent that at lunch oday a professor from Chicago pointed out ant only an aetheist culture could venture o close to the infernal regions.

WENT TO see Lenin in his mausoleum this morning-"his Nibs" as our contingent refers to him. Foreigners are able to get to the head of the long line and with special guides sweep in without delay, but I thought it would be more interesting to go to the end of the line, which, when I joined it, stretched down Red Square and around a corner into a leafy park under the western wall of the Kremlin. We shuffled slowly by the great terrace that contains the flame of the Unknown Soldier. Fresh flowers lie on the stone. We watched a raven move with big hops among the flowers and then shy away abruptly from the heat of the flame. What is it that attracts the raven to national monuments, especially those with murky pasts, such as the Tower of London and the Kremlin? Behind me in the line were two boxers from Nigeria, I fell back and got into conversation with them. Their boxing coach four years ago had been Archie Moore, the former light-heavyweight champion of the world and an old friend. We reminisced about him as we moved through the park. Moore's team had never gone to the Olympics in Montreal. Most of the Third World countries boycotted the 1976 games because of their collective annoyance with New Zealand for having hosted a rugby team from South Africa-a sensitivity that certainly showed the degree of their feeling about isolating the latter country, but also seemed a somewhat farfetched and arbitrary reaction. The Nigerians volunteered as much. When I asked their opinion of the 1976 boycott, one of them threw his hands apart in a gesture of futility. "Poof!" he said. He made much the same kind of sound when I asked him about the U.S. boycott. "Too bad. Too bad," his friend said.

We moved out of the shadows of the park and up into the sunlight and vastness of Red Square. Conversations in the column began to die away. We were directed into double lines-security men, some in plainclothes, every dozen paces or so, peered closely at us. A small, untidy man in front of me had a bulge in his coat pocket, which turned out to be a piece of dried fish wrapped carefully in an old newspaper. His lunch, He unwrapped it three times for the security people as we moved along. Now there was no sound but the shuffling of feet; one was subdued as much by the ministrations of the security people as by the grim facade of the tomb with its absurdly small door, room for two of us at a time to enter.

Once inside, the chill of the mausoleum increased markedly as our column turned sharply to the left and filed down a marble "The blue jean is the truly coveted item from the Western world."



stairway-it was almost palpable, like stepping into a pool of deep shadow. Two turns to the right, and ahead I saw an odd white object that I suddenly realized was Lenin's right ear, shining, remarkably delineated compared to most ears. I remember thinking fleetingly as we turned into the catafalque, and I saw the high forehead, the pale face, the faint reddish beard, the hands luminous above the black of either a coverlet or a black suit ... the chiaroscuro effect of the lighting and the dispatch with which we were being hastened around the foot of the glass-enclosed bier made it difficult to tell. I had no sense of his feet sticking up at the foot of the bier -protuberances that always add a small touch of absurdity to the mien of a human lying on his back.

Then in front of me, just as we made the turn to pass down the left side of the catafalque, a man suddenly started sobbing. Almost instantaneously, a soldier moved out of the shadows. He leaned forward, within inches of the man's face, and with a finger to his lips he hissed, "Sssh!"... explosively loud in that enclosed gloom—the sharp sound of a nanny admonishing a child—and the man's sob stopped in mid-flight, like a hiccup.

The sunlight was refreshing once we got outside. Our trip in the mausoleum had lasted less than a minute. The Nigerians and I walked slowly along the foot of the Kremlin wall looking at the names of those interred there. We passed a bust of Stalin. We were still subdued. We kept thinking of what we had seen in the mausoleum. One of the Nigerians asked me if Lenin had had any children. I said that he had been married but—as I remembered it—he felt that his child was the Revolution. Anything else would have been a distraction.

"That's too bad," the Nigerian boxer said.
"His great-grandchildren could drop in back there and see just how he looked."

One of our tourist group was a stage-lighting technician from Minnesota. He told me he was curious to see how his fellow artists had (as he put it) "ilt Lenin," and he went to Red Square specifically to check up on them. He also had tickets to the Bolshoi Theater: he had hoped to get backstage to look at the lighting panels and the rest of the equipment but he had not been able to manage it.

"Well, how did you think they lit Lenin?"
I asked when I saw him.

He said he was much more impressed with the lighting in the mausoleum than what he had seen at the Bolshoi. "It's a hard theater, that place, because you can't do your lighting from the front. So they use follow-spots; the actors and dancers move around in pools of light. Some people like that, but I don't: it too artificial. I was surprised how little sultlety there was—just blue, white, red, an bright yellow. Too much white, I though but then who am I to criticize? It's the Boshoi'"

"What about Lenin?"

"Oh, that's just great, how they lit hin Really great," he said. "A spot on his face and one for each hand... against the blac background...a little rose gel used, I' guess...a smokey pink to give the effect o life...oh very well done. I wanted to croue down and look up to see the spots and how they'd done it, but it's not the sort of plac you can stop to do that sort of thing, is it?"

"No. sir." I said.

B. J. Phillips told me today that a Russian friend of hers had reported that the stones of markers over the bodies of Russian soldier killed in Afghanistan bear the inscription "Died on International Duty" followed by the dates. The Russian was contemptuous of the phrase. He said, "For those who died in the Great Patriotic War the inscription was always 'For the Motherland.' That meant some thing. But this new inscription—it is meaning less. Two of my friends from school are buried under it." He had spat furiously at the grass.

N A MARXIST society a considerable onus is put on being a servant or a waiter or anyone in a servile position. In Russia everyone wants to be an engineer. It takes forever to eat in a Moscow restaurant because whoever is supposed to appear at the table is back there in the kitchen pouting and banging the pots around, wondering what went wrong. That is why one can wait for an hour in a restaurant, often falling asleep (the best position, I am told, is with the head on the table edge rather than lolling back in the chair, which is not as steady, and can result in toppling off with a crash) waiting for the aggrieved waiter to show up with a temper just barely under control. It does not help matters that no one can be fired.

These thoughts crossed my mind as I sat in the stands of Lenin Stadium watching the games, because obviously in athletic events there are many serviles—people who have to sweep the broad-jump pit, mop up the sweat fa a basketball player tumbles to the court, carry out the weights for the weight lifters to heft, tote back the shot put for the shot-



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putters to put, and so forth.

I watched carefully, and noticed that the Soviet authorities have done their imaginative best to keep the serviles happy by making their work as mechanically oriented as possible. For example, when the javelins, discuses, and hammers land out at the far end of the pie-shaped target area, they are picked up by the serviles and carried off just a short distance to the side where the objects are attached with clips to a motorized cable contraption, which transports them back to the throwing area where another servile unhooks them and puts them in the proper racks. No one is embarrassed by having to walk a long distance carrying a ball with a chain on it. As for the shot, which doesn't go as far as the other missiles, it is picked up and carried a few yards by the servile and settled into a long inclined trough, down which it rolls like a mammoth pinball, not propelled hard enough, returning back down the starting trough to the plunger.

I went to the weight-lifting events wondering if the great barbells were somehow going to be manipulated and shifted about by fork-lift trucks operated by men with engineering degrees. But no. To my surprise, the hefting is still done manually—by men wearing smart jumpsuits with a green arrow motif down the sleeves, often three of them at a time straining at the great weights. "Hernias," we thought might be a good name for these specialists.

One wonders, in fact, if the Russians have not found exalted descriptives for those who perform menial tasks to take the sting out of what they do. For example, might not those who labor at the jumping pits in track and field, sweeping them smooth after a broadjumper has landed, be referred to as "earth restabilizers," or perhaps "sand agronomists?"

Yesterday evening I saw a man jump higher over a bar than anyone in history—seven feet, eight and three-quarters inches, an almost obscene height (I can just barely reach up that high). The man was an East German, Gerd Wessig, and when he had done it, he lay on his back on the blue, square mattress, itself about four feet thick so that jumpers don't damage themselves on the way down from that prodigious height, and with his arms and legs akimbo, just as he had landed, he lay looking up into the pale evening sky for almost a minute, exulting, and letting the roar from the crowd wash over him. What a remarkable moment for him-to have done a simple act better than anyone else in the world! Above him, the bar, which had not even trembled as he had gone over it, must have seemed as solidly fixed as a tree branch.



HARPER'S OCTOBER 1980

We hear from travelers and tourists con ing in from the West that in the press li play is being given to the games and sill feats as Wessig's. There is much more covage about the squabbling over the officiati the alleged cheating, the food-throwing sodes in the Olympic Village disco, the la of top-flight (i.e. U.S.) competition . . . most as if the free-world press felt oblig to downgrade the Moscow show as much possible. Only three minutes of the games a available daily to the networks in the Stat. Some newspaper publishers are refusing publish any accounts of the Olympics, makiz the games a nonevent and its participal nonpeople in the best tradition (if the thought about it) of the Soviet practice (manipulating history.

Very discouraging, this, and it made me member Ralph Ellison inveighing against to side effects of the boycott in the civil right struggle in the 1960s. When it was suggest that industrial companies with discriminator practices should be publicly listed and the products boycotted in protest, Ellison arguly persuasively that too many people who we not responsible would be affected and cause

anguish and hardship.
Certainly one thing to be said about the boycott was that it made everyone feel purand frustrated. It hadn't changed anythin It demeaned without effect. It didn't malanyone feel righteous or smug, unless the were prigs and had forgotten about Vietnam It created division and confusion. This moring I had breakfast with a girl who was woried about what people would say back in the United States because she had come to Moscotosee the games. "Do you think they'll sa I'm a traitor?" she asked.

I watched her remove the top of her egg "It's going to be all right this morning," sh said. "Yesterday, it was a one-minute egg.

"Is that what they're saying?" I asked. "What?"

"That you're going to be called a traitor. "Everybody in our tourist group is talkin about it. The Russian salesgirls in the Gur department store said to Pat—you know Pa—how sorry they were that President Carte wasn't going to let the tourists who came to the Olympics back into the United States Where was she going to go, they wondered.

"We can all go and live in Tashkent,"

said.
"Gorky's more likely," the girl said. "The Forbidden City—that's what the Intouris guide calls the place. I'm depressed. If i weren't for how nicely they've done the egithis morning, I'd cry."

OUR TIME IN

by Tom Wolfe

Style Note

"We dress you up in your jodhpurs and your boots and your little jacket from Knoud and take you to your riding lessons. We dress you up in your white jumper and panties and take you to your tennis lessons. We dress you up in your tutu and take you to your ballet lessons. We dress you up in your blazer and your plaid skirt and take you to day school.

"Ah! - a proper little English girl from a hundred years ago. Then we send you off to college so you can wear running shoes with stripes on them and orthopedic-looking soles, bib overalls, and men's white strap undershirts, with no bra on underneath, and live in a coed dorm, and be like a striped cat or a rabbit. The dormitory rooms are too small for double beds and desks and bureaus. So in their rooms the boys build wooden platforms about six feet off the floor and put queen-size mattresses up on top and the desks and bureaus underneath, and all you'll remember about college will be climbing up bunk ladders to get up on the platforms.

"If I call you on the telephone some night and you're not in your room, your roommates will tell me you're out jogging. That's what they'll say, even if it's two in the morning. 'Oh she always goes jogging in the middle of the night.' And when the

time comes, I'll make myself believe it."



THE COUNSEL OF THE DEAD

However complicated the origins of currency, its practical effects and the end it has to serve in the community may be stated roughly in simple terms. The money a man receives for his work (mental or bodily) or for relinquishing his property in some consumable good, must ultimately be able to purchase for him for his use a fairly equivalent amount of consumable goods. ("Consumable goods" is a phrase we would have understood in the widest sense to represent even such things as a journey, a lecture or theatrical entertainment, housing, medical advice, and so forth.) When everyone in a community is assured of this, and assured that the money will not deteriorate in purchasing power, then currency-and the distribution of goods by trade -is in a healthy and satisfactory state. Then men will work cheerfully, and

The imperative need for that steadfastness and security of currency is the fixed datum, therefore, from which the scientific study and control of currency must begin. But under the most stable conditions there will always be fluctuations in currency value. The sum total of saleable consumable goods in the world and in various countries

only then.

varies from year to year and from season to season; autumn is probably a time of plenty in comparison with spring; with an increase in the available goods in the world the purchasing power of currency will increase, unless there is also an increase in the amount of currency. On the other hand, if there is a diminution in the production of consumable goods or a great and unprofitable destruction of consumable goods, such as occurs in a war, the share of the total of consumable goods represented by a sum of money will diminish, and prices and wages will rise. In modern war the explosion of a single big shell, even if it hits nothing, destroys labour and material roughly equivalent to a comfortable cottage or a year's holiday for a man. If the shell hits anything, then that further destruction has to be added to the diminution of consumable goods. Every shell that burst in the First World War diminished by a little fraction the purchasing value of every coin in the whole world. If there is also an increase of currency during a period when consumable goods are being used up and not fully replaced—and the necessities of revolutionary and war-making governments almost always require this—then the enhancement of prices and the fall in the value of the currency paid in wages is still greater.

Usually, also, governments under these stresses borrow money—that is to say, they issue interestbearing paper, secured on the willingness and ability of the general community to endure taxation.

Such operations would be difficult enough if they were carried out frankly by perfectly honest men, in the full light of publicity and scientific knowledge. But hitherto this has never been the case; at every point the clever egotist, the bad sort of

rich man, is trying to deflect things a little to his own advantage. Everywhere, too, one finds the stupid egotist ready to take fright and break into panic. Consequently we presently discover the State encumbered by an excess of currency, which is in effect a noninterest-paying debt, and also with a great burthen of interest upon loans. Both credit and currency begin to fluctuate wildly public confidence. They

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with the evaporation of prare, we say, demoralized.

The ultimate consequence of an entirely demoralized currency would be to end all work and all trade that could not be carried on by payment in kind and barter. Men would refuse to work, except for food, clothing, housing, and payment in kind. The immediate consequence of a partially demoralized currency is to drive up prices and make trading feverishly adventurous and workers suspicious and irritable. A sharp man wants under such conditions to hold money for as brief a period as possible; he demands the utmost for his reality, and buys a reality again as soon as possible in order to get this perishable stuff, the currency paper, off his hands. All who have fixed incomes and saved accumulations suffer by the rise in prices, and the wage-earners find, with a gathering fury, that the real value of their wages is continually less.

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THE MAN IN THE MOVIES

Styles in male ambivalence

by Sally Helges

HE ELEVATION of the weak. confused, and childish male to the status of national culture hero and even sex object is one of the 1970s. Forgive me if I confess astonishment.

A simple example. By the end of the last decade, millions of women actually admitted to finding Woody Allen attractive. Contemplating such a phenomenon, generalized astonishment must give way to rage, to an intimation that there is something to be feared in all of this. Men will never be more than women expect them to be (the reverse of this is also true, of course), and to consider just how low expectations have fallen must give cause to real alarm.

In order to conceive of Woody Allen as a sex symbol, an ideal, a woman must repudiate respect for every manly virtue—courage, fortitude, a secure sense of self, magnanimity, diligence, adventurousness—and cultivate instead a taste for timidity, self-obsession, fussiness, pettiness, hysteria. She must abandon the idea that a good man is a loving father, a reliable provider, a self-confident lover, and, should it prove necessary, a brave soldier. She must instead approve a man who brags that he is incapable of being any of these things, a man who asks only to

be babied, petted, and indulged, treated like an impossible but charming little boy.

Now I don't want to pick on Woody Allen (no. maybe I do-his cringing demeanor cries out for it, begs for mistreatment). But why restrict the scope of my scorn when so many are richly deserving? In recent years, social delinquents have been thrown up for general adulation in every field of endeavor. Among painters, the late Jackson Pollock leads the way, having in the last decade attained a reputation as a genius because of \$2 million posthumous sales and a fine reputation for drunkenness, vandalism, and indulgent self-destruction. Among writers, we have as our elder statesmen eternal adolescents like Norman Mailer and Philip Roth; even Jack Kerouac is being resurrected for sentimental revival because of his disorderly hijinx. And pop idols of the music world, eagerly imitating the contrived poutings and posturings of Mick Jagger or the unfocused teenaged rage of the Bob Dylan of the Sixties, yield to none in their aggressive cultivation of childish attitudes

The bad-boy mystique has gone well beyond the frontiers of art, however. The underdog-as-hero mentality has brought to prominence politicians like Ted Kennedy and Jerry Brown, men admired for their weaknesses, the misconduct, their display of "huma frailties. The same mentality has spired many an ailing conglomerate cast its lot with some trumped-boy genius rather than renouncipolicies of economic shortsightedne Examples abound. Around us we sthe anotheosis of weakness.

But the movies have been Americ most common cultural currency sir the second world war, and it is the movies that the image of man as pouting child has been nurtured w particular consistency and exquis nuance: it is in the movies that t mannerisms of ineffectuality have be perfected. The celluloid image h proven a powerful means of influenci human behavior and style; it is know for example, that gangsters like t late Joey Gallo learned how to act li gangsters were supposed to act by water ing John Garfield on screen. And a look at how the image of men h changed in the movies offers a simp means by which the observer mig trace the ascent of the childish ma to his current curious status as her We've come a long way from Jol Wayne, from whom we expected ever thing, to Woody Allen, from who we expect nothing, and an examination Sally Helgesen is a contributing editor Harper's.



the means and the method by which have made the journey can tell us mething about how we arrived here, d why we ever chose to come.

Apocalypse Brando

A man mumbles because his tongue is too large, and we think, oh, he has so many ideas he cannot express them all.

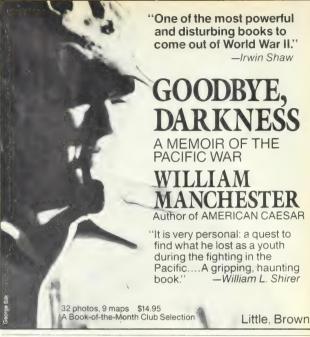
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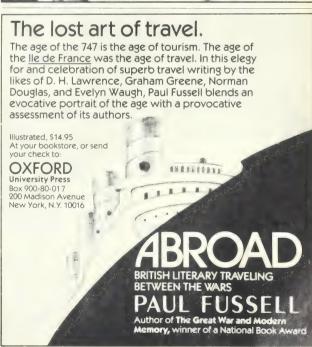
Sometimes I think that all of acting in the last thirty years could be thought of as a matter of learning to understand Brando.

-Kevin McCarthy, actor

EFORE 1950, the image of the American male was defined in film by the personae of actors like Gary Cooper, John Wayne, mmy Stewart, Humphrey Bogart, and sencer Tracy. Cooper, Wayne, and ewart played brave, reliable, somenat naive men, conscientious, solid ealists capable of settling vast froners. Bogart and Tracy were more orldly, less conventional in their disay of courage, but they played men no lived by a strict code of honor onetheless. They were heroes. These en might be loners or they might be aders, but they were never, ever, ildish. Courage and maturity were ements of their sexuality. When Mrs. opez, the local whore with a heart of old, told Gary Cooper's petulant young val in High Noon that it took more an broad shoulders to make a man, ervone knew just what she meant. man was a creature who acted like man

The change from this clear definion of manhood began in the early)50s. It was signaled by the appearice, first on stage and then very lickly on screen, of Marlon Brando. rando brought something new into is performances. Along with the "thick ingue" that outraged those who beeved that the interests of clarity and pherence were served by good enunation, he brought an ability to proect confusion, vulnerability, pain, a ouch of self-pity, and an extreme deensiveness that made him seem startngly real, a contrast to the clean-cut, ncomplicated good guys who had een the country's heroes until then. pposite Brando, the straight guy's trength seemed rigid, his good man-





ners looked fussy. Brando's presence was both a challenge to and a goof on the conventional vision of maleness.

Brando's stage and screen presence was established by his portrayal of Stanley Kowalski in A Streetcar Named Desire; the role became a prototype, Brando's Kowalski was a frustrated and angry loser whom arbitrary fate had cast into a bad situation that he was too confused and ignorant to control, and against which he reacted with untempered rage. This rage, like that of the motorcycle bandit Brando played in The Wild One, had no target: it was diffuse, emotional, inarticulate. But the means which Brando used to express it-flinching glances, sardonic grumbles, and ironic grimaces that hinted at vulnerability beneath the angry surface-were so well suited to the display of emotion that they seemed to redefine the possibilities of how a man could act.

Brando's early style was a powerful one, and it became important to the subsequent history of acting for three reasons. First, it was idiosyncratic; like Joyce's fiction, its "originality" lead those who were influenced by it into the cul de sac of imitation. Brando may have expressed ambivalence to perfection, but ambivalence is a single emotion, a single attitude. The legions of actors who became obsessed with this one-note technique over the thirty years following Brando's debut found it difficult to develop any range or style not convoluted by a dynamic of ambivalence and irony.

Second, because Brando usually played men who acted one way but who, the audience sensed, "really" were quite another way, he reversed the simple concept that a man can be judged by his actions and held responsible for them. His characters always seemed to be saying, look, I'm basically a good guy, or at least I'd like to be a good guy, but sometimes I do bad stuff and everything comes out wrong: don't judge me by what I do. This emphasis on intention rather than effects coincided in the early 1950s with America's fascination with psychotherapeutic principles, and the emphasis was indeed a consequence of the new "psychological" attitude. The oldstyle American hero had been a man of right action, but the new American antihero was a man of good intentions. most of which he was incapable of

carrying out. In the wider world, he was impotent.

HIS BRINGS us to the third reason for Brando's sustained influence, the most important one to the theme of this essay: his redefinition of masculine sexuality as something that proceeds from weakness rather than strength. Because the typical Brando hero of the early Fifties was ambivalent and emotionally confused, he could not summon the courage and maturity that had formerly been elements of a film hero's virility. Instead, he projected a kind of teenaged eroticism, intense and unfocused, which derived emotional power from an impossible passive vearning. Frustration was the bottom line of his sexuality, the frustration of a man who cannot control his fate.

Brando's Kowalski transmutes the child-parent dynamic into the world of men and women. "Stel-lah!" he cries -"Mom-my!"-acknowledging jealous dependence he has so transparently denied, and female hearts everywhere pound at evidence of such abject submission. Indeed, the early Brando's seductive charms are precisely those of the rebellious child who mocks parental worry over his carryings-on. Into the vacuum of his sulky passivity their frantic concern is drawn, and they begin to seem desperate by contrast. Such desperation, such control of one's attention by passive manipulation, feels like desire when unimpeded by the taboos that obtain between parent and child.

I have taken the space to dissect these elements of Brando's style because, as they were the most obvious and startlingly "different," so also were they the most imitated and hence influential. Never mind that Brando was often a genius in varying his style and giving it resonance: his imitators were not. Montgomery Clift's wounded fawn (or doe) vulnerability made him seem, like Brando, startlingly "real" on screen. Recall the effectiveness of his mumbling opposite the blustering John Wayne in Red River; such tender confusion only accentuated Wayne's villainous rigidity and made him seem a parody of masculine power. But Clift. like Brando, was an original, and even more than Brando, he established the passive child-man as an object worthy

of sexual interest. "Tell mamma! Il mamma all!" Elizabeth Taylor is plored him in George Stevens's A Ple in the Sun; the dialogue was imprised to exploit the strange off-screadynamic between the recalcitrant feful actor and the most beautiful wo an in the world.

After Clift, things took a turn to the worse. James Dean, another manetic, almost emblematic figure a American cinema, used to phone boll Clift and Brando so he could he their voices and imitate them. In h short, spectacular career, he manag to give one single and continuous poformance-that of a confused all self-destructive delinquent with a hea of pure gold, whose negative conce tion of male adulthood (Jim Back) wearing an apron, etc.) both ratio alized his predicament and hinted th he would never become an adult his self. By dying young, and in a mann consonant with his own self-conscio myth, Dean became the Peter Pan American acting, flying off to Neve-Never Land without ever having grow up.

EW SUCCESSFUL actors sind the late 1950s have escape the influence of this trio. Me of talent and versatility lil Robert DeNiro, men with a stror screen presence like Al Pacino, me with a one-note abashedness like Dus in Hoffman, men with nothing excera tired bag of tricks and tics like Joh Savage, men with no more than blank cov visage like Richard Geresuch men have all inherited a commo style that enables them to win impotant roles but makes it difficult fo them to portray responsible adults wh are at relative peace with society of doing something constructive about if they're not, and capable of mair taining a relationship with an adu woman. As a result, the last decade ha been notable for having as its mos memorable heroes a bizarre assortmen of drug abusers, mafia thugs, psycho pathic neighborhood punks, rebelliou cops, rootless troublemakers, and im potent, shell-shocked war veterans.

Alternatives to the angst-ridden heir of Brando have usually been boys-will be-boys hi-jinx types like Paul Newman and Steve McQueen, men whose eterna adolescence is demonstrated not b

Her voice is full of money

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pouting and brooding but by an undying fascination with driving at high speeds. And there is the comic celebration of perpetual childishness as exemplified by Woody Allen. But actors—even famous and financially successful ones—who fall outside the prevailing pale of hopeless immaturity find themselves plagued by unaccountable career difficulties: Burt Reynolds has trouble being taken seriously, while Jon Voight finds problems getting roles. The mere suggestion of emotional stability that clings to such men makes them ineligible to be film heroes.

The willful idiosyncracy of Brando's defining idiom, its psychological emphasis upon intent rather than effect, its eroticizing of frustration and powerlessness, all achieved an unpleasant apotheosis as the last decade closed with Brando's portraval of Colonel Kurtz in Apocalypse Now. Kurtz personifies the aging adolescent, the man who, having avoided using power or assuming responsibility all his life. can only abuse it hideously when at last it is thrust upon him. The mishmash of this poorly realized character. who mutters fragments and keeps his head buried in his hands half the time. was perhaps intended as a metaphor for the darkness that lies at the heart of American imperialism or Western civilization or some such grand notion. But in this film it seemed more apt as a metaphor for the confusion of an over-wrought and over-used dramatic idiom that, grown old but not matured, could result in a half-digested parody like Kurtz.

Mass production

Willard: They told me you had gone completely insane, and that your method was unsound.

Kurtz: And what do you think of my method?

Willard: I don't see any method.
—Apocalypse Now

ow, one may ask, has this lamentable state of affairs evolved? Just why has America begun choosing weaklings for heroes? To answer this question in its broader sense would require examining the nation's ambivalence toward its inherited position of wealth and power, the postwar generation's

concept of prosperity as an inalienable right that needs no active defense, the country's acceptance of draft dodging as a legitimate strategy during an unpopular war, and the racist myths that inspire fear in the majority. Such reasons determine the kind of stuff from which heroes are made by creating a cultural bias and defining acceptable behavior.

But because the scope of this essay is restricted to examining the childish man in the movies, we will consider here only the specific means by which tortured adolescent ambivalence has become the mode among adult male actors of the last generation. The general cultural climate has created the weather in which this spindly plant has taken root, but its flourishing has resulted from deliberate cultivation.

The means of cultivation has been the Method, that technique by which Brando's mannerisms have been imitated. He himself was the prototype. of course, not simply because he had magnificent natural talent, but because he was the first big star to manifest Method techniques on screen, the first to display the tentative mannerisms. untrained voice, and self-deprecating irony that have since become the convention. But he was not merely imitated: rather, his experiences were deliberately approximated, his traumas and despairs methodically duplicated, so that his style might be subject to repeated reincarnation.

American acting, dominated by Method techniques for the last thirty years, can properly be said to have originated in Russia, and so it is to Russia that we must briefly turn if we are to make any sense of what has happened here. The principles espoused by Konstnatin Stanislavsky just before the Russian Revolution have exerted a far greater influence in America than in Europe or, indeed, in Russia itself. His was a system designed to make acting be more "real," more naturalistic, and thus more democratic, more accessible to the masses and better able to accurately portray characters who would once have been considered "low." But his method was reserved for study by an accomplished elite. and it avoided the meretricious and patronizing vulgarity that often attends enterprises with such aims.

Stanislavsky was an erect, grave, stately man who had mastered the

technicalities of the actor's craft all could play with ease a clown or a kirl. But his thoughts were filled with tygrander schemes common to that fewent era. In addition to founding tymoscow Art Theater, he wrote a seriof hortatory tomes on acting and estalished a studio for instruction. He to it as his mission in life to raise the status of the actor to that of the artiand to encourage a more naturalist style, naturalism being the ideal drimatic idiom in that willfully anticlasical era.

Like a religious master, Stanislavsl devised his system for training initiate in the spiritual precepts of his syster It was Bertolt Brecht who first con pared Stanislavsky's language to the language of religion: the character created, art is sacred, the actor serve art, he must undergo transformation his concentration is a mystic with drawal, he lays bare his soul, he is vessel for truth. Initiates were encoun aged to look meditatively inward, t conjure up private recollections of emotion in an attempt to really shar the experiences of the characters the were portraying. By such means, characters were supposed to be created from within, rather than built from the observed detail of gesture. All though this method was entirely amor phous and individualistic, its anarchic aspects were tempered by regular en semble performance, and by Stanis laysky's demand that his students all ready have mastered such basics o their profession as dancing, fencing acrobatics, voice, diction, declamation and rhetoric.

HE MOSCOW Art Theater toured America in 1923, and it took the country by storm. There is a photograph taken just before the company sailed for America, and it reveals the tenor of its visit. It shows Stanislavsky-tall, white haired, imperious, truly grand -bidding farewell to Maurice Gest, the theatrical entrepreneur who organized the tour and who became the very pattern for impresarios who followed. Small, anxious-looking, and fidgety. Gest blinks into the camera with an ingratiating look while Stanislavsky stares with sublime detachment out over his head. Gest's Jewish family had known persecution in late czarist

ussia, and he was inspired to underke this enterprise by the wish to right icient wrongs: he confided to Stanisvsky on the night before the photoanh was taken that he was bringing e Moscow Art Theater to America show his Russian parents the presze he had attained in his adopted nd. Stanislavsky expressed dismay at the creative efforts of so many ould be bent to so mean an end, but est's motives were not necessarily appropriate. Stanislavsky's system orified the actor as an artist, an outder, and thus a vehicle for expressg truth, and Gest, who had known pression, really was an outsider. The notograph was prophetic, for in Amera. Stanislavsky's technique for poraving outsiders would be developed v those who were outsiders themlves, those who, like Gest, would find their fantasies of revenge great nancial rewards.

The success of the Moscow Art heater inspired a series of defections ich as now routinely attend the export f Russian culture. Among those who lose to stay in America was Karol oleslavsky, a director and teacher ho took as his gospel Stanislavsky's memory of emotion" exercises. Bolslavsky founded the American Labratory Theater in Greenwich Village, nd among his first students were tella Adler, of the great Yiddish theaer family, and Lee Strasberg, who ad formerly worked in the garment enter. These two would become the nost influential acting teachers in merica in the early Thirties, and neir flourishing would extend into 980. Because both of them established andern "university-format" chools, rather than becoming private oaches or starting repertory troupes, hey were able to bring their interpreations of the Boleslavsky canon to housands of students.

Most of the Laboratory Theater egulars were first-generation Amerians from the Lower East Side of New fork, and their collective presence gave he company a distinctive political edge. This was exacerbated during the Depression, and a number of students eft the Boleslavskian stronghold and formed the more radical Group Theater in 1931. The new company included Strasberg and Adler, as well as Harold Clurman, Robert Lewis, Cheryl Crawford, and Elia Kazan. The Group's

intention was to stage only naturalistic dramas; indeed, Strasberg cautioned them against selecting works that even portrayed the middle class. Because the political interests of The Group made it partial to dramas about characters from the lower economic classes, training in diction and voice was deemed superfluous to the concerns of naturalism, and indeed somewhat undemocratic.

As other founders achieved directorial or acting success. Lee Strasberg gained ascendancy in The Group Theater. In the late 1940s Strasberg became director of The Actor's Studio, and more recently he founded the much larger and less exclusive Lee Strasberg Institute: by these means he brought the principles and techniques espoused by The Group into the Hollywood mainstream. Here they were adapted to the commercial realities of a medium in which art is an incidental consideration, although the creation of myths and heroes is an ongoing concern, expressed by the term "bankability."

Around Strasberg there has always raged the kind of controversy familiar in our era of cult leaders and petty tyrants: he has been criticized for playing the psychologist and inflicting possible emotional damage upon his students and followers, for playing the guru. But our purpose here is not to villify the man but rather to examine his method. The Method as taught by Strasberg is used as a means for tapping in the actors'emotions imagined to be repressed, in the mechanistic belief that "getting in touch" with such emotions will automatically deepen any characterization. It employs a number of standard group therapy techniques. Improvisation demands that the actor make up a scene which does not come from the play under study but is "emotionally analogous" to it; the idea is that words disguise rather than reveal the play's meaning and so must be done away with if the real guts of the role are to be understood. The "exercise of affective memory" is a technique that requires the actor to recall emotions from his own past while playing a part, in order to reproduce a certain mood. The question he asks is not how the character would feel. but how he personally would feel. A third technique, derived from Stanislavsky's concept of Public Solitude 7 Months A Hardcover Bestseller Now In Paperback!

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(the actor is alone onstage) is the more hermetic "private moment": in this exercise, the student tries to "connect" with a fantasy from his own past by letting loose in a "private space." The amount of hysteria expressed or ostentatiously held in check during this ordeal becomes the measure of the private moment's truth, and is judged by the teacher accordingly.

Madness

A refusal of actors to extend themselves beyond any experience that is not comfortably close to their own miserable psyches has all but destroyed the good name of Stanislarsky... A student of mine said "you know" before every line he spoke—he said it was his "handle." I said, that's interesting. The way an accident is interesting.

Robert I was dire for

SAT IN on a few classes at the Lee Strasberg Institute. As an initiate. I was encouraged to lie half-prone. to flail my arms about, andsomehow-to relax. To my left, a beautiful black girl shouted hideously and warbled a refrain from Singin' in the Rain. To my right, a young man fended off sexual attack by tigers. Behind me, a nearly naked woman stopped and started a loud disco tape, while a Japanese man in underpants hurled himself against a wall and sobbed. I was encouraged to "relive" my morning cup of coffee, and while my energies were thus occupied, suddenly:

"This is chaos!" a young man—blond, artless, sincere—shouted, and yes, I thought, this is chaos, everyone lost and isolated, reliving a private night of drunkenness or a sip of coffee, no sense of common enterprise to bind them together, no text.

A scene from Barejoot in the Park followed. The girl onstage employed the weaving balance of a hysterical drunk in an attempt to portray frustration. The boy (he who had shrieked of chaos) began by exhibiting the standard range of facial tics meant to telegraph ambivalence, but after a few moments he began to scream savagely. He broke the blood vessels in his hand by pounding on a table, and terrified his partner by hurling a chair at her in earnest. The moment was real, fright ening, and violent, but the pallid com-

edv supposedly being enacted hardly justified all the emotion. The boy, confused then by the force of his energy and hatred, broke down at last in bewilderment and withdrew from the stage, amid wild applause. The teacher praised his subjectivity, his ability to bring the memory of strong, unexamined emotion to his performance. She spoke well of his "personalization," she mentioned the private moment, and cited this interpretation as an instance of it having worked. She seemed to have forgotten that the boy had walked offstage in the middle of his performance, and forgotten his lines.

A few principles may be discerned at work here. The first is the presumption that, underlying any given text, there is a "subtext" of rage, disappointment, and violent frustration, and that a performance with real weight must manifest the "dark side," the ambivalence, of all human emotion. This presumption sets up both an expectation of and a rationale for angry, childish behavior: it is assumed to be "truth" at the deepest psychological level. Actors adept at expressing angry ambivalence are thus considered most capable of expressing truth.

Another principle at work here might be described as the cult of true genius. The Method is a long, painfully drawnout process-analyzing, thinking, rethinking-and it involves a lot of waiting around for inspiration, substituting sudden psychological insight for building a character with a diverse range of vocal and physical techniques. Relying on intuitive flashes hardly encourages an attitude of professionalism. but then being unprofessional is often interpreted as proof of having a true vocation, a superior calling. Their reputations for being difficult have only enhanced the legends of men like Brando. Clift, and Dean, although their inability to develop a professional attitude has also rendered them unfit for continuous, sustained achievement throughout a long career.

Description of the cult of true genius, into the mythology of the cult of true genius, into the self-indulgent romantic belief that talent, if it is true, must be tortured, must either meet an early doom or blossom imperfectly, never to reach full flower. A brilliant start,

an abundance of good early rol hailed as "ground breaking" followe by a series of ill-chosen parts, a we publicized display of hostility towar the audience, much withdrawal ar brooding-such has been the sad pro ress made by the imitators of Brand Through it all, the public has bee treated to the spectacle of decline, ha been pleased to witness its idol the hour court disaster, misbehav fail, resurface, narrowly escape, while they themselves magnanimously adop the pose of bemused and indulger parent, epatéed bourgeois, sorrowin authority figure: oh. how unfortunate the way he misbehaves, the way h drinks, takes pills, beats his wife, car ries on, gets down on his knees an howls like a dog, commits indecent act in public, bites the hand that feed him! The romance of self-destruction gives the antihero his real-life appea

It is also what keeps him a child Given the convoluted romanticism of this ugly dynamic, is it any wonde that our nation has produced a pan theon of weaklings for heroes? Is no the Method, in this context, merely machine for stamping out defiant, confused, and inward-looking young reb els for idolatrous consumption by public grown ravenous and cynical from surfeit of the same? The peculia contempt in which the Method star has traditionally held his audience should really present no conundrum for it is simply the resentment of one who senses he is being kept in a state of arrested development so that his fans may enjoy the spectacle of his eventual dismemberment. That he with draws, shies away, paws the ground and feigns refusal only makes the show more thrilling.

Notions of the tragedy that inevitably attends true genius have been with us since the sturm un drang days of early German romanticism, of course ever since art ceased to be the handmaiden of the church, the court, the community, and became instead simply Art, a consummation devoutly to be wished, a religion, a burden, a duty. for which one should sacrifice Allfamily, domestic peace, financial security, even sanity itself. And indeed. underlying the Method's primary assumptions-that anger is an expression of truth and that creativity must await frenzied inspiration-is a philosophy akin to that preached by R. D. Laing: at within the madman lie the seeds true genius.

The real madness in this assumption came clear to me during a conversant I had with the actor Kevin Marthy, Montgomery Clift's best friend an early member of the Actor's udio himself. McCarthy sat on a rock Central Park one summer afternoon a spoke about the Method. He railed gainst the self-conscious slowness of e Method actor getting ready for a ble. "My God," he asked, "have we me on this earth for all that preparant, for all that waiting around until e moment of inspiration comes? souldn't we just get on with it?"

He paused, looked out across the irk, and went into a mock Method ance. "Of course, if we wait long lough, it will come," he said, his face itching. He lowered his head, grew lent, put a hand over his face. "It ill come," he repeated, "I want it to me... I want... I want... Oh. God. zee it comes! That feeling, yes, that's hat I've been waiting for!"

McCarthy sprang up from the rock, s eyes mad now and darting, and as wept and shouted a wino wearing a riped bathrobe and a many-colored aitted hat strolled by, drinking from paper bag and screaming staccato rocherencies to himself: "Eye-lee, eye-e, eye-lee...."

"I laid a trap for my unconscious," [cCarthy shouted. "I am an artist!" e turned calmly. "That's the Method," e said.

"Eye-lee, eye-lee, eye-lee...."

"He laid a trap, too," said the actor, sturing toward the raving drunk.

My God, he must be an artist too!"

ovies are only movies, of course, they are not real life. But film stars are the country's popular heroes, and lay roles that people act out in life. heir behavior and mannerisms on creen and their legends off screen dene and mirror what is acceptable, hat works, what wins the day, what ins the girl. And what embarrasses one. Embarrassment is a powerful inhibtor, and while some might argue that nhibition of any kind is an evil, it cems more sensible to accept that, beng human and thus imperfect, we vould all do well to inhibit the display of those weaknesses and failings that

do society no good. Embarrassment does this by setting standards, establishing taboos.

But with the current vaunting of vulnerability, nothing seems cause for shame. I recently read an interview with a famous authoress and her husband, who is a few years younger than she. Asked if this bothered him, he replied that it had once, but it didn't now because he'd realized that he and his wife were "both basically twelve-year-olds." Now perhaps this

was intended to be cute; I am really not sure. It was enough for me to be astonished that a man in his thirties, the father of a child, would make such a coy and fatuous claim without embarrassment. In another time, I might have wondered, What kind of man is this? But in our world, where Woody Allen can win the hearts of millions by flaunting his childishness and lack of courage, such a question is redundant.

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RESCUING THE ARK

Conservation and paternalism in Madagascar

by Patrick Marnhar

N 1947 IT was reported that a bloody rebellion had erupted on Madagascar. At that time the island was a colony of France, and there were terrible stories of atrocities committed by both sides. On the night of March 29, five large towns fell to native rebels. If they were lucky, the French administrators and those faithful to them were slaughtered. If they were not, the most imaginative tortures were practiced on them. One young clerk in the civil service was made the victim of a "live autopsy." A native doctor dissected the Frenchman's organs, by the rule book. He tied up the arteries as he went along and kept his patient alive with injections of camphorated oil. Another report revealed that the French-officered police had set up a fully equipped torture chamber. Native troops from Senegal who were loval to France were flown 4.000 miles across Africa to quell the uprising. Their bestial behavior was said to be even more frightful than that of the Malagasy rebels and the colonial authorities combined.

The psychologist D.O. Mannoni, who had at that time been living and working in Madagascar for some years, investigated these atrocity stories and found that in almost every case they were grotesquely exaggerated in every detail. They sprang from the terrified imagination of the French settlers, who almost seemed to be willing the uprising to be even more horrible than it was. The curious thing was that Patrick Marnham is the author of Fantastic Invasion: Notes on Contemporary Africa (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

the same people were inventing the stories of atrocities on both sides. Those who were reputed to have committed the worst crimes on the French side positively gloried in their imaginary misdeeds. For Mannoni this event provided the proof of a theory he had been working on for years. "A veil was torn aside." he wrote. "and for a brief moment a burst of dazzling light enabled me to verify the series of intuitions I had not dared to believe in."

The result of Mannoni's work was his great but now largely forgotten book, The Psychology of Colonization. In it he argued that the "settler mentality" was not something resulting from the colonial situation but was a cast of mind that the settlers brought with them from Europe. Everyone was born with a rudimentary inferiority complex and a rudimentary dependence

complex. In the highly competiti societies of the West the individu repressed the latter and in the high supportive native society of Mad gascar he repressed the former. The Western individual, being in a cor petitive situation almost from birt was bound to notice differences b tween himself and others. In co sequence he developed an exaggerate inferiority complex, which he cou only resolve through achievement. Tl result was the astonishing energy ar success of the Western individua When he entered a native societ which was dominated by magic ar the worship of the ancestors-to bo of which he was invulnerable-he a peared like a king. The depende native transferred his allegiance fro the old powers to this dominant ne arrival, who promised to lead the n tive into his own powerful world.



olony became a place where native nd settler could engage in an intimate sychological relationship of mutual dvantage. The native used his new aster as a bridge to reason. The ettler acquired numerous native deendents and so resolved his inferiority omplex to an unusually satisfying xtent. The stereotype colonial relaonship of "master" and "children" ad deeper roots than might at first ppear.

Seen in the light of this theory the ars of colonial independence assumed new and disturbing character. They ere not simply a heroic struggle or political independence, but an outaged protest against the premature ithdrawal of that protection that the uropean settlers had offered. It was rue that the colonial wars were led y genuine liberators, evolved native ubjects who sought nationhood for neir people on the European and merican models. But these leaders ere supported, at least subconsciously, v men who feared the independent uture in which they were to be abanoned to the old demons without the rotection of their new mentors. Manoni saw the Malagasy uprising of 947 as partly an act of revenge. The ain felt by the rebels went very eep, and the horrific atrocities inented by their French masters reealed the hatred they projected onto gose they were about to abandon.

T IS NOT difficult to see why Mannoni's theory has failed to become the received wisdom of world politics. The prevailing myth of the eroic and uncomplicated anticolonial truggle is more flattering to all conerned. Both the former colonial adainistrators and the veterans of the attle for independence are more at ase with a version of their past that gnores its psychological complexities. But the price to be paid for relinquishng insight is measured in misundertanding. And that this particular nisunderstanding of Madagascar coninues is made clear by a new book ntitled A World Like Our Own: Man and Nature in Madagascar, by Alison olly (Yale University Press, \$29.95), vhich is devoted to the relatively traightforward topic of conservation. One of the reasons why Mannoni ound Madagascar such a rewarding

field for study was that the psychology of the people was vividly displayed in their religion, the worship of their ancestors. Animism is the religion common to most of tropical Africa, but nowhere else is it so richly interwoven with the natural world. Traditionally the dead are seen by the Malagasies as the rulers of nature and the guardians of the family-in short, as God. They are the originators of fertility and authority. The spirits of the ancestors can reside in a corpse, or in a person possessed, or in an animal. The extraordinary wildlife of the island has played a central part in this religion. Because of this natural wealth Madagascar, which is the fourth largest island in the world, remains even today one of the strangest places in existence. It possesses all the tropical wealth of Africa multiplied many times over. Ninety percent of its forest species are unique to the island and are found nowhere else on earth. The list includes forty races of lemurs, which comprise a separate branch of the primate line. The reason for this unique abundance, says Dr. Jolly, is that the island broke away from the east African mainland 100 million years ago.

Its latest founding stocks are 50 or 60 million years old. These pioneers have radiated in isolation to take their own path as bizarre specialists or living fossils. Because they have evolved together they have formed parallel biological communities-that alternative sphere dreamed of by science fiction writers and scientists. The rules would still hold true if time had once broken its banks and flowed to the present down a different channel. A biologist from space or even from Earth two centuries hence, could not believe or forgive us if we indifferently destroy the Malagasy habitats and let a major experiment of evolution

In other words, Madagascar is unique to our understanding of the natural world. If any part of the globe's remaining wilderness is worth conserving, it is here. If conservation is to be of any use at all, this is where it must succeed.

The story of modern Madagascar, as told by Dr. Jolly, is indeed a terrible one. Until the start of the twen-

tieth century the island was a natural paradise, protected chiefly by its own isolation. Not only was it cut off from the African continent, but its steep mountains, encircled by thick forest, allowed its people to conduct their business with the outside world very much on their own terms. The great human population movements that swept across Africa, changing the face of the land, left Madagascar untouched. Its people practiced a subsistence agriculture based on the technique of slashing and burning forest land and then moving on, allowing the exhausted fields to regenerate themselves. Nothing they did challenged the existence of the other species on the island, many of which they venerated. Then, in 1896, the French arrived, bringing the missionaries of the modern world with them, and the population began to rise.

But as the population rose the farmers continued to practice the old methods. They moved through the forest and cleared it by fire. Today only 20 percent of the island is covered by forest. By comparison, 32 percent of the United States is forested, and in the area from Maine to Virginia (which has a population seven and one-half times as great as Madagascar in a region of similar size) there is twice as much woodland, But Madagascar is not the eastern seaboard of the United States. There is no industry on the island and little urban commerce. Already there are 8 million Malagasies, of whom over half are less than twenty years old. So year by year the pressure on the available arable land is growing. There is now less than one acre of land per head of the agricultural population. and the dwindling forest is the only place left for expansion. As the forest shrinks the good soil is washed away and there is decreased precipitation; eventually, by the usual conservationist method of extrapolation to zero, there may be the danger of extinction, first for the animals, then for the people.

In order to deal with the impending crisis, the authorities, guided by the world conservationist movement, have passed various laws intended to protect the forest from being nibbled to death by the hungry citizens. In 1970 the International Union for the Conservation of Nature held a "landmark" conference in Madagascar which was

attended by learned men and women from the World Wildlife Fund, the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, and many other bodies. Their arrival was immensely cheering to the Malagasy conservationists. The island's problems were aptly summarized, the lack of resources was carefully measured, and many promises were made on both sides. Vast nature reserves were decreed, into which farmers supposedly ventured at their peril. On one hill man would pursue his legitimate ends; on its neighbor the beasts would continue about their lawful purposes. And then the Western experts departed and nothing at all was done. Instead there was another revolution, in 1972. A new government, less susceptible to French influence, was installed; air dried up and conservation returned to its rather low place in the order of national priorities.

There is a striking illustration of this process in a story about a Malagasy scientist who had marked out a stretch of forest with vellow tags as part of a scheme to count carnivores. The author and her party followed the trail of little vellow tags into the forest only to find that the scientist's immaculate straight line came to an end in an illegal clearing, where a farmer had felled the trees, yellowtagged or not, in order to plant some cloves. In ten years' time, if all goes well, the cloves will fruit and the farmer will be able to marry and raise a family. Clearly in making this calculation he had given little thought to the survival of the red-ruffed lemur. "Only when we are richer," as one Malagasy forester told the author, "can we afford to guard our forest." Until then the ordinary Malagasies must put it to immediate use, and the governing Malagasies lack the money and the will to stop them.

The truth is that in the Third World conservation is not so much essential as impossible. In countries like Madagascar the real problem is one that conservation cannot even begin to answer. The time for game parks or forest reserves has passed. Such devices have long since outlived their usefulness. Even if the Malagasies adopt a more advanced agriculture based on rotation and fertilizer, and eventually on the fruits of technology, a steadily growing population will continue to

alter the land and eventually to exhaust it. Meanwhile no government anywhere in the world faced with a choice between the interests of its human and animal populations is going to prefer the latter. The trouble is that the pressing needs of the population have to be met far more quickly than the resources of the land can manage.

To be fair, the author of A World Like Our Own is aware of this objection to the conservationist's case; indeed she gives many eloquent Malagasy statements of it. But although she poses the question she never comes near to providing an answer to it. No conservationist ever has.

N ONE OF the opening passages of her book. Dr. Jolly describes an encounter she had with a party of Malagasy tribesmen who had captured a lemur, which they confidently offered to her for sale. But little did they know that they were dealing on this occasion with a biologist funded by the WWF. It must have been an unpleasant surprise when they received a scolding instead of the usual fee. Viewed from the tribal end of the telescope it is all a bit puzzling. It was, after all, the Europeans who first suggested that the Malagasies should capture the creatures that thronged their forests, in order to populate European zoos. Now it would seem that there is an adequate supply of lemurs in the white men's zoos and the new instruction is that they should be left alone, and at most filmed by visiting parties who will then display them on European and American television instead. The Malagasies would also like television, but they have even less chance of acquiring it without the fee they are used to receiving for capturing lemurs. At the present level of development their government cannot even afford to print postcards of its own wildlife in order to teach children the names that the Europeans have given to the local creatures. In the past, of course, these complicated European names - Lemur fulvus albifrons. for example-would scarcely have been necessary, since the animal if seen at all might well have been recognized as the spirit of some formidable family ancestor.

Ignoring this confusion as best they

can, the people of Madagascar contin to dream the immaterial dream th they and their ancestors have devis in order to survive the all too materi limitations of their traditional worl Dr. Jolly met some of them on the land of Lavalohalika, where there is village which has remained unvisite by administrators, missionaries, tra ers, and even tourists. Here the peop still worship wild lemurs, which the feed on bananas. The lemurs, responing to this attention, enter the villad in troops and break into the houses their search for food. They can a parently recognize individual human even after an interval of sever months, since when the humans retur to the village the lemurs gather aroun their visitors and stare. In return for their comforts the lemurs have sow the seeds of wild guava seeds aroun the village in their droppings. Pro tected by its isolation, that village provides a glimpse of the method of usin nature, and enduring it, that resulte in the natural wealth of Madagasca: It can only be a glimpse because the administration has already decide that the village is about to exhaust it available land and so there are plan afoot to develop it, possibly with tourist lodge.

By contrast there is the story of th aye-aye, a creature greatly feared b the Malagasies because of its strang appearance. It is a mammal "with ba ears, beaver teeth, two skeleton's fin gers, and a black and silver tail lik an overgrown ostrich feather. It tool scientists a hundred years to concludthat the aye-aye is a lemur, not ar order of mammals all by itself." Ar aye-aye dooms any village it enters The only way to escape this fate i for the villagers to kill the lemur and burn the village and rebuild it or new ground. A sorcerer who tears the long, bony finger from the ave-ave acquires great power. But in 1966 the number of ave-aves was thought to be as low as 50. This calamity was not the result of the lethal terror o the Malagasy villagers. It was caused by the steady erosion of the forest In order to protect the aye-aye, con servationists traveled through its re maining territory and captured nine of the creatures, that is to say one fifth of the estimated world total, and "translocated" them to a distant is land-on which they promptly disap

eared. Recently traces have been und of one or possibly two of the ve-ayes. The rest may have perished, oisoned by the high salt content of the local vegetation. They were ragged from their nests to be taken this refuge. If the aye-ayes do not acrease it will be one of the more infortunate interventions in the entire istory of the conservationist move-

HE DECISION to translocate the aye-ayes was justified by the belief that without the assistance of the conservationists to species faced extinction. This conept of crisis is central to the consertationist faith. The entire globe is sen as a potential disaster area in hich there are people or animals ho need help, and other people—better informed, more farsighted—ho are able to assist them. This is to same psychological relationship of rotector and dependent that Mannoni win the colonial situation.

There is a striking similarity beveen the slogans about enlightenment nd darkness, which justified colonialm. and the notion of Rescuing the rk, which inspires the contemporary iends of the earth. In the Third 7 orld a conservation program invaribly means huge nature reserves, encing, a scientific staff, stocks of iel, a trained administration, records, stimates, and committees; all of which ave to be supplied or maintained om outside the disaster zone. Where ne conservationists discover a local ommunity struggling on by the old tethods and without their assistance, ev immediately declare the need for stervention, as on Lavalohalika, Where a native administration takes ver and the reserve relapses into an nterestingly undirected state, the conervationists generally perceive only nefficiency and decay. The message is lways comforting: They need us. ind, as with Mannoni's colonials, the nderlying truth (that it is we equally ho need them) rests unacknowledged. The advantage of being the mentor a this postcolonial intimacy is that he conservationist can reshape the

atural world to suit himself. Eden

an be regained, this time with anti-

nalaria tablets. Viewed from outside,

he Malagasy Ark has a novel beauty.

But it was partly fashioned by such brutal imperatives as pestilence, famine, and war. If the infant mortality rate fell it was supplemented by infanticide. If there was a labor shortage, slaves were taken. When crops failed, whole communities died, Madagascar is the gorgeous result of these unappealing conditions. It is no coincidence that one island should have been the scene of such natural and spiritual wealth. Even today the Malagasies on occasion dig up their family corpses and dance with the dead. There is an unbridgeable gulf between a society where the living consign their parents to asylums, and a society where they lay the corpse of some revered ancestor on the diningroom table and sprinkle it with imported scotch. The developed world cannot preserve the environment of Madagascar piecemeal; it will survive intact or not at all. And vet these same people condemn the Malagasy religion of the dead as "superstition."

Throughout the absorbing story of a parallel evolution that unfolds in A World Like Our Own, one unstated theme persists. The best defense enjoyed by Madagascar has always been our ignorance of it. As Dr. Jolly herself writes: "You could hide a dozen aye-ayes in my field of vision . . . and in that density of forest I might not see them. This, of course, is their protection." Exactly so. Paradise did not tolerate those who acquired knowledge, and it seems that the reverse is also the case.

In striving to retain only those aspects of the "island-continent" that meet with our approval we are reenacting the old governing role of the developed world, and justifying it with a change of costume. In the colonial era we claimed to be opening up the world and civilizing it. Today we claim to be saving it from the demands of that civilization. Perhaps we just can't leave it alone.

The conservation movement provides a moral purpose for this rest-lessness, but if the future bears any resemblance to the past the forces that save or destroy Madagascar will be beyond human prediction or control. It is a humiliating possibility to face at the end of the twentieth century; that men still do not shape history, although they occasionally survive it.

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LITERARY GLUTTONY

Sating the binge-reader

by Frances Taliafer

Bellefleur, by Joyce Carol Oates. 608 pages. A Henry Robbins Book, E. P. Dutton, \$12.95.

The Middle Ground, by Margaret Drabble. 288 pages. Knopf, \$10.95.

OOK-BULIMIA: the symptoms are virtually physiological, A sluggishness of will and a lapse of wider initiative vield to an overpowering avidity for the works of one particular writer. The hunger is intense. The binge may last for several weeks or even months: whatever its duration, it leaves the reader glazed and torpid but for the hours of ingestion, when he experiences an exquisite awareness, a desire so ravening as to be itself an ecstasy, a thrilling concentration on the act of feeding. There is, of course, no satisfaction. In retrospect, there may be exhaustion and wonder, as at the end of an enervating love affair-how could that have bewitched me?-and often a dull and terrible nausea.

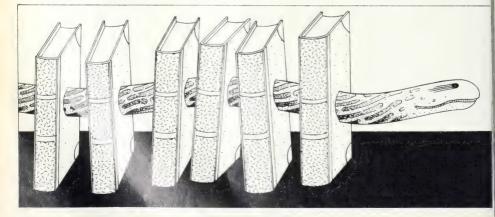
The time of onset is unpredictable. It comes early to true readers, who are most vulnerable while they are still prepubescent. The patterns established in this susceptible period may last a lifetime. But even desultory readers may be temporarily possessed, and severe passions have been noted in those whose first experience came in middle age.

The case of Flora P, (not her real name) offers an instructive history of minor childhood attacks that prepared the way for the major episodes of adolescence and maturity. She clearly remembers her first addiction, which began with The Dutch Twins and consumed the second half of her eighth year, as she gobbled books about twins from Western Europe, Scandinavia, Hawaii, and various countries of what was not then known as the Third World, From there it was only a short step to gorging on the entire oeuvre of Janet Lambert, and even an inexperienced observer could have extrapolated her later addictions to Angela

Thirkell and Anthony Powell. Equatrue to form were the darker attac of D. H. Lawrence and Dostoevsk and the threatening passion for Fau ner that endangered housework, jo marriage, and motherhood in her th ty-fifth year. Now, in her ripe mide age, she cannot look with any condence to a future when all passion whe spent; she knows too well that smay at any time be racked with dreadful hunger for the comple works of Irving Stone or James Gou Cozzens.

especially prone to book-boltin there are authors who readi supply the process. Novels in s ries are always eligible. The Oz bool and the All-of-a-Kind Family serie have their adult analogue in the Jaln books and the novels of Trollope much of the compulsion is in the cerpraness Taliaferro writes the "In Print column six times a year."

UST AS THERE are temperamen



nty that favorite characters will repear. Places and historical periods; good for gorging. I divided one do summer between Yoknapatawpha unty and fourteenth-century France, imagined in the "Accursed Kings" ies of Maurice Druon. It was not ssible to stop; by Labor Day I was zed and bloated with reading.

Some writers baffle the binge-reader cause each book is an original and ne can be counted on for the everunting sameness that supports a bit. (Margaret Atwood comes to nd.) Some writers, alas, cannot be used on because they have written bittle. (Maxine Hong Kingston deves a reader's complete abandon, tas yet she has written only two oks.) Some writers disappoint beuse they have produced one perfect ok and the rest are nondescript. 'old Comfort Farm is a masterpiece, ta Stella Gibbons jag is improble.)

For the addictive temperament, the rect writer is the prolific one who always himself, abundantly and edictably. At the lower end of this sation are the writers of "formula" vels. Harlequin romances, Gothics, cruder detective fictions are like many salted peanuts, making huny where most they satisfy. But one ay move along to Iris Murdoch, Paul ott, Hardy, Balzac, even Proust and ifka, and be similarly enslaved. The esence of art does not mean the abnee of addiction.

Single novels can be binges in themlves. Wide and fat on the shelf, they
not tempt the efficient reader whose
iteria are control and discipline,
mness and speed. Such readers have
eir reward in the lapidary writers,
indivery fine they are. But for the
wer to daze and bloat, to enrapture
th glut, we must turn to a book of
rger sprawl. It cannot be long enough
suit the binge-reader. Whether it
Shogun or Bleak House, Gone with
e Wind, or War and Peace, it should
on forever. Its seductive promise
fulfilled in the delivery of a state

being, complete with landscape, pulation, and climate. Its aura colis the reader's dreams and waking sponses. (I would have added houghts," but it's questionable hether one actually thinks when one possessed by a book.) It is a little orld made cunningly.

wo writers whose new novels are just published are particularly seductive to the binge-reader, Joyce Carol Oates would be eligible simply for the sake of abundance-eleven novels and ten collections of short stories, along with a play and various works of poetry and criticism-but Bellefleur stands on its own, a feast in itself. It is the history of six generations of the Bellefleur family, accursed gentry in a tumultuous landscape rather like the Adirondacks: a countryside of chasms and whirlwinds, deep ponds, lush crops, black bears, and stranger beasts. A savage place!-as hospitable to mountain spirits and child-snatching vultures as to demon lovers. It is no news that violence and grotesquerie are Oates's element, but it is an oversimplification to dismiss her as merely a "Gothic" writer, Bellefleur is a serious novel, and it is in the best sense a novel of excess.

There is almost, but not quite, too much of everything in this extraordinary fiction. Bellefleur Castle itself, too minaretted and too battlemented, houses too many relatives, cats, lovers, dwarves, tapestries, mirrors, passions. The very babies take suck with sensual rapacity, and in the Bellefleur blood is "a certain capricious melancholy, a propensity for energy and passion that might be countered at any time by a terrifying bleakness."

The living and the dead. Centuries, A tapestry. Or was it one of Matilde's ingenious quilts that looked crazy to the eye but (if you allowed her to explain, to point out the connections) made a kind of dizzying sense. . . .?

Who has the time to wait for explanations? There is madness here, and method too, and perhaps Oates scholars are even now beginning their dim annotations, but no reader can bear to stop for instruction. The power of Oates's invention is too strong, as she plunges her way through history and fantasy. Besotted, we follow.

ARGARET DRABBLE commands a different kind of devotion. The pleasures of reading her are cumulative: she gets better and better. Drabble's concerns as a novelist seem to reflect the various passages of her own life, so that in a sense the reader "grows up" along with her; personal identification may account for the ferocious loyalty of her chronic readers. When a new Drabble novel is published, we bolt it immediately.

In The Middle Ground she is at the top of her form, Kate Armstrong, the central character, is in many respects the chum and cousin of Frances Wingate, the archaeologist of The Realms of Gold. Kate, a London journalist, wrote on feminist subjects long before it was chic to do so, and now in her forties she has become something of an eminence. Kate and Frances are vigorous women of high intelligence and professional achievement, but they must also satisfy the demands of husbands, children, lovers, house guests: they must still do the marketing and the laundry, cope with "domesticity and its dark charm" while at the same time they try to claim a larger world.

The "middle ground" of the title is what biographers tend to call "the middle years" and the rest of us call plain old middle age. It is a time for sorting things out, but

the past stretches back too densely, it is too thickly populated, the future has not yet thinned out. No wonder a pattern is slow to emerge from such a thick clutter of crossreferences, from such trivia, from such serious but hidden connections.

Kate Armstrong chooses not to harp on the pattern but to enjoy the clutter. Drabble, humane and wryly observant, has a certain grasp of life's silliness and dignity. She binds her readers to her with the same humorous intimacy that we find in the company of close friends; perhaps love for Drabble is not a sufficiently destructive passion to be mentioned in this essay, but it certainly accounts for a great number of chores undone and nobler projects suspended.

There may exist impervious and incorruptible readers who never feel the need to binge themselves into excess. I suspect, however, that no person of this austere temperament can be called a true reader. And now, if you will excuse me, I think I feel an attack of E. M. Forster coming on.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 1980

FANTASTIC VOYAGE

In the realm of time to that

by Larry Tritte

E WERE IN the realm of pure in all which was. a sea-mil terrain, as we had expettei it would be onen Dimley had or mised to take as on the journey. Te were not prepared for this landon. nden had been our sense of imagery). and now we found nurselves on the deck of a small craft with handles of extrane as rear - ropes, rotons, picks. and dimbing boots we had supposed We would need once we'd crossed the fields of injulty and were ready for the assault on the peaks of cerebration. Cearly it amuse | Dimley to see our tree nieptions dashed.

Spindrift tinkled my face as I stood near the prow of the boar beside Dr. Dimley, the old phenomenologist who had organized the entedition. "Point Most," he said, directing my attention to the board or year area piccoing the mist a rather or a distant. We watched the thickening of a some all it as it will not the proof of the said of the sa

"How far he will we get?" I asked Dumley, smilling at Pamela as she joined us at the rail. She was holding a tattered a point Husserl and the violet crawn she used to underline illuminating passe.

"We'll follow the accreat of thought a way," said Dimle "And then just look for signs of "'s Simple" He treathed a meditative i refincer to the point of his chin and betrayed a private smile, a somewhat cinematic expression and one that I liked to think had been characteristic of the boldest of explorers—Balboa. Cortez, Livingston, Hilary, and their ilk.

A sound distracted me from my musing and I looked up, seeing a flock of pastel birds, blue, lilan, soft green, pale yellow, misty umber, and rose pink, keening softly in their graceful massage.

"A flight of fancy." Dimley exclaimed with as much excitement as his disciplined mien would permit. "Fantastic." We shaded our eves against the brightness of the sky and watched the hinds drift westward. "They're looking for food ... food for thought," Dimley explained. "They dine mostly on whim, the little sardines that come up from the learth of reflection and bask on the surface in the warm water along the stream of consciousness." As he finished speaking we saw a single hird. a fat, pale-golden creature, veer out of formation and angle down to pluck a plump, grange whim from the water, gobble it, and climb the sky again.

The air grew cond as we entered the upon sea, errant wind currents rocking the hoat. Dimley, Pamela, and I standed the sea casually for signs of anything that might excite interest. At

Corre Frances of a writter of patitic and

length a small chain of islands appear on the horizon, dim as intuition in the nebulous, gray distance, but as watched they became gradually modistinet. Dimley, who had been sile for an hour or more, gestured a modded toward the land. "The Me itations," he said. "Just one of the land chains in these parts. Placid lands, where not much happens to rivithe sound of the surf and the wind the trees. An occasional tiger emerg from the book to create a moment transient terror, but for the most pathere is little to ... write home about

"You've been there," Pamela said "Oh, yes, put in for a fortnight on on my way out," Dimley nodded. "B it was dull, boring dull." He smile thoughtfully. "Now, the Vagarieswe'll pass hem soon—those are is an with some character. Exotic flora ar fauna. Odd weather. Plenty to ket your mind on its toes there."

An hour or so hence the Vagaria loomed ahead, and after Dimley's description I had half a mind to sugge a small side trip, but on second though determined that our task would ill a commodate such a frivolous ventur. For we were in search of somethin much rarer than odd weather an queer flora and fauna: original though that great white leviathan seen only he a few hardy explorers and seen so se dom as to have the character of legence.



The rest of that day passed in lanuor for the three of us, Dimley dicking with his sextant and handmade arpoon, Pamela reading her Husserl nd working crossword puzzles, me anning the surface of the sea for rofundity. A large school of chimera nd a few surface-skimming conceits ere all the sea had to offer for the set of that day. The glimmering twight drew into evening, and just bette the stars came out a lone rainow-chaser flew directly over the boat, n its way to some stretch of the imagnation leagues hence.

The night was peaceful, warm, and light with star brightness, the wash f the waves against the hull lulling us 1 our separate reveries.

orning was a dawning amber dazzle. A single shining ebony inkling slapped the water with its tail, and the aree of us sat up with a start, stretchig, greeting the day, then passing cones and cups of tea around.

The second day we sailed farther inthe uncharted regions to the south.
ast noon the sky darkened abruptly,
nd we found ourselves entering a very
ad dream, whirling tempest winds
assing the boat on peaks of choppy
aves while flickering scarlet radiances
nd rolling blasts of thunder shook
te sky.

Toward evening we were becalmed. Imley dawdled at the rail, nibbling bit of hardtack: Pamela fed crumbs a hungry school of grasp following nour wake. I spotted some ugly scavnger birds to windward, darting at he waves and making away again with ertain small prey in their talons.

"Brood," Dimley explained. "They're atching outsights."

"Outsights?" Pamela asked.

"Insights that are too weak or dumb o survive," Dimley said. "Thus does ature maintain its equilibrium."

Another day passed without a conpicuous event. By now Pamela and I vere restless, tedium undoing our houghts, yet Dimley seemed a very nodel of stony perseverance—so pernaps it is just that it was he who aught the first glimpse of the levithan. It was toward dusk. Pamela lept I mused. Dimley was at the prow, eeking.

"Cogito!" we heard him cry. "Cogi-

to! That she blows!" His cries brought us both to the rail, our hearts pounding, eyes straining for this legendary vision—pure original thought in a sea of consciousness.

Dimley rushed to the wheel and piloted the boat with a stoical resolve straight toward the magnificent beast (bugbear, as some philosophers have called it).

As we drew near the creature, which seemed to lapse in its course to draw us on, Dimley sprang from the wheel, harpoon in hand, eyes wide, leaning forward into the wind like the carved figurehead of a sailing vessel.

Nearer we drew, and nearer, and as Dimley rose up on both feet, harpoon poised in his eager readiness to pin down this colossal thought (it was as white as white gold, and as big as a great whale, truly colossal, yet altogether shapeless and indefinable) there was a great scooping, sucking sound that seemed to come straight from the ocean depths, and the leviathan simply shrugged itself downward, casually and gracefully vanishing from sight in a double trice and leaving us there on the roof of its world, alone between sea and sky.

"Wh—," Dimley gasped, and became rigid in his stance, the harpoon slipping from his fingers to clatter onto the deck.

"Oh, my," I heard Pamela say behind me. "It was...incredible!"

The boat rocked, creaking, on the water and only after a long while did Dimley become animate again. He sat down, shook his head.

"No...not incredible," he said after a while, frowning at his hands. "There is only the credible in these waters. The incredible does not exist. The credible can be perceived. With luck. With diligence."

"Cogito ergo sum," I appended, feeling a bit like a protagonist in a scientific thriller who delivers a little epilogue at the dénouement of grand adventure.

And "Sum," Dimley echoed, smiling wanly. He got out a small reel, baited his hook with wit, and trolled the fathoms all the way back to port, hoping for a glimpse or two but catching only trite, that little trout you see so many of because it breeds prolifically and inhabits the depths of the sea by the millions. billions.

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Solution to the September Puzzle

Notes for "Inner Circles"

The quotation: "Reports of my death are greatly exaggerated": Twain. The secondary answer is given after the slash (/).

- 1. garter, two meanings/tragic; 2. po(reversal)-lice/sliced;
- strad (reversal) -S/salads;
 postal, anagram/splats;
- 5. mass-if/assign; 6. ding(H.)y/haling; 7. a-B-laze/blazon; 8. throne, anagram/senora; 9. strada, hidden/sadist;
- 10. egoist, anagram/hoists; 11. ashore, anagram/Hondas;
- 12. det(reversal)-a-in/nicked; 13. lackey, hidden/racket; 14. e(x)-erts, anagram/stream; 15. man(a)-ge/enamel; 16. led-Ger./rondel;
- 17. atoner, anagram/denote; 18. delete, homonym/eloped;
- 19. deport, two meanings/gropes; 20. twa(n.g.)s/strong;
- 21. ro (reversal) -bins/arbors.

PUZZLE

NEW DIRECTIONS

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

(with acknowledgments to Log of the Listener)

This month's instructions:

The letters N, S, E, and W, and the pairs NE, SE, SW and NW, are to be represented in the diagram by arrows suitably oriented, North lying at the top of the diagram for Across answers and at the right for Down answers. Thus, in the diagram here, the Across words are SEWS and WAS and the Down words NETS and EWE.

Answers include two proper names, two uncommon words (7 and 23), and most of a play title.

As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 95.

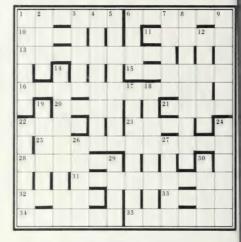
CLUES

ACROSS

- 1. Participants in a duel . . . they're there in a minute! (7)
- 6. McCormack's early role could be debased (3, 4) 10. Star for a while in oriental drama (five acts) -but only the lead (4)
- 11. "Hair," straight across the front, is very noisy (5)
- 13. Skirts ladies to use foul language (10)
- 15. Swells inside, expires from illnesses (8)
- Being severe with political lackey's boat (12)
 Hacks head off—the Poles limit this (4)
- 21. Tale about Mideast bigwigs (4)
- 22. Men embraced by you at one time reflected a hostile body 15
- 23. Steal off, bristly (5)
- The Andrews sisters, for instance, trifle with accents (12)
- 28. Show off part made without trademark (6) 31. Raise barley perhaps—it's said to be material (9)
- 32. Theatre party goes back a long time (5) 33. Drafts small rebukes (5)
- 34. Socialist seen in British trains (6)
- 35. Stuck tight or forced apart (6)

DOWN

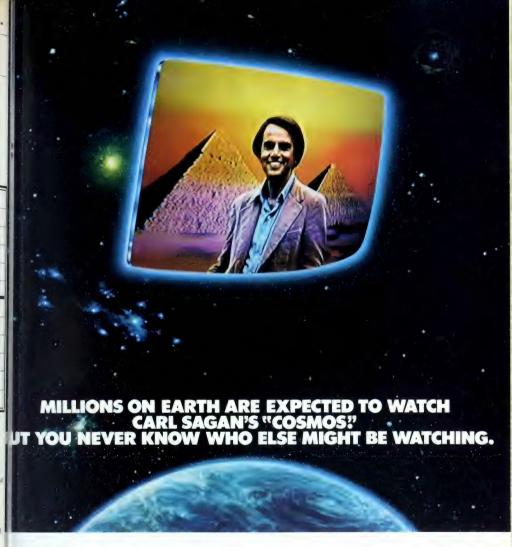
- 1. Having more gossip that's circulated in sewer (7)
- 2. Animal that's this: heartless (4)



- 3. Show Anne removing clothes more faint (6)
- 4. Feathers fly, limiting small depression (9)
- 5. Another place heels were rebuilt (9)
- 6. Bachelor close to deviate (4) 7. Curse the Spanish weed (6)
- 8. Novel reconstructs fawn legend (10)
- Take out complete ledger entry, looking the other way
- 12. Catholic, middle aged, normal . . . real odd (7)
- 14. Charming, luxuriant head of hair raised love call (9)
- 17. Scramble seen in net, almost scores! (9)
- 18. Not positive gold can put up gas (8)
 19. Not married, half-insane inside, and still fed by Mom (8)
- 22. Steal Post Office number for Japan (6)
- 24. Revived hearing concerning naked lady (7)
- 26. Carter's vehicle was successful going around backward Georgia (5)
- 27. Disheveled nudes assuming right to be cared for (6)
- 29. Sharp or flat mark (4)
- 30. Sharp or flat mark (4)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to New Directions, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by October 1. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the November issue. Winners' names will be printed in the December issue.



Carl Sagan, the distinguished astronomer and Pulitzer Prize-winning author, invites you to join him for "Cosmos," a 13-part series starting September 28th on public television.

"Cosmos" is described as the most ambitious project ever undertaken for PBS. It takes you on a journey through space and time to explore the great cosmic questions.

One moment, you find yourself in a spaceship billions of light-years from Earth among the galaxies. The next, walking the marble floors of a library in ancient Egypt. And the next, exploring the possibilities of extraterrestrial life.

Since television signals travel through space, Sagan has been asked to speculate on what beings of other worlds might think of his series.

"I would hope," he said, "that they would see this as an attempt by humans to understand something of their origins and their destinies."

So watch for "Cosmos" on PBS. Somewhere out there, "they" may be watching, too.



COSMOS is produced by Carl Sagan Productions and KCET, Los Angeles.

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Through History with Henry A. Kissinger

by William Shawcross

November 1980

THE WRECK OF THE AUTO INDUSTRY

heap gas put Detroit on the road to ruin

by William Tucker



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Harper

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- Michael Macdonald 24 NATION OF LOBBYISTS Mooney More Americans belong to trade and professional associations than are members of either one of the two major political parties. The cost to these organizations for lobbying in Washington exceeds what the Democrats will spend on the presidential election in 1980.
- William Shawcross 35 THROUGH HISTORY WITH HENRY A. KISSINGER The former secretary of state's memoirs, published last year, are best understood as a campaign autobiography, designed to enhance Mr. Kissinger's return to political office.
 - William Tucker 45 THE WRECK OF THE AUTO INDUSTRY Detroit made the mistake of giving consumers what they wanted. And what they wanted was large cars. As late as May 1979, there were waiting lists for automobiles with V-8 engines, and workers were being laid off at plants producing fuel-efficient cars.
 - I I D II . CO THE DIANO DECITAL

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Joseph Epstein 100 AMERICAN

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LETTERS

Justice for all

Andrew Hacker's article, "E.R.A.-R.I.P." [September] makes several assumptions that are surprising, considering Mr. Hacker's usual intellectual acuity. They contradict the facts.

He says it is women, not men, who defeated the Equal Rights Amendment. First of all, the amendment is not defeated. And second, although women have historically been blamed for the woes of the world (Eve. Pandora, the nine million witches), in this case it won't work: the state legislatures that vote on the ERA are composed overwhelmingly of men. Therefore, men have voted for equal rights for women in thirty-five states, and men have voted against equal rights for women in fifteen states.

American women are not opposed to the ERA; neither are American men. The latest Gallup poll on the subject (July 31, 1980) shows that the public supports ratification by a nearly 2-to-1 margin.

Since the main effect of the amendment will be economic, and since women now earn 59 cents on the dollar earned by men, one must assume that the major opponents of ratification are not housewives busy writing to their state legislators, but rather the corporations that profit from paying lower salaries to women. The median earnings for all men who work year-round, full-time is \$15,730, as opposed to that of women in the same situation, which is \$9,350. (The New York Times, citing Bureau of the Census figures, July 27, 1980.) As a matter of record, the majority of housewives in the United States support the ERA.

Hacker cites Phyllis Schlafly in his article. It may be of interest to note one of her explanations for the failur of the ERA to be ratified in Illinois "We have the power of God's help We have stormed heaven with pray ers. Godfearing men and women of all faiths and in all states prayed for oul victory. On earth, each denomination prayed in its own words, but God heard our prayers as though we were all speaking with one voice. This is the true unity of Christians and Jews praying for the profamily goals we seek together." (Eagle Forum, July

On the subject of family, Hacker writes: "Men may have stayed married out of duty: but at least they stayed. It is in this sense that the ERA atmosphere threatens family life." Anyone familiar with demographic statistics knows that many men do not stay. And, surely it is not the lack of equality in the United States Constitution that keeps forty million men at home with their families!

Those women and men who favor legal and constitutional equality for women will never go away. History is on our side. The Equal Rights Amendment will not rest in peace.

KAREN DECROW Former president, National Organization for Women Syracuse, N.Y.

In his article on the ERA and the women who oppose it, Andrew Hacker simply misses the point. He blithely concludes his piece by saying that women "opposed the ERA because it jeopardized a way of life they had entered in good faith." In fact, they opposed the ERA because they mistakenly bought the line that defeat of the ERA could turn back more than a decade of social change that potentially threatens their familial stability

-and that the amendment itself merev symbolizes.

For these women—who are not financially independent and who would
to doubt have great difficulty in the
job market were they forced to become independent—the ERA is nothing more than a symbol, a rallying
point in which to invest their profound fears. Their fears are real: I
lo not mean to belittle them. But defeating the amendment will no more
guarantee their husbands' loyalty than
passing it will appreciably contribute
to the divorce rate.

ELIZABETH BENEDICT Washington, D.C.

Regarding Mr. Hacker's article, "E.R.A.—R.I.P.," I applaud his infallible perceptions concerning the real issues behind the ERA. The proposed amendment was actually designed to further the interests of a select group of women who had very limited concern for the general feelings and opinions of "Mrs. X Next Door." In addition, the moral obligations facility and every one in family life far transcend the "facade-ideal" embodied

in the words of the amendment.

DAVID T. EVANS Coopersburg, Pa.

Andrew Hacker lugubriously laid the ERA to rest in the September 1980 Harper's. He was right about one thing: the ERA indeed is dead. His explanation of the event leaves something to be desired.

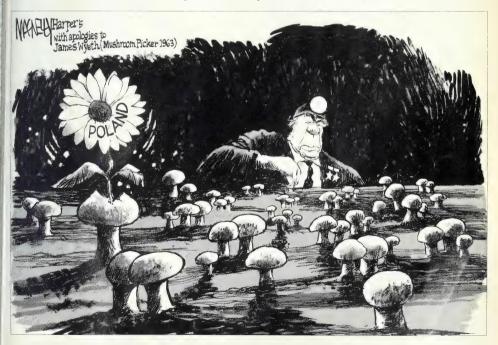
Hacker holds that housewives killed the ERA, not only through their numbers but with the intensity of their feelings. The evidence? Negative mail, "which came mainly from women," and which inspired male legislators to yole against the amendment.

His explanation of the failure of the ERA is at best speculative; at worst it flies in the face of available evidence. Since 1972, when Congress approved the ERA, every national opinion survey in the country has shown that the majority of women favor its ratification. So do 50 to 60 percent of men surveyed over the same period. The defeats of the ERA were due neither to a "women preference" nor a majority preference. Hacker ought to know, as a political scientist.

that issue outcomes are often hard to explain and don't necessarily reflect what people want. The Roper Center's 1979 American Women opinion poll shows that a majority of Americans—51 percent—still favor the ERA, while less than a fourth say that they oppose it. Most of the women who participated in this survey are married, thus conforming to Hacker's stereotype of housewife, but not to his view of traditional homebody pitted against ardent feminists.

The Roper survey documents concerns that both men and women express about women's status and roles. Over 80 percent believe that in the next twenty years all women who can will be working. But the majority feel that women are discriminated against in obtaining top jobs in the professions, in government, and in business.

Most women want to be married, the survey reveals, but neither they nor men name the traditional marriage—with the wife doing housework and the husband holding a job—as their ideal marriage. For the majority the most satisfying life would be "a marriage where the husband and wife



share responsibilities more—both work, both share homemaking and child responsibilities."

The current changes in women's roles simply aren't summed up by the ERA episode. They have been unfolding a long time, especially in work and marriage. They will continue to. After all, ERA proposals don't date back only to 1972. The Equal Rights Amendment passed by Congress was a response to about the fiftieth effort to initiate it; its precedents date to the 1920s.

As usual, politics in this case was a contingent response to mixed and changing forces. The ERA is a reflection of ongoing change in the fundamental social dynamics of our society. Hacker would reduce it to a banal soap opera, a rear-guard action, a pathetic episode.

NANCY OPPENLANDER WILLIAM SIFFIN Bloomington, Ind.

I was once told by a psychologist (male) that if I didn't stop making trouble for myself (I was questioning whether to remain in my marriage) I would find myself alone on the shelf. (That's really what he said.) I was, he reminded me, nearly forty years old. Until psychologists (male and female) and men like Mr. Hacker and women like Mrs. Schlafly stop viewing women as commodities that "depreciate faster than men," we're stuck with a lot of people who don't seem to comprehend that human beings are precious, intricate, unique organisms regardless of age or sex, and that they cannot, damn it, "depreciate." Although I am now over forty (the years have, in Mr. Hacker's words, "taken their toll"), I still manage to function, even to make mean judgments, like the fact that political science teachers who write asinine articles for Harper's depreciate faster than anyone. CAROL SUMMER

Creative Age Publications
North Hollywood, Calif.

Andrew Hacker replies:

My article began with a simple enough observation: Had women been overwhelmingly for the ERA, the men who make our laws would have approved it long ago. Even conservative legislators were ready to support the amendment, as they did initially in

the Congress, because they had been led to believe women were solidly behind it. But then they began to learn otherwise; and those messages came from women.

Lawmakers know that on certain issues the important undercurrents are not revealed by the polls. Few women want to go on record as opposing equal rights. But they can still have mixed feelings about what may await them if equality is achieved. It was this uneasiness among many women, more than any other single factor, that stopped the ERA's adoption.

What I miss most in the letters is any sense of fellow feeling for women not as modern-minded as the writers. Karen DeCrow asks us to laugh at Phyllis Schlafly for saying that prayer helped to advance her cause. Carol Summer can't seem to understand why other women over forty haven't carved out careers like her own. Nancy Oppenlander tells us about the kind of marriage she intends to have, and in doing so belittles those who opt for other models.

Even Elizabeth Benedict, who saw what my article was about, accuses women opposing the ERA of having "bought the line" that defeating an amendment would render them secure. On the contrary, these women are well aware of the odds against safeguarding the lives they want to lead. They've drawn their wagons in a circle as a last symbolic act.

Equally revealing are the assumptions the writers seem to make about my personal position. As it happens, I support the ERA and have done so from the start. Beginning in my earliest days of teaching I was impressed by the superiority of the women in my classes, and was angered when their talents were thwarted later on. My wife has worked nonstop through our many years of marriage, and anyone who knows us will vouch for my household share. I do not want my daughter to suffer one iota of discrimination, not least as she is entering a field still dominated by men. My sin was to point out how those working for the ERA subverted their own job.

They did it by turning their cause into a club, disdaining women who had goals differing from their own. You can't pass a constitutional amendment with an exclusive clientele. I agree with Karen DeCrow that women will eventually get what they want. And they will get it even sooner if the learn some lessons from the ERA.

Electronic evangelisi

Surely I am not the only reader wh finds himself skeptical of Harper's cu rent infatuation with exposes on of beat religions? I refer to Dick Dal ney's article, "God's Own Network [August], as well as to the rather trivial attack on the Mormons several is sues back. Both articles strike me a prime candidates for a dubious genr of journalism—"indictment by innuendo."

Both articles-I'll refer to Dabney' since it's more current-consist large ly of facts about the religious group in question, more or less researched and more important, the inner emotional reactions of the writer himself as he gets as close as possible to the inner sanctums one step beyond secular humanism. The writing style is a form of moralizing satire, achieved by the juxtaposition of seemingly incongruent ethical situations, e.g., Robertson's claim to be a slave of God poised against a florid description of his material wealth. Dabney is obviously critical of many of the practices of TV evangelists, especially as they touch on money, power, and politics. Yet nowhere does the article make clear why and by what justification particular evangelistic practices are indeed unethical. Granted, I too am dubious about the morality of TV preachers encouraging widows to contribute their rent money to the cause of God as represented by Pat Robertson-but the mere fact that I feel dubious or that Dick Dabney feels dubious does not by itself convince me that those evangelistic practices are actually unethical.

What Dabney trades on is that his readers share similar and generally unstated ethical assumptions about how religions should operate in the realms of power and finance, and moreover, that his readers ought to share such assumptions. Only by assuming a common ethical base—what Robertson might very well call "secular humanism"—do the financial facts and emotional reactions of the writer achieve any moral and satirical force. Unfortunately, the moral itself has been assumed and the really critical ethical

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questions—questions about the conduct of God's troops grabbing ahold of what were before exclusively weapons of the technological ungodly—have been begged.

If one is explicit about Dabney's assumptions, it seems clear that he does little more than juxtapose traditional "reasonable" humanism against the less reasonable and more ambitious evangelism: hardly an advance of thought on these matters. He fails entirely to establish the merits and/or faults of media-hyped Christian evangelism except by hinting that he personally prefers something else—although, in the interests of traditional humanism's broadmindedness, he is willing to admit that it does have a certain spiritual attraction.

The shared prejudices, tacitly assumed, allow him to move ahead with descriptions of the architecture, landscaping, and technological design of somebody else's temple to somebody's god-and the prose finally assumes all the trappings of a conspiracy theory, declared openly by the article's lead caption, "Robertson has plans for America." As I said, I'm skeptical of such articles, because they strike me as well-penned celebrations of our mutual smugness, the smugness of both writer and reader, and not exactly excursions onto what this magazine, without a trace of embarrassment, calls the "battlefield of the mind."

BLAISE OTUZCO Claremont, Calif.

DICK DABNEY REPLIES:

Blaise Otuzco is half right: I made no effort to persuade the reader that Pat Robertson's activities were unethical. Such was not my purpose. Otuzco is also half wrong. I am not a humanist, but a Christian whose beliefs, on many matters, are nearly identical to those of Pat Robertson.

Harper's, whose credo I did not consult before writing the article, would do well to be a battlefield of the mind. To me, this means that the magazine holds up a mirror to reality, including that reality that consists of sharply opposing points of view; and that the reader thereafter battles these out in his mind. It does not mean frank debate on the vital issues of our time, such as that between Sartre and Camus in postwar France, Otuzco seems to think this is desirable, and I do, too. But

in our country, this is impossible, and a certain implicit censorship that operates not only at *Harper's*, but throughout the media generally, prevents the frank statement of views, and hence prevents debate as well.

Even if this were to be changed, where would one find the combatants? American philosophers, by and large, are tame practitioners of mere linguistic analysis. And public discourse, which is bland, shallow, and almost never to the point, is carried on by newspaper columnists and television commentators—men unacquainted with ideas and with no taste for strife, men whose idea of a burning public issue is "What is Hamilton Jordan really thinking?"

The humanistic perspective, which cherishes "tolerance" in the same way that Musak cherishes beauty, does control the public discourse, as Otuzco suggests. And the result is milk toast.

Mr. Dabney's article on Pat Robertson and the Christian Broadcasting Network sadly missed the mark in reporting what Robertson is doing through his program, what he actually teaches and the basis of that teaching, and the significance of his Network in light of the "pentecostal/charismatic" phenomenon occurring in the contemporary Christian church.

With thorough journalistic preparation (not the quasi-"New Journalism"—chic reporting that Dabney resorts to), he might have discovered a real story: the emergence of an interdenominational Christian movement, spiritual in nature, but implicitly political in social behavior, that has been called Christendom's "Third Force," alongside conventional Catholicism and Protestantism.

Further, Mr. Dabney would have seen Mr. Robertson in his proper perspective as a leading spokesman and interpreter of that movement, and CBN as a twentieth-century forum for this "spirit-filled, Full Gospel" teaching. Mr. Robertson is far from being a "cult" leader (using the classic definition of cult. and unless hundreds of thousands of Christians in all major denominations are cultists), or a "white Reverend Ike" (whose roots are in nineteenth century "New Thought," not Christianity).

What Mr. Robertson teaches is clear-

ly scriptural (including his so-called "Kingdom Principles"; see Luke 6:3 and Malachi 3:8–11), and often he prophetic and eschatological implications. Instead of "trivializing the gopel," Robertson teaches that Christ alive and the power of the Holy Spiris very much accessible to our dail lives and needs (yes, even in findin parking).

Here is my reaction to Mr. Dabney' article:

"But a natural man does not accept the things of the spirit of God; fo they are foolishness to him, and h cannot understand them because the are spiritually appraised." (1 Corin thians 2:14)

KEVIN ALLEI Troy, Mich

With much trepidation I read Dicl Dabney's "God's Own Network," expecting to find the usual journalistic blitzkrieg against all things Christiar or someone merely venting snide bild for cheap notoriety. How wrong I was The article was fair, thorough, bal anced, and incisive.

While I agree with the conclusion that an effective antidote for a bankrupt secular humanism is not a slick commercial Christianity, let me add that there are many thoughtful, committed Christians who do not subscribe to the electronic church and all its foibles. Mr. Dabney must have a high pain threshold; I personally can't bear to watch the "700 Club" or any of its spin-offs. Mr. Robertson, Bakker, et al must learn that many Christians do not believe that people can be made good by the exercise of political power, emphasis on certain miraculous elements of the New Testament, stainedglass "Tonight Shows" or the incessant pleading for money that portrays God as some kind of celestial fund-raiser.

If Robertson and his followers can't accept any critique that is less than worshipful of everything they broadcast, this suggests that there are problems deeper than the ones so aptly pointed out in Mr. Dabney's article.

LLOYD BILLINGSLEY Poway, Calif.

ERRATUM

Richard Shelton's name was listed incorrectly in the Table of Contents of the October *Harper's*.

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THE LOST AMERICAN EMPIRE

Explaining it to Sally

by Lewis H. Laphar

RITING LAST month in the Atlantic on what has become the ubiquitous topic of American economic decline. James Fallows tells a story about Sen. John Danforth of Missouri, who went to Paris with his wife in the summer of 1977 and discovered, to his wonder and surprise, that the Japanese had money.

"It was unbelievable." Fallows quotes the senator as saying. "We went into the Gucci shop. There were Japanese people buying Gucci suit-cases to carry home their new Gucci bags. We saw one Japanese family that had bought a Gucci suitcase for each member of the family, to hold all the other items. One Japanese man was standing there with bags hanging all over his arms. I said to Sally, "Something's going on!"

The tone of injured innocence in the senator's voice, as if he had been wounded in his pride as well as alarmed to discover that there were more things in heaven and earth than had been dreamed of by the New York Times, epitomizes the nature of the present obsession with the national fall from grace. There was the senator, in Paris, a man of substance and reputation in what he had thought was the richest nation in the world, and here were these small and anonymous Japanese making him look cheap. How could such things be? Didn't the sales clerk know that in Washington the senator's merest word attracted a crowd of admiring lobbyists, that his vote on matters of tax and weapons policy might mean the difference between peace and war? What was the world coming to? Was there no end to the humiliations being inflicted on the United States by ungrateful foreigners? How could he explain it to Sally?

For the last three years it seems that

everybody with access to a microphone or the print media has been trying to explain it to Sally. In New York and Washington it is all but impossible to avoid a conversation about the decline and fall of empire. The literary classes have been dwelling on themes of decay for at least a decade, but in the presidential campaign of 1980 even the politicians mourn the passing of the American dream. None of the candidates likes to use the word empire -possibly because it has an undemocratic sound to it, or maybe because their advisers don't want them to lose more than 20,000 votes a day-but they talk as if such a thing once existed, a broad expanse of lawns and mutual defense treaties that, through a sequence of accidents and apostasies, has been allowed to grow rank with weeds. The press magnifies the image of despair and babbles about lost American supremacy in both the temporal and spiritual realms of beingabout failures of American arms (in Indochina and Iran), about the foreign occupation of domestic consumer markets, about the defeat of capitalism (in Guatemala and Detroit), about the collapse of the moral scaffolding on which their forebears erected the monuments of freedom

Everybody has a different proof for the theorem of decline; they employ different euphemisms for empire and offer different sets of statistics in substantiation of what public-opinion polls reflect as a consensus of disappointment. Military officers dispatch urgent letters to the newspapers, measuring the size and superiority of the Soviet arsenal, worrying about the insufficiency of American missiles and the illiteracy of American troops. Adm. Thomas Moorer (Ret.), formerly the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

Staff, recently characterized the United States Army as "the largest gramma school in the world." Evangelists dec the "secular humanism" infecting the body politic, and they attribute the sorrows of the Republic to homose uals and to the absence of the Bib from the curricula in the publi schools. Economists and corporation presidents talk about the rate of it flation and the ransom paid for fo eign oil (a sum now estimated at \$9 billion a year). As might be expect ed in a presidential year, the cand dates accept the verdicts of the poll blame one another for the Godles state of affairs, and campaign on promise of empire regained.

Americans have a talent for sel dramatization, and they like to thin that the United States belongs at the center of the world's discussion. I the country cannot play the part of the world's hero, then it will make d with the part of the world's victim o the world's fool. The most eloquen disquisitions on the decline of empir take place at the luxurious resort ho tels in which universities, charitable foundations, and various agencies of the federal government sponsor a nev er-ending festival of seminars, sympol sia, and five-day conferences addressed to the solemn questions of the age Few of the participants doubt that the United States should be deferred to by the lesser nations of the earth, that i deserves to be, as the sports writers like to say, Number One. The confu sion descends on the conversation when people try to define the basis of the American preeminence, Should the United States be compared to Rome under the medieval popes, or does it more properly bear comparison to England in the nineteenth century? Was the lost empire temporal, or spiritual? Is America a religion or a state?

OT THAT the answers to any of these questions would help explain it to Sally, but the belief in a lost empire (or in omething very much like an empire) pervades so much of public conversaion that it gets in the way of thinking about what else might be said. The ecord suggests that there never was in American empire, at least not in he conventional sense of the word as t pertains to the Roman, Byzantine, British, Ottoman, French, and Rusian empires. Americans do not possess the imperial habit of mind, and hey never have developed an exalted doctrine of the state that would alow them to govern, with an easy conscience, conquered peoples and nations. The conquest of the frontier required he clearing of an empty and abundant wilderness in which the settlers could project, and perhaps construct, heir individual dreams of Eden. The military academy at West Point was established in 1802 as an engineering school because the army was expected to build roads and bridges rather than to administer provinces and fight foreign wars. When the United States bought the Louisiana territories from the French, I doubt whether many people in Washington thought to ask about the people already resident on the property. On their way west the Americans happened to kill a number of Indians and Mexicans, but they also happened to kill the buffalo and the mountain lions that stood athwart the expansion to the Pacific.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, the United States entertained briefly the imperial pretensions attendant upon the Spanish-American War, but mostly these consisted of florid speeches and not very strenuous campaigns against the weakest of the old European empires. Within ten years of acquiring the Philippines, Americans found that imperialism wasn't as much fun as Teddy Roosevelt foretold, and they began to think of a decent way to grant the natives their independence. At the Treaty of Versailles in 1919 the United States in the person of Woodrow Wilson gave nobody the impression that it wanted to rule the world, which was perhaps a foolish thing to have done but not an act of empire. During the years between the wars. American interest remained firmly fixed on things Amer-



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ican, and if the United States intervened at will in Caribbean or Latin American politics, that was because the western hemisphere so clearly belonged within the sphere of its commercial interest that nobody thought to raise the questions of policy with the household servants. George F. Babbitt knew little and thought less about the world beyond the oceans, and among the privileged and educated classes only a few eccentrics took up careers in the navy or the State Department. In his memoirs George F. Kennan describes a man who joined the foreign service in order that his mother need not suffer the indignity of a baggage search when passing through customs.

◀ HE SECOND world war put an end to the American wish to be left alone, and within a matter of six years the United States had acquired, largely by invitation and default, the semblance of empire. Japan was in ruins, and so was Germany; China was in the midst of civil war; France had disintegrated, both as a nation and as the embodiment of an idea, and the British were so exhausted with the effort of imperial ambition that they voted Churchill out of office within two months of the German surrender. If in 1941 the American presence outside the western hemisphere consisted only of a few islands in the Pacific, by 1945 it bestrode the narrow world like a colossus, presiding over an arc of territories and client states that extended from Japan to the North Sea. Apologetic and polite, in most instances not knowing how to speak the language, the American proconsuls, most of whom had expected to become Wall Street lawyers and bond salesmen, found themselves commanding the Japanese emperor to forswear his diety, taking over the British oil concessions in Persia, supplying arms to Greece and grain to India, reorganizing the international monetary system, consenting to the establishment of the State of Israel, posting garrisons on the Danube and the Rhine.

Everywhere they went Americans were received by crowds of smiling people who welcomed them with flowers. Amidst the applause of Japanese militarists as well as Italian oligarchs,

Americans had become masters of the earth. The trouble was that they didn't know quite what to do with it. Nor were they sure why they had been vouchsafed so magnificent a victory. Was it testimony to their military genius or was it a proof of divine favor? Americans get easily confused by the different orders of things, and their civil religion holds that God manifests Himself by bestowing success on those found worthy of His grace. Not being a historically minded people, Americans assumed that if there had been empires before the war, so also must there be empires after the war. It was somebody else's turn to run the world. and who was better qualified than the amiable and good-natured Americans? Their military triumph proved the moral superiority inherent in the idea of democracy. Who could not fail to turn away in disgust from the competing model of imperialism offered in the world's show windows by the Soviet Union?

In the beginning the United States was ripe with good intentions, and for a few years Americans worked at the improvement of the earth with the enthusiasm of college students painting tenements in the slums. They thought they could inspire the world by their generosity and virtuous example, and if they displayed a somewhat careless attitude toward the uses of power, perhaps that was because the victory had cost them so little. The Union armies in the American Civil War sustained heavier casualties than were sustained by all the combatants in all wars fought in Europe between 1815 and 1914, but the memory of suffering seldom lasts longer than a generation, and the United States lost fewer lives in the second world war than the Union lost in the war against the Confederacy. To the extent that the American empire was an immaculate conception, the accident of a moment rather than the labor of centuries, it had the character of an inherited fortune.

HAT WAS remarkable about American supremacy was the speed with which the inheritance was squandered. Henry Luce's "American Century" lasted about as long as Hitler's 1,000-year Reich, and by the middle 1950s Americans already had

begun to show signs of inattentivene and ennui. The nearest they ever ge to an imperial tone of voice was epressed in the phrase, "How much doe it cost in real money?"

As early as 1953 President Eiserhower could say that the detonatio of a single artillery shell took brea out of the mouths of starving children which is both an admirable and accurate statement but not one that woulhave occurred to Napoleon. An awthentically civilian nation had acceded reluctantly, to military power, and a the exercise of that power proved to be an increasingly difficult and un pleasant task, the United States begar to repudiate the temporal definition of empire.

The tenuousness of the Pax Amer icana can be deduced from the hes itant efforts exerted to preserve it. Ar empire was all well and good as long as it didn't cost too much, and as long as too many people didn't get killed. In 1952 President Eisenhower was elected on the promise to break off the engagement in Korea, and by the end of the decade the merchant fleets had been sold to the Norwegians and the Greeks. The CIA managed successful subversions in Iran and Guatemala only because the radical opposition already had gone rotten with corruption, but against Sukarno in Indonesia (surely one of the weakest despots of the age), the agency could do nothing. Most of its exploits had the character of a comedy of errors. Nor was the United States much good at cultivating client states or waging wars of ideology. By 1970 the monetary system had collapsed, and Gen. Charles de Gaulle, who knew the difference between a real and an illusory empire, had withdrawn French troops from the NATO alliance and sold American currency for gold.

Mostly it was the war in Vietnam that convinced Americans that empire was a bad bargain. The war might have been begun for noble and humanitarian reasons, but it couldn't be supported with a doctrine of the state; once it became apparent that the war was going to cost too much, both in money and blood, enthusiasm for it disappeared as quickly as the memory of last year's social injustice. If the Viet Cong could fight as well as American troops, then what happened to the belief in American provess as a

oot of American virtue? Surely if e American cause had been just, God ould not have withheld His favor, obody regarded the defeat as an imerial humiliation, and by the middle 570s the trappings of a world state id largely been torn away from the ore fundamental idea of America as religion and an attitude of mind

President Nixon's attempts to extriite the United States from Indochina pincided with the enthusiasms of enronmentalism and with the impulse ward federal regulation of the compercial interests supposedly pillaging ie innocent earth. Small was beautiil (an aesthetic that doesn't fit very ell with the idea of empire), and the vatars of all the world's evil shifted om their encampment abroad (amone ne Russians in the 1950s and the Chiese in the 1960s) to a testing ground ithin what David Reisman once alled "the great American parish" -in corporations, the political sysem, the FBI. The spasm of guilt nd recrimination that followed the Vatergate inquiries made possible the lection of Jimmy Carter, who promsed to redeem the country, not to govrn it. His pious evangelism embraced foreign policy committed to raising he world's consciousness, and his minsters went to Africa and the United Vations to ask forgiveness and to exlain to people that American miltary power was the cause of the vorld's tensions and instabilities.

I don't know what Senator Danforth aid to Sally, but I hope he didn't give ier the impression that there once was uch a thing as an American empire. even now, after forty years at the cener of the world's stage, the United States has not acquired either the taste or the stomach for imperialism. A few nonths ago I spoke to an Israeli offiial newly arrived in New York to work in the press office at the United Nations. He had spent the required few months traveling around the United States, talking to the citizens of Omaha, Tucson, and Phoenix with the hope of finding out what they thought about the politics of the Middle East, Misled by what he had read in the New York and Washington newspapers (which devote a good deal of space to the Arab-Israeli dispute), he expected to talk to people with well formed and passionate opinions. Hardly anybody with whom he spoke could locate Israel on a map. People were uniformly considerate and polite, and they were sure that Israel (wherever it was) was probably a very nice place indeed, but of the geography or the political history, they knew nothing at all.

O THE AMERICAN mind the idea of empire conveys an impression of ease and spaciousness. This is a fatuous interpretation, at odds with Joseph Conrad's observations on the Congo River as well as with the experience of military governors (whether Roman, British, or Ottoman) obliged to commit murder on the imperial scale, but in this year's presidential romance the geopolitical supremacy inherited by the United States in 1945 resembles the vast promise of the empty continent that the Puritan forefathers were pleased to accept as the gift of God, So abundant were the resources of the American wilderness that the heirs to the estate got into the habit of thinking that they could afford the luxury of squandering the fortune. What was God for if not to forgive them their sins and sell them the indulgence of a second chance? If

the land were played out in one part of the country, a man could pack his wagons and move west, his innocence regained and his record of arrests unknown to the authorities; if the rivers got poisoned, well, there were other rivers; if the swindles no longer worked well in Connecticut and Pennsylvania, a man could try his luck with the suckers west of St. Louis. Missouri.

For people who associate the glory of empire with boundless mineral and agricultural wealth, the Japanese in the Gucci shop cannot help but defy explanation. The Japanese didn't enjoy the advantage of a trust fund. Neither did the Israelis. Both nations made do with the character of their people and the concentration of mind that joins together the human resources of intelligence and will.

About this particular industrial process American politicians this fall have little to say. They talk instead about techniques for making steel and automobiles, about oil and inflation and "reindustrialization." Their explanations miss the point of the American enterprise, which maybe is why they can't explain it to Sally.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 1980



AN AMERICAN PARLIAMENT

Overcoming the separation of powers

by Kevin Phillip

HE UNITED STATES is in trouble that goes far beyond a single national election or its results. The dubious doctrine of "American exceptionalism"—based on the idea that this country is unique. or that God takes special care of babies, drunks, and the United States of America-is a misconception that may soon prove fatal. The notion springs from many sources, among them the belief that we are blessed with a peerless Constitution and brilliantly structured political system, designed for the ages in the candlelight of 1787. Yet the United States' success in coping with the 1980s may depend on the speed and intelligence with which we can transform a number of obsolescent, even crippling, political institutions, mechanisms, and relationships, Conservatives, by tradition partisans of the status quo, may find themselves charged with taking the reformist lead.

It is tempting to cite Oliver Wendell Holmes's verse about the "one-hoss shay" that operated smoothly until it began totally to crumble-an unpleasant parallel to the 1970s' breakdown of American presidential leadership, of the party system, of the relationships among the executive, legislative, and judicial branches, and between Washington and the fifty states. The political challenge of the 1980s may not be the realignment of the party system per se -that may be impossible-but the larger recasting and regrouping of the governmental institutions with which the parties necessarily interact.

Although a surprising number of political leaders, commentators, and analysts are beginning to think in these terms, the reformist movement has yet to coalesce—in part, I suspect, because

liberals believe they have lost the nation's leadership and cannot hope to profit, while conservatives must overcome their post-1932 inexpertness in governance, to say nothing of their hereditary distaste for institutional change. Yet one can see the tide turning, beginning to come in across the sands of awareness, comprehension, and discussion. Although the July negotiations between Ronald Reagan and Gerald Ford over what amounted to a restructuring of the federal executive branch collapsed, their mere occurrence bespoke a critical recognition. Astute senators, meanwhile, are beginning to propose ways to improve communications between Congress and the White House, presidential counsel Lloyd Cutler is advocating a quasi-parliamentary system. Harvard professors are writing books about judicial usurpation (Raoul Berger's Government by Judiciary), and even liberal Democratic governors are calling for resurgent states' rights and a revitalized federalism. In a number of state legislatures. conservatives and liberals of both parties have abandoned the party system to organize along ideological lines, and early-1980 national polls show support for attempting similar organization in Congress. Chief Justice Warren Burger has called for anticipating the twohundredth anniversary of the Constitution, in 1987, by reexamining the effectiveness of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches in their latetwentieth-century context. A new "Age of Reform" may be in the air.

Of all the malfunctions of the American political system, the most obvious is the entrenched counterproductivity of White House and Congressional interaction. Let it pass that the original

theory of "separation of powers" fol lowed from the misperception of on Charles de Montesquieu, the eighteenth century French philosopher who hy pothesized an executive-legislative di vision in Britain because the king and the parliament were at loggerheads ignoring how the legislative branch was in fact closely knit to the operational executive branch—the prime minister and cabinet. Today's institutional crisis is so obvious that citations of eigh teenth-century history are superfluous In contrast to the parliamentary legisla tures elected elsewhere in the West, the U.S. Congress not only operates on its own, but does so in a way to paralyze the executive branch. The White House has a national-security apparatus, budget bureau, and a technology office so Congress must have its own counterparts-and Congress does, with some 19,000 employees to man its battlements and fortifications. The legislative branch has various quasi-executive functions, exercising control over major segments of the federal bureaucracy through auxiliaries of Senate committees. House committees, and allied lobby groups. Effective government is impossible.

Part of the predicament—the nominal separation of powers—is written into the Constitution. Much of the problem, though, is only a matter of paper, people, and procedures; it can be changed nonconstitutionally—not easily, but it can be done.

Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan's suggestion of putting members of Congress in the Cabinet is to the point:

Kevin Phillips is president of the American Political Research Corporation in Bethesda, Maryland, and a syndicated columnist for King Features Syndicate.

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"We all love this car as family sedan,



sel car, as sports coupe (Scirocco), a also as convertible while our own kee ingenuity has spowned the WV up Truck. As if this weren't enough, swagen engineers have testified a Robbit capable of 80 mpg is well in the realm of possibility. You'd be lish to doubt their word."

low do you imve the most signint car of the last arter-century? Signifi-

Itly. But not recklessly. Or mindlessly. ⇒ magic change for 1981 is imwed passing power and improved nomy at the same time. EPA estimated impg, 42 mpg highway estimate. ⇒ "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies With speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.) The 1981 interiors are lavish. (If you woke up in a Rabbit, you'd never guess it was a Rabbit.) The headlights, taillights and grille are sleeker and even more functional.

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honored by <u>Car and Driver</u>, but not totally surprised. An awful lot of work went into it.

We will keep on working. And we hope to do as well in the next quarter-century.

THE 1981 RABBIT VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



"My thought is that the time is at hand to involve the legislative with the executive, and that this could be done by the practice of appointing members of the House and Senate to the Cabinet.... The essence of the problem, clearly, was the constitutional decision to separate the executive from the legislative in a way not found in any other government, much less any other democracy.... The president (by appointing members of Congress to his Cabinet) would have the advantage of devising legislative proposals that would be seen by Congress as partly legislative in origin, and the president's proposals would have advocates in the committees and on the floor."

Commentators generally inferred that the senator's suggestion would require a constitutional amendment. Not so. That would be necessary for any senator or congressman simultaneously to hold office as secretary of defense, secretary of labor, or whatever. Those are "offices under the United States," which members of Congress cannot occupy concurrently with their elected positions. But no prohibition exists against giving elected legislators Cabinet status as, in effect, ministers without portfolio. The Cabinet itself has no legal or constitutional status-anyone can be appointed. In such fashion, Capitol Hill leaders could join the president in devising legislative proposals, as Moynihan suggests, without assuming the administrative burdens of a departmental secretaryship. Several might also serve as administration floor spokesmen in their areas of competence. Wisconsin Congressman Henry Reuss. chairman of the House Banking Committee, would go further and amend the U.S. Constitution to allow members of Congress to serve, without additional compensation, in the executive branch. For the moment, though, that seems unnecessary.

LOYD CUTLER, counsel to President Carter, sees progress along these lines as institutionally essential: "The separation of powers between the legislative and executive branches has become a structure that almost guarantees stalemate today." Cutler would shift toward a quasi-parliamentary system by means of several structural reforms: Have candidates for president, vice-president, vice-president

dent, and Congress run as an entity ticket in all districts, thus linking their fortunes: require that half the Cabinet be sitting members of Congress; establish a six-year term for the president: and set up procedures for the president or Congress (or both) to be able to call for general elections when paralysis sets in. Cutler's analysis-that the U.S. government no longer really works-is not merely exculpatory of Jimmy Carter. Several prominent Republicans agree. Bryce Harlow, a respected senior GOP statesman who served both Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon as chief of Congressional relations. says:

"It's not a people problem, it's a process problem. The executive and legislative branches are increasingly entrenched and unresponsive. We have to shake up the bureaucracy, the parties, and Congress's self-perpetuation to make popular sentiment effective again."

Or consider two kindred proposals by Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker, First, he would like to see an official, liaison "Presidential Office" opened on Capitol Hill; second, he feels that Cabinet officials should be brought before one or both houses of Congress at regular intervals to answer formally questions about executive policy. It is intriguing that both President Carter and Vice-President Mondale several years back also endorsed the notion of requiring the Cabinet to appear before Congress to answer questions. In his 1975 book. Why Not the Best?, Mr. Carter urged that the president's Cabinet "appear before the joint sessions of the Congress to answer written questions," and Mondale, as a senator, actually sponsored legislation to implement the idea.

Little current poll data is available, but an early-1980 national survey, conducted by the St. Louis-based Civic Service, asked: "Would you favor having major new legislation worked out in close consultation between the president and Congressional leaders before it goes to Congress to help reduce confrontation and stalemate?" Of respondents. 60.7 percent said yes, while 20 percent said no. Clearly, separation of powers commands little fidelity at the grass roots.

At the risk of appearing unfairly pejorative, I point out that some of the greatest enthusiasm for a divided U.S. government is found in the Kremlin.

A 1979 study by noted Soviet Amer canologist Professor Yuri I. Nypork entitled, "Constitutional Inter-relation ships Between the President and Col gress of the U.S.A.," announced a preciatively that "tensions now aris with greater frequency within the bourgeois governmental mechanism Nyporko noted that the "intensifyir struggle" between our legislative an executive branches had made check and balances a reality. In his analysi Soviet interests would be best served b a Republican president "balked" by Democratic Congress, especially by the Senate. A Democratic president vyin with a Republican Congress woul rank second in favor, and least desiable would be an executive-legislativ collaboration dominated by the sam political coalition.

The presidential selection process if self contributes to the flawed structur of the executive branch. Lone wolve tend to emerge, ensuring the sort of White House that fortifies itself for hostilities with Capitol Hill. Quite apar from how presidents reach the Ova Office, the job they find there simpl has gotten too big. It must be reduced spread, or divided. If we can begin to move toward the quasi-parliamentary system advocated by Movnihan, Cutler and others, the role of the Cabine would necessarily increase in a way that would ease the burdens of the presidency. Cabinet government, pivot ing on the department heads and or the major political and legislative lead ers of the presiding coalition, could redistribute presidential responsibilities. Such a government would be much more tenable than might be suggested by the results of the occasional, halfhearted Cabinet upgradings of the "personal presidency" era. The upper echelons of the White House would become less the purview of home-state cliques and more the mobilization ground of national talent.

Redefinition of the vice-presidency is essential. When pursued recently by Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan, such redefinition miscarried, but the basic idea of the vice-president assuming a role as chief operating officer of the government or being specifically responsible for certain areas of expertise is unlikely to be set aside. In the aftermath of the Detroit deliberations, Ford's former presidential press secretary, J. F. terHorst, suggested that "a truly

orthwhile [constitutional] amendint might be an enlargement of the
interpolation of the vice-president so that he
interpolation of the duties of the
vicetive branch....The aborted Reainterpolation of the duties of the
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interpolati

From time to time, Washington obervers have talked about separating ne ceremonial functions of the presiency from the day-to-day executive anctions. If this were to be done by pgrading the vice-presidency to a hief operating officer's post, it could nin ear some relation to the current funcion of the French prime minister. As is rench newspapers enjoy pointing out rom time to time, the prime minister, Ithough appointed by the president of he Republic and holding office purely t his pleasure, not only presides over he Cabinet but often serves as a lighting rod for the administration's unpopular day-to-day decisions. This role livision currently enables French Presapar dent Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to be exactly the chairman of the board that Ronald Reagan, for one, would like the Jnited States president to be; Giscard as likewise been able to keep his own ob-approval ratings up in the 50-60 percent range, while Prime Minister laymond Barre has dropped into lower anges familiar to recent U.S. presilents.

FFECTIVE REFORM of the federal government would be best served by a quasi-parliamentary transition. A limited shift of the sort heretofore sketched, in considerable measure achievable without amending the Constitution, could set the scene for a stronger Cabinet and reforms above and beyond better executive-legislative collaboration. It also would offer a possible vehicle for regrouping legislators and politicians in an era when the increasingly obsolescent Republican and Democratic parties may no longer be able to revitalize themselves.

In this respect, we are beginning to hear more and more about another device most familiar but not limited to parliamentary systems: the coalition. Arguably, the two-party system can no longer produce ideological turning points because individual legislators have shaped themselves into communi-

cations age ombudsmen constituency servants who rise or fall too little on party tides to make party tides effective or meaningful. If so, then progress must seek an institutional bypass. Four or five years ago, a number of conservatives seriously contemplated a new party on the right, and Gallup found 25-30 percent of Americans in favor of that option. More recently, spurred by John Anderson's independent presidential candidacy, Gallup polled the public on support for a new center party, and found 30-40 percent backing. Likewise, an early-1980 Opinion Research Corporation survey found 47 percent of those queried in agreement that a strong third party would revitalize our political system. But the question is probably moot. For all that the public seems to be searching for some new alternative, current federal election law is so stacked against the emergence of successful new parties that some strategists prefer a new avenue-such as the coalition.

From one perspective, it's nothing new. Bear in mind that Abraham Lincoln and the Republican party relied on a supraparty coalition, not straight Republicanism, first to organize Congress in the mid-1850s, then to win the wartime presidential election of 1864. The fledgling Republican party would not have been strong enough on its own, given the political fragmentation that prevailed before and during the Civil War. Today's challenge is different, though; advocates favor using a coalition to transcend the old party labels that go hand in hand with ineffective institutional arrangements.

The coalition can be approached on many levels. Foremost is the concept contemplated briefly in June by the Ronald Reagan forces-the idea of choosing Georgia's Democratic senator, Sam Nunn (or some other Southern Democrat), as Reagan's running mate, with the goal being the first nationallevel coalition since Abraham Lincoln picked Tennessee Democrat Andrew Jackson in 1864. But the Atlanta Constitution, reporting the plan, quoted one Reagan aide as saying the Nunn approach was abandoned because GOP convention delegates had not yet perceived the institutional or national crisis: "We may indeed be reaching such a point, but the perception of the crisis has vet to take hold.'

In times of turmoil and uncertainty,

both parties have sometimes sought a degree of bipartisanship in Cabinet appointments. Prior to World War II, Franklin D. Roosevelt added Republicans Henry Stimson and Frank Knox as secretary of war and secretary of the navy: in 1961. Democrat John Kennedy, after winning the election by the narrowest of majorities, appointed Republicans Robert McNamara and C. Douglas Dillon as secretary of defense and secretary of the treasury. Early-1980 polls turned up 54 percent in favor of a similar move by Jimmy Carter, with 26 percent opposed; and mid-1980 saw several senior Reagan aides float trial balloons on the possibility of naming some Cabinet members a few weeks before the election so that voters might consider them in casting their November ballots and including several well-known Democrats in order to give the ticket a coalition coloration.

The most important measurement of "coalitionism," however, as its advocates say, is likely to come on the legislative level. Party lines have already begun to fade into irrelevance at the state level. so that in the houses of four legislatures—New Hampshire, New

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Mexico, Texas, and Louisiana-organizational reins have been seized in the last eighteen months by new supraparty conservative coalitions. Perhaps the most telling confrontation came in New Hampshire, where the conservative twothirds of the GOP state senators and the conservative one-third of the Democrats outvoted liberals of both parties by a hair's-breadth margin, thereby taking control. The new Senate president, St. Anselm's College geography professor Robert Monier, subsequently told the press: "This was an election of philosophies. We no longer have a majority party and a minority party. We have a majority coalition and a minority coalition." The underlying sentiment, in New Hampshire and elsewhere, is that Republican-Democratic divisions no longer represent useful groupings through which to mobilize new governing coalitions.

A growing number of conservatives believe the same thing may be true in Washington. With the party system breaking down, and with so many legislators turning into district errandrunners largely immune from national pressures, coalition advocates either have given up on the idea of electing a Republican Congress, or indeed simply prefer a conservative coalition to a Republican majority. Conferences convened in Washington and St. Louis over the last twelve months have addressed achieving coalition either in 1981 or 1983, and in the spring of 1980, the Washington-based Heritage Foundation released a nationwide Sindlinger poll showing that a 64 to 21 percent majority of Americans favored electing the speaker of the House on issues, not party labels. A 71 to 10 percent majority said they would approve if their own congressman voted for the speaker on that basis.

Coalitionism has been recognized as a reformist force in states like New Hampshire and New Mexico, in part because it broke up entrenched legislative interests and lines of communication-cum-influence. To the extent that a similar breakup might happen in Washington—at least on the non-Pentagon side of the river—the major losers would be liberals, which is why the major proponents are conservatives. Liberals, now dominating Congress through the Democratic party leadership and caucus, would lose that control if the party system were dissolved

or transcended. The majority of Democrats may be liberals; the majority of Congress are not. Coalitionism could theoretically achieve what the party system and (non-) realignment seem unable to produce—a new governing majority.

But, the wise skeptic will ask, isn't it really just a pipe dream? Can enough conservative Democrats be tempted to set party lines aside and join enough Republicans (and will there even be enough Republicans)? Maybe. Maybe not. If the November 1980 results are inadequate, some conservatives feel that the numbers will be even more opportune in 1982.

Y OWN FEELING is that much of the impetus toward coalitionism in Congress must come—if it is to come at all-from the same quasi-parliamentary thrust and the same perception of the inadequacy of separation of powers described earlier in this essay. To overcome the current extreme separation of powers, congressmen and senators will have to be brought into the Cabinet; should that happen, the critical question becomes: In whose Cabinet, with what kind of president, would conservative Democrats serve? The election of 1976 (probably an aberration) aside, many white southern Democrats locally vote Republican on the presidential level, Implement Lloyd Cutler's idea of having national and Congressional candidates run together on a quasi-parliamentary ticket, and metropolitan Houston, Dallas, Tulsa, Shreveport, Jacksonville, Palm Beach. Charleston, Winston-Salem, and a dozen other cities would immediately shift to conservative coalition representation.

Somewhat the same thing could result if conservative Republicans were to gain control of the White House, recognizing simultaneously that the name of the political game during the 1980s is institutional reform rather than traditional realignment. Suppose that a Republican president held out three Cabinet posts to conservative Democrats, proposed that ten congressmen and senators (four or five of them sympathetic Democrats) sit without portfolio in an expanded Cabinet. and expressed the simultaneous hope that Republicans and the sizable moderate-to-conservative minority of Democrats sort themselves into a majory coalition to take over the machinery of Congress and work in tandem with enew executive-level coalition. It jumight work, and if it did, the result would have the political effect of alignment combined with the structual benefit of institutional reform.

Accept the importance of quasi-p-liamentary reform and a lot of off conditions become clear. Preeming among them is the counterproductive of current efforts to reinforce—or evaluate freeze—the existing party structure. One can argue that once the potent realignment of 1972 was aborted Watergate, the Republican and Demicratic parties became obsolescent grouings. Their ineffectiveness has been factor in the poor performance of U. government in general and the hostili of the executive and legislative branch in particular.

Ironically, the more that American have cried out for institutional reform catalogued again and again in Gallu and other polls, the more that the Republican and Democratic partic have tried to entrench themselve against displacement or competitio Since Watergate, that entrenchment ha been intensified in an attempt to assur the permanence of a choice that on 56 percent of the 1976 voting-as population thought worth making. Th Democrats, self-proclaimed enthusias for free speech, have sought to suppres public access to and communication b new or splinter parties, and the Re publicans, propagandists of free com petition in the economic marketplace shrink from the same thing in th political marketplace. The result is kind of political mercantilism.

So long as politicians insist on try ing to prop up the two major parties they are almost certain to shrink from more serious institutional and constitutional reforms premised on the fail ure of the party system. From thi perspective, reinforcement of the existing parties seems counterproductive

Some of us have changed our perspective. Before Watergate and its dissipation of the GOP's possible 1972–76 opportunity of forming a new coalition, I thought that the existing party frameworks would suffice for realign ment. Since then, changed circumstances have suggested otherwise. The public has lost too much faith in governmental and political institutions.

overnmental relationships have brok-1 down. The party system, too, has een breaking down, with many anasts forecasting a proliferation of plinter parties and factions. It may iso be that in this communications ge, the television networks and what sed to be the Department of Health ducation and Welfare have assumed o many of the roles once played by arties and that political parties are revitably losing their old function and nportance. At any rate this writer, at ast, has believed since Watergate that me new vehicle or arrangement ould be necessary to harness the conrvative trend that, albeit suspended or a few years, is reemerging to ominate the foreseeable political fuire. Exactly what that vehicle could r would be is, admittedly, still somening of a question.

The best current options, preferable reinforcing the existing party system, raybe are either to do nothing pendag larger institutional reevaluations. r to ease some of the recent majorarty protections included in the fedral election code (notably campaign ubsidies and preferences). As for the umbersome thirty-five-primary proess by which we now nominate our hief executives, an initial element of eform seems obvious: Let the states hift to a series of four regional prigaries to be held in June or July. ollowed by conventions (of some sort) n August, then by the election in November.

HERE IS another option partly consistent with what I have been calling the quasi-parliamentary approach. There's no eason, at least no constitutional reaon, why each state presidential-prinary contest couldn't be opened up to ill voters-Democrats, Republicans, inlependents, vegetarians, or whatever. That way, supporters could vote in the rimary of the party around which heir preferred coalition was principaly built. New York Democratic Governor Hugh Carey has gone even further, advocating that each state hold a single conpartisan primary in which all candidates would run. Earlier this year, he acknowledged this would destroy the two-party system, but he said, "So what? I can't recognize party philosophies these days anyway. I don't think philosophy comes through at all; if the parties stand for anything I don't know what it is." And some constitu-Arthur S. Miller of George Washington University, have gone so far as to argue that independents are being denied the equal protection of the law when they cannot vote in a primary unless they register by party. Leonard Lurie, in his new book Party Politics: Why We Have Poor Presidents, proposes having Congress nominate presidential candidates-anyone put forward by at least 5 percent of the membership of the House and Senate would go on a preliminary ballot. If nomination by Congress, why not by a Congressional coalition? Probably the entire presidential selection process needs to be thoroughly overhauled, from the New Hampshire primary all the way to the Electoral College.

The sad truth is that most of our institutions and processes-not just two or three-need reform. With the federal judiciary having overstepped so many bounds, perhaps Congress, as authorized by the Constitution, should cut back on the jurisdiction allowed to the federal courts. This summer, the National Governors' Conference passed a resolution deploring the substantial inroads Washington has made on federalism and the perversion of the system when Congress dictates minutiae. Surely a correction is in order here. too? And perhaps we would even do well to consider some form of national initiative and referendum, in the beginning no more than advisory in nature. to give the public a larger role in policy making.

Chief Justice Warren Burger, speaking at a 1978 seminar on legal history. summed up what should be the scope of our inquiry and concern: "It may seem premature to be thinking about the next significant bicentennial celebration in our national life, but our experience with the bicentennial of 1976 demonstrates the desirability for long advance planning. It is not too soon to turn our minds to the two-hundredth anniversary of the document [the Constitution] signed in Philadelphia almost exactly 191 years ago. I submit that an appropriate way to do this will be to reexamine each of the three major articles of our organic law and compare the functions as they have been performed in recent times with the functions contemplated in 1787 by

Others have suggested a more formal reexamination: Delaware Senator William V. Roth and some of his colleagues would like to see a Second Constitutional Convention meet in this decade. Missouri Congressman Richard Bolling. chairman of the House Rules Committee, has introduced legislation to set up a grand "Commission on More Effective Government" to "study the organization, operation and functioning of all aspects of the Federal government."

The crisis is genuine. Futurist Alvin Toffler goes so far as to urge "a widespread, public, political debate about future forms of democracy" to head off possible bloodshed and totalitarianism. Those who would invoke stereotyped Fourth of July rhetoric to hail the resilience of our institutions should note that in three elections since May, the American public has vented its anger and frustration in unprecedented form: The leader of the U.S. Nazi party got 43 percent of the vote in a statewide North Carolina Republican primary. the Grand Dragon of the state Ku Klux Klan won the June Democratic primary in California's Forty-Third Congressional District, and an ex-Nazi (now running something cailed the National Christian Democratic Union) won the August GOP Congressional primary in Michigan's Fifteenth District. Analysts are beginning to discuss parallels-a middle class undercut by inflation, cultrated nationalism, loss of faith in institutions-between the United States and the Weimar Germany of the 1920s.

Be that as it may, the system is not healthy: pretensions that it is are nonsense. And the political irony—which may be simultaneously one of the decade's most decisive political vulnerabilities and opportunities—is that aging liberals are no longer the innovators, but the Bourbons and Hapsburgs of contemporary institutional failure. Theirs are the palaces under attack, and the restless crowds beginning to throw rocks into the Tuileries are populist conservatives of a sort. The challenge of the 1980s is that conservatives may find themselves obliged to preside, not over a traditional electoral realignment, but over a critical restructuring of U.S. political institutions.

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NATION OF LOBBYISTS

The conventioners' convention

by Michael Macdonald Moone

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8

N NEW YORK, 3.330 delegates to the Democratic party convention are picking up their credentials for the circus floor of Madison Square Garden. They are arguing about how to count nineteen million primary votes. In the District of Columbia, up by Rock Creek Park, about 4,700 delegates to the sixtieth annual convention of the American Society of Association Executives (ASAE) are checking into the new, ultramodern Sheraton Washington, Inside, the Sheraton has a marvelous similarity to the sets of the space odyssey movie 2001: all chrome, bright steel, shining vinyl, and the bright basic colors of futurism.

The 5,100 ASAE delegates represent 2,300 national and international business, professional, and trade organizations; nearly 16,000 association officers; and even after duplicate memberships have been filtered out, upward of thirty million members of

business associations who pay dues. Of the two syndicates, the ASAE appears to be the larger party—it has more voters, anyway, than the Democrats.

ABC-TV alone has 600 members of its news department assigned to the Democratic convention, but not one network commentator is present at the ASAE convention to interpret to millions the significance of a new coalition. Never mind: The ASAE operating budget is \$6.6 million, but the combined operating budgets of ASAE member associations approximate \$6 billion a year. Some claim the expense runs to \$10 billion annually: even at \$6 billion, ASAE aggregate expenses run six times the total annual national budget to operate both houses of the Congress and their staffs. More votes, plus more money, eventually equals more political clout.

In pursuing their own interests, ASAE associations can say they are also promoting the general welfare, just as the Democrats claim to be consortium for varied interests. Hence the Democrats can say without cor tradiction that their party will be un fied come election day, despite squal bles at the convention. In contras ASAE delegates have few problem with political unity-they're for Rea gan. They're fed up, they say, They'r mad, especially at the bullies from the IRS. They're not going to take it and more, they say. They'd like to dis mantle the executive branch of govern ment, and they're going to learn how to do it. Their rhetoric is curious be cause they talk much about revolution about revolt, about a general strik against the elitists who interfere with private choices. Like other radicals corporate America does not appear to have given much thought to the day when the glorious revolution finally comes, when at last the state appara tus must wither away. Maybe the firs thing to do will be to subdivide.

But they're convinced there is a big change approaching in the Eighties The theme of the sixtieth annual ASAF convention is "Turning Point," repre sented in the ASAE's brochures and agenda by the geometry of a Möbius strip-a continuous curved plane joined in a loop, so that its opposing surfaces have neither an outside nor an inside. A Möbius strip has no turning point because it is a surface. but geometric symbols aside, the effects of the ASAE's convocation in Washington can be understood on log arithmic scales: it is a convention of association executives who schedule meetings of association officers who call meetings of business and professional executives.



Michael Macdonald Mooney is a Washington editor of Harper's and the author of a forth coming book entitled The Ministry of Culture (Wyndham Books).

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■ O THE EXTENT that the business of America is business. and the business of business is meetings, the statistics of the meetings business are staggering. Each ASAE delegate to the ASAE national convention represents an association that will subsequently schedule an average of forty meetings each vear-something on the order of 400,000 subsequent assemblies. Most of these are small and can be fit into a local Holiday Inn; but many are huge and need all of Chicago's available rooms reserved ten years in advance. According to Virginia M. Lofft, editor of the industry's leading trade journal, Successful Meetings, the annual tradeassociation, professional, and corporate meetings include: 112 million outof-town trips, 643,483 corporate meetings, 9,436 national and international shows and conventions, 37,821 state and regional meetings; about 30.7 million in combined attendance, and about \$15 billion in total expenditures -an amount exceeding the entire national budget for the U.S. Department of Education.

All corporate meetings are, of course, for educational and business purposes, and thereby qualify as taxdeductible expenses, provided complete records are kept. No matter which way these assemblies are viewed-as thirty million plates of chicken salad, or as articulated political constituencies -they are major economic forces to the cities in which they convene, whether the city happens to have a Republican or Democratic machine. Consequently, at the ASAE convention in Washington, 555 slick tradeshow booths in four exhibition "halls," totaling nearly 100,000 square feet, are staffed by nearly 1,000 pitchmen and women who exhort ASAE delegates to hold their next caucus in New York, Acapulco, San Francisco, or Grand Rapids, Michigan-which says it has a "Blueprint for Success."

Elko, Nevada, promises a successful meeting, too: if the sheepherders aren't in from Wyoming that month Elko might be a purty slick place for an executive of a small association to schedule a meeting. Necessarily, the big associations have to go where the city, state, or national convention bureaus can supply enough hotel beds for groups such as the National Association of Independent Insurance Agents,

the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the National Association of Home Builders, the American Bankers Association, the Chemical Manufacturers Association, the American Home Economics Association, the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, the National Association of Life Underwriters, the Small Business and Independent Trades Association, or the Proprietary Association—the manufacturers of over-the-counter, or patent, medicines and cosmetics.

In turn, these 10,000 constituencies are begining to coordinate their political activities as well as their economic interests not only with their member corporations, but also with the political efforts of the corporate association represented by the National Federation of Independent Business, Inc. (the small businesses), by the National Associations of Manufacturers (the big industrial combinations); by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States: by 100,000 members in a broad middle band: by the Business Roundtable -a secret list of select Fortune 500 giant conglomerates; and by the American Society of Association Executives. James P. "Jim" Lowe, the ASAE's president, is credited with his association's spectacular fifteen-year growth from an insignificant association of associations in 1965 that could fit into two rooms in the Dupont Plaza, to an increasingly confident organization capable of wielding political swat.

XACTLY WHAT'S to be done. however, is not entirely clear. The great impetus for the Washington's extraordinary multiplication of regulatory activity under the Republican administration. Under the Carter administration ASAE-connected coalitions have been effective at blocking legislation or regulations they opposed-in some cases, even dismantling agencies under a Democratic administration whose powers were extended under Republican supervision. Although ASAE members like to rage at Nader's activists, ASAE-connected coalitions have joined Nader's lobbyist to deregulate an industry. At the ICC, shippers joined "Nader's raiders" to oppose trucking corporations and unions who were extravagant supporters of Nixon. A lobbyist for the Nadersponsored, ten-member Congress Watch organization, Nancy Drabble, guesses that if corporate lobbyists, with combined staffs in the thousands, ever start to learn how government actually works, "they may become a formidable group."

So far, ignorance has been industry's strength. Civics was never a long corporate suit. Education in the arts or history was thought to be nice, but hardly practical in what was imagined to be the real world. Consequently, marketing executives are easily confused by the intricacies of politics. As soon as the Civil Aeronautics Board gave up supervising free airline tickets, a consortium of airlines anxiously consulted with ASAE executives to determine if contractual restrictions could be used to replace the government regulations that the "free enterprise system" sorely missed. Typically, most corporate executives still believe lobbying is a nineteenth-century art; something like cash-and-carry at the appropriate Congressional officevariations on the FBI's Abscam; or they believe that the free market can be maintained by hiring battalions of corporate lawyers to file gargantuan lawsuits that will take years, perhaps decades, to argue. Yet it has recently occurred to corporate officers that there may be more pragmatic ways to do business than retaining a Wall Street law firm of Republicans who want to argue a case all the way to a Democratic Supreme Court.

N THE PAST, every progressive lawyer who faithfully attended Democratic committee meetings had lurking in his heart some secret ambition. He might have hoped to run a big oil company, at least for a year or two: either by regulating it, if the lawyer was a conservative, or by nationalizing the bastards, if the lawver was a closet socialist. These were Walter Mitty dreams, but they brought men and women into government. If, by circumstance, these dreams weren't realized, the party assured the faithful a judgeship-through which symbolic fines could be assessed against old enemies.

Now, corporate executives sense that on the balance sheet perhaps the merger might be worked out the other

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Box or Menthol:

10 packs of Carlton have less tar than I pack of...

Tar	Nicotine
mg./cig.	mg./cig.
11	0.9
16	1.3
12	0.8
10	0.7
16	1.0
	mg./cig. 11 16 12 10

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Benson & Hedges Lights 100's	11	0.8
Pall Mall Light 100's	10	0.8
Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1

Carlton Box-lowest of all brands.

Less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic. Carlton Menthol-Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack. 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine. Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. "79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

way around. The FCC can be managed as a joint venture of the three networks. The Energy Department is a superb national lobby for local power companies harassed by state public service commissions. In effect, the national argument about the results of industrialization-stuck at dead center since William Jennings Bryan and the Populists frightened Wall Street in 1896-has been resolved. That's what is meant by Carter's murky formulations for "'reindustrialization"; that's why Reagan is being charged with programs that hark back to Bryan's opponent, William McKinley. The slanders of Reagan carry a sliver of truth to them, but obscure a more important change-and one that has already occurred. What was once a democracy of competing regional (or horizontal) interests-the industrial Northeast, for example, in shifting alliances with the agricultural West and South-has already been reorganized into vertical economic syndicates, independent of geography-for example, dentists, doctors, hospital associations, insurance companies, and drug companies working together for organic goals.

Meanwhile, 2,000 ASAE associations have established offices in Washington. To get the very best advice on agency and legislative questions for all associations, ASAE consults with two law firms—which, in turn, may provide advice, not only to many ASAE constituent associations, but also to any association's individual corporate members, who, in turn, have their own national law firm with D.C. offices. From 1970 to 1980 an estimated 20,000 lawyers were added to Washington's population.

ASAE's two local law firms are Patton, Boggs & Blow, and Webster & Chamberlain. Patton, Boggs & Blow is registered as a foreign agent for four clients, and a registered Congressional lobbyist for thirty-two domestic clients. The PB&B partnership includes sixtyfive attorneys, approximately 180 in staff including tax accountants, and ASAE's special counsel, "Superstar Lobbyist" Thomas Hale Boggs, Jr., credited with cutting the Chrysler deal in only three months for a reported fee of a mere \$300,000. Tommy Boggs is widely known, but according to PB&B counsel, William J. "Bill" Colley, the best lobbyists are invisible.

The manners and nuances of lobby-

ing are exquisite. If a lobbyist calls upon a senator to add or delete just a phrase or two from a pending bill, and if the lobbyist talks about the weather until it is the senator who brings the pending matter up, then the lobbyist is only providing information at the senator's request, and for the senator's benefit-and surely in the national interest. Hence, no lobbying has taken place, and therefore no registration is necessary. If the association happened to contribute to the senator's campaign through one of the association's PAC committees, such a contribution would be coincidental, unrelated, and perhaps even unknown to the lobbyist actually seated at the senator's desk, discussing a few minor changes in wording. Bill Colley, however, advises ASAE members to coordinate their goals. In some cases, it has been terribly embarrassing for lobbvists to convince a senator of the "hard facts" at issue, then have the senator discover that the same association has contributed, through its PAC, to the senator's election oppo-

Estimates of the number of men and women working in Washington at the art of lobbying—including lawyers, association executives, public relations "communicators," and technical experts—now total about 60,000, or roughly 100 for each elected official. During the past ten years, the trade has seen a spectacular influx of women. Apparently, women know how to avoid argument over abstract differences but get what they want in prac-



tical detail—just a phrase delete here, a sentence added to a bill there Because it hardly matters any longe whether Democrats or Republicans ar in power, it is all those disorderl details that need their immediate a tention.

"Having an impact on government." as lobbying is called, has created building boom for office space acros the Potomac River in Virginia and in downtown Washington, and simultal neously created scores of restaurant that will accept American Express There has to be someplace to lunch and talk jobs. Most resumés for work ers in the profession cite previous gov ernment experience, but claiming polit ical insight has its disadvantages. A survey at the ASAE convention asked members to rate the most respected and despised occupations. The results showed doctors continuing as the most respected profession. Ranked from the bottom up, ASAE members rated politicians as the occupation most held in contempt, followed in disdain by lawyers, used-car salesmen, and then prostitutes. Respected or not, old Washington hands point out that, after a taste of government power, nobody ever wants to leave town. "They stay to lobby or lav."

N FRIDAY, at about noon, as I arrived in the apple greens and glossy chromes of the lobby lounge in the Sheraton Washington to register for the ASAE convention, I was met by young actresses from Central Casting, Inc. They were offering champagne from trays to welcome the ASAE delegates. Their costumes were breathtaking: they were "diplomats," they said; black tails, gray vests, back ascots, black fishnet pantyhose running from high-heeled slides all the way to V-cut briefs. Twenty-five Marlene Dietrichs from The Blue Angel. "Yes," said Candy with a mischievous smile, "we're ambassadors. We just forgot our pants."

SUNDAY, AUGUST 8

FTER AN early breakfast, the 1980 ASAE general opening session convenes. The starlets reappear, costumed as plantation belles, tiny waists cinched in above big hoop skirts, long white

loves, twirling parasols. With wide miles, they call good-mornin', ya'll, n exaggerated Scarlett O'Hara drawls. hey guide us along corridors that ead into the vast Sheraton Washing-on ballroom. I have the feeling I'm n a Vegas hotel, without clocks, withtut time or space, every corridor and oom interchangeable with every other, and I have long since lost my sense f direction. So has everyone else. lentral Casting supplies Ariadnes in coop skirts to navigate the labyrinth. While 3.000 delegates wait in their

eats, Chuck Mangione's big band uns through its convention book, inluding plenty of trumpet solos with iffs, and the theme song from ABC-"V's coverage of the 1980 Winter Dlympics, "Give It All You've Got." The lights of the hall are dimmed, the platform's stage still empty. I can barev read the name of the man on my eft. His badge identifies him as the lelegate of the Association of Independent Colleges and Schools. We exhange handshakes, as pilgrims would. Chuck Mangione's band finishes up on a trumpet flourish, and the spotight comes down on the platform where retiring ASAE chairman Bud Meredith calls his constituents to order.

Meredith reviews his organization's spectacular growth. The ASAE is at a urning point, he says, and the new ASAE national headquarters, two clocks from the White House, "is in the world's greatest power center, and we'll serve this nation well by organizing and releasing the awesome strength of America's voluntary might."

He warns his troops that their new influence carries heavy responsibilities "to our free society and our constituents." The ASAE pledges to realize its responsibilities to the very fullest—with government, educational institutions, and the media. He announces awards for the professor who wrote "Elites in the Policy Process" and "The Organizational Society."

Accompanied by trumpet fanfares and applause as they step from behind curtains across the back of the stage, the stars of "Agronsky and Company," syndicated talk show of the Washington Post and Newsweek, will join two ASAE representatives for a panel discussion. Here, ladies and gentlemen, is James Jackson Kilpatrick, syndicated columnist and star commentator for CBS; Robert A. Roland, ASAE see-

retary-treasurer and president, the Chemical Manufacturers Association: Tommy Boggs, superstar lobbyist, partner, Patton, Boggs & Blow, and special counsel to the ASAE; George Will, biweekly columnist for Newsweek; and Martin Agronsky himself. Will you welcome them, please, is what Meredith's prepared script said.

Kilpatrick, Will, and Agronsky were each paid \$3,500 to appear: Rent a medium, \$10,500 for the package.

The ASAE has scripted Agronsky's questions, but Agronsky and company will only consent to ASAE's opening topic. The panel discusses whether special interests, taken in the aggregate, compromise an organic public interest. Kilpatrick thinks it's a shame that conservatives don't have their own version of Jane Fonda. Applause. He notes, however, that there's a certain amount of hypocrisy in business about regulation: most industries want regulation for themselves, but free enterprise for everyone else.

Will observes that corporations are not usually in the business of speaking for the public interest, and they might as well admit it. In his opinion, business is not adversary enough in its opposition to government.

The ASAE's Roland doesn't believe corporations should worry so much about being labeled as special interests. With the data, and a forceful presentation of the facts, they can usually work out some kind of "partnership" with government.

Agronsky murmurs it may be too early for that.

Boggs makes an ingenious case for Chrysler: his client got in trouble, he says, because it was the first automobile company to anticipate the trend for small cars, and Chrysler was the biggest producer of small cars. Chrysler was ahead of its time, he says, in meeting the competition from German and Japanese designs. Boggs's theory startles: come the revolution, will it be the duty of the Petrograd sailors to work out a partnership with Detroit's banks?

Will notes that we appear to be headed toward a semisocialized economy anyway—in automobiles, steel, textiles. Competition from the socialized exports of Japan, Britain, Europe may require a matching socialism in the United States.

The delegates are quiet.

But Will has one pragmatic suggestion: When giant corporations fail, and must be bailed out by national tax-monies, as a disincentive the chief executive officers should be paid salaries no higher than the highest civil-service grade. Lee Iaccoca would have to give up his six-figure pay and take what a GS-18 gets—about \$47,500.

The convention applauds Will.

Agronsky asks his panel who will be elected in November. All but Boggs plump for Reagan. For each mention of Reagan, there is widespread applause in the hall. When Boggs says Carter can make it, somewhere in the hall someone applauds, but briefly. Will does a take: shading his eyes from the spotlight, he spins his chair searching the convention floor for the lone Carter fan. General laughter.

Kilpatrick says: "It was a waiter."
Laughter. Applause for Kilpatrick.
After more analysis of election
prospects, Agronsky and company exeunt. The first general session of the
ASAE convention breaks up to attend
a wide variety of simultaneously schedduled educational seminars in the
Sheraton Washington's interchangeable
smaller meeting rooms.

T THE Legislative Update seminar-attendance about 30-ASAE's ambivalence to the press begins to surface. But Reagan is described as a media star. A panel discusses ASAE's concern with Federal Election Commission restrictions on what ASAE member publications can say: the FEC is contradicting their First Amendment guarantees to publish their opinions. To court the consent of Congress, ASAE associations hire public-relations "communicators," organize "grass-roots" campaigns, churn out press releases from PACs, seek support from small weekly newspapers as well as huge publishing conglomerates. Yet during the ASAE's convention I learned from Bud Meredith that the media was entirely controlled "by you liberal Eastern Establishment types."

Simultaneously, I learned that the press were generally "free-loaders," often deliberate liars, inevitably inaccurate, untrustworthy, and biased. At one seminar, Mark Schultz, regulatory affairs attorney for the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, says

plainly that the only reliable press would be company house organs. In his opinion, the Wall Street Journal has gone too far in attempting to balance its coverage of the news. The enmity for the media at the ASAE convention, whether displayed or concealed, was eerie. It was a hostility comparable to the perverse anticlericism that might be found in Mexico or France-where bishops must be officially scorned as an article of national faith, although nearly every citizen wants his life blessed by private confession and his burial certified in hallowed ground.

Beneath these odd contradictions, there runs a consistent element of revolutionary dialectic. A suggestion to sovietize Chrysler is entirely compatible with suggestions that each corporate syndicate be trusted with its wholly self-owned Pravda. Depending upon variations in revolutionary visions about the great days to come, all radicals agree the press must be brought under control. By doing so, the realities are thought to be manageable.

Regardless of what a Chamber of Commerce spokesman might think, by instinct ASAE president Jim Lowe would argue vigorously for a free press. Now in his early fifties, Lowe is attractive, makes his case for his constituency with open hands and easy confidence, and appreciates new ideas. He was an infantry platoon leader with the Seventh (Hourglass) Division in Korea, and still carries a crack commander's assuredness in his men. He knows them by their first nameswithout having to check the name-tags. Within twenty minutes in the Sheraton lobby, he can skim hellos to two dozen delegates. Because he walks and talks his perimeter restlessly, he knows by intuition and at a glance where his attentions are actually required, and when he can get by with just a salute and a smile. With fifteen years experience as president of the ASAE, he's unafraid of his command's problems, or inspection by the press.

Lowe came to the ASAE from an association division of the Chamber of Commerce. When he took command of an association of associations, he knew it could be retrained into a potent force but that he would have to show ASAE constituent members how they could succeed. He put on conventions that were demonstrations of how

to put on conventions and developed management training programs and leadership schools. He publishes a trade magazine. Association Management, which other associations can try to imitate. He shows his members how to recruit, how to scale dues, how to make money, how to form PACs, how to lobby. The ASAE's operating budget for its own activities rose from near bankruptcy to \$6.6 million a year, and its budget includes only about \$200,000 for direct lobbying—its member associations do the rest of the job.

Lowe has taught his troops not to be afraid of failure. He teaches that managers fear criticism and change, but leaders do not: "Leaders take chances." He has extracted *The Prince* and *The Discourses*, he says, for the lessons Machiavelli can provide.

The revolution in the ASAE's attitudes, led by Jim Lowe, occurred during the years that the liberals were reconstructing Congress. The great committee barons, who held power by their seniority, were sent away. The power of legislative barons was distributed through hundreds of subcommittees. Simultaneously, the attractions of serving in Congress diminished. By a kind of Gresham's law in politics, distinguished men quit because seniority no longer mattered. Some quit in disgust. Their places were taken by many who were merely ambitious. While ASAE's Jim Lowe accumulated experience from fifteen consecutive years in office, the lawmakers came and went. "I knew all the great ones in their day-Sam Rayburn, Lyndon,



even Joe Martin," says senior lobb ist Maurice Rosenblatt. "In the Senat what we've got left now is Russe Long and ninety-nine fox terriers."

MONDAY, AUGUST 9

ITH A dixieland ban playing, the ASAE 1980 Exposition oper at 11:15 A.M. Usuall ASAE delegates sit in their assigne seats as obediently as Republicans do but in the Sheraton exhibition halk the aisles are as jammed as the Democratic convention in New York, when the Kennedy forces are losing the rule fight.

At booth 913 the Greater Portlan Convention and Visitors Association i giving away five-ounce cans of genuin-volcanic ash from the Mount St. Hel ens eruption, May 18, 1980. Portland say its exhibitors, is a beautiful, clean green, livable city, and a conventior city, too: 9,000 hotel rooms, two convention centers, a new airport, ter major airlines, sports, nightlife, and dining. "Ski year round on Moun Hood while watching Mount St. Hel ens erupt."

The patronage of ASAE members is also solicited in a dozen booths along Canada's long aisle. Genuine Canadian Mounties are standing by. A pretty twenty-year-old girl is snapping a shoeshine rag over the cordovans of a fat, cigar-smoking man seated in the stand. I can see what her T-shirt says: "Montreal—Home of Champions."

There are a great number of insurance exhibitors. Here's how it works: Suppose your association buys a package of life, health, or casualty insurance; and just suppose, for a moment, you have one million members. The premiums collected annually by the association might be enough to buy the insurance company. There are ways for an association to spin-off the insurance company as a "captive, offshore corporation," without incurring penalty taxes from the IRS for the association's inurement income as a 501 (c) (6) tax-exempt corporation. Give us a call. Here's our card.

In booth 2411, Gil Eagles, "World's Fastest Hypnotist" is giving a demonstration of magic and mind reading. He covers his eyes with eight strips of criss-crossing masking tape. On top of the tape, his assistant cinches a blind-

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Much of the freight transported by the Department of Defense couldn't be moved in any other way.

Take the M-60 tank, for example, a behemoth that weighs in at a tidy sixty tons. With 6400 railroad-owned flatcars augmented by another 1000 owned by the Department of Defense, getting such heavy equipment where it's needed is easy. Even if it were feasible for trucks to do the job, the result would

be great highway damage and an expenditure of more than three times as much fuel.

So, when it comes to meeting America's military transportation needs, the railroads are irreplaceable. They've proved themselves so both in peacetime and in war for more than one hundred years. And today they're in a better position than ever to meet a national emergency, should one ever occur

This message is from the American Railroad Foundation, an organization of companies supplying and servicing the railroad inclustry. An inclustry that's carrying the lion's share of the load.

AMERICAN RAILROAD FOUNDATION

1920 L. St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

fold. Eagles calls for volunteers. They letter personal questions on scraps of paper. Blindfolded, the magician reads their questions and suggests answers of hope and assurance—a very classy act. Give us a call. Here's our card.

Upstairs in one of the ASAE's educational caucus seminars continuing above the exhibition hall, Dr. R. L. Noran, identified in the ASAE's program as "Parapsychologist and Master of ESP," is working the same mindreading act as Gil Eagles and his wife are doing from an exhibition booth. As an educational benefit for ASAE members, Dr. Noran is showing delegates How to Reach New Levels of Creative Thinking and Remembering-ESP and Biofeedback, an Added Edge to Innovative Decision Making, Actually, says ASAE president Lowe, Dr. Noran's act is, in part, a tryout, tied in with the theme of ASAE's midwinter convention in Chicago in February 1981: "ASAE is Magic-and the Magic is You."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 12

T NINE IN the morning, D.C.'s Metro busses have been hired to transport ASAE delegates to the Constitution Hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Constitution Hall is a very classy act. The ASAE's Tuesday theme is "A Salute to Patriotism." The featured speaker is going to be Dr. Henry Kissinger, for a reported fee of \$15.000.

Dr. Kissinger is said to be a magician with a crowd that wants to see America strong again. According to the ASAE program, in recent years the global balance has been shifting against us. "It is time for a turning point not only in the reality of what we are as a country but in what we are perceived to be." As I take my seat in DAR hall, the United States Marine Band is playing. I try out the reality-perception theme in my notes the other way around: it is a Möbius strip—it has no inside or outside and can be read either backwards or forwards.

The Armed Forces Color Guard presents the colors. All stand for "The StarSpangled Banner" and the Pledge of Allegiance. Exeunt color guard, and a big hand for the Marine Band. The ASAE's new chairman. Mort Livele. president, International Snowmobile Industry Association, gives a fine

speech "redefining patriotism," then introduces Dr. Kissinger as a student of Metternich, "who understands power in its total frame of reference."

Dr. Kissinger sees the United States in great danger; but at the same time, a window of opportunity is open. Foreign policy, he believes, should not be debated during elections.

Applause for Dr. Kissinger and his geopolitical theories supporting a strong, military America. Then, ASAE delegates march from DAR hall to the George M. Cohan tunes of World War I: "Over There," "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy," "Give My Regards to Broadway," "It's a Grand Old Flag." The Metro buses of the District of Columbia whisk ASAE delegates back to their educational seminars.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13

◀ HE ASAE's Washington convention is winding up. In New York, Teddy has spoken well, but Carter has kept control of what remains of the party. At breakfast in the Sheraton Washington, the actresses from Central Casting, Inc., appear in costumes as "Fruits of the Loom": there's a pretty slice of melon; there's red-headed orange, a blonde carrot, a brunette pea. At the ASAE Annual Business Meeting and Closing lunch, the starlets reappear again, this time red, white, and blue, as "Uncle Sam." Two male models play the parts of donkey and elephant -symbols of the great democratic system's old parties.

In educational seminars I've learned that there's a format for "Effective Lobbying in Washington"; that publicizing an association's accomplishments is "vital"; I've heard that getting members interested in politics is important, and how "to win your external political battles." I've been instructed in the legal registrations of "grass-roots lobbying"; on how to create a political-action committee within the law; on why Executive Order 12044, March 1978, now makes it possible for well-organized and wellinformed corporations, business, and professional organizations to write their own regulations in "partnership" with the agencies that regulate their conduct, and sometimes even in secret.

I've learned about coalition lobbying and team lobbying, and how the Mars Bars coalition defeated, not on the FTC, but a coalition of furious Congressional wives. I have a price live from the Honorable Dan H. Kuyker dall, former member of Congress. His brochures describing his "consulting services": his fee for creating and stipervising a PAC—\$600 a month; his fee for a "PAC and regulatory over sight," \$4,000 per month.

And I heard from the representative of the Chamber of Commerce tha a group identified as "we" had formed a coalition more than a year ago. "We" consisted of 250 select corporate and association leaders. As if cartooning Sinclair Lewis's It Can't Happen Here "we" divided its party into working groups, drafted position papers, ther coordinated its political objectives "so we could speak with one voice."

Such aggregations made in commor cause are natural to democracy, and healthy reactions to the petty tyrannies of capricious government. But from delegates and chairmen alike talk of revolution, of Machiavelli and syndicalist theory, appeared to be proposing a substitution for boisterous democratic institutions; a "partnership," it was frequently called, between a disorderly government and gigantic. irresponsible corporations and their apparat of associations. Amid such vast forces, the individual would be required to serve as a patriot, but detached from any sustaining community-isolated, atomized, terrified, but willing, as if to get relief, to march.

As the ASAE convention came to a close, I felt as I might feel watching a superb skater whose arabesques, mohawks, swooping spread eagles were carrying the performer farther and farther out on a newly frozen pond, staked near its center with a hand-lettered sign: "Thin ice." At one point during the convention, I had remarked to John Vickerman, the ASAE's government affairs chief, that in contrast to the Democratic party convention in session in New York, the ASAE's coalition seemed to be an assembly of what "Boss" Tweed had once called "the party of landlords." As Tweed had analyzed it, "come election day, sooner or later, the Republicans will discover that there are bound to be more tenants voting than landlords."

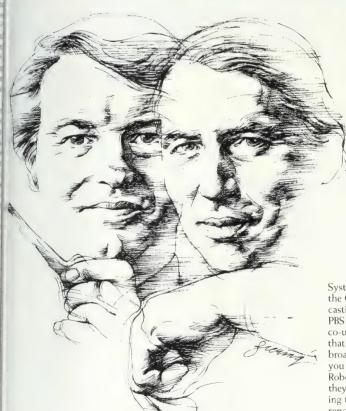
Vickerman's answer was conclusive: "It's not a matter of votes."

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 1980

MäCNEIL/LEHRER REPORT WITH CORRESPONDENT CHARLAYNE HUNTER GAULT

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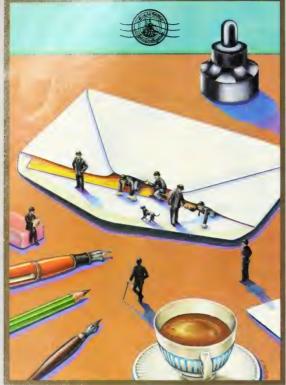
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"Chief, there's more to this case

than meets





Tricky things, envelopes. They're so much a part of our lives we tend to forget what they come from.

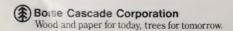
Last year, some two million trees were harvested to produce the 112 billion envelopes you and we used to package our communications.

Which means our essential need for envelopes could conflict with our emotional attachment to trees.

Boise Cascade is a leading manufacturer of envelopes and manager of trees, so we're acutely aware of this conflict and our obligation to reconcile it.

That's why we plant five seedlings for every tree we harvest, why we explore new techniques that promise more trees per acre, more wood and paper per tree.

By managing our resources prudently we can provide the jobs, products and profits we all need while sustaining the forests we all love.



Harper's

THROUGH HISTORY WITH HENRY A. KISSINGER

A campaign biography

by William Shawcross

HITE HOUSE YEARS is billed by its publishers as "the history of our times." It is nothing of the sort. It is a campaign document astily produced in order to enhance Henry lissinger's chances of serving again as sectary of state—for almost any president. It hould be treated with at least as much cauon as any other manifesto produced by an merican politician in these highly political nonths.

When the book was in galleys, on the point f going to press in summer 1979, John Conally was widely touted as a leading Repubcan presidential candidate. At the last minter Kissinger deleted from the galleys some uild criticisms of Connally ("He needed his chievements to be constantly reconfirmed by ests of strength" and "It was not enough for im to win; his opponents had to be seen to ose"). What was left was an unblushing hagography: "Highly intelligent, superbly enlowed physically, he looked and acted as if the were born to lead..." and so on. (p. 951).

**Kirkinger, worked head on Connelly's he

Kissinger worked hard on Connally's bealf. When it became clear that Republican rimary voters had a different idea of Conally's true worth than Kissinger himself, he witched to other rubber-chicken circuits—hose of Howard Baker and George Bush. They too faltered, and last March it was above all Henry Kissinger who persuaded Gerald ord to make a last-minute attempt to thwart Ronald Reagan's ambitions. With Kissinger tanding by his side, Ford announced that Reagan was "unelectable," that he would test he waters himself, and that if he were elected resident, Henry Kissinger would be his sector.

Ford quickly realized that his chances of

success were minimal and so announced his withdrawal from the race he had barely entered. At once Henry Kissinger was on the telephone to Ronald Reagan's staff, assuring them that he would never do anything to hurt the governor. They were not particularly amused. But at the Republican Convention, Kissinger tried again. It was he especially who pushed Ford to ask for the Constitution to be amended to give more power to Vice-President Ford and his people-Kissinger prominent among them. When the effort collapsed, one of Reagan's men commented of Kissinger's scheming: "I finally have some sympathy for Le Duc Tho." Even now, however, there is still some talk of a President Reagan offering Kissinger a prominent appointment. That is clearly now Kissinger's hope. He does not deserve to be secretary of state again. Nor indeed to hold any other position of public responsibility. Even his own memoirs show that. That is why they require further examination at this time.

A false sense of security

HIS IS QUITE a task, because White House Years is not designed to be read. At 1,521 pages and \$22.50, it is out of the reach of most laymen. Indeed Kissinger's history of the first four years of the Nixon administration is longer than H.G. Wells's history of the world. Its volume is intended much more to awe than to enlighten. It is designed also to lull its readers into a false sense of security, to convince them that Kissinger is telling all that there is to be told. In this regard it has been successful. Even serious critics of the book like Bar-

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bara Tuchman, who reviewed it, with evident distaste, for the New York Times, said it contained "virtually every message, meeting, journey, negotivition and conversation in the fifty mall it covers." Townsend Hoopes, writing n the Washington Post, said, "It is not only overlong but paralyzingly detailed, a setting down of nearly every meeting, mission, conversation, cable, and memcon in which Kissinger was involved."

This is not so. Kissinger's book is exhausting—in an emotional and moral sense—but it is in no way exhaustive. On the contrary, it is an extremely limited as well as partial account. All memoirs are self-serving—that is their purpose—but Kissinger's are an apologia without apologies, beyond cosmetic and self-interested acknowledgments of his own vanity, temper, and unkindness (to William

Rogers, for example).

The book was published with great bally-hoo last fall, with newspapers and television stations falling over themselves for the privilege of serial rights and interviews. Reviewers were under tremendous pressure to produce their notices quickly, and thus many were as sycophantic and superficial as press, especially television, treatment of Kissinger usually is—someone from *People* magazine asked Kissinger if his dog liked the memoirs. But there were, nonetheless, notable, considered reviews, including the two mentioned above.

McGeorge Bundy showed in Foreign Affairs that it is absolutely false for Kissinger to claim, as he does, that the Nixon administration made it clear after the Paris peace agreement that the United States would respond with force to North Vietnamese violations and that it was Watergate that prevented this from being done. In fact no such public warning was given (private promises to President Thieu of South Vietnam were made); and Congressional and public impatience with the war long predated 1973. Noam Chomsky in Inquiry has pointed out that much of Kissinger's vaunted "philosophizing" is shallow: "There can be no peace without equilibrium and no justice without restraint." (Kissinger also constantly reverts to such clichés as "with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy.") Tom Wicker has described in Rolling Stone the absurdity of many of his positions-among them the notion that the United States and Britain should have given full support to the Smith-Muzorewa regime in Rhodesia. Had that happened, the chance that now exists for relative peace in Rhodesia would have been lost.

Theodore Draper, in *Dissent*, has noted the "scandalous" way in which Kissinger has used

official documents. Only those parts of douments that Kissinger quoted were declasfied by the State Department; the document themselves are not available. Thus no one catell whether or not Kissinger's quotes are context. Since then, the National Securi Council has accused Kissinger of being a lia. In the foreword Kissinger claims that the diclassification was conducted by Zbignie Brzezinski's office, but the NSC says that fact Kissinger sent only early, disjointed parof the manuscript to them, and that the forword "vastly overstates, at least by implication," the degree of declassification that the NSC was allowed to do.

In one of the most comprehensive review of all, Professor Stanley Hoffman, in the Ne. York Review of Books, shows how Kissinger bureaucratic battles in Washington and hall obsession with the Soviet dimension lost or portunities for a Middle Eastern settlement i 1972. Hoffman argues also that Kissinger grand design required that he, Kissinger, an he alone, be granted extraordinary license "The tools of Kissinger's strategy-linkage the unrestrained use of force for specific of jectives-could be effective only in the hand of one person." He questions rigorously Kis singer's abiding belief that the struggle be tween Moscow and Washington absorbs ever issue, every other conflict, and that ever client must stand up to be counted. Is this the real world, asks Hoffman, "or does it not substitute for the real world an artificially simple and tidy one, in which friends and foes, rad icals and moderates, are neatly lined up and in which nationalism-surely as important force as Communism-gets thoroughly dis counted?"

The book is, of course, filled with detail no known until now. Some of it is of great inter est; many of Kissinger's set pieces are com pelling. Others are plausible. The book is in parts poorly written and is often repetitive but many reviewers have commented with grateful surprise that it is much better written than Kissinger's previous works. This is not in fact surprising at all; the book wapainstakingly edited by two skilled English journalists, Oscar Turnill, deputy editor of the Times Literary Supplement, and Harold Evans, editor of the Sunday Times. With the help of Evans and Turnill (who are now working very hard to leaven Volume Two), Kissinger produced what is at times a lively narrative. At times it is also very turgid. It includegood portraits of some of the people-Gromyko and Chou En-Lai, for example-with whom he associated. His picture of Nixon is in many places unkind, but it is in no way as levastating as the truth would have been. He ind Nixon have, for years, circled warily and ealously around each other like sharks, each et onscious that he could destroy the other but have ack knowing that some of the blood in the vater would be his own.

Events out of place

HE STRUCTURE of the book needs to be noted. Given the length at which Kissinger wanted to write, two volumes were needed for mechanical easons alone. But publishing only half the tory at a time—this volume goes from January 1969 to January 1973—is another mater. Why did he do it?

One reason, clearly, was that he could not write the whole story in time for publication n fall 1979-in time for the presidential election campaign. Publishing in two installnents presumably doubles (or at least increases) his royalties. It also doubles the attention. Time magazine and the Sunday Times (London) will serialize the book not once but twice: the reviewers will have to criticize and publicize the second volume as well as the first. Twice the hype. At the same time Kissinger will be able in Volume Two to assert that critics of Volume One had inadequate information on which to make reasonable judgments. This is of course exactly the same technique that he used in Volume One to deplore and dismiss criticism made before that volume was published.

An important effect of Kissinger's two-tier approach is the deliberate disruption of the real sequence of events. Bruce Page in the New Statesman best analyzed Kissinger's massacre of a true sense of time. Events are plucked out of their places in a constant, disorienting fashion. The references he makes in one section to other crucial events that formed the context of the story he is telling are often so minimal as to prevent the reader from having a real idea of what was actually going on at the time. And sometimes his description of the context is thoroughly misleading. The most obvious example of his destruction of the orderly sequence of events is with Vietnam. By any stretch of the imagination this was the most compelling problem facing the Nixon administration in January 1969. Indeed, Kissinger says as much. Yet it is 225 pages and a full seven chapters before the reader reaches Vietnam in White House Years. An account with serious claims to representing the actual proportions of history would have had to place U.S. Vietnam policy in 1969 before a junket around Europe.

It is Watergate that Kissinger has ripped most untimely from its context in his memoirs. The abuses of power, which later became known as Watergate, and for which Nixon was later indicted, began early in 1969 and continued through every year after that. They were causally linked to the way in which Nixon and Kissinger conducted foreign policy. The secret bombing of Cambodia (itself a proposed article of impeachment, though unsuccessful), begun in March 1969, led to the first wiretaps—the first known domestic abuse of power of the Nixon administration. The uproar that greeted the 1970 invasion encouraged Nixon to authorize the Huston Plan ("evidence of a Gestapo mentality in the White House," in Sam Ervin's words) and greatly increased White House paranoja, Kent State was the beginning of Nixon's "downhill road" to Watergate, according to H.R. Hal-

Through 1970, 1971, and 1972 the isolation of the White House grew largely because of the obsessive secrecy with which Kissinger and Nixon chose to conduct affairs. Kissinger details to some extent the way in which Rogers and Laird were excluded from the making of policy; he does not care to ponder the conse-

"He and Nixon have, for years, circled warily and jealously around each other like sharks."



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quences. The Plumbers, the White House spy group, were employed in summer 1971, in good part because of Kissinger's fury over leaks to the press that he did not personally control. Although one of Kissinger's personal aides, David Young, was in charge of the Plumbers along with Egil Krogh, Kissinger has always claimed that he knew nothing of the Plumbers' existence until it was publicly revealed in 1973. This is hard to understand, given Kissinger's precise concerns. It also conflicts with the memory of Lord Cromer, the British ambassador to Washington. In December 1971. Cromer and an embassy official went to Kissinger to talk about the leaks to Jack Anderson about the "tilt" to Pakistan. "Don't worry," Kissinger told them, "we have the Plumbers onto that." They did, too."

Whatever the precise daily relationship between Kissinger and the Plumbers, Watergate resulted from the distortions produced in American society by Kissinger's and Nixon's attempt to continue a war for which the United States had no spirit. Kissinger cast America in a role for which, at least at the beginning of the Seventies, it was absolutely unsuited. That role could not be played democratically; abuses of power within the administration and by the administration against the people were inevitable. Kissinger ignored the reality of the United States as well as that of Iran, Cambodia, Chile, and other nations. He was every bit as much responsible for Watergate as H.R. Haldeman.

Let us take just two other examples of the way in which Kissinger corrupts time sequences to tell different stories in different chapters. Chapter Six (pp. 163-194) is entitled "First steps toward China"; in it Kissinger describes lovingly and at length the succession of discreet moves the White House made toward Peking in 1969. (The fact that the initiative had come from the Chinese is mentioned only fleetingly; Peking's eagerness in the face of the Soviet threat is less important than Kissinger's subtlety.) By the beginning of 1970, relations had progressed as far as a meeting between the U.S. ambassador and the Chinese chargé in Warsaw. According to Kissinger:

This went extraordinarily well . . . procedural issues were amicably settled . . both sides avoided polemics . . . China and the United States were to engage in substantive talks again . . . painstakingly prepared over months by messages, first indirect but growing increasingly explicit, of a willing-

ness to bring about a fundamental change in our relationship. . . . It was a moment of extraordinary hope. . . .

Ten weeks (but over 300 pages) later. Ki singer is again discussing Peking. But no close contacts in Warsaw and moments d extraordinary hope are forgotten. Instea Peking has become "the most revolutionar capital in the world and with which moreove we had no means of communication whatsd ever." What had happened, what disaster ha befallen the new relationship? one might ask Nothing at all; it is simply that in Chapte Seven it is necessary for Kissinger to deny hi own success story in Chapter Six, becaus Prince Norodom Sihanouk has arrived in Pel king after being overthrown by a coup in Cambodia, and Kissinger needs an excuse for Washington's failure to make any contact with him.

Or take Pakistan. On page 739 Kissinge is in Pakistan; it is July 1971. He is on hi first, secret, and understandably exhilarating trip to Peking and about to take off in a plane provided by the president of Pakistan, Yayh. Khan. Kissinger writes: "I was probably responsible for the last pleasant day Yayha habefore he was overthrown as a result of the India-Pakistan war. . . . Yayha was enthralled by the cops-and-robbers atmosphere of the enterprise. He personally reviewed each detainf my clandestine departure." Reality is not allowed to intrude on this pleasant occasion

It is not until page 853—114 pages later—that we reach the earlier date of April 1971 Kissinger acknowledges for the first time that Yayha Khan's army has embarked on the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of Bengalis in east Pakistan. It becomes clear that Yayha was still in the thick of this massacre when Kissinger visited in July. The effect of Kissinger's narrative is to spare the reader the pain of realizing that the man with whom he played "cops and robbers" so nicely was actually a mass murderer; and one, moreover, who was actually on the job when they were enjoying themselves together.

A short history of Iran

ATHER THAN touching lightly on many different aspects of the book, I want to look now in some detail only at Kissinger's treatment of Iran and then Cambodia. In my view, the policies themselves, and Kissinger's account of them, demonstrate well his inadequacies as both statesman and historian.

Kissinger declared last fall that "the big-

^{*} The context of Kissinger's relationship to the Plumbers is reportedly a major part of Seymour Hersh's forthcoming biography.

est foreign policy debacle in a generation was the collapse of . . . the shah of Iran withunt support or even understanding by the
belief States of what was involved." Leavng aside the hyperbole—and the obvious
omparison with the Indochina "debacle" that
it invites—it is clear that the shah's collapse
that was indeed a serious setback for the policy
that successive U.S. administrations pursued
n Iran. Indeed it ended that policy.

The story of Iran is a terrifying parable of our times. It is one in which all Western governments, not just the U.S. government, play is mhappy parts. And not just governments, but sorporations, institutions, newspapers, and ndividuals, also. "We"—in a broad sense—irreated the shah in our own image, we ignored the realities of Iran, we imposed upon t a regime fashioned to our liking, not that of the Iranians. We found that we could not control that regime, and in the end we could not save it either from itself or from its own people. The revenge was, and is, terrible. Cerainly it was a debacle.

But readers who seek understanding of the debacle will not find it in Kissinger's memoirs any more than in Nixon's before him. Indeed, the way in which the two men treat Iran shows how terribly inadequate autobiographies can be as points of reference, let alone as accounts of history. In Nixon's memoirs there are just two references to Iran. On page 118 there is one sentence: "Nearby Iran, with its enormous oil reserves, was under the control of a left-leaning government that most observers feared would inevitably fall under Soviet domination." On page 133 Nixon has two paragraphs on Iran, in one of which he says, "I sensed an inner strength in [the shah] and I felt that in the years ahead he : would be a strong leader." These observations both refer to the year 1953, when Vice-President Nixon was on a swing around the world. Iran in the Sixties and Seventies is not mentioned once in Nixon's memoirs. The reader could have no idea that Nixon ever gave the shah another thought after 1953, let alone that he built him into one of the most heavily armed policemen in the world.

Kissinger, in his memoirs, is a little more forthcoming on Iran, but not much. Iran gets just eight pages in his book, after the chapter on the 1972 Moscow summit. There are a few other references, all in passing. Given the importance of Iran in the Nixon-Kissinger design, which was supposed to give us a "generation of peace," this skimpy treatment can be explained only by a desire to conceal.

Nixon and Kissinger's policy toward Iran had its origins in the 1968 British decision to

withdraw from "east of Suez" by 1971. Early in 1969 Kissinger commissioned a National Security Study Memorandum on how the U.S. might deal with the vacuum that British withdrawal would leave in the Persian Gulf. In July 1969 Nixon enunciated on Guam the thoughts that were later to be enshrined as "the Nixon Doctrine." Their essence was that in the future America would not supply military manpower to its friends in Asia but would provide them the arms with which to defend themselves against Communism. The most notorious example of the Nixon Doctrine became Cambodia, which Nixon himself declared was "the Nixon Doctrine in its purest form." The human results of the Nixon Doctrine in Cambodia were atrocious. The application of the doctrine to Iran produced a strategic disaster.

In a sense, the Nixon Doctrine was Vietnamization on a grand international scale, and all the risks implicit in Vietnamization attended it. It ignored the effect that the introduction of massive American assistance might have on a client country, and it did not deal with what might happen if, after Washington had committed its prestige to a government, it nonetheless faltered and collapsed. Could and should Washington disengage itself from a government that lost the support of its people, or were they bound to sink together? Nixon and Kissinger do not seem even to have asked these questions when the Nixon Doctrine was first applied to either Iran or Cambodia. Still today they do not seem to have perceived the answers. That reflects above all a lack of political understanding and imagination that is in itself quite alarming.

The Nixon Doctrine applied to Iran was, basically, intended to build the shah into the guardian of the Persian Gulf. This was to be done by massive sale and transfers of arms. In the twenty-one years between 1950 and 1971, U.S. aggregate military sales to Iran had been 81.2 billion. As soon as Nixon took office, he and Kissinger encouraged an enormous increase: orders rose from \$86 million in 1968 to \$184 million in 1969. But the real bonanza began after Nixon and Kissinger's visit to Teheran in May 1972.

Nixon and Kissinger visit the shah

HIS WAS AN extraordinary occasion. Nixon flew from Moscow, flushed with the success of a summit that had taken place despite his mining of the Haiphong harbor and renewed bombing of North Vietnam. He had, only a few weeks

"This skimpy treatment can be explained only by a desire to conceal."

Improving Chemical Product Safety

What we're doing to minimize risks to people's health and the environment

America's chemical industry invests millions of dollars each year to make of products as safe as we can. For example, we're building new test facilities and using new, highly sophisticated research equipment. When necessary, we're also searching for alternatives. Still, we're not satisfied. Here's how we're trying to a better job:

l. Funding an independent test facility

To supplement their own toxicology laboratories, 35 chemical companies have joined to create the Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology (CIIT), a \$14 million research facility at Research Triangle Park, near Raleigh, North Carolina. The purpose: to develop and use more reliable methods to assess the possible effects of chemicals on people and the environment. The institute has total operating independence. It also operates non-profit and is the first facility of its kind in the world.

CIIT's efforts focus on three mutually supportive areas: testing, research and professional training. At present, CIIT is conducting research on the most commonly used chemicals, evaluating them by today's more stringent standards. Informa-

tion developed by the institute is provided openly and simultaneously to the entire chemical industry, the government and the public. We believe this underscores our entire industry's commitment to making sure our products meet—or exceed—today's exacting health and safety standards.

Increasing on-site research

Seven major chemical companies already have multimillion dollar toxicological laboratories as large as, or larger than, the CIIT facilities. Other chemical companies are opening new research and testing laboratories and adding to existing research facilities. These facilities help companies develop the fullest body of knowledge about their own products should questions

ever arise about their prope use, handling characteristic and overall safety.

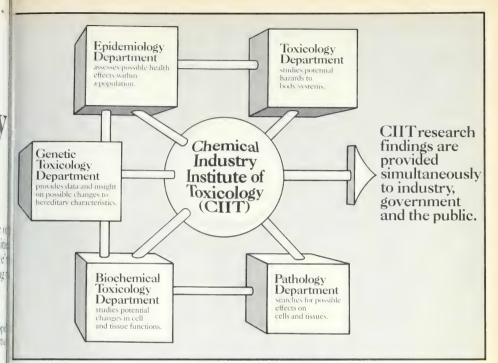
3.

Finding safer new chemicals and products When scientific information

When scientific information casts suspicion on the safety of a chemical substance, we search for safer alternative and develop safeguards. For example, we helped in the development of biodegrad able detergents to replace or dinary detergents that created environmental problems. An other example: cellulose ace tate film was developed to the determinant of the extreme fire the hazard that was posed by nitrocellulose film.

4. Improving detection methods

Steady, sometimes dramatic improvements in scientific measurement techniques and



The Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology, an independent research facility funded by members of the chemical industry, conducts research and testing on commonly used chemicals to help protect people's health and the environment.

equipment have brought about a million-fold increase in our ability to analyze chemicals. One instrument, the gas chromatograph-mass spectrometer, for example, helps us detect materials at levels as low as one part per trillion—equal to one grain in an 18-foot layer of sand covering a football field.

5. Expanding the flow of safety information

Many member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers

Association prepare Material Safety Data Sheets on chemicals and chemical products. These sheets, introduced as a voluntary effort by our industry nearly 50 years ago, are designed to give technical people, plant workers and down-stream processors data to help them safely handle chemical substances. The sheets include information on safe handling techniques, appropriate storage and possible hazards, along with health and emergency instructions in case of chemical accidents.

What you've read here is just an overview. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to improve chemical product safety, write to: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. EH-11, Box 363, Beltsville, Md. 20705.



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before, visited China. Nixon was, apparently, in a mood close to euphoria. He literally embraced the shah in their private talks, frequently calling him "my protector" and "our protector." He encouraged him to be a tough ruler, at home and abroad, urging that he pay no attention to "our liberals' griping" about human rights. He urged the shah to take control of the Gulf and never to shut off oil as that "crazy man" Mossadegh had done.

The shah promised to do as he was asked on three conditions: that the CIA help him help the Kurds against Iraq; that the United States send him a large number of military technicians; and that, most important of all, he not only be armed but also be given carte blanche to buy the most sophisticated weapons in the American armory. Nixon and Kissinger agreed without reservation. Nixon offered the shah a U.S. naval presence in the Gulf

The shah turned this down, saying he could defend the area himself. Together, he said, with Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, and South Africa, he could control the Indian Ocean. He thanked Nixon for his advice on dissidents; he would put them in jail. He agreed with Nixon that the students must be stopped from being infected with "subversive" tendencies.

Nixon and Kissinger were evidently pleased with the visit. After their return to Washington, Kissinger implemented the promise to the shah. The CIA was ordered—over the protests of the station chief in Teheran, who feared disaster (correctly)-to start arming the Kurds, And in July Kissinger issued what must be one of the most remarkable memoranda ever written by a national security adviser. In the name of the president, he ordered the secretaries of defense and state to give the shah all the weapons he wanted. If the shah wanted F-14s, he should have them. If he wanted F-15s, he should have them. Even if they were still under development, even if U.S. forces themselves were not vet equipped with them. If he wanted laserguided smart bombs, he should have them, too. If he wanted tanks, he should have them. If he wanted air-to-air missiles, ground-to-air missiles, air-to-ground missiles, they were to be sent. Destroyers, frigates, hovercraft, submarines-all were to go.

The generosity was in itself remarkable. But most extraordinary of all were Kissinger's instructions that the shah and the shah alone determine what he needed. He, and not the U.S. government, would decide what and how many American weapons were to be sent to Teheran

According to George Ball, who reviewed the files for President Carter, Kissinger or dered "that the Iranian government should have the final word and that no American of ficial should try to discourage any purchase.' Kissinger's instructions were greeted with hor ror in the Pentagon, at least among the civilians in the Office of International Security Affairs (ISA), who are supposed to monitor and regulate U.S. arms sales in the nationa interest. They were, however, not subject tappeal, and over the next seven years \$19.5 billion worth of arms were sold to the shah.

Kissinger's description of this policy in his book is less than complete. He merely says (p. 1264) that it was necessary to help arm the shah and that

the specific decision facing Nixon was the Shah's wish for the F-14 and F-15 aircraft and associated equipment. There had been opposition: some Defense Department reluctance to part with advanced technology and State Department fears that the sale might be provocative. The Shah's alternative was to purchase the slightly less advanced French Mirage plane. Nixon overrode the objections and added a proviso that in the future Iranian requests should not be second-guessed. To call this an "open ended" commitment is hyperbole, considering the readiness and skill with which our bureaucracy is capable of emasculating directives it is reluctant to implement—a quality repeatedly demonstrated in the Nixon Administration (as during the India-Pakistan crisis) and soon compounded by the erosion of Nixon's authority as a result of Watergate.

Thus Kissinger dismisses and distorts a decision that led to one of the largest arms sale bonanzas in history. A decision, moreover, that was made without any policy review in Washington whatsoever, with no real or realistic consideration of its implications for either Iran or the United States.

The OPEC connection

Issinger uses his two-volume technique to avoid any discussion of the corollary to the arming of the shah—the arming of the Kurds. He says, merely, "Nixon agreed also to encourage the Shah in supporting the autonomy of the Kurds in Iraq." After dismissing critics' "excited polemics" because they were ignorant of White House decisions, he says: "I shall explain these in a second volume. In 1972, in any case, this was all in the future." There then follows a short footnote on "the future":

'Suffice it here to mention. . . ."

Kissinger does not mention much. Not that he decision to have the CIA run a \$16 milion program of arms to the Kurds was opposed by the U.S. ambassador in Teheran, as vell as by the CIA station chief; not that the Forty Committee, the key oversight group for overt operations in Washington, was given 10 opportunity to discuss and approve the polev. Members were simply hand carried a oneparagraph synopsis of the project to sign after ohn Connally had been sent to Iran to assure he shah that the program was under way. Nor, of course, does Kissinger acknowledge hat neither he nor the shah ever had any real ntention of enabling the Kurds to win autonmy. They were to be used only to tie down ragi troops for as long as that was the shah's leasure. The Kurds themselves, unfortunatey, did not understand this. Their leader, Musafa Barzani, frequently told CIA officials that ne distrusted the shah but fully believed in he United States. If his cause succeeded, he was "ready to become the fifty-first state." His admiration for Kissinger was such that ne sent him three rugs and, on his marriage, gold and pearl necklace. In March 1976, he shah reached an accommodation with Iraq and abruptly cut off aid to the Kurds while iraq launched an all-out offensive against hem. Barzani sent frantic cables to the CIA station in Teheran, begging for help. The staion passed them on to Washington, underining its own concern about the situation. Barzani also wrote Kissinger:

Our movement and people are being destroved in an unbelievable way with silence from everyone. We feel your excellency that the United States has a moral and political responsibility towards our people, who have committed themselves to your country's policy.

He begged Kissinger to try to end the Iraqi offensive and to try to get Iranian help to the Kurds. Despite further pleas from the station chief in Teheran on behalf of the Kurds, Kissinger did not reply. The Iraqi offensive destroyed Barzani's movement. Two hundred thousand refugees fled to Iran. They were not given much humanitarian assistance. The shah forcibly repatriated 40,000 of them; the United States accepted almost none. In 1975, Kissinger said of all this: "Covert action should not be confused with missionary work."

What does Kissinger now say? Only, in his footnote, that "the shah's decision in 1975 to settle the Kurdish problem with Iraq was based on the judgment, almost certainly correct, that the Kurds were about to be over-

whelmed. . . ."

ISSINGER REFUSES to acknowledge that the megalomania that he and Nixon encouraged in the shah by and after their May 1972 visit had anything to do with the shah's collapse. He attempts, naturally enough, to show that the shah was one of the most dedicated, progressive, and intelligent of rulers. One does not have to accept Edward Kennedy's assertion that he was one of the most bloodthirsty tyrants in history (he was not) to question this. Of the torture and imprisonment that became more and more characteristic of the shah's rule after Nixon's and Kissinger's encouragement in 1972, Kissinger says virtually nothing. Indeed, he had intended to say absolutely nothing. At the last minute, after the shah's fall, he added one sentence to the end of a long paragraph extolling the shah: "To be sure, there were also darker sides; high level corruption which blighted the noble aspirations and methods of repression unworthy of the enlightened goals" (p. 1259). The notion that the corruption and the repression had anything to do with the role that the United States had pressed upon the shah does not occur to Kissinger-not in print at least.

Kissinger writes that the shah "was for us that rarest of leaders, an unconditional ally" (p. 1261). If that is so, then Kissinger, evidently unwittingly, has put his finger on one of the causes of the shah's downfall. No leader can pledge his country to another unconditionally without suppressing his own country's national interests. What Kissinger is in fact saving is that those who claimed that the shah was an American puppet were absolutely correct. But is it true? In an important sense-that the shah was excited by dreams of defending the West-it was. In others it was not. In the matter of oil price rises—which, by most analyses, damaged U.S. and Western interests—the shah's friendship was far from unconditional. Kissinger obviously finds this a difficulty; his account, confined to a footnote (p. 1263), is painfully confused. It reads:

He sought, of course, the best possible price for his oil, and was partly responsible for the severe OPEC price rise of 1973. But several things must be said: When he realized the damage done to the West by this action, he helped keep the price stable for the next five years. In fact, the real price of oil declined by 15 percent from 1973 to 1978. His motive for the original price rise was not political but economic: unlike some other countries, he wanted the maximum revenues for the development of his country. And he never sought to manipulate the oil price by restricting his pro"Kissinger says that the shah "was for us that rarest of leaders, an unconditional ally."

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duction; he always kept his oil production at maximum capacity, thus permitting the law of supply and demand to operate in favor of stable prices.

The most interesting thing about this footnote is that it is almost all completely incorrect.

The shah did not always maximize his oil production, and he was, throughout the mid-Seventies, one of the leading hawks in OPEC, in no way a moderator. It is by no means clear that he realized, as Kissinger claims, that the price rises damaged the West. The Saudis, on the other hand, did appreciate that, and were constantly trying to restrain the shah and other members of the cartel. For example, when the OPEC oil ministers met in Teheran on December 22, 1973, the shah argued for a price of \$14 a barrel. The shah had not joined the Arab boycott, but he was all for exploiting it to the full. The Saudi oil minister, Sheik Yamani, resisted this, partly on the grounds that it would damage the Western economy. He wanted only \$7.50 a barrel. Under pressure Yamani agreed reluctantly to a compromise price of \$11.65. Even this increase was too much for the West to absorb at once: Yamani had been right, From mid-1974 through 1975 the market slumped; there was an oil glut and production had to be cut back by 12 percent in 1975. At the same time, however, inflation in the West and Japan soared, in part as a result of the oil price rises; the prices OPEC members had to pay for American industrial products rose by 27 percent. At the next OPEC meeting, in Vienna in 1976, there was another fierce argument over the correct response. Once again the shah was among the most hawkish, the Saudis the least demanding. A compromise rise of 10 percent was agreed on.

The same dispute continued through 1976, as the West recovered from its recession and oil production increased again. At OPEC meetings in both Bali and Doha, the shah fought to push prices higher than the Saudis wished. The shah was not the only hawk in OPEC. Other countries with large populations

especially Algeria and Indonesia-were also keen on the highest prices. The point is simply that it is a lie for Kissinger to portray the shah as the friend of the West in the cartel.

Kissinger claims in his footnote that "the real price of oil declined by 15 percent from 1973 to 1978." This is apparently an attempt to downplay the significance of the oil price rises in the international economy. Even if this figure were true, which it is not, it hardly makes a persuasive case. OPEC raised the price by 400 percent after the Yom Kippur

war. In fact it was much higher than that because the real price did not fall as Kissir ger asserts.

Oil for gun

◀HE CHARGE has now been aired—i the Wall Street Journal and on CBS' "Sixty Minutes"-that Kissinger ac tually colluded with the shah's rapac ity in order that he be able the better to arm himself. James Akins, the former U.S. am bassador to Saudi Arabia, has said that be fore the December 1973 OPEC meeting, the Saudis tried in vain to get Washington's help in moderating the shah's demands. He say that through 1973, 1974, and 1975 this wa a constant theme of the Saudis but that Wash ington would never listen. Other former ad ministration officials, like Arthur Burns and William Simon, have added credence to Ak ins's charges."

But whether or not Kissinger tacitly encour aged the shah's acquisitiveness, the oil price rises enabled the shah to expand his imperia dreams. What is extraordinary is that ever though his purchasing power was so massive ly increased after 1973, there was no recon sideration of the policy to sell him whatever

arms he wanted.

In July 1976, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee published its own review, an extremely critical one. Kissinger immediately flew to Teheran. According to a report by the Washington correspondent of the Times of London, his "main purpose" was "to soothe the ruffled feelings of the shah" about the report. The shah gave a press conference in which he said: (Continued on page 89)

"When "Sixty Minutes" proposed to make a film documenting these charges, Kissinger reacted characteristically. He denigrated all his critics Akins, whom he had fired, was out to get him; former Under Secretary of State George Ball was engaged in a personal vendetta; William Simon. former treasury secretary, was a political opponent; and so on. He refused at first to appear on the program, citing his contract with NBC. NBC's senior executives said they would not stop him appearing, so then he said that to do so would simply be committing suicide, and why should he? On Friday, April 25, two days before the program was due to be aired, he called CBS to say that he would appear after all. So the finished program was postponed, and the producers prepared to remake it to include Kissinger's rebuttals of the charges. On Monday, April 28, he called to say that he had changed his mind again. The postponement, in other words, had been for nothing. In the end the program was broadcast, without Kissinger, on May 4. He then put out a press statement which did little more than list his public criticisms of oil price increases from 1973 onward.

THE WRECK OF THE AUTO INDUSTRY

by William Tucker



NE OF THE comfortable assumptions that became a part of the lore of America's postwar prosperity is that American industries had "solved the problem of production" and therefore were completely invulnerable. Giant, globe-

spanning Gorgons with unlimited amounts of money, American corporations were huge reservoirs of unlimited resources that could be pushed and pulled, led in one direction and another, tapped for this and that social benefit, even occasionally plundered, without sapping their vitality. The myths once attached to the American Frontier have now been transferred to the American industrial system. They are vast reservoirs of wealth capable of absorbing any financial, psychological, or social whim or fancy that people attach to them. Thus, for example, when a small-town prosecutor in Elkhart, Indiana, recently sued the Ford Motor Company for negligent homicide for allegedly designing its Pinto car with an unprotected gas tank, a resident of the town was quoted as saying he "didn't think Ford was guilty," but that he enjoyed the "David and Goliath" aspects of the suit-"our little town versus the mighty Ford empire."

This notion has not been limited to publicity-hungry prosecutors and courthouse philosophers. The major premise of liberal economics since World War II has been the academia-born hypothesis that modern corporations had escaped the rigors of competition and no longer operated within the limits of the laws of supply and demand. It is as if some academic sage from an isolated culture, upon first viewing an airplane in flight, decided that such creatures were so big and powerful and sophisticated that they had "solved the problem of flight" and no longer had to worry about the laws of gravity.

The major exponent of this theory of corporate invulnerability has been John Kenneth Galbraith. In a series of books written since the 1950s-American Capitalism, The Affluent Society, The New Industrial State-Galbraith has repeatedly stated the thesis that American business enterprise has "solved the problem of production," and that what remained for the nation to do was to harness those powers to their proper social uses. Galbraith is so often quoted as an enemy of big business that it is surprising to learn that he is actually one of the major apologists for American business enterprise as it is organized today. In fact, he is willing to claim more virtues and ability for large businesses than they would ever be willing to claim for themselves. Modern corporations, he says, do not really operate within the laws of supply and demand or participate in economic competition. Their vast control of the market allows them to set production and prices where they will. Advertising and persuasion, he argues, more or less determine for the consumers what they think they want to buy. Affluence is so widespread, he says (the title of his most famous book, after all, is The Affluent Society), that the only real problem William Tucker is a contributing editor of Harper's.

for society is dividing up the enormous bounty that corporate enterprise has provided for us.

The ploy in Galbraith's overly enthusiastic praise of big business, of course, was that neither business nor the workings of the market was capable of making these decisions. The conclusion this argument set up was that there was a need for a benevolent government to oversee this division of the spoils and turn the productive energies of business enterprise toward worthy social goals. The argument was enormously successful among liberals, and it is probably fair to say that just about all the efforts of big government that have emerged over the past twenty years have flowed out of the fountainhead of Galbraith's basic assumptions.

"The Edsel of the 1970s"

T IS RATHER surprising, then, to pick up today's newspapers and read that the paragon of America's big business—the auto industry expects to lose about \$3 billion this year. The Big Three major auto companies are currently falling behind at the rate of \$10 million a day, with no indication that things are going to get much better. Chrysler Corporation, the tenth-largest company in the country, is now a ward of the government. The Ford Motor Company may soon become the first domestic corporation ever to lose \$2 billion in one year and is only staying afloat because of its very successful overseas operations. General Motors, the largest corporation in the world, has just reported its first quarterly loss since the Great Depression. One-quarter of the industry's entire work force—about 300,000 people—is now on extended layoffs. This has no small effect on the American economy. One in six jobs in America is connected with either the manufacture or sale of automobiles. The steel industry has suffered layoffs; thousands and thousands of suppliers that cluster around the auto industry are in decline; 1,400 auto dealerships have folded, and the federal government is bailing them out as well. The situation has become so serious in the country's Great Lakes industrial heartland that there is a blizzard of talk about "reindustrializing" and "rebuilding" America.

What is the reason for this decline? The standard answer can be read on every newspaper editorial page: Detroit made the wrong cars. Wedded to a 1950s technology and sure that it could go on selling the American people gas-guzzlers despite a dozen oil embargoes or a hundred "worlds of diminishing resources," the auto companies went on churning out the same old monstrosities as if all the gas pumps in the nation were plugged into a bottomless oil well. The motivation, of course, was obvious—profits. Detroit stubbornly refused to give up the Age of the Big Car because it made big

profits on big cars and small profits on small cars. Exercising its supposedly unlimited abilities to sell the American public anything it wants, the auto industry kept people buying outmoded behemoths right up until the moment when the industry's balloon was punctured by the Iranian revolution. The only saving grace was that the U.S. governmentthank God!—had been forcing the industry since 1975 to build more fuel-efficient cars. Had it not been for the government's corporate average fuel economy standards, adopted under the 1975 Energy Policy and Conservation Act, God only knows where we would have ended up. Instead of capturing the current level of 27 percent of the auto market, the sophisticated Japanese and European auto makers would probably now be taking 75 percent of the market, and the Big Three would be a pile of rubble.

The corollary to all this, of course, is that the auto industry is no longer really capable of making decisions for itself. What is needed now is a "partnership" between the industry and government, in which the Treasury Department periodically bails out the companies, while most of the planning is moved to Washington. Energy policies and fuel economy are now far too important to be left to the whims of corporate executives, and there is serious talk of moving the entire research and development portion of the industry into a new wing at either the U.S. Department of Transportation or Energy.

Thus the story is told in the newspapers. This version of how the auto companies got into their present bind is so utterly at variance with what actually happened over the past five to ten years that, after reading through the record, I am left with unhappy doubts about the nation's ability to understand its own experience. I have spent the last month or so looking through the daily report of events in the auto industry in the files of the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal, Time magazine, Newsweek, and several other major publications. I come away wondering if the nation is suffering from amnesia or something worse.

Does anyone remember, for example, that when in 1976 General Motors introduced the Chevettethen rated by the Environmental Protection Agency as the most fuel-efficient car on sale in the country -the car sold so poorly that it was being called "the Edsel of the 1970s"? Or that, in 1976 and 1977, the Big Three had to close their small-car assembly plants for weeks and months at a time, while big-car plants were on double shifts trying to keep up with demand? Or that, right up until the day the shah of Iran was driven from his throne, the Ford Motor Company was rationing V-8 engines to its customers because buyers refused to purchase the fuel-efficient engines required by the federal economy standards? Or that the American Motors Company, America's "small-car company," fared so poorly in the auto market after 1974 that it was forced to seek federal aid in 1978, one year before Chrysler arrived? Or—certainly the key to it all—does anyone remember the 1975 Energy Policy and Conservation Act, in which—amid an inflamed public clamor that the whole "energy crisis" was nothing but an "oil-company hoax"—the Democratic-controlled Congress actually lowered the price of gasoline and promised that Americans would not have to pay more than an additional ten cents per gallon for the rest of the decade and perhaps even beyond that? These events are not ancient history; they are incidents that happened within the memory of every knowledgeable adult in the country.

Based on the assumption that supply and demand have no bearing on the modern American economy, senators and congressmen have for years taken the attitude that the workings of the market are an irrelevant nuisance and that the only real way to get things done is through regulation. Over and over, during the 1975 debates on oil prices. liberal Democrats said that higher energy prices would do nothing to make people conserve energy but would simply be an inflationary burden on the economy. Yet a careful review of the record reveals inescapably that nothing except gasoline prices has had even the slightest effect in making Americans decide whether to buy small or large cars. All the talk about patriotism, "moral-equivalents-of-war," and "doing with less" has just been so much blather. Once Congress promised Americans cheap gas for another four years in 1975, the American public went on one of the biggest gas-guzzling binges in history. The companies that were making the smallest cars-American Motors and Chrysler-suffered the worst. As Neil Goldschmidt, secretary of transportation, has put it, "Because the political courage to deregulate the price of oil was not present in 1975, the U.S. government allowed the nation to go from importing one-third of its oil to nearly half, and the opportunity to make a gradual shift of the nation's automotive fleet from larger to smaller cars was lost."

Here is the way it happened.

Small cars versus muscle cars

S

INCE THE Decline and Fall of the Auto Industry is an epic tale, perhaps it is best to begin in medias res, around 1971, when commentators all over the country were sensing a change in public attitudes regarding the automobile. "It's gotten to the point where I don't want a

big car anymore," commented a Detroit office worker quoted in the Wall Street Journal, which was picking up the trend. "There's no status in it," he continued. "The comfort isn't that important. I just want transportation." Similar comments appeared

in dozens of other articles. America's "love affair with the automobile" was said to be turning at least a little cool. Big cars with tail fins were becoming more objects of ridicule than symbols of success. Ralph Nader had been making a reputation by criticizing the safety of automobiles since the mid-1960s. In addition, the air pollution produced by automobiles was becoming a national scandal.

For decades, the era of automobile as status symbol had produced the "Golden Age of Gorp," as one auto engineer called it, when cars were longer, wider, more and more powerful, and covered with yards of chromium. But by 1971 there were clear signs that trends were beginning to run the other way. Most notable was the success of imported cars, which had climbed to an all-time high of 15 percent of the domestic market the previous year. Detroit executives had always drawn an imaginary line at 10 percent of the market, which they felt would have to be allotted to imported cars. But it was clear that the appeal of the foreign makes was widening, and their essential economy and utilitarian value were the sources of their success.

Thus, 1971 became the year in which both General Motors and Ford, the two biggest auto companies, brought out the Vega and the Pintofour-cylinder cars that were the smallest thing Detroit had produced in a decade. (The decisions to manufacture these cars, of course, were made about three years earlier, the time required in the auto industry for the "tooling up" of new models.) Chrysler, the third-largest auto maker, acknowledged the growing market for small cars, but pleaded poverty and said it would sell the Dodge Colt, imported from Japan, instead. Chrysler was already in financial difficulties, having been forced to abandon a new, half-finished assembly plant in New Stanton, Pennsylvania, only a year before. American Motors, the smallest of the auto companies, which had specialized in economy cars since the mid-50s, beat both of the two giants, coming on the market in early 1970 with its new six-cylinder Hornet, the first American-made "subcompact." The car immediately sold well, indicating that the American auto industry was not mistaken in surmising a trend toward smaller cars.

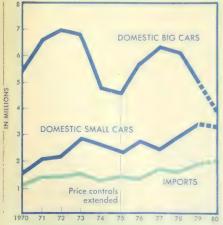
HE INTRODUCTION of "bottom-of-theline" models by three of the four domestic companies in 1970-71 was not the first time the American industry had decided to "take on the imports." Nor was it the first time that manufacturers had explored the idea of building a small, utilitarian car. Henry

Ford had started the auto industry with the Model T, a car that was proudly limited in its functions and available to everyone. But by the 1920s, the auto industry had become dominated by General

Motors, the corporation that was to become the supermarket of the industry. Very early on, as GM's long-time president Alfred P. Sloan wrote in his memoirs, industry executives discovered that they could build a much bigger car with a lot more frills for very little more money, yet still command a much higher price in the marketplace. As former GM executive John Z. DeLorean says in the recent book, On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors, the manufacturing costs of a Cadillac from 1950 to 1975 rarely exceeded the manufacturing costs of a Chevrolet by more than \$300. Yet a fancy Cadillac could often sell for \$3-4.000 more in the marketplace. Therefore Detroit tended toward bigger cars because they could produce bigger profits. During the tenure of Sloan's leadership, GM's sales line evolved into a complex hierarchy of status values. which came to symbolize the social pecking order for much of the country.

Yet the dream of building a utilitarian car that could match the usefulness and appeal of the Model T lingered throughout the period. In the 1930s, Ford itself tried to recapture its hegemony in the market by taking its standard V-8 engine and body and shrinking both by one-third, trying to create a small, efficient car. To its surprise, Ford discovered that the economics of mass production, which made it easier to build a slightly bigger car at a low premium, also worked the other way. The scaled-down engine could be produced for only \$3 less, and the small "economy car" could not be sold for more than \$50 below Ford's own standard-sized cars. The project was reluctantly shelved.

IMPORTS VS. DOMESTICS



The surge in big-car buying after oil price controls were extended in 1975 has left the nation with a fleet of fuel-inefficient cars. (Source: Ward's Automotive Manual)

After World War II, both Ford and GM again trod the same path. Both manufacturers explored the idea of a small six-cylinder economy car, and found, once more, that it couldn't be produced for much less than the cheapest standard-sized cars. Marketing such a car would only be creating competition for their own bottom-of-the-line models.

This did not prevent other manufacturers from trying the same idea, however. During the late Forties and early Fifties, both Powell Crosley, the man who made his fortune putting shelves in refrigerator doors, and Henry J. Kaiser, a successful engine manufacturer, brought out small "utility cars" designed for nothing but cheap transportation. One Crosley model had a two-cylinder engine. and the Henry J (named by a Colorado housewife in a \$5,000 nationwide competition) got thirty-five miles to the gallon. They were both failures. Priced at only about \$350 less than the standard Ford or Chevrolet, they were bumping heads with the opposition. Each sold about 350,000 cars and were gone by 1953. "When I threw \$50 million in the automobile business. I didn't expect to make a big splash," said Kaiser later, "but I certainly didn't expect to see it disappear without a ripple." Part of the problem, it emerged, was that, in an increasingly affluent America, driving a car that openly advertised itself as "cheap" and "economical" wasn't necessarily a desirable image to have.

UT WITHIN a few more years, many more affluent Americans had begun solving the "cheap transportation" problem in a unique way. They began to buy inexpensive foreign cars, which offered the same economy values without the social embarrassment. The Volkswagen Beetle was the supreme

example—a car that came to symbolize, as one commentator later put it, "affluence unmarred by the spirit of the nouveau riche." Originally built by Hitler's Third Reich as a "people's car," the VW was regarded as the bottom of the ladder in Germany, where they were as common and indistinguishable as flies. But, imported across the Atlantic, they became somewhat exotic. Besides, of course, they were magnificently engineered cars and provided excellent gas mileage. Other small foreign cars also began to gain a following, either as suburban "second cars," flashy sports cars, or utilitarian transportation among college students. By 1960, imports, without really making a concerted effort, had captured 10 percent of the American market.

Alongside this trend ran the surprising success of the newly consolidated American Motors Corporation (built out of the remains of the Nash and Hudson companies). AMC soon found a spot in the market as a counterpoint to the Big Three's

unrelenting dedication to tail fins and high-powered engines. It was AMC president George Romney, after all, who coined the phrase "gas-guzzling dinosaurs." Pushing its line of small, inexpensive six-cylinder cars that got twenty miles per gallon, AMC slowly raised its share of the American market from 1.5 percent in 1955 to an astonishing 9 percent in 1963, making money in the teeth of the 1958 recession. Ford, meanwhile, had bombed in its attempt to turn itself into a clone of General Motors with its Buick-sized Edsel in 1959. The "Golden Age of Gorp" was obviously drawing to a close, and Detroit decided to make small cars.

The "compacts"—the GM Corvair, Ford Falcon, and Plymouth Valiant-made their first appearance in 1959. All three were immediate successes, and in no time most of the imports had been routed. By 1962, the foreign manufacturer's share of the American market had shrunk back to 4 percent, and some makes like Austin and Simca stopped selling altogether. American Motors' fortunes also suffered a turnaround. Soon, Detroit was matching the foreign companies in sports cars as well. Ford's immensely successful Mustang, introduced in 1964, sold an all-time company one-year record of 430,000 cars in 1965. Detroit had scattered the competition, and a very clear impression was created, both in the minds of company executives and many industry observers, that the Big Three could easily drive the imports back into the water at any time of their own choosing.

Over the decade of the 1960s, however, a predictable pattern reasserted itself. Small cars became bigger. Whether it was the auto companies who initiated the pattern in a search for the return to big cars or whether it was consumers who demanded more, with the industry simply "following the market up," is difficult to determine. Each blamed the other. Lee Iacocca, then president of Ford, who developed the Mustang and is known to like small cars, made the cynical comment, "The American people want economy in their cars so much that they're willing to pay anything to get it" -an epigram often repeated in the next decade as well. The companies soon found that while people were buying "economy cars," they seemed to feel free to load them down with expensive options, such as air conditioning, automatic transmissions, and power steering, which soon made them cost more than the standard-sized models.

The 1960s were also, unquestionably, a high point of American affluence, with "guns and butter" a choice on a menu rather than a prescription for scarcity. In Detroit, it became the "muscle-car era," when the Mustang and other small sports cars grew to heavy, high-powered, option-laden dragstrip models aimed at the eighteen-to-twenty-two-year-old market. Then, too, there was the seemingly unavoidable tendency among auto engineers to redesign everything bigger, better, and more power-

ful the second and third time around.

But by 1970, the industry and the national economy were starting to show cracks. The muscle-car era had collapsed, the victim of high insurance rates that were costing some teenagers over \$1,000 a year to own a car. Imports were also rebounding. Volkswagen had never really been affected by the compact era and had increased its sales over 100 percent from 1959 to 1963. By 1970, over 400,000 Beetles were being sold in the U.S., and the number was still rising every year. Many other import companies, copying Volkswagen, had gone back and planned careful invasions of the American market, basing their efforts on the East and West Coast markets, with strong back-up networks of dealerships and repair services. By 1970, most American compact models were back to eight-cylinder engines and had grown dowdy with age. A \$500 price difference had opened up between the lowest-priced compact and the best-selling imports, Volkswagen and Toyota. It was at this point that the industry's second small-car effort to turn back the imports began, "Small is beautiful" was to become Detroit's new theme.

Of Pintos, Vegas, and Gremlins

HE RENEWED battle was begun cau-

tiously, with no real assurance that

the American manufacturers were going to have an easy time, as they did in the early '60s. This time, there was general agreement among industrial analysts and press observers that the imports' hold on the American market would be much tougher to crack. To begin with, most foreign competitors had much lower labor costs. Wages among German Volkswagen workers were only about half the rate among American auto workers and wages among Japanese laborers producing Toyotas and Datsuns were only about onequarter of their American counterparts. Volkswagens, Toyotas, and Datsuns were all selling for under \$2000, with the Japanese models showing much greater signs of accelerating growth. American auto executives claimed they had been following a strategy of offering "a little more car for a little more money," but now that they had chosen to go head-to-head with the cheapest foreign makes. there was serious question of whether Detroit could produce any car, no matter how small, for much under \$2000. Ford and GM executives emphasized their commitment, however, by promising that there would be no new styling changes in the Vega or Pinto for at least five years. In addition, they said. they would be de-emphasizing styling changes on all models, with most of their engineering efforts now going into meeting federal standards for safety and pollution control.

Despite these efforts, the first reviews of the new cars suggested that Detroit "hadn't quite got the right idea vet" and had once again produced "a little too much car for a little too much money." The Vega, in particular, came in about 300 pounds heavier than originally planned, and the price had crept up to \$2100. Ford, perhaps, had been better prepared. In 1970, the company had introduced the Maverick, a six-cylinder compact that got 22 mpg and sold well. Its success encouraged Ford to think even smaller. The Pinto had both "European styling and mileage" (25 mpg) to match the Vega but was still priced at under \$2000. The Vega was also hurt early when the United Auto Workers chose its new Lordstown, Ohio, plant as the focus of their strike over their triennial contract negotiations. (The Lordstown plant, which was 85 percent automated, remained a center of contention for years afterward because of worker resentment against lost jobs and the speed of the assembly line.) But both Pinto and Vega sold well at first (as did AMC's new Hornet), and Ford and GM executives confidently predicted that the small-car sectors of the market-compacts, "subcompacts" (as the new cars were being called), and small imports-would rise from just over 30 percent of the market in 1971 to 50 percent by 1980.

The Pinto and Vega are usually remembered for being "poorly manufactured" and having problems with recalls, but this is probably because they first appeared at the moment when recalls were becoming a routine practice in the industry. Few people remember that imported cars, although making up only 15 percent of the American market in 1970, accounted for 45 percent of all recalls in that year. It was only in later years that Japanese manufacturers began to earn their reputation for quality—a reputation that even Detroit now acknowledges

is well deserved.

One subject that was becoming a legitimate concern, however, was the safety of all small cars. Study after study had shown that people in small cars were much more likely to be injured or killed in accidents. One study showed that in eighty-eight fatal collisions involving Volkswagens, seventy-three of the victims had been in the Volkswagen. Other studies showed that death and injury were much more likely to occur when two small cars collided. Ralph Nader had been criticizing the safety of the Volkswagen for many years. These suggestions were mirrored in public concerns, and people mentioned safety more than any other factor in expressing their reluctance to switch to smaller cars.

Nevertheless, the new cars were a success. The Pinto sold over 400,000 cars in its first year, and surpassed Volkswagen as the nation's best-selling small car. The Vega did not do quite as well, but it was still rated satisfactory. American Motors brought out an even smaller car—the Gremlin—which immediately started outselling Datsun, Im-

port sales did not decline by much, however, and the concern remained that the American companies were simply "cannibalizing" their own markets, taking away sales from their own larger models and cutting their profit margins.

T WAS NOT until 1972 that real success occurred, due not to any special effort on the part of American manufacturers but only to the changing currents of international trade. Until 1971, Americans had run a positive trade balance in every year since the Great Depression. But in that year, we began buying more things abroad than foreigners bought from us. Politicians have always worried about this, but economists have generally maintained that such a pattern is not an inevitable sign of national decline. If foreigners sell us more than we buy from them, then sooner or later they have a lot of our money, while we have very little of theirs. Therefore, they are able to buy more of our goods, while we can buy fewer of theirs. The value of our money depreciates, while theirs grows in value. The result is that the terms of trade begin to swing back the other way. The economics of the "free market" are filled with such self-correcting

In 1971, President Nixon repudiated the 1945 Bretton Woods agreement, which had set the dollar at a fixed rate of exchange with other currencies (so it could replace gold as the international medium of exchange) and let it "float" against other currencies. The value of the dollar quickly declined, while the German mark and the Japanese ven appreciated. Suddenly, the days of the \$2000 Volkswagen were over. American subcompacts found themselves priced at \$200 less than their foreign competition. German labor costs had risen almost to match American levels as Germany grew more prosperous—another compensating mechanism in a freetrade economy. By mid-1972, there were reports of dwindling supplies of Pintos, Vegas, and Gremlins in American showrooms, and the auto companies announced plans to step up production. The sale of imported cars in the American market declined to 14.8 percent in 1972, the first time the figures had slipped backward in ten years. So far, the industry was doing well.

This was the setting, then, when we entered 1973, the year of the first "oil shortages." As it happened, 1973 was also the greatest sales year in history for the auto industry. Both big and small cars sold well, and automobile purchases reached an all-time high of 11.4 million. One factor was probably that price controls originally imposed by President Nixon in 1971 were scheduled to come off nearly all commodities (except, as it happened, oil) late in the year. There was a distinct buy-before-the-pricegoes-up surge during the spring and summer.

But 1973 was also the year in which the first gas shortages started appearing, distinctly the result of price controls, although few people recognized it at the time. As Milton Friedman says, economists really only know how to create two things—surpluses and shortages. If you want to create a surplus (such as we have done in our agriculture), have a group of well-organized producers persuade the government to hold the price above the "marginal," or "market-clearing," price, where the desires of producers and consumers are evenly matched. With too high a price, producers will bring more goods to market, and consumers will want to buy less, necessitating a second government program to buy and store the surpluses.

The more common price-control phenomenon, however, is when government, in response to an outcry from masses of consumers, holds the price of a commodity below its market-clearing value. Consumers will then buy more of the commodity than they would ordinarily, while producers are encouraged to produce less, because they cannot recover

their costs. Thus a shortage will result.

The American economy of 1973 was filled with shortages. Price controls, which had inevitably come to hold prices below the market values, were playing havoc with the economy. When the auto industry began talking about gearing up for more production of small cars, one of the serious questions was whether there would be enough aluminum and other raw materials to build the new plants. At one point, Newsweek ran a cover story picturing Uncle Sam holding an empty cornucopia and entitled, "Running Out of Everything?" It was not until price controls were removed from every commodity in the economy, except oil, that these shortages solved themselves.

At the same time, however, almost completely unnoticed, the supply situation in oil had taken a very serious turn. In 1970, our domestic production of oil peaked. We had run out of "easy oil," and our own wells could no longer meet the continuously rising demands of consumers. In 1971, the Nixon administration faced a problem. Should it watch domestic prices go up steeply or abandon the restrictions on imported oil, originally imposed in 1959, which had limited our imports to about 18 percent of our total use? The administration opted for the latter, and in less than two years we suddenly found ourselves importing 30 percent of our oil. This shift in our resource base went almost completely unnoticed in the general population.

Nor had the international situation stood still. In 1968, a revolutionary government in Libya nationalized its oil fields and in 1970 became the first Third World government in history to successfully impose a price increase on a Western oil company—from \$2.23 to \$2.53 a barrel. The moribund OPEC cartel, originally formed in 1964, realized it had a seller's market on its hands and by late

1973 was leapfrogging prices to formerly unimaginable levels. By midsummer, boosted by stories of gas shortages, small-car sales were taking an unprecedented 40 percent of the market. All four auto companies announced they would boost their production of small cars 25 percent for 1974. Ford said it would spend \$250 million to convert two large-car plants to small-car production. American Motors announced the introduction of the new Pacer, even smaller than the Gremlin. General Motors said that it would bring out a much smaller version of the Cadillac to rival the Mercedes. Only Chrysler bucked the trend. As it turned out, the company, which had pleaded poverty in shying away from the new subcompact market, was actually betting against the small-car trend. When the 1974 models appeared in September, it emerged that Chrysler had actually spent \$450 million restyling all its large cars. The new models appeared only days before the Yom Kippur war broke out between Israel and Egypt. It was the most costly investment decision of the decade for an auto company and solidified Chrysler's position as the permanent cripple of the automobile market.

A glut of oil and small cars

HE OCTOBER WAR of 1973 and the subsequent Arab oil boycott, which was declared in November and ended in March, brought the new realities of the international energy situation home to Americans with traumatic urgency. Few people were prepared to comprehend that one out of every

three gallons they put in their gas tanks was coming from distant and unpredictable foreign lands. The proud image of American isolation and independence suffered a rude shock. As gas lines lengthened in early January, there was a stampede to the auto showrooms. Newspapers told of people trading in chauffeured limousines for Volkswagens and Pintos. People were reported trying to master the art of the stick shift and struggling to get into the backseats of the new subcompacts.

None of the manufacturers was prepared to meet this sudden upsurge in demand. Volkswagen and Toyota ran short of cars just as much as did the American companies. Small-car sales rose to 48.4 percent of the market, as opposed to 36.8 percent the previous year. Nevertheless, auto executives talked of "panic buying" and said they believed there would eventually be a tail-off. They revised their predictions for the long run, however, saying that small cars would probably reach 50 percent of the market by 1977 and would climb to 60 percent by 1980. General Motors announced a \$300 million expansion of small-car capacity and said it could build 70 percent more small cars in 1974. Ford said

it was prepared to make two million compacts and subcompacts, doubling its 1973 production. American Motors, whose executives were being hailed as "geniuses" for anticipating the trend, announced its best year in history, with a record \$85 million profit on a 28-percent increase in sales. AMC said it would spend \$100 million in 1974 to increase its capacity for small cars. Chrysler also belatedly announced the conversion of two big-car plants to the

production of compacts. Writing a few weeks later, Agis Salpukas, the Detroit bureau chief of the New York Times, took a long look at the auto industry in an article entitled, "What the Energy Crisis Taught Auto Makers." Auto executives, he said, "feel somewhat like a sea captain who has guided his ship through a severe storm—they are less complacent and have learned a few things but are proud that they steered a steady course without panicking." Before the energy crisis, he reported. Detroit was planning a "gradual shift"-"about 3 percent per year"-to small cars. They were "close to panic" during the height of the shortage, when they couldn't meet the demand for small cars, but now felt that the changeover had again "leveled off to what the manufacturers were projecting before the energy crisis." "All three companies have priority programs to reduce the weight of big cars and will try to make dramatic improvements in fuel economy over the next three to four years." 1975 models were already showing a 13.5 percent improvement in fuel economy, and "there is wide agreement in the industry that by 1980 smaller cars will account for 60 percent of the market." Auto executives said they felt well prepared to make the changeover.

UT BY SPRING the industry was in a slump. Gas prices had leveled off at about fifty-five cents per gallon, though people seemed to be adjusting. Purchasing power had been hurt by the increase in oil prices, however, and the auto industry was in a worldwide recession. Sales of American cars were down 25 percent, but sales of foreign cars

were down 25 percent, but sales of foreign cars were down 26.5 percent. There were strong indications that the small-car panic was subsiding. In Europe, people had stopped buying cars altogether, and Volkswagen, now losing \$10 million a month, announced it would discontinue European production of the Beetle. The safety criticisms had taken their toll, and the company said it was going to have trouble meeting American auto-emission standards. Oddly, the first victim of the 1973 energy crisis was the world's most famous fuel-efficient car.

In June, 1974, General Motors executives met with stock analysts in New York and took note of a moderate but growing trend back to big cars. They said they were going to try to remain "flexible" on car sizes. GM announced five new subcompact models for 1975 and said it was prepared to build 45 percent of its fleet as small cars. Chrysler and Ford went one better and said they were prepared to build 60 percent of their fleets at the compact level or below. American Motors announced it was going to stop building bigger cars altogether.

By midsummer, 1974, the industry was discovering just how flexible it was going to have to be. Less than six months after the end of the Arab oil embargo, Ford suddenly found itself with a ninety-six-day supply of Pintos on its hands (a sixty-day supply is regarded as normal in the industry). The company had laid off 2,000 workers at its brandnew Pinto assembly plant in San Jose for a few weeks to adjust its inventories. General Motors found itself stuck with a 110-day supply of Vegas, but Cadillac inventories were down to 26 days, and Cadillac plants were put on double shifts. Chrysler found itself piled up with a 105-day supply of Plymouth Valiants and a 113-day supply of its Japanese-manufactured minicar, the Dodge Colt.

The auto companies responded by initiating the rebate program. Few people recall today that the rebate programs of 1974 were aimed almost exclusively at clearing up backlogs of small cars. Chrysler, which initiated the idea, rebated its entire line, but put the highest discounts on its smallest cars. When Ford and GM followed, they offered rebates only on their subcompact lines. American Motors was also forced to start offering rebates on the Gremlin, which had been selling at record rates only six months before. Obviously, the industry had been overestimating the trend toward smaller cars, and some kind of backlash was taking place. Once people were assured that gas supplies would be available, the interest in small cars diminished.

"Although there has been some overestimation of the subcompact market, the company remains convinced the long-term outlook for small cars is bright," was the hopeful comment of a Ford official. "The world is mad," was a more gut comment that was reported circulating in Detroit. President Ford, concerned about the nation's growing vulnerability to foreign disturbances, tried to intervene and saked the auto companies to improve their fuel economy by 40 percent over the next four years. The auto companies said they would have no trouble complying. "There would be no problem at all if people would just buy small cars," one engineer was reported to have muttered.

By November, workers at the Lincoln Mark IV plants had also been put on double shifts, and Ford had a 105-day supply of Pintos. Chrysler had fivemonth inventories of Plymouth Valiants and Dodge Darts, their best-selling compacts. The momentum toward smaller cars was quickly losing strength. In December, 1974, Henry Ford II asked the government to put a 10 percent tax increase on the price of gasoline in order to nudge the market toward

smaller cars. John Sawhill, President Ford's new "Energy Czar" (director of the Federal Energy Administration) was urging that the nation accept a \$\frac{8}{2}\text{-a-gallon}\$ tax, as European countries long had, in order to encourage conservation and start the nation toward a more fuel-efficient fleet of automobiles. But public opinion was moving in the other direction. In fact, by January, 1975, there was serious question as to whether there really had ever been a gas shortage in 1973, or if, instead, the whole matter had simply been engineered by profithungry oil companies.

Rewriting OPEC history

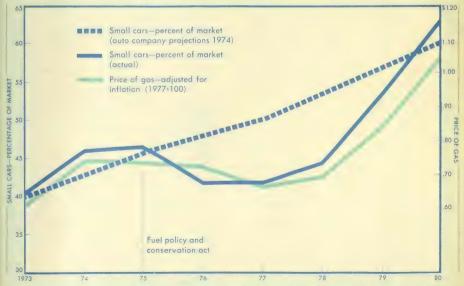
LIKE TO think of what happened in the two years after the Arab oil embargo and OPEC price rises of early 1974 in terms of a barroom softball team I once played with. One year, after the regular season, we decided, just for fun, to enter a very tough local tournament. We won the first game by forfeit, and somehow the word got around that we were a good team. A lot of people showed up to see us play the next game.

As it turned out, the other team was very, very good, and we were not good at all. In the first in-

ning, I think they scored about eight runs before we got anybody out. Our side went down without a whisper. Being rather professional about it, the other team started goofing off. Their pitcher began lobbing the ball, begging us to hit it. Their runners started trying to stretch singles into home runs. On the last play of the game, they whipped the ball around the entire infield before throwing our runner out at first. I don't think we ever scored. We left the field entirely dejected and humiliated.

What was so remarkable, however, was what happened afterward. As we went back to sitting around the barroom that winter, the story began to change. By October, we hadn't really played such a bad game, but had just let them get too far ahead in the first inning. By December, it was our starting pitcher who had been the problem (we had changed pitchers somewhere in the middle of the disastrous first inning). If only we had started our second pitcher, things would have been close. I remember trying to point out that the other team hadn't exactly been trying after the first inning, but to little avail. By February, it was our starting pitcher who had blown the game, and he wasn't coming around to drink anymore. I moved away in the spring, but I think if I'd hung around until June the story would have been that we actually won the game, but were robbed by some inappropriate decision by

SMALL CAR SALES VS GASOLINE PRICES



The sale of small curs (compacts, subcompacts and imports) has been in lockstep with the inflation-adjusted price of gas since 1973, The broken line indicates the auto industry's 1974 projections for small-cur sales.

the scorekeeper.

The public interpretation of the 1973 energy crisis underwent a similar transformation from the realistic to the mythical between 1973 and 1975. To anyone living through the events, what was happening seemed perfectly obvious. The Arabs, in retribution for the West's support of Israel during the 1973 October war, stopped sending oil to West-ern countries in November. The oil companies, faced with obligations around the world, decided to "spread the pain around equally" and cut back deliveries uniformly to all the consuming countries. They hardly had a better choice. The embargo soon ended, but in the meantime the producing countries advantages and raised the price of crude oil to four times its previous level, from \$2 to \$8 a barrel. In comparison, the near-doubling of the price of gas at the pump in the United States, from about thirty to sixty cents, was rather modest.

Y EARLY 1975, President Ford had been in office six months and was showing a determination to take control of the situation. He proposed that the already hopelessly outdated price controls on oil be phased out over a short period of time, and Americans start paying a world price for oil. Even at this point,

oil remained the only commodity in the entire economy that was still under price controls from President Nixon's 1971 order. Ford's proposal had all the uncomplicated logic of a person who does not plan to exhaust himself, and the nation, trying to wrestle with the laws of supply and demand. A world price on domestic oil would stimulate domestic production, which had already started to lag because of price controls. In addition, it would put us in a world market and convince the American people that the shift in global economics was real and that it was time to start conserving energy. One of the most obvious results would be to move Americans toward a "world car," the kind that Europeans and Japanese had been driving for decades, not out of the goodness of their hearts, but because their governments were intelligent enough to tax the price of gas to nearly \$1 above the world-market level to minimize their dependence on imported fuels. The auto companies-far from being wedded to the vanishing era of the big car-were 100 percent behind the Ford administration's proposals.

On January 21, 1975, with oil price controls about to expire and Congress once again promising to renew them, President Ford slapped a \$2-a-barrel import charge on foreign oil, in order to discourage consumption and to show the Congress that he meant business about moving toward a world price of oil. (Consumer groups immediately challenged the action, and by July it had been

overturned in federal court.) At this point Ford was holding out a number of options—gradual price decontrol, Sawhill's \$1-a-gallon tax, or some combination of both. Congress, however, had other ideas.

The year 1975, instead, turned out to be the year that Americans learned that the 1973 gas shortage really had nothing to do with Arab cartels, but was actually an oil-company hoax continued to push up profits. Immediately after the embargo, only a handful of people had been willing to argue that America's position vis-a-vis the global economy had not changed. Ralph Nader was one of the few people who argued as early as 1974 that there was 'plenty of oil in the world," and that the whole reversal of 1973 was just an oil-company ploy to raise prices. But as the Congressional debates over price decontrol warmed up in 1975, the story began to change. Almost two years after the events, reporters and politicians suddenly discovered that things hadn't really happened the way they seemed after all. Investigative reporters began to turn up stories of various Machiavellian machinations by the oil companies to "rip off" the American public for "obscene profits." In July, 1975, "NBC Nightly News" ran a week-long investigative report clearly suggesting that the entire energy crisis had been a put-on, "There are persistent reports that oil-company tankers were stationed offshore, fully loaded, waiting for prices to go up," intoned the reporter, and the screen quickly flashed pictures of tankers wallowing at sea without any indication that these were simply old film clips. What had been mere figments of the imagination suddenly became form and substance through the video miracles of the nightly news.

Lower prices, larger cars

Y FALL there was a full-scale fury in the land. The papers spoke repeatedly of a "virtual rebellion of public opinion against the oil companies" and said over and over again that people are "convinced that the energy shortage is an oil-company hoax." The Democratic-controlled Congress, partly riding this rebellion and partly creating it, was ready to take action. Becoming increasingly defiant of President Ford, the Democrats announced that they were not only going to keep oil under price controls at least through 1979, they were actually going to "punish" the oil companies by lowering the price of oil for the election year of 1976. "I don't care whether President Ford signs this bill or not," said a defiant California Democratic congressman in reporting the legislation out of com-

mittee. Sen. Henry Jackson, of Washington-

invariably described in the papers as "the Senate's

leading authority on energy"—announced that Americans would be paying no more than ten cents more for gas by 1980 and said that there was a sufficient Democratic majority in both houses to override any veto. Jackson consistently argued that higher prices would do nothing to make people con-

serve gas.

By early December, the Democratic majority in Congress had passed its bill. The Federal Energy Administration was commanded to "roll back" the price of oil by more than \$1 a barrel by February, 1976. The amount was chosen so that the price of gas would decline "at least one or two cents" at the pump. The amount of the rollback was regarded as so important that it actually became the focus of Congressional debates. After it, oil prices would be allowed to rise only gradually, just above the rate of inflation, with a maximum of a 10 percent increase a year. The numbers quoted most widely in the papers indicated that Americans would probably have to pay no more than sixty-seven cents per gallon of gas by 1980. In addition, there was wide speculation that Congress would eventually extend price controls beyond that date. The Era of Cheap Gas had been saved.

Since it was obvious, even to the most "consumer-oriented" Democratic congressman, that this iron grip on oil prices would destroy any incentive to conserve fuel, the corporate average fuel economy standards were tacked onto the bill. These mandated that the auto companies improve their "fleet average" of gas mileage by two gallons per year to 20 mpg in 1980 and then 27.5 mpg in 1985. Oil conservation, it emerged, would be a matter for the auto companies, rather than the public,

to worry about.

Surprisingly, there was general agreement among the Democratic proponents of the bill, their Republican and producing-state opposition, the Republican administration, the oil companies, and just about everyone else who took time to think about it, as to what the 1975 Energy Policy and Conservation Act was going to do to oil imports. It was going to raise them. The oil companies, pointing out the simple laws of supply and demand, noted that legislative underpricing would raise consumers' demands, while discouraging production by domestic drillers. (The price controls, of course, only applied to domestic oil, since there was nothing Congress could do about fixing the price at OPEC.) This would create a shortfall, which would have to be made up by imported oil, sold at profits below the marginal level. (Eventually the pricing mechanism was juggled in order to encourage more imports to fill the supply gap.) President Ford's staff studied the problem and agreed that continued price controls would increase imports, then at about six million barrels per day. "The number-one priority of this administration is to diminish America's dependence on imported oil," said the president. The Senate Budget Office made its own study and also found—not surprisingly—that the conclusion was unavoidable. The price-control policy would make the nation more dependent on imported oil, probably by at least 200,000 barrels per day.

But the Congressional Democrats weren't interested in the problem. In fact, they had started saying that dependence on imported oil was "inevitable" and should be accepted as a "fact of life." The New York Times reported that the bill "reflects the professed belief among most Congressional Democrats that the main threat today is the harmful effect of high oil prices on the economy. The Democrats believe that the threat must be met by controlling domestic crude oil prices, even at the risk of fostering greater dependence on foreign suppliers." Pointing to the obviously unintended irony in the bill's title—the Energy Policy and Conservation Act—the Times noted: "The legislation will clearly have a greater impact on the economic consequences of oil prices than on conservation."

At the last minute, President Ford's new Energy Czar, Frank G. Zarb, came up with some transparently fudged figures that purported to show that with "a little bit of this and a little bit of that" (200,000 barrels saved from coal conservation, 100,000 from improved fuel economy—solar energy had not yet entered the picture), the bill could actually reduce imports to three million barrels per day by 1978. "Without the bill, imports would have risen to eight million by 1978," intoned Zarb. (By 1978, they had actually reached 8.3 million.) President Ford was feeling the heat. He had already sacked Sawhill because his \$1-a-gallon tax proposal had become such a political liability. On December 21, 1975, faced with a certain override in Congress and already worrying about his own reelection, Ford signed the bill.

An orgy of consumption

T IS ALMOST heartbreaking to contemplate how simple it would have been in 1975 for Americans to absorb the full measure of world pricing and begin the task of converting the nation to greater energy efficiency. The world price of oil at that moment was \$11.28 per barrel. New American oil was being controlled at \$8.65 per barrel, with some "old oil" still being held as low as \$5.25 (the categories became more Byzantine as time went on). There are forty-two gallons in a barrel, which means that the maximum increase from a \$1-a-barrel increase is less than 2.5 cents per gallon. In fact, it probably would have been about one cent per gallon, since the price of crude oil is only a fraction of the complete price of gasoline. Thus, immediate decontrol in 1976 would have raised the price of gas by less than ten cents per gallon at worst. Domestic drillers would have gone to work, people would have begun to conserve, and it seems doubtful that our imports would have ever surpassed the 1975 high-water mark of about 37 percent (as it was, they rose to nearly 50 percent by 1979). "The opportunity to move toward smaller cars," as Secretary Goldschmidt recently said, "would not have been missed."

But instead, the Democratic majority tried to play guardian angel to the public, assuring them that, no matter what might happen in Saudi Arabia or Indonesia, an evangelic Congress could always wrestle the oil companies to the ground and give American consumers eternal access to cheap energy. The orgy of consumption that followed this "victory" fell just short of being a national disgrace.

Records for Cadillacs, not Chevettes



N FEBRUARY 13, 1976, after covering the annual convention of auto dealers in Detroit, the New York Times ran a story headlined "Car dealers feel a mood in the nation for more and bigger autos." The story mentioned

that reporters at the convention were so startled by the dealers' anticipations that they openly accused the auto sellers of trying to create the mood themselves. From the story, however, it is clear that the reporters had not been paying attention to what was happening in Congress, while the dealers had. "T've been calling people up for months and they keep telling me, 'Wait just a few more days, I want to see what happens,'" said one dealer. "Then just last week things broke. The first customer that came in I tried to sell an intermediate wagon. But they insisted on buying the big one."

The timing was not surprising. Only a week before, on February 3, the Federal Energy Administration, with much fanfare, had taken the first steps of implementing the Energy Policy and Conservation Act by rolling back the price of oil by \$1.09 a barrel. The one or two cents reduction at the pump did not materialize, but the psychological implications were clear. "The war is over," was the comment of one auto dealer. "We cannot let the energy crisis be solved by the free market."

Only a few months before, Henry Ford II had been publicly apologizing because, at the height of the gas shortage in early 1974, he had overruled Ford president Lee Iacocca and decided not to build a front-wheel-drive "minicar" patterned after new Japanese models. (Hooking the engine into the front wheels eliminates both the drive-train and the central floor "hump," thus creating more room inside; it has been a major advance in building small cars.) Ford said it would now be selling a

European-built minicar by 1977. General Motors had already unveiled its first world car, the Chevette, which was put together from European designs and appeared in the showrooms by September, 1975, less than two years after the embargo. The Chevette had tied Datsun for the best mileage of any American-sold car (33 mpg, EPA estimate), and GM was anticipating 300,000 sales. Yet, suddenly, small cars had become very passé.

By the end of February, GM reported that its overall production was up 71 percent over the previous year, but Vega sales were doing so poorly that it was laying off 1,050 workers at the Lordstown plant. The Chevette was selling so badly that the company was already cutting back production at the Wilmington, Delaware, plant, and had postponed plans to open a second production plant in South Gate, California, Ford reported a huge demand for Mercuries and Lincolns, but was temporarily closing its Metuchen, New Jersey, plant for assembling Pintos and Mercury Bobcats (an almost identical subcompact) because of poor sales. Chrysler reported a 100 percent increase in production of big cars. Overall, the Big Three's sales were up 25 percent, but AMC was only up about 5 percent. Sales of imported cars declined 21 percent.

In March, the Big Three boomed ahead 42 percent, while AMC sales started declining—a pattern that was to continue unabated over the next three years. GM reported all-time record sales of Oldsmobiles, Buicks, and Cadillacs. Ford said it expected similar records for Lincolns and Mercuries. Chrysler had the best improvements of all, with overall company sales up 56 percent from 1975. By April, the trade magazines were talking about "a spring market that just won't quit," with industry sales rushing ahead at 55 percent above the previous year. "Imports and domestic subcompacts are the only two soft spots," said Ward's Automotive Reports, the Domesday Book of the industry. GM had a six-month supply of Vegas and permanently eliminated the second shift at Lordstown.

By June, Ford and GM reported that their Oldsmobile, Cadillac, and Lincoln-Mercury divisions had set sales records in each of the first six months of the year. Henry Ford II, reporting to a stockholders' meeting, said that buyers were "less interested in fuel economy this year than we thought they would be," and reiterated that Ford had made the right decision in deciding not to build a new minicar. The company had closed subcompact plants in Metuchen and Kansas City, but had four largecar plants working on double shifts. Volkswagen sales were down 48 percent from the previous year, and imports, after reaching an all-time high of 18 percent of the market in 1973, had shrunk back to 14 percent. By the end of June, American Motors had closed most of its assembly plants and had indefinitely suspended production of its Pacer and Hornet. Less than a year after its executives had

been hailed as geniuses, AMC had seen its market share descend from 5.2 to 2.2 percent. AMC president Roy Chapin, a voice crying in the wilderness, expressed the plaintive hope that the trend was only temporary, and asked again that the government

think about raising the price of gas.

By July, American subcompacts had shrunk from a high of 13.3 percent of the market in 1975 to 7.4 percent, Imports had fallen to 13.2 percent. GM already had a five-month inventory of its 33mpg Chevette, and the car was being labeled "the right car at the wrong time" by industry analysts. "Some are calling it the most celebrated case of bad timing since the Edsel some 20 years ago," reported the papers. GM had already lowered its sights from 300,000 sales to 150,000, and few industry observers felt they would sell that many. AMC sales were now down 50 percent, and the company was starting to lose money. Imports had their worst summer since 1970. On the other hand, the Big Three were now starting to report temporary shortages of big cars. By September, GM only had a fourteen-day supply of Oldsmobile Cutlasses and had almost completely run out of Cadillacs. Chrysler had less than a month's supply of its biggest cars, and Ford had less than a twenty-day supply of Lincolns and Mercuries. "Most executives and dealers attribute the pickup to large-car owners who put off buying a car to see what would happen to the price of gasoline," commented the New York Times. By the end of September, practically all the big cars had disappeared from the showrooms, and dealers reported that people were turning to small cars because "there's nothing left to buy."

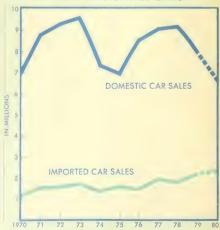
HERE IS NO use in shedding crocodile tears for the auto companies. All of them made money out of this-except for Chrysler, which began to lose money in 1978 because its strength was in the compact end of the market, and American Motors, the nation's small-car company, which went into an unrelenting decline and by 1978 was asking for a federal bail-out. The problem was that the corporate average fuel company standards, which started requiring greater fuel efficiency in 1977, put the companies exactly where they did not want to be -in a position where they had simultaneously to satisfy the public's appetite for big cars and meet the federal regulations. Many industry analysts felt it simply could not be done.

Had gas prices been allowed to rise in 1976, the auto makers could have simply "followed the market down" to smaller cars, with Ford and GM possibly being hurt while Chrysler and AMC did better. Instead, as the solution emerged, the companies would have to engage in a massive retooling of their entire line of cars—a "downsizing"—so

that the public could at least think it was still buying full-sized Mercuries, Chryslers, and Buicks, even though it would be getting something very different. The implication of the contradictory Congressional actions was clear. Once the auto companies had been forced to build smaller cars, eventually somebody—either the companies or the government —was going to have to force the public to buy them. "If you want a car in the future, you're going to have to take a smaller one, period," was the comment of one Big Three executive.

That was the more favorable possibility. The other was far more disturbing to contemplate. That was that once it became obvious that Detroit was producing nothing but smaller cars, the public would rebel and force Congress to rescind the fuel standards altogether. Then Detroit would be stuck with a multibillion-dollar investment in small cars that nobody wanted. There was a clear precedent for this. In 1972, Congress had required that all new models have a seatbelt/ignition interlock that would not allow the car to be started until the seat belts were buckled. The public had reacted furiously. An estimated 40 percent of new-car owners had managed to disassemble the mechanism, and the remainder clamored to Congress so that within three months the legislation was repealed. The auto companies, which had spent \$200 million developing the system, saw their entire investment go down the drain. Thus, in describing the public reaction to the first new line of small cars, the New York Times reported: "It is of more than casual

BIG CARS VS. SMALL CARS



Swings in the American market since 1970 have been dominated by changing trends in domestic sales. There has been no "flood" of imports, belying the argument that trade restrictions are needed to protect the domestic industry. (Figures: Ford Motor Co., Time magazine)

interest in the view of some industry analysts who have been concerned that Congress might relax the federal fuel-economy standards should the public balk at the kinds of cars that are resulting."

GM was the first to bite the bullet. In mid-1976, it announced it would invest more than \$15 billion over the next ten years to downsize its entire line of automobiles by 1985. At the time, the company's entire net worth was only \$21 billion. Ford and Chrysler held back at first, essentially because they couldn't afford the investment, but also because they sensed that GM might be walking into a disaster, which they might be able to avoid by "poaching" from GM at the big end of the market. When Ford introduced its 1977 models, it hailed the new LTD as "big as a Cadillac, but priced like a Chevrolet." The car sold very well.

The big-car boom continued unabated through 1977, when domestic and foreign manufacturers came within 200,000 cars of breaking the 1973 sales record. The market, however, started breaking into what analysts called a "two-tier system." Imports, particularly Japanese cars, started making a recovery. The Japanese had finally solved the problem of the American market by developing a huge line of "luxury compacts"—small cars that were extremely well built and fuel efficient, but including many of the options and extras to which Americans had become accustomed. The Japanese were assisted, of course, by their low labor costs-still only about half of American levels-and by government loan-guarantee programs that allow them to operate at only 1 percent profit rates. But that was only half the story. The Chevette started selling well, too, and quickly climbed to become GM's bestselling model. A portion of the population, at least, was taking the energy crisis seriously.

General Motors got a good response from its first downsized model in 1977 but started running into consumer resistance in 1978. Sales quickly dropped 30 percent on downsized "intermediate" models. One dealer was quoted as saying the public was "spanking" General Motors for taking away big cars. Chrysler and Ford, facing huge federal penalties, announced that they would begin retooling to downsize some larger models in 1979 and 1980. Both companies also brought out new subcompacts. Ford introduced the Fiesta, a front-wheel-drive model manufactured in Germany that had already been enormously successful in Europe, selling 212,000 cars in the first eight months of sales. Ford said it hoped for about 200,000 sales in the first year here. Chrysler had decided to produce front-wheel-drive cars in 1975, and introduced its Omni and Horizon minicars in 1978. They sold extremely well until Consumer Reports said that each car might swerve out of control if the driver tried to turn the wheel sharply while traveling at about sixty miles per hour. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, the federal consumer agency, issued

several reports saying the cars' steering was no different from any other small car, but sales were hurt badly for several months. American Motors, nearly bankrupt, was kept alive only by the sales of its Jeep vehicles, which get about 13 miles per gallon. Although the company had the highest corporate fuel average (22 mpg) of any domestic manufacturer, its losses prevented the company from retooling and it was being left behind by new technologies. By 1978, AMC was employing only half the workers it had in 1962. It has now almost completely abandoned the passenger-car field.

HE REAL STORY of the late 1970s, however, was the emergence of the "utility van." Without any prompting from Detroit, consumers began to snatch up these supposedly commercial vehicles and turn them into station wagons, family cars, and live-in vehicles. An entire cult began to build up around

both the interior and exterior decoration of these small trucks. The vehicles got less than ten miles per gallon, but were exempted from federal mileage regulations until 1979 and could stay big. Detroit was caught completely by surprise and had to struggle to keep up with demand. It was believed that people were turning to utility vans because other cars and wagons were getting so small. Although the craze only began in the late 1970s, utility vans came close to catching small cars as the fastest-growing product in American industry of the entire decade.

In a Gallup poll taken immediately after President Carter's energy program was introduced in April, 1977, it was found that 52 percent of the American public knew we were importing some of our oil, while 33 percent still believed we were completely self-sufficient (only 11 percent knew we were importing about 45 percent of our oil). By April, 1979—four months after the shah had been driven from power—the number that knew we were importing some of our oil had shrunk to 46 percent, while the number who didn't think we imported any oil had risen to 38 percent. From April, 1977, until June, 1979, the number who classified America's energy problems as "not at all serious" rose from 16 to 24 percent of the population. And, of course, with gasoline still selling at sixty-five cents per gallon, they had good reason to think so.

At the beginning of 1979, Ford began its downsizing. Both Ford and GM actually put out a call for short fashion models so the new cars would not look too undersized in the publicity photographs. Still, the public was not buying. In January, Ford announced that, in order to meet the federal fuel requirements, it would have to start rationing its V-8 engines to the public. For several years, the companies had been trying to "jiggle" the market toward fuel economy by raising the prices of larger models and lowering smaller ones. Now, the eventuality that the companies had always anticipated was coming true—someone would have to force the public to buy smaller cars. Still, people were willing to be patient. On the day the shah was overthrown, there were long waiting lists for some of Ford's and Chrysler's larger models.

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everybody's memory picks up. On March 12, three weeks after the Iranians announced production shutdowns, the Wall Street Journal reported a surge of trading in big cars for fuel-efficient models. One New Jersey family was reported "doing what we can" in the "national emergency" by trading in four big cars on new diesel-powered subcompacts. Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger was talking about "\$1-a-gallon gas," and there was widespread anticipation of shortages. A Dallas insurance salesman was reported doing his patriotic duty by buying a \$15,000 Mercedes because he thought

diesel fuel was likely to be available. "I can't be-

lieve they'd shut the trucks down," he said. The popular impression today is that only American companies didn't produce the right cars and weren't prepared when the rush to small cars began again. This is entirely false. Foreign manufacturers were caught just as short-handed. As late as January, 1979, Datsun had been offering rebates on some cars because of slow sales, and Toyota had one of its worst-selling months on record. Some Honda dealers had as many as fifty cars on their lots. By May, there were waiting lists of up to a year on some Japanese models. Volkswagen dealers had thirteen-month waiting lists on Rabbit diesels, and many had stopped taking orders altogether. It was not that American manufacturers failed to anticipate the crisis. The American market was going through such wild gyrations that no manufacturer could possibly keep up. A transition that should have been made gradually was being attempted in

Interestingly enough, the sale of imported cars in the United States increased only slightly from 1978 to 1979, mainly because foreign manufacturers were not prepared to meet the rush of new orders. American manufacturers did about as well in keeping up with the demand. The pattern has continued into 1980, with foreign sales up only about 5 percent. Foreign market penetration has increased, not from a flood of new imports, but simply because people have stopped buying large domestic cars. Even some downsized models are being rejected because they don't look fuel-efficient.

What happened at General Motors was quite extraordinary. By some miracle, GM just happened

to be previewing its new "X-body" cars (the down-sized, front-wheel-drive, fuel-efficient models) the week of April 1. Only weeks before, the papers were labeling the new cars a "\$2 billion gamble." In the first two days of showing, one out of every 100 Americans was reported to have visited a Chevrolet dealership to look at the new Chevrolet Citation, rated at 24 mpg. In those two days, Chevy dealers sold every Citation in existence—13,649—and took orders for 22,000 more. GM plants were put on double shifts, overtime, and Saturday work schedules to try to keep up with the demand.

Ford and Chrysler were not so lucky. Without General Motors' vast resources, the two smaller companies had lost out in their efforts to "cover all bets" and spread themselves across the entire spectrum of the market. Chrysler had long delayed introducing subcompacts because it was afraid it would cut into its own dominance of the compact sector of the market, which had been its best area of strength since the early 1970s. When the big-car boom took off after 1976, Chrysler eventually fell far behind GM and Ford, the two big-car companies, and started losing money in 1978. When the company filed for federal loan guarantees in 1979, it actually had the best corporate-fleet fuel average of the Big Three-belying the stock argument that the company didn't build the right cars. Chrysler's problem was that it got stuck in the middle, while the market bounced back and forth between the two extremes.

Chrysler's other difficulty was that its chronic debt and deficits forced it to give up its overseas interests in 1978. There could be nothing more devastating in the era of the world car than to lose overseas connections. Both GM and Ford introduced most of their subcompacts and minicars in Europe before bringing them to the United States. Many cars, like the Chevette, Pinto, Omni, and Pacer, were first assembled here out of parts made or bought abroad. Today, Americans hardly seem to realize that Ford and General Motors still occupy 21 percent of the European market—a larger share than the Japanese occupy here. In addition, the European market has been, for almost a decade, larger than the American market-and the Japanese will probably manufacture more cars this year than we will. The sheer economies of scale that used to make American industries so big and

Yet it is absurd to say that Ford and GM have done poorly in America because they do not know how to make small cars. Both companies are immensely successful abroad. Ford has actually managed to stay affoat in the past year because it has borrowed billions of dollars from its overseas profits in order to finance the fiasco at home. The problem that has confronted Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler is that they have had to operate mainly in the American market—the last place in the world

where consumers and politicians have been able to conspire among themselves to preserve the illusion of cheap gas.

Beached whales

ERHAPS THE greatest irony of this long self-indulgence is that the entire effort was often undertaken under the rubric that it was a gesture to help the poor." The middle-class majority of the country has frequently argued that it would be "unfair" to raise gas prices for the poor—all the while

knowing, of course, that by keeping down gas prices for the poor, they were also keeping prices down for themselves. Yet, now who is going to be the principal victim of the long boom in big-car manufacturing from 1976 to 1979? Why, the poor, of course.

As Maryann Keller of Paine Webber, one of the most quoted analysts of the auto industry, puts it:

"The huge fleet of big cars that we built and bought from 1976 to 1979 is going to be with us for about eight to ten years. That's the amount of time it takes us to turn over our entire national fleet of cars. Who is going to end up driving these vehicles? Why, the poor, of course. What else can they afford? A two-year-old used Chevette is now selling for more than a two-year-old standard Chevrolet that cost twice as much when it was first sold. Two-year-old Volkswagens now cost more than they did when they were sold new. The only thing a poor person is going to be able to afford on the used-car market is a gas-guzzler that only gets thirteen miles to the gallon. The mistakes we made in 1977 are still going to be with us in 1985. The welloff person who can afford a new economy car will avoid the problem, but the poor person who relies on the used-car market will end up paying the price.'

Energy crises are not new to American history. In the 1850s, the price of whale oil, the principal fuel for lamps, had risen steeply over the course of a decade. The reason was simple—whale populations were diminishing, and hunting those that remained was becoming much more expensive. Had the government decided to "protect consumers" by controlling prices, the following sequence of events probably would have occurred: First, there would have been a "whale-oil shortage." Then, enterprising journalists would have taken to the seas and brought back the report that there were actually "plenty of whales left," and that the shipowners were only "creating an artificial shortage" in order to jack up the price. At this point, the government would have had to find some subtle way of subsidizing whale-oil production-or whaling companies could have lowered their costs by importing even cheaper foreign labor. Then we could have hunted the whales to extinction, probably by about 1870. At this point, we would have had not an energy crisis but a *catastrophe*, because nothing would have been developed to put in its place.

As things happened, the rising price of whale oil encouraged geologists to go out and investigate the strange black substance that was known to lie on the ground in pools in western Pennsylvania. The result was oil drilling, which provided the nation with cheaper kerosene to light its lamps for the rest of the century. The crisis was solved without anything more complicated than the normal workings of the market.

But in these days of consumer protection, Congress goes on subsidizing prodigal waste and outmoded technologies right up until the moment of disaster. Not content in having ruined the auto industry, the Congress is now frantically pulling the wool over people's eyes with regard to the next problem area—home heating. In response to nothing more than a report of anticipated price increases in home-heating oil last year, the Congress raced through a program that will subsidize homeowners in burning oil at the rate of about \$1.8 billion a year. After only two years, 25 percent of all households may be eligible, and the original pretense of "helping the poor" is already being lost. In this instance, the losers will not be large auto companies. but all the small entrepreneurs who are now trying to introduce new technologies for heating conservation and solar energy. Writing in the New Republic, Stephen Chapman says:

The biggest obstacle to solar [energy] is not that the federal government has been too miserly in its active promotion of renewable resources... It is rather that the feds have been taking away with one hand what they give with the other. Solar's most insidious enemy is the government's regulation of energy prices.

Natural gas, the principal competitor of solar energy, he notes, is still being held as much as 40 percent below its market value by price controls that were introduced as a "temporary" measure in 1938.

Americans' view of the energy crisis, to date, is that we can simply go about our business and read in the morning papers about how things are coming along. Then, once every four years, in the middle of a gas shortage, we can all rush down to the showroom and try to buy a small car. If the auto industry can't have the cars ready and waiting for us, then the auto companies are incompetent and deserve to go bankrupt. The truth is different. Energy transformations are things that must affect the deepest realities of our lives. We are not observers of the process, but participants. Prices—the way we allot our own time, needs, and resources—are the way we participate.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 1980

Goals for Americans

when we will own with the strike you as a guide for America in the 1980s?

• The status of the individual must remain our primary concern.

 Vestiges of religious prejudice, handicaps to women, and, most important, discrimination on the basis of race must be recognized as morally wrong, economically wasteful, and in many respects dangerous.

 The vastly increased demands upon the federal government require at the higher levels more public servants equal in competence and imagination to those in private business and profes-

sions.

 The development of the individual and the nation demand that education at every level and in every discipline be strengthened and its effectiveness enhanced.

Knowledge and innovation must

be advanced on every front.

 Government participation in the economy should be limited to those instances where it is essential to the national interest and where private individuals or organizations cannot adequately meet the need.

• The economy should grow at the maximum rate consistent with primary dependence upon free enterprise and the avoidance of marked inflation.

- Technological change should be promoted and encouraged as a powerful force for advancing our economy.
- The healthiest world economy is attained when trade is at its freest.

Most Americans would readily embrace these precepts for the new decade. Actually, they were set forth two decades ago. They were some of the objectives expressed in 1960 by the President's Commission on National Goals. This was a non-partisan group of distinguished citizens who were challenged by President Eisenhower to stimulate the democratic process by defining a framework of aspirations within which national, state, and local governments could work together for a better America.

There were other goals, too: a strengthening of our military forces; a tightening of NATO; aid to less developed nations; a search for effective world disarmament.

Goals for Americans was published as a 372-page book. It's all but forgotten today. Yet it is just as pertinent in 1980 as it was in 1960. It is a reminder of aspirations unfulfilled, objectives unachieved. It could well serve as a guide for America in the turbulent times now at hand.



THE PIANO RECITAL

A short story

by John Podhoret:

OD ONLY KNOWS what goes on in a little kid's mind. When my son Alex was four, he once became enraged when he turned on the television and there was no "Batman." I explained that "Batman" came on only after dinner, not before, but he kept flicking the dial back and forth, until finally he shut the set off, jumped up and down a bit, and burst into tears. At times like this all you can do is grab him, hug him, and keep from laughing until he has calmed down a little.

I wish I could figure out what goes on when Alex sits down at the piano. It always begins well: he sits, plays his scales, opens his Bartók book, and wonderful things begin to happen. He does not play with authority, but those hands, once a fraction the size of mine, can now stroll along a keyboard with amazing agility. For an eight-year-old, he is, as we say, very good for his age. But for some reason he always gets furious midway through his practicing and slams the cover down on the keys and goes into his room and lies on his bed with his thumb in his mouth.

I am now sitting in the living room of my son's piano teacher; it is raining outside, and I am hoping that my shoes did not bring the street in with me. The beige walls are covered with those Picasso and Miró prints you can pick up for a song on Third Avenue and the beautiful old wooden floor is partially covered by a beautiful old Oriental rug, which is slightly frayed at the edges. All around me are couples, men and women who seem much, much older than I. I thought as I left my apartment that I looked the image of the young, successful, good-looking, easygoing, complacent New York-Jewish divorcé, in my gold corduroy jacket, jeans, and white shirt without tie. But now I feel just underdressed. I look like a college kid, like the older brother of a performer rather than a parent. We all glance at one another, wondering who will be the mother of the great prodigy, who the father

of the fuck-up. Knowing that we are particle pants in a living cliché, we all play our parts sitting quietly in thought, reminiscing about our own childhood recitals.

Things begin to come to me as old photo graphs, faded at their edges, faded around the light inside them, yet made paradoxical ly clear by their age and dullness. I canno see my parents' faces, but I can see their sil houetted forms, my father with his tweed ha on his lap, my mother with her hair pinned up, like a Victorian lady. In fact, everything seems Victorian—my stern teacher standing against the piano, the piano itself, my Little Lord Fauntleroy outfit.

I mistrust the memory, however. I am, af ter all, only thirty years old and my own pas is actually recorded in sharp and clear Kodal snapshots, one after another in a series o books to which pictures of Alex have beer added as he has grown. But all I can think of is light, the light that shone through the windows of an old West Side apartment similar to the one in which I am now. It was spring then, too; the scene would be completely duplicated if it were not raining powerfully outside.

I wonder what the fellow next to me is thinking, in his three-piece Brooks Brothers suit and unfashionable short and greased haircut. I notice that he speaks in an accent —French maybe, or German; it is difficult to tell because he is whispering. I wonder what his wife thinks; she appears to be about forty. and has on her lap a young boy, probably the brother of a performer, dressed in a blazer and yellow tie. The child is squirming a little, but he is well-mannered nonetheless. The couple next to them, on a little love seat. seem nervous; they keep looking to the double doors of the living room, as if waiting to nod to their child or to wave or even to make sure that the kid is going to come out at all. Around the room everyone is in a tableau, each person registering a different emotion.

John Podhoretz, a student at the University of Chicago, is the movie critic of the American Spectator. am sitting alone, the only father without a fe. I wish I had brought the Sunday *Times* agazine with me so I could do the cross-ord puzzle. I chain-smoke instead.

AST NIGHT the phone rang. It was Alex's mother telling me she could not come to the recital and would I please tell Alex, since it was late and was asleep. It is okay, she said, mother or ther. He knows I care about him, she said: is won't matter that much to him. She was e only Smith girl I had ever met who was oth Jewish and looked like Hester Prynne. The double doors finally open, and ten or relve children walk in and sit down on the oor next to the piano. Alex is looking at e rug as he comes in, so there is no way or me to say hello. I see, though, that his lazer collar is turned up at the back and at his tie has come out over the button. On e top of his lips is a faint white moustache -they must all have had milk and cookies the kitchen before their entrance. I supress an urge to go over and straighten him p. My little boy. He was an immaculate aby, much to his mother's relief. He hardly ver spit up, and when he began to feed him-If he had the remarkable ability to get a reat deal of his food inside his mouth.

And his clothes never got dirty; I guess e inherited his mother's delicacy, because ven today I can't eat a hamburger without etting a ketchup stain somewhere. But now e cannot keep his shirttail tucked in, cannot eep his face clean. He does brush his teeth, ut only out of terror of cavities. I wash his air myself—I don't know how his mother andles it.

Alex's piano teacher, Mrs.-Friedkin-but-youan-call-her-Andrea-if-you-are-over-ten, squats own in front of her pupils and kisses each ne of them on the cheek. When I was a kid t was all you could do to wring a smile out f Mrs. Platt. Andrea stops by Alex, merciully straightening his collar and his tie and whispering into his ear. I can see only the back of his head, where his dark curls are toing every which way.

Andrea stands, leaning on the piano. And hen it is as if sunlight begins to stream hrough the windows, and it is no longer andrea there, but Mrs. Platt, whose face I annot see because of the long shadows. And am where Alex is now, except that I am itting in a little folding chair. I am not eight years old; I can never be eight again. I sit here in my Manhåttan finery, not in that idiculous outfit with blue tie and blue beanie.

I guess my normally reasonable mother must have gotten an idea somewhere that it was cute and stylish to dress a child in antiquated clothes. I must have been subjected to the most awful scrutiny on the subway. I have no memory of any of it.

"She frequently looks down at her hands to see how they are doing."

HE SUNLIGHT fades, and I am still sitting in that folding chair, but it is both Mrs. Platt and Andrea who lean on the piano. They appear to be the same size, one figure, the body of Mrs. Platt and the face of Andrea.

"We are fortunate to have you here today. Music is"

Now I am no longer sitting on that little chair. I see Alex's head swaying slightly back and forth, his hands clapping at his sides in a steady rhythm. He is not used to sitting still. I wish we could be going to a movie. I know how much he must be hating all of this. He told me that his mother had told him it was not really important for him to play in the recital, that if he was satisfied that was all that mattered. I told him to play in the recital. I am the bad guy. I wish we could be going to a movie.

A little girl rises from the floor and goes to the piano. She looks extraordinarily elegant, with her thick and long blond-red hair



John Podhoretz THE PIANO RECITAL

and matching red jacket, skirt, and shirt. She seems composed as she sits down, but then I notice a rather glassy look in her eye. She is trembling slightly. She does not want to start. She stares at the keyboard for a little while. At last she raises her hands over the keys-and lowers them again. She glances at Andrea, who nods almost imperceptibly. She reaches out once more, closes her eyes, opens them again, and begins. She is playing a simple piece by one of Bach's offspring, and the coolness of the baroque repetition appears to calm her. She cannot manage to keep the tone constant, but there is a lovely melody coming from the piano. She frequently looks down at her hands to see how they are doing. Okay. And then, for the first time, she plays a wrong note. Flatness hits our ears, and we all wince ever so slightly. The girl appears momentarily unsure whether to go back or to continue. She decides to go on, and finishes soon after. There is much applause and smiling. The woman who applauds and smiles the most is obviously the girl's mother, and she looks as if she could swoon with pleasure. Her daughter is maybe seven years old.

The girl's expression, as she gets down on the floor once more, is full of both relief and shame. That one false note is probably reverberating in her mind; she is a perfectionist like all children, unsatisfied and confused when everything is not clean and set and fixed. Tonight, as she goes to sleep, she will first remember the applause, the lovely applause, and then pause to consider how much louder it would have been if she had not made that mistake, that trifling and inconsequential and even charming mistake, that horrible, damnable, imperfect mistake.

HILDREN ARE so megalomaniacal, after all. When Alex was just beginning to talk in complete sentences, he only felt comfortable using the first person. He knew that he could not be sure of anything except his own thoughts, and so everything came out as "I." blissfully self-absorbed and absolutely rootless. "I think you like me." "Do I know your food? This last as a means of asking if he could taste what was on my plate. Later on, I would ask him what he wanted for lunch, and he would reply, "Baloney, of course!" and emphatically roll his eyes in amazement at my igno ance of obvious fact and absolute reality. Still later came the "Mommy said" gambit: I would tell him to brush his teeth, or comb his hair, and he would say "Mommy said I don't have to" or "Mommy said I'm allergic." At the ripe and scie tific age of five, Alex attempted to convine me that he was allergic to shampoo, to toot paste, to soap. A sharp kid—his mother one suspected that he was allergic to oranges, ar so he was tested. No allergy, but a memory what the connotations of "allergy" were was a lousy disciplinarian when it came things like this. He outwitted me, he held hown, and all I wanted to do was admit b mused defeat. I gave in more times than wish to recall.

After all, he looks like me, talks like me sticks his hands in his pockets like me, an even curses the way I do. I foresaw the cur ing, and have managed to keep my temper around him, so I feel genuinely triumphare when I hear him mutter "Jeez" instead something stronger. I always come back to the time when he was twenty-three months old and I heard him as he lay in bed singing "Shit, shit, shit" to himself in that shattering ly high and pure voice. Then he giggled an started again, I realized that he must have overheard his mother and me in one of ou less subdued conversations. I felt ashame and vet astonished—it seemed that the ange and vibrating tension between his parents ha meant nothing to him, all that he heard wa a funny-sounding new word he felt obliged t practice. I suppose that twenty years from now, in some session in a futuristic root with a fag psychoanalyst, he might dredge u the memory and decide that his life ended that day, but I was there, and there was no subl mation, no inhibition, no hidden mysteryonly a large-eyed and sweet-natured little bo who heard his parents with the volume leve turned up and discovered a neat new word.

Another little girl goes to the piano and be gins to play. I know that Alex's turn will be coming soon, and I feel weak with anticipation. Time must be moving especially slowl for him now, but time always moves slowl for children; they have nothing to relate it to no real memory, no experience, nothing that might help them to see that life is very fa from over when they feel defeated and lost.

I know that Alex is an unhappy child. So was I; I know I was. But I am graced with the kind of adult knowledge he will not be able to understand for a long time, which is that by the time you are old enough to comprehend that there is really nothing to be done about such unhappiness you are, at last actually in the position to do something about it. Alex's unhappiness is fairly natural and in evitable. He is the child of divorced parents parents who expect and think wildly differenthings of him and who appreciate him in very

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different ways. He has a mother who is with him most of the time. He has a father who is, for better or for worse, really an exceptionally close uncle. My influence on him is an absent influence; my effect on him is sporadic. He will come to know that I am always there at the point when he can get around by himself and act independently. But now he is quite fatherless.

THINK THE world would be better off if there were no such thing as divorce. I remember my grandparents sitting in their member my granupatents strong maybe
Brooklyn apartment and saying maybe five words to each other every day for fifteen years. They hated each other. No-she was a shrewish rock and he was a sullen loafer, and together they did not exactly make music. But they stayed together. Oh, she would walk out on him, go to live with her daughters, with her brother, and even, for one fabled week, with me and Alex's mother. It wasn't that she worried for her reputation, and he certainly didn't care; something primordial and powerful bound them, and that was parenthood. They remained together.

You have to live, you have to feed yourself; if you are lucky you have success and prestige as well as a happy married life. But the world becomes a different place when there is a tiny reflection of you who must learn its secrets. I know now that I should not have let Alex's mother divorce me. I did so want it, though. But I know that I should not

have let her do it.

And I also know that Alex will get over his difficulties. He is, it is true, a mess. He cannot do his schoolwork, he has no friends, his shoulders bear the weight of the outcast and the unconventionalist. But he will not remember the pain later on; you cannot feel pain in a dream. Still, how can a child understand that past pain means nothing to the future?

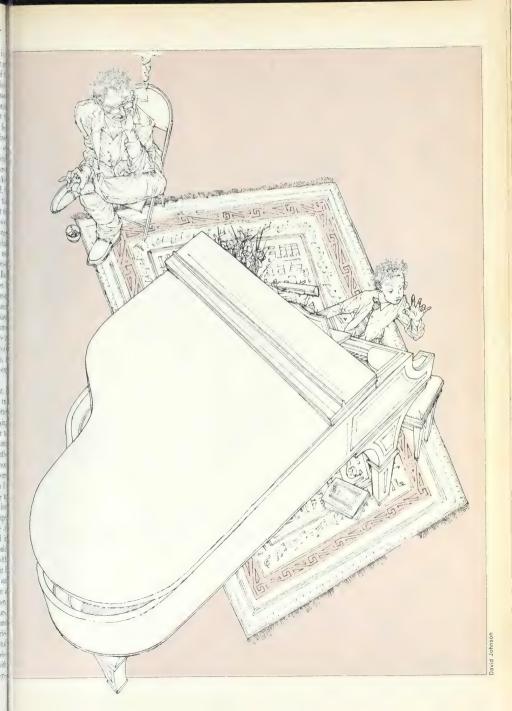
Suddenly I hear Alex's name spoken and I sit up, extinguish my cigarette and clean my glasses. By the time I put my glasses on again, Alex is sitting in front of the piano and the applause that greeted the mention of his name has died down. He looks toward me, and I doff an imaginary hat to him. I blow him a kiss, sit back in my chair, and look at his hands. They are really small even now; they rest perilously close to the edge of the keys because he did not remember to pull the bench in. He is smaller than a lot of girls his age, including those that played before him. His refusal to pull the bench closer to the piano is like a gesture of defiance: If they can do it, so can I.

My mind is moving so quickly that it is a if the whole room were encased in amber an I were outside peering in. The parents of the two girls who went before recline calmly their test is over and they have the know edge of blissful relief and contemplative pride The other parents concentrate on Alex at the piano, probably thinking how I must be fee ing or for their own part feeling genuinel interested in how he will fare. Andrea site alert, her eyes cast upon Alex's resting hands The little girls who have played seem bored and the other kids are stiff with terror. Ale himself is not stiff, he really can't be stiff, h looks too soft and pliable to be controlled that way from within. His eyes stare blankly at the music in front of him and he looks drowsy I will remember that face, I will not forge that face: the little child's first palpable chal lenge. His first tentative step away from me

I breathe in deeply; all movement resumes and Alex begins to play. His piece is a Bar tók dance, which I myself practiced when was young. It is deceptively tricky: its harsh staccato style is actually perfectly rhythmi and repetitious and reassuring. Alex play beautifully: his tone is consistent, his contro impeccable. I see a couple of people glance a each other with impressed looks. Andrea' head nods up and down with the music, a small smile on her lips. It is a truly rousing

performance.

It is a wonder the way things work out. could never play the piece Alex is now tri umphing with, but he thinks I am a bette: pianist than he because I can play "Making Whoopee" and he can't. Would it matter to him that I was taught by rote, in college, and that each tune took me months and months to learn? Would it matter that I cannot read music anymore, that he, twenty-two years younger, is actually a better musician than I? Would it matter that I was always the one to play badly at recitals, that I had nothing but a sullen word for anyone when I was his age. that I was sent to see a shrink at the age of nine, a Freudian who would not talk, and in whose presence I only picked my nose? Would it matter that I made my parents weep with worry for my future? Would it matter that I know, from my own past, that all will turn out well for Alex? No. He is a small thing in a world run by larger things, men, women. buildings, teachers, mothers, fathers, cars. girls his own age, books that are too large and too hard for him but which he valiantly tries to get through, crowds, families, potential stepmothers and stepfathers, doormen, elevator buttons, locks, cabinets, the shelf with the crystal on it, New York City, most every-



John Podhoretz THE PIANO RECITAL

thing else. He has no younger sibling, he has nothing to feel bigger than besides the children he sees on the street and some of his infant cousins. He is just a little taller than the piano he is playing, but he has made it his own, and subservient to his hands. My mind reels with his imagined persecutions and his real difficulties. It is truly awful to be a child. But at some point, a point that is to come soon if his display today means anything, he will no longer be a child, and will never be a child again. And with his smile, and his looks, and his spirit, things should be pretty good.

Alex looks at the keys nervously even as he plays with such striking ability. He counts with his mouth—one two three one two three. As he goes on, he loses the rhythm slightly. So he delays slightly on one "three" note, and catches up again. People once more look to one another and smile; my son has managed to pull a trick many professionals find diffi-

cult to accomplish.

With a fluorish: DA da da DA da da DA da DA DA! he finishes. I applaud first, with such heart and force that everyone turns toward me. I am smiling so widely that my cheeks begin to hurt. Most of the applause is loud and fast; Alex quickly sits down on the floor and looks straight ahead. My vision is obscured by a queer liquid glaze. I look to the ceiling, and out the window, and through them both.

The recital continues, but to my eyes all is sped up. Children rise and sit down again quickly. The music is distorted. All action seems jerky and of short duration. Only Andrea appears the same, full of concern and concentration, her head hardly moving, her eyes darting from her pupils' backs to the outline of their faces to their hands to their audience.

ND IT Is over. Everyone groans, rising from a position maintained for more than an hour. Parents move to their children, as I move to my son, but he has gone off to the bathroom. I walk up to Andrea and congratulate her. She says, didn't he do wonderfully. And I say, yes, oh yes. Someone else comes up to greet her. I take a little white wine and a piece of cheese from the buffet table.

Alex walks into the room shyly. I go toward him, and wait as a couple of adults say nice things to him. He smiles hesitantly and thanks them. Then he is standing there and I look him wryly in the eye, then swoop him up into my arms. You were terrific, just terrific, really terrific, I am so proud.

He receives a kiss from Andrea, and I stall around and compliment and am compliment. Then we get our coats, and say our goobyes; Alex collects another kiss from I teacher and thanks everyone again. We wa out the door and he reaches up and press the "down" button in the elevator hall. I so nothing, I only smile. He does not meet n gaze—out of embarrassment, perhaps.

I ask him if he wants to go to a movie b fore I take him home to his mother. He on shakes his head, his eyes on the floor. I ruff his hair, and he moves his head away fromy hand. His eyes remain directed at the ground, then at the elevator door as it oper to the lobby. I wonder what is wrong wi

him

We get to the street and I hail a cab. It not raining anymore, but the wind is whi ping about us. When we climb inside, Ale sits as far from me as possible. I give the driver the address, Alex refuses to look at m

"You know, I don't know what it is," I sa "but you were terrific this afternoon. You r ally were. You were the best of everybody

Alex mumbles something I can't hear.

"What?"

He turns to look at me. His face is tigl and his eyes flash with anger. "I was not. was terrible. I was terrible. Everybody kne it too. I was terrible."

I cannot help laughing. "Are you kidding Everybody thought you were brilliant. Yo were brilliant. Honest. What's bothering you?

He slides toward me. And suddenly he swinging his arms, hitting me a few times i the chest. I am stunned with surprise. I rais my own hand, when, again to my astonisl ment, he begins to cry, and grabs onto m neck with his arms. I sit him on my lap an stroke his head.

"You really are a yo-yo, you know that? I chuckle as I say it.

"I got off beat," he says, hardly comprehensible through the sobs. "I was doing oka and then I got off beat."

"But you were great! I wouldn't lie to you, knowing full well that I would if I had to.

"Why do I always do it wrong? Why don I ever do things right? Why can't I do any thing right," he says, and paroxysms of weeping begin.

And I stare at him with awe, without understanding. And I begin to cry as well, hold

ing him fast.

"Oh, Alex," I say softly, and with a fore of knowledge I cannot believe exists. "Every thing is going to be all right. Oh, Alex, wish you could believe me. Everything is going to be all right."

HARPER'S NOVEMBER 1980

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe



Esperanto

"Say, listen! It's lovely to see you! It's been too long! You must come over soon! We'll give you a ring!"

(English translation: "Say, listen! Why do you even show up at parties anymore? It's your ex-husband who's the general partner in Stalk, Thwart & McQuade and a member of the Meadow Club. Do us all a favor! Find a crack in the floor and disappear!")

VISITING EMILY DICKINSON'S GRAVE

by Leo Connellan

Where else would we go first in Amherst! But no one is in the graveyard tilting stone sinking chiseled letters fading.

All around streets flood autumn "leaf peepers" come to watch great umbrella blush through green mixed yellow in pumpkin.

It is a rough skuffy day of dirt picked by the wind and thrown. The town is packed for tag sale downtown

three blocks from the grave but no one visits you placed like a greeting hostess across from a garage

that looks in its oil by filling pumps like a massacre of serenity, rather

than with your back to Amherst so you could always see your big red brick house, who is coming and going.

Along motel route over from Northampton "No Vacancy" signs show how full of people Amherst is when the year puts on its colors.

But no one in the graveyard, not even any flowers, no flag either or Perpetual Flame.

LACK OF SEED POWER

by James Hearst

He drooped like a wilted flower this bright bay stallion too weak in his flesh to breed the mare who stood dripping in her heat. He walked around her, nosed her and hung his head. My Grandfather said, "Too many trips to the well." But I scorned the argument, I wanted the stallion to rise on his hind feet. grip the mare with forelegs and teeth, and squeeze into her with strokes of his muscled rump. I felt shamed by his failure, this insult to potency, Beyond the yard I ran to a clover field where bobolinks nested and the child in me asked the future man, how many chances have we missed, even for stars, seeds we lack that might have grown into marvels we never dreamed of?

THIS NIGHT

Which is our star this night?
Belsen is bathed in blue,
every foot-worn lane, every
strand of wire, pale blue.
The guards' bodies,
the prisoners' bodies—all
black and invisible. Only
their pale blue eyes
float above the lanes
or between the wires.
Or they are all dead,
and these are the blue eyes of those
haunted by what happened here.

by William Heyen

Which eyes are yours, which mine? Even blue-eyed crows drift the darkness overhead. Even blue-eyed worms sip dew in the weeping leaves of the black Erika over the graves...
But now, at once, every eye, every blue light closes. As we do.
For rest. For now.
Which was our star this night?



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Because it's tucked back a clean quarter-inch, our filter keeps your lips from touching the tar that builds up on the tip.

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only Parliament Lights has the famous recessed filter.

Seft Pack 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg election—Box: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotion—150's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotion av per tigarette, FTC Report Dec 79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

AN EMPIRE'S LAST STAND

Imperial obligations

by Simon Wincheste

N THE VERY middle of the shipping corridor known as the Anegada Passage—one of the principal routes through the Leeward Islands for vessels bound between the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea—there is a tiny island known as Sombrero Rock. Thirty years ago there was a phosphate mine there, but now the rock is almost deserted. All that remains is a solitary, but famous, Victorian lighthouse.

Sombrero Light, a hundred feet tall, white painted, and sporting a kerosene lantern floating on a bed of mercury (although its keeper says it is shortly to change to a mixture of electronics and wind) is one of two architectural relics of what the British once considered a prime Imperial obligation. Along with the lesser-known Cape Pembroke Light on the island of East Falkland in the South Atlantic, these two are the only surviving members of the once-proud Imperial Lighthouse Service. They still have an Inspector, based in London, who visits them twice yearly to make sure their wicks are trimmed and their lamps are keeping maritime traffic off the treacherous Carib and Malvine reefs.

IGHTHOUSES HAVE, since Hellenic times, marked the passage of ship-borne empire builders. As the Greeks built to guide their quinqueremes safely across the Mediterranean, so the British, as they clawed their way around the Indian and the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans, spread a web of

coaling stations and cable offices and supply depots—and lighthouses—on remote capes and island fastnesses in the farther reaches of the oceans.

On Ascension and Perim and Socotra, in the Seychelles and the Andamans and the Maldives, on capes like Aden and Gibraltar and Singapore—on all these and a hundred more the British constructed squat towers of Portland stone and cast iron, and let

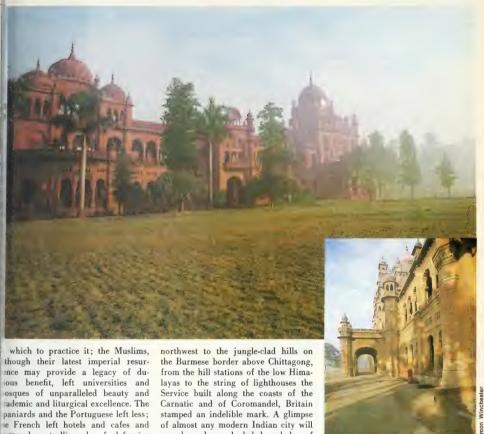


Kerala Lighthouse, Kovallam Beach, India

their lights guide the warships of th Royal Navy or the East Indiamen of the Bristol buccaneers safely to their destinations.

All but the two lights now belon to independent governments, to repre sentatives of peoples who formerl paid fealty to a distant British mor arch. The new owners have kept th lights working; they tend with som affection to their new charges, it i said, realizing that as legacies of em pire these structures are hardly to b pulled down, like statues of equestrial shahs in Teheran or Lord Nelsons of columns in Dublin. The Imperia Lighthouse Service left behind as i died an invaluable treasury of mari time signposts, of which a world now almost wholly freed from British do minion makes thankful use. The tow ers are a reminder that much of the legacy of empire-of some empires at least-has become of huge posthu mous benefit, suggesting that two cheers for imperialism, at least in terms of relict institutions, is perhaps the ideal number.

OME PAST empires left more than others. The Romans, for instance, are best remembered now for the splendid roads that march across Europe, all straight as a centurion's spear, most providing the natural alignment for autobähns or routes nationales or motorways of today. The Greeks left behind a foundation of codified law, and structures Simon Winchester is the chief American correspondent for the Daily Mail (London).



attered a trelliswork of defensive ructures across West Africa that may et still rebellion in the more perfervid ates south of the Sahara.

The British Empire's architectural gacy, in part because it was contructed and abandoned only in the ist few dozen decades, is more apparnt than any other. And, like the farung lighthouses, much of it is both seful to its new owners of today and rovides a symbol of the institutions -some might say the invaluable intitutions-that it houses.

Nowhere on earth is there a greater torehouse of British Imperial buildng-work-of any empire's buildingvork, for that matter-than in India. rom the Khyber Pass in the far reveal, perhaps shaded by glades of ancient trees, or clambered over by the tendrils of encroaching creepers, structures that either discreetly or flamboyantly or gaily insist: The Raj once passed by here.

UCH OF WHAT Britain left in India-and it left it in Africa, and Canada, and Australia, and on innumerable islands, too-was designed only to reassure the visiting rulers, to provide them with a comforting sense of having transplanted their surroundings as well as themselves. Thus were built churches, from great cathedrals like Calcutta and Hamilton and St. John's

Khalsa College, Amritsar

Newfoundland, to tiny parish churches in Simla and Nagpur and Jhelum, that provided succor then and proof positive today that, while the process of Imperial annexation may have been a godless calling from Monday to Saturday, on the Sabbath its excesses were cheerfully forgiven by ministers of the Church of England. This need for reassurance stretched to the houses the British built for themselves, too: pretty little suburbs in New Delhi, quasi-Cotswold villages in the low hills near Mussoorie, sprawling Highland manses set amidst the indigo plantations of Bengal. The

British bungalow-the very word is Hindustani-is to be found everywhere on earth that received the mantle of Imperial domination—Salisbury and Bulawayo, Melbourne and Auckland. Victoria and Hong Kong, Those houses may have new tenants now: their history is all but forgotten.

But empires provided structures of greater worth and dignity, too. The British provided parliament buildings. for example, and homes for the bureaucracies of the democratic governments that would succeed when empire passed away. The finest of all, perhaps, were the Parliament buildings in Ottawa, a veritable dream of mistwrapped towers and spires and long halls of sobriety and magnificence. When Edward Lutvens built his Viceregal Palace and Parliament in Delhi, he did so with the sure knowledge that his structures would soon pass into the hands of the Indian people and provide enduring symbols of a system the departing British hoped would take root among them. That democracy flourishes in so many places where a British architect may have memorialized the institution with stone and wood and wrought iron can surely not be ascribed to the architecture itself-or is there, perhaps, the faintest link between the structure and what it has come to symbolize?

HE SAME argument might apply to schools and universities, too. The maharajah of Rajkot, who built a replica of Eton out in the Gujarat desert because his only son had been denied entry to the school itself, had the idea; model your palaces of learning on those of Britain, endow them with teaching staff raised in the same tradition, and watch the system run on a kind of architectural autopilot. The great colleges of Lahore and Calcutta and Madras and Amritsar-the latter built by the British for the education of those of the Sikh religion-are centers of academic excellence to this day, proudly imbued with a tradition springing from institutions five thousand miles away.

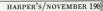
Other monuments endure, and with them the Imperial institutions for which they were built continue to serve the post-Imperial needs. Thousands of British post offices and telegraph buildings and red-painted Victorian pillar-boxes offer a postal service as good as any in creation: would an India denied so generous a start have been able to create so efficient a system as she now enjoys? Did Mexico's Spanish masters provide her with a postal system, or a railway system, that modern Mexicans can regard with pride? What lasting benefits do Ethiopians take from the subservience to Italy? How is Dutch road system in Sumatra? A did the French build sewage-treatme plants in what is now Mali, or Nige

AVE FOR THE British, mode empires seem to have left markably little by way of e during, utilitarian monumen Like the Egyptians and the Ottomar the French and the Italians seem have conquered with statuary and wi palaces; but like the Romans and the Greeks, the British extended their d minion with courts and railways, ur versities-and lighthouses.

And today? What useful imperilegacy will the invading Soviet cor missars leave behind them in Afgha istan? Dare the residents of Kab hope for a rail link with Kandaha or a Brezhnev Memorial Hospital the center of Herat? And the Unite States-did it leave more than Ouo set huts dotted around the globe c its many imperial sallies? Only the governor's house in Manila springs t my mind as a symbol, and even the is now the residence of the America ambassador to the Philippines.

Would it be unkind to suggest the the U.S. imperial monuments ma come to be the great glass-walle headquarters of the multinationa that have sprung up in lands that pa their fealty to the dollar-the skyline of Caracas and of Wellington and of the London West End? Or could it b that the communications satellite floating in space and supporting th giant cobweb of data transmission an intelligence, commodity prices and ex change rates that keep capitalism alive will come to be the most representative relics of New York's tenure as an in perial giant?

And in a century, when these prou empires may have faded away, whic will seem the worthier symbols? Th banks and the insurance companie and the palaces to Ford, General Mc tors, and Coca-Cola? Or the creeper girt lawcourts of the Punjab, and th railway stations of the Sind, and th lighthouses on Cape Pembroke of Sombrero Rock?





Parliament Building, Ottawa, Canada

Some insist coal is nod. Some insist coal bad. We insist it's not that lack or white.

Those who insist that coal is good point that we have over 200 billion tons of economically recoverable coal in this country — enough to last us for at least three centuries at current consumption rates.

And, they further point out, that

And to the fact that coal contains ash and sulfur which, if not removed, can pollute the air when burned.

Still, we believe that these days the advantages of coal outweigh its disadvantages.

Because these days we have extremely tough environmental laws.

Laws that require the restoration of mined lands and the protection of air and water resources. Laws that ensure that coal mine areas are properly restored and that newly constructed or converted power plants remove sulfur and particulates from their stack gases.

Of course, environmental controls are expensive. But because of the current high

although this represents 90% of our omestic energy resources, coal currently applies less than 20% of all our energy oduction.

It's true, that with greater usage, coal ould give us as much as one-half of the ew energy we'll need between now and the ear 2000 — enough to help loosen the angerous ties that bind us to expensive and insecure foreign oil.

But those who insist that coal is bad bint to abandoned mines which scar the and allow acid water to seep to streams price of foreign oil, the cost of using coal is still less than half the cost of using oil.

And when we consider that coal can also be converted into transportation fuels such as gasoline and diesel fuel—reducing even more our dependence on foreign oil—it seems obvious that we ought to reassess our old prejudices against this most abundant of all fossil fuels.

At least Atlantic Richfield thinks so.

There are no easy answers.



ROGUES' GALLERY

he United States in the 1970s became a nation of commentators. Rare was the citizen not queried for a Gallup poll or wanted for several minutes of economic discussion on "Good Morning America." But despite the wealth of analysis, as measured by the staggering number of government studies, docudramas, newsletters, articles, and candidates for office, few comments have survived with the force of political caricature.

The drawings on the following pages are selected from "Political Art: Ten Years of Graphic Commentary, 1970–1980," an exhibit sponsored in New York this month by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. In addition to reviving memories or political follies long since dispatched to the mind's attic shelves, these caricatures confirm that it was the artists, not the editorial writers, who made sense of the events in the last decade. The comparison is perhaps unfair, but it is difficult to imagine a re trospective entitled "Great Editorials of the Seventies" having the power and vitality of

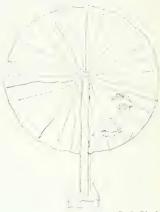
this collection.—Ed.



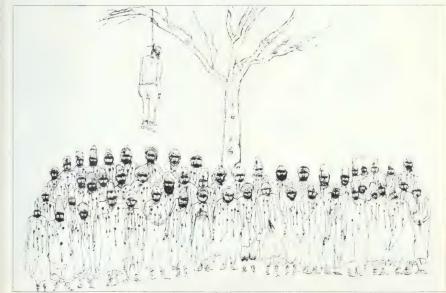


ne Republican National Committee meets to consider a new party symbol.

Arnold Roth



R. O. Blechman

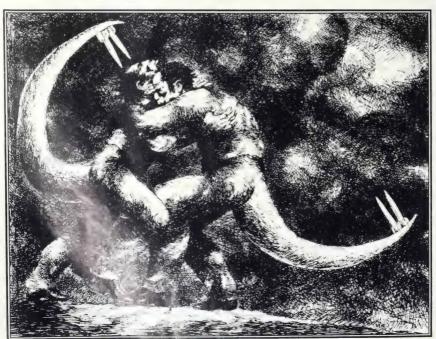


Ardeshir Mohassess









Brad Holland







Edward Sore



Edward Koren

OBSOLETE HISTORIANS

Eclipsed in the age of sociology

by John Luke

ISTORY IS BUNK." Sixty years after that statement by Henry Ford the appetite for history among the American people flourishes as never before. Here is some evidence of this condition:

—In 1980 there are in the United States more than 3,000 historical societies, most of them in small towns, nearly twice as many as thirty years ago.

During the past twenty-five years, when the circulation of most periodicals declined, the only popular magazine that has earned its way without advertising has been American Heritage.

—During the past thirty years in hard-cover commercial publishing, popular histories have regularly outsold fiction. Historical best-sellers now exist to suit all kinds of readers. The trend may have begun in 1947 with Arnold Toynbee's abridged Study of History, which tens of thousands bought but few read, and continued through books like The Guns of August, Eleanor and Franklin, The Day Lincoln Was Shot, The Longest Day—books that millions have bought and read.

—During the past twenty years a new kind of book—a narrative, the substance of which reconstructs a certain historical past—has become a best-selling phenomenon. Ragtime and Roots come to mind, both huge publishing successes during the 1970s, as well as Mailer's and Capote's recent books. This hybrid historical genre now threatens to overwhelm the genre of the novel.

—During the past twenty years we have also seen the repetition of instant-replay histories like Theodore H. White's quadrennial installments on The Making of the President, a guaranteed best-seller of a kind that occurred to no publisher and presumably to no author fifty or a hundred years ago.

—Television and movies are conforming to the same popular inclination, as witness the frequency of cinematic quasi documentaries or the success of social-historical soap operas like "Upstairs Downstairs."

In 1976 a survey of the Harvard class of 1968 (a vintage year of idiocy among the youth of the Republic) showed that more than 60 percent of John Lukacs's most recent book is Patricians and Philistines (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

them were engaged in restoring houses. After reading this surver asked my students: How many we choose to live in an old house, It many in a new house, all other thi (comforts, neighborhood, price, cetera) being equal? Without exciton they chose old houses. I for this interesting: twenty-five years a when my wife and I, newly marri were restoring an old house, my s dents thought this very eccentric.

Nearly fifty years ago George well wrote in A Clergyman's Daughabout lower-class children in London

History was the hardest thing to teach them. .. A boy of the middle classes, no matter how poorly educated, has at least a mental picture of a Roman senator, of an Elizabethan Englishman, of a French courtier. .. But for these children these words were incomprehensible, they could not imagine them at all.

This condition no longer prevails—part because of television.

In 1876 the Philadelphia Centenn exhibition was dedicated to machine not to history. The buildings house





"Thus I improved on God, who dramatic though He be, has no sense of theatre."

- WILLIAM FAULKNER

In all of American literature, one of the voices which speaks most eloquently of the Old South is that of William Faulkner. Listen carefully, as radio draws you into the innermost thoughts and feelings of some of the 20th century's most influential people:
William Faulkner, Simone de Beauvoir, Bertolt Brecht, Noam Chomsky, W.E.B. DuBois, Michel Foucault, Sigmund Freud, Robert Frost, James Joyce, Claude Lévi-Strauss, Bertrand Russell, and Igor Stravinsky. Their lives and works are interpreted by some of the greatest performers of our day in a new series of audio essays from National Public Radio.

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exhibits of industry and of manufacture, at a time when Americans took enormous pride in the mechanized achievements of their present. Their interest in history was almost nonexistent, as shown by the nature of the exhibits and by the character of the perorations. The Bicentennial was entirely consumed by history—by history on all levels, to be sure, overwhelmed by tasteless junk and souvenirs, but by history nonetheless. What pleased and excited the imagination of Americans in 1976 was a parade of old-fashioned sailing ships.

As late as forty years ago many Americans, and especially the children of first-generation immigrants, knew nothing about their great-grandparents: as late as twenty-five years ago more than half of them could not name all four of their grandparents. This is no longer so. "It is the nature and the duty of an American to rise above the station of his parents in society," wrote a famous New York lawyer 110 years ago. As late as thirty years ago many Americans, again especially the children of first-generation immigrants, were ashamed of their parents; they sought refuge in the ephemeral, standardized, and progressive "modern" conformities of American life.

Here is the last illustration of my argument-a thought that occurred to me recently, as I stood in the house of friends of mine in a Philadelphia suburb. Their house was built around the turn of the century. They have a penchant for Victorian furniture-not altogether to my taste, but this is not what mattered. What mattered is what had sprung to my mind as I stood in a corner, contemplating that evening scene. I saw high ceilings, large pieces of mahogany furniture, massive sideboards, a piano, a harvest bouquet for a centerpiece, ironstone plates, oversize cutlery, thick curtains with large folds suggesting a certain kind of femininity, and darkly florid carpets. The electric light from the unwieldy chandelier shone like old light. It was all comfortable, slightly stiff, heavy with cushioning, pale, brown, and warm.

What occurred to me was this: Were my great-grandfather to reappear now, in 1980, much of this scene would be easily comprehensible to him. He would find a few things to be strange and curious but much of it essentially familiar.

And what if his great-grandfather had appeared in 1880, after a century of absence? Few people, particularly in the United States, lived in a 1780 house in 1880. How many rooms, in Europe or in America, were filled in 1880 with the furniture of 1780? Not one in 50,000, I think.

This is something new. The Acceleration of History? Henry and Brooks Adams were quite wrong about this. The Virgin and the Dynamo? These people, in these rooms, have no interest in the Virgin; but then, they have no interest in the Dynamo either. They are attracted by the idea that the past is real. The great Dutch historian Johan Huizinga knew, better than Henry Adams, what was going on in the twentieth century. Few people were as aware as Huizinga of the corrupt superficialities of this century, including mass democracy. Yet he wrote in 1934: "Historical thinking has entered our very blood."

HERE EXISTS NOW in the United States a widespread appetite for history—more exactly, for physical and mental reminders of the past—that in the entire history of this country has no precedent.

This appetite has developed at a time when much of the teaching of history has been thoughtlessly and shamefully abandoned by those responsible for it. Historical thinking may have entered the very blood of people; but the awareness of historical thinking has not entered their minds.

During these twenty or thirty years when the general interest in history has risen-marking perhaps a slow and profound development of the maturation of the American spirit, a dolorous emergence from adolescent habits of mind-the historical profession in America has become gnarled and ossified. It has thoughtlessly allowed the virtual elimination of history from American public and other secondary schools, as well as the elimination of history requirements from colleges and universities. Among undergraduates in American institutions, history majors twenty years ago amounted to about 10 percent; by now they are about 2 percent. In graduate schools their numbers have declined even more. This year, in the more than

2,000 U.S. colleges and universition which employ nearly half a millia teachers, there are but a few hundred new teaching jobs open to holders advanced degrees in history, and most of these temporary appointment. What is more important, by 1981 may Americans will have spent about or third of their expected life-spantwenty-three or even twenty-five yea—in school, without having had a sigle decent history course.

This degeneration has involved qua ity as much as quantity. Together will the monstrous bureaucratization of the intellectual profession, fashionab practices like quantification, psych history, and the preoccupation wil "timely" (that is, ephemeral and i tellectually predictable) subjects has not only become prevalent but also fu ther reduced the practice and the co cept of professional history to a soci science, with its initiates taking cor fort in the belief that they are the pra titioners of complex methods and th possessors of arcane knowledge u available to and unreachable by tl common man and woman.

All of this has happened at a tim during the twentieth century, when v ought to recognize that history, instea of being a "social" science, is bot more and less than a science, that hi tory is an essential form of though that has no method or jargon or lai guage of its own, since it is writte and spoken and thought in words, it he everyday language of men ar women; it is a time, too, when the interest in history is more genuine ar more widespread in the United Statthan at any other point in the development of its people.

ow and why this devolution of professional historianship came about is not without interest, but it does not be long within the compass of this article. What belongs here is the statement of two contradictory conditions, one positive, the other negative—large-scale conditions that encompass the discrepancy between the evolution of a wide spread appetite for history and the simultaneous degeneration of the historical profession.

The positive condition is this: Th "historical thinking" whose existency Huizinga recognized, cannot and wi

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not be eradicated from our blood, at least not in the near future. Even the virtual abolition of history from our schools matters little. Universal education and the teaching of history developed only about 150 years ago. History was not taught anywhere during the "historic centuries," just as during the great centuries of Western art no one knew anything about aesthetics. Popular interest in history preceded the teaching of history in schools and the emergence of professional historianship; there are many reasons to believe that it will survive them, too.

The negative condition is this: We do not know yet how far the bureaucratization of society will affect the mental life of entire peoples. That professional historians have had less and less to do with the living history of the American people has been the result not so much of the ebb and flow of academic and intellectual fads as of the bureaucratization of intellectual life-leading to an intellectual myopia that actually verges on blindness. An example of this blindness, and one of the tragic ironies of our otherwise open and overdocumented democratic age, is that the same public that reflects an unprecedented interest in history has hardly realized the shrinking of history in the nation's schools.

We are now near the end of the Modern Age, the beginning of which was inextricably involved with the sudden development of communication: printing, travel, discoveries, commerce, the blossoming of modern languages. At the end of the Modern Age we now face a breakdown of authentic communication, paradoxically because of its cancerous explosion on and above the surface of life. The attention spans of millions are now compromised and shortened—people have suffered a fatal weakening in their capacity to concentrate, to listen, to hear.

Now, since history is formed not so much by what happens as by what people think happens, when people are told that they live in a posthistoric age—and this has been a fashionable and accepted idea for some time—they tend to think and choose accordingly. When publishers and television producers and educators convince themselves (in no matter how superficial and ephemeral a fashion) that history does not "pay," many of the earlier listed evidences of interest

in history might disappear, at least for a long time.

The silly term "self-fulfilling propheey" does not adequately explain this phenomenon, which is, rather, the result of that stagnation in the movement of ideas that Tocqueville feared for a mass democratic society, and about which he wrote in *Democracy* in America—as, for example, the elimination of certain products from the supermarket shelves, when so ordained by market researchers, will lead to changes in the popular habits of consumption.

In this respect we should consider an ancillary condition that is peculiarly American-namely, the belief that while history was a product of the aristocratic age, in the current age of democracy something like sociology replaces history. This is, of course, entirely wrong, but it will have a particular appeal to bureaucratic societies that are governed in accord with the belief that a nation is formed and ruled by its institutions and not by its character. Now the character of the American people, mostly because of mass immigration, is still fluid-it has not yet crystallized. This is not true of this country's institutions, many of which suffer from a kind of arteriosclerosis because they were established in the eighteenth century, at the very peak of the Modern Age that is now passing rapidly. Many of the ideas of the eighteenth century are no longer valid: they are more remote from the realities of life than were the ideas of the thirteenth century at the time of the Renaissance.

In a frequently quoted (and rather bad) poem, Goethe in the 1820s expressed the then-classical European disgust with history, together with a nostalgic hope for an Arcadian America:

America, you're better off
Than our ancient continent
You have no dilapidated castles
No old stones for monuments.
Your soul, your inner life
Stays undisturbed by
Useless memory
and unprofitable strife.

Hegel, too, said that America was the land of the future: "The land of nostalgia for all of those who are wear of the historical armory of old Europe." They were wrong. Unhampered, undisturbed by useless memory? The generations after Goethe and Heg liverish and sensitive Americans of the Henry James type found that the could not bear living without "usele memory" (not to speak of their not talgia for dilapidated castles).

H, YES, America has its hi tory, which is a history di ferent in structure from the of the older aristocratic age and even more different from the cul rent imbecilic practice of the present tation of selective statistics manipulation lated by intellectual bureaucrats. It also different, and will remain diffe ent, from the factitious attempts of novelists like Capote or Mailer, who unconsciously frustrated with th scheme of fiction-or, rather, with th leaking wall between fact and fiction -have been groping for a genre i their quest for a way to represent selective reality.

In any event, the increasing absort tion of the novel by history is no obvious. What is also obvious-an not only in America-is that bot Mencken and Tolstoy were wrong Mencken once said that the historia is a frustrated novelist; but it is it reading Tolstoy that one finds how th novelist is a frustrated historian. It i easier to write a mediocre history that a mediocre novel. It is more difficult to write a great history than a great novel. This is why, in the past 200 years, there have been more grea novels than great histories. This is why the Western world has yet to see the appearance of a historian Dante, historian Cervantes, a historian Shake

Thus, sometime in the twenty-firs century, after the passing of the Amer ican Century in the history of the world (yes, the owl of Minerva flies a dusk), it is through a new kind o history that the American Dante of the American Cervantes or the Ameri can Shakespeare may appear. He wil not, in all probability, be a profes sional historian. If-a big if-the com ing New Dark Ages do not put ar end to civilization as we know it, there is reason to believe that 200 years from now people may speak of "his torians" the way we now speak of "chroniclers."

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 1980

What is Ms. magazine and why is it saying all these terrible things?

cel'm never too thin to feel fat. 99

Judith Thurman on "The Politics of Body-Image in Ms

- Erotica has a sense of humor and good will. Pornography offers guilt.
- ** Washington seems incapable of understanding the difference between goals and guotas. ? 9
- eelf men could menstruate, it would become a boast-worthy event, an in-built gift for math, a connection to the rhythm of the universe.
- C Words have never been so misunderstood since 'One size fits all.'
- **A fundamental lie about the risk of change: the sexual fragility of men.
- eel have woman-hatred in me. too.99

Maxine Hong Kingston, author of The Woman Warrior in Ms

My mother was the only person besides the groom I had ever seriously considered marrying.

Anna Quindlen's diary of a feminist wedding in Ms.

First, because they're true. The female half of the world is as diverse, strong, uncertain and up-and-coming as all these thoughts—and many more.

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UNLISTED NUMBERS

Ma Bell's little secret

by George V. Higgir

OR MUCH of this year, it has been virtually impossible to listen to the radio in Boston without hearing a commercial for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. The advertisements are aired on WHDH-AM and WEEI-FM, stations that enjoy top Arbitron ratings in the area and therefore levy the highest prices for commercials.

The same ads are inescapable on every other station I have monitored. They advise that NET&T subscribers in Massachusetts annually consume \$50 million of the company budget by their persistent reliance on Directory Assistance and admonish all listeners to refer to their telephone directories and write the number down, because where Information is concerned "we all have to pay for it."

That is almost certainly true. It is impossible to dispute even in the evening, when one reclines, sluggish after dinner, to enjoy an hour or two of pap displayed on the devil box and is reminded-hourly, it seems-by a silly film whose message is that residents of the Commonwealth require \$50 million a year for the convenience of calling up the telephone operator to get a given number. NET&T is a public utility. For what it provides, we all must pay. Its rates are set by the government of the state and calculated in part by reference to the cost of providing the services.

What remains puzzling is why we all have to pay prime-time rates to broadcast NET&T commercials on top-ranked radio and television stations. The company is not in the habit

of divulging readily its budgetary breakdown for the preparation of tapes and films or for the time it purchases to broadcast them, but surely it is not an inconsiderable amount. One might even surmise that it is a very substantial amount, perhaps well into the millions annually. It is tempting to leap farther from that suspicion to conclude that the \$50 million annual cost of Directory Assistance in Massachusetts is significantly increased by the cost of the commercials discouraging its use-much as the cost of petroleum products is raised to pay for the oil companies' printed and broadcast entreaties that sanctimoniously exhort consumers to conserve energy. One is reminded of the explanation offered by an American military spokesman for the demolition of a Vietnamese village: We had to destroy it in order to save it.

HE TELEPHONE company, of course, is entitled to claim in mitigation of its charges that its subscribers do abuse Directory Assistance. But it is not entitled to imply, as it does in its dratted and ubiquitous commercials, that mass conversion to the use of phone books will reduce its costs—and thus those of its subscribers—by \$50 million a year in Massachusetts alone.

In the first place, the telephone company does not provide Boston subscribers with phone books for Pittsfield, Springfield, Worcester, Cape Cod and the islands, or even Fall River. If

George V. Higgins is a lawyer and novelist. His most recent novel is Kennedy for the Defense (Alired A. Knopi). it is their misfortune to wish to cor municate with someone in New Be ford whose telephone number is u known to them, they have no choic but to dial the operator and ask for it

In the second place, it has be known to happen that a gentleman Los Angeles, indulging in a whim converse by telephone with a gentleman in Boston, finds himself witho a Boston telephone directory and ther fore is obliged to punch 1–617–55; 1212 and ask for it. That rash act co tributes as surely to the \$50 millio annual cost as that committed by the lady in Buffalo in need of a numbin Wellesley.

In the third place, NET&T is e tremely conservational with the are directories that it so naggingly d mands that its subscribers use; thones issued to this correspondent at h home in a Boston suburb date back t 1978, and all manner of plaintive bleating has not achieved their replacemen Inasmuch as many of those listed have changed their numbers, whether the change residences or to change mainages and residences as well, advisin someone to use his 1978 directory like telling a fish to get up on its hin legs and walk like a man.

The company must therefore continu to provide Directory Assistance if proposes to continue offering regiona national, and international servic (which it also advertises, at the expense of the consumers). Further, a cannot possibly discharge the employ ees already retained, protected as the are by union contracts guaranteein seniority in job security, pension rights, vacation time, health care, and mor

id better of the same good things me next contract time. It is a good at that what cost Massachusetts teletone subscribers \$50 million in 1979 all cost them \$60 million in 1982, no atter how many of them cease and sist from using what the company ust provide and for which it is comfled to pay.

HE QUESTION, therefore, is really the simple one that has occurred to any rational being who has been assailed by utility-company commercial, whether onsored by the gas company, the tht company, the phone company, or e water company: Granted that such epaid propagandizing brings mucheded revenue to print and broadcast edia, which is nifty for people who ork for the media (present company cluded), why the hell should the poor ebraska sodbuster have to pay for it a levy on the actual cost of chatting ith his cod-fishing cousin in Glouster? And why should the cod-fishing usin have to pay a proportionate are of the phone-company commerals filmed in Chicago and Miami epicting displaced relatives of Massajusetts families imploring their kinlk to call them? Why can't the granduldren in the Middle West call rammy and Grampy in New Engnd? Don't they have the damned imber? Are they trying to eliminate at \$50 million Directory Assistance large for Massachusetts residents?

The entire justification for the linsing of public utilities is that they ovide an essential service. An essenal service is one that the received isdom declares to be necessary for e ordinary conduct of the ordinary fe in orderly society but that is beand the capacity of the citizen to covide for himself. If the service is sential (and telephone service has chieved that status in America by ow), then it is no more necessary to Ivertise it than it is to buy commeral time or space to notify the public at sanitary toilet facilities are availble at certain locations-them as ants 'em'll find 'em. If it is necessary advertise the service, with the subribers paying for the advertisements, en the service is not essential, but ptional. And them as wants it'll find . So they ought to be able to get it anywhere they want and elect to foot the bill for lavish advertisings, as they do when they buy Cadillacs.

The telephone company does have competition. It is rather feeble competition, because its operation depends on linkage into the Bell System, but it is competition. Oddly enough, the private competition has to be sought out by the interested purchaser, who shoulders the burden in order to verify his belief that it is cheaper. It is cheaper.

And it isn't advertised.

The phone company's best advertising costs it nothing. It consists of the perceived need to communicate across distances insurmountable even by a hog-caller and the desire to accomplish that communication successfully within a reasonable amount of time. Inasmuch as the alternative is the U.S. Postal Service, the Bell System people have no competition at all.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 1980

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IN A DARK TIME. ON HIS GRANDFATHER

(-Zalman Heller, writer and teacher, d. 1956)

by Michael Heller

There's little sense of your life Left now. In Cracow and Bialystock no carcass To rise, to become a golem. In the ground

The matted hair of the dead is a mockery Of the living root. Everyone who faces Jerusalem is turned back, turned back,

It was not a question of happiness Nor that the laws failed, only That the holy or sad remains within,

This which cleft you in the possibility Of-seeing Him, an old man Like yourself.

Your last years, wandering Bewildered in the streets, fouling Your pants, a name tag in your coat

By which they led you back, Kept leading you back. My father Never spoke of your death,

The seed of his death, as his death To come becomes the seed, etc.... Grandfather, What to say to you who cannot hear?

The just man and the righteous way Wither in the ground. No issue, No issue answers back this earth.

THE RESTING PLACE

We'll find it at the edge of a forest Where moss and ferns, no longer overshadowed By trees, will yield to grass, where a small stream Will make its way among hills, where hills sliding Like cross-waves into valleys (more pale As they give in to distance) will turn to mist Under the jutting folds of mountains Whitened against the sky or steepened to blue As far as blue-white clouds. And we'll rest there.

At our feet, the water will move in a grave dance. Dissolving its stones downstream and honoring Each one in its way for paying an easy tribute. Nearby, a thrust of rock will remind us Of the hard start of the earth. The weeds and wildflowers.

The bushes and brambles rooted for lost seasons Will lose their names in the flourishes of the wind. And our two natures, lost in thought, Will give themselves away and become nameless.

We'll find an end to sitting and thinking, Even to holding still, though stillness will be That end in itself. Our reclining bodies, Our longing and belonging shapes, will need Nothing, will have nothing to wait for, But will share the sun with other surfaces Out of their depth, our eyes and fingers Catching the sky as it falls and scatters Around us, against us, its extravagant light.

MARSH HAWK

Along the split-rail fence, no higher Than a man standing, the hawk comes

Flying as jaggedly as the rails,

Its wings touching them nearly, the color Of trees turned into weather

By years, dead silent now, one wingbeat For every swerve, eyes scanning

The grass for gray deermice Under the leaning posts, catching

No shadow in that light as gray

As the sea wind, hearing nothing

As sharply soft as its sudden cry, flying Away, fence-riding crookedly, tilting From field to marsh to darkness.

by David Wagoner

continued from page 44) "If you do at pursue a policy of standing by our friends who are spending their vn money and are ready to spend eir own blood, the alternative is nusar holocaust or more Vietnams." issinger evidently agreed; he told the mate on August 29 that the United ates had now agreed to sell the shah 16 fighters.

The massive militarization that the ah undertook did not itself cause his wunfall. But it was part of the megamania that separated him further om the realities of Iran; rather than y gently to curb those fantasies, Kisneyer fed them.

The shah dislocated not just the econoy but also the polity of the country, ising expectations that could never met, encouraging huge migrations om the countryside to the towns-to sappointment. The "Great Civiliza-'n" was much vaunted; but it gave tle. At the same time he came to beve more and more that "L'Etat. c'est 2i." The meek opposition parties ere dissolved, the secret police more d more vicious. In an interview with Teheran paper to mark his fifty-sevth birthday on October 26, 1976, the ah reiterated that he would lead Iran nto the Great Civilization, by force necessary. Those who do not want work, we will take them by the tail d throw them out like mice."

There is no doubt that Carter's rly insistence on human rights in 177 pressured the shah to lift the lid repression slightly. That this encoured hundreds of thousands of people, illions even, to vent their frustraons, fears, grievances, and disappointents is clear. The mice began to turn. hat does Kissinger make of this? His mments and analyses have been realingly banal. "I accept the arguent," he has said, "that all of us paid sufficient attention in Iran to the oposition that political construction ould go side by side with economic nstruction. The failure was less of telligence agencies than of a conptual apparatus." Kissinger has also ade it clear that the mice should then we been stamped on. Since the shah's Il he has constantly said that the nited States should have intervened uch more forcefully to encourage the ah to repress the revolution. Kisnger believes that the rage that the anian population has vented in the

last two years could have been suppressed by force. Perhaps it could have been—for a short time—but only by such amounts of force as, say, the Soviet Union is willing to apply.

Kissinger does not seem to see that as a problem.

The Cambodian chapter

OW CAMBODIA, another debacle for which he bears heavy though not exclusive responsibility. The parallels with Iran are obvious. In both countries local and regional realities were ignored. In both, Kissinger encouraged regimes that were unrepresentative to push their peoples in directions against their interests. The result, in both cases. was to separate those regimes farther and farther from their peoples and bring about their collapse. In both Iran and Cambodia, the application of the Nixon Doctrine was, to put it mildlv. counterproductive. In both, American policy, Kissinger's policy, failed totally and produced reactions quite opposite to those he ostensibly sought. Those reactions have been terrible.

His treatments of the two policies in the memoirs also bear comparison. He is able to say so little about Iran because despite the importance of the subject, there has been almost no public investigation of his policy there. In the case of Cambodia he deals at length with issues already firmly in the public record and ignores those with which the public is less familiar but are actually more important.

In neither case does he give a full account. If he addresses issues inconvenient to his partial case, it is only because the inquiries of others have forced him to do so. This, perhaps, is not surprising (Why should an autobiography deal with uncomfortable matters?) but it bears constant repetition because of the reputation of completeness that Kissinger's book has won.

The destruction of Cambodia is one of the great man-made disasters of the twentieth century. During the Seventies, seven million people, mostly peasants, were plucked from peace and cast into an inferno of war and revolution. In the last decade perhaps two million people have died, and an entire society has been overturned. War continues there today and famine has threatened

the survivors. Much of what happened is still unbelievable, inexplicable. It will, one hopes, be examined and analyzed again and again, if only to diminish the chances of such a saga being repeated. In this process of establishing the historical record, Kissinger's book is of little help. His account of the Cambodian disaster is completely distorted—it has also been distorted not once but twice. The extent of the later distortions can be seen in the last-minute changes he made on his galleys. Here, I regret to say, a little personal history and explanation is needed.

In April 1979, I published a book called Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia. This book concentrated on the 1969-75 period of Cambodian history and laid much (not all) of the blame for Cambodia's destruction on careless policies carried out by Kissinger and Nixon. When Sideshow was published in April 1979. Kissinger was en route to Peking to join his wife, who had been modeling clothes for Vogue in China. In Peking he made a point of meeting, for the first time. Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Sihanouk had ruled Cambodia through the Fifties and Sixties and had kept the country largely out of Vietnam's war by a policy of inglorious but effective compromise. He was overthrown in a right-wing coup d'état in March 1970, and the White House immediately backed his usurper. General Lon Nol, and sustained him for the next five years despite his demonstrable incompetence.

Between 1970 and 1975 Cambodian society was torn apart and the Communist Khmer Rouge-led nominally by Sihanouk in Peking-grew from a tiny, insignificant group of some 4.000 with no hope of political influence into a callow army of about 70,000 that was able to take over the country. From 1975 to 1979 they ruled Cambodia with a ferocity that is still unbelievable, returning the country to "Year Zero" and murdering at least hundreds of thousands, possibly millions, of people. In January 1979, they were overthrown by an invasion from Vietnam. As the Vietnamese swept across Cambodia in the first week of 1979, the Chinese, the Khmer Rouge's only supporters, flew Sihanouk, whom the Khmer Rouge had kept under house arrest in Phnom Penh, to Peking. They sent him on to the United Nations to

protest the Vietnamese invasion. He did so, while also protesting Khmer Rouge domestic policies.

At that time I saw Sihanouk and asked him about the responsibility for what had happened over the last nine terrible years. He replied:

"There are only two men responsible for the tragedy in Cambodia today, Mr. Nixon and Dr. Kissinger. Lon Nol was nothing without them, and the Khmer Rouge were nothing without Lon Nol. Mr. Nixon and Dr. Kissinger gave the Khmer Rouge involuntary aid because the people had to support the Communist patriots against Lon Nol. By expanding the war into Cambodia, Nixon and Kissinger killed a lot of Americans and many other people-they spent enormous sums of money, \$4 billion-and the results were the opposite of what they wanted. They demoralized America, they lost all of Indochina to the Communists and they created the Khmer Rouge."

Throughout the 1970-75 war, Kissinger failed to meet with Sihanouk, who lived in Peking. When he finally solicited a meeting in April 1979, Sihanouk, who is willing to make friends even of the bitterest enemies. invited him to lunch. Later last year, in Paris, Sihanouk gave me his account of the encounter. He seemed to find it amusing:

"Before lunch Kissinger said he wanted a special conversation with me. He began by saying he wanted to get things absolutely straight. That is to say, he had never been anti-Sihanouk, he had always been a Sihanouk supporter.... He insisted that the Americans had had nothing to do with the Lon Nol coup."

"I answered, 'But why, immediately after the coup, did you extend de jure recognition to Lon Nol? The United States government was the first in the world to do so. And after that President Nixon asked the U.S. Congress to give Lon Nol tremendous amounts of dollars to help his regime surgests.

"And Kissinger said, 'Yes, but we wanted you to return to power very quickly in Cambodia.'

"I answered, 'Why did you refrain from telling me about it? Not only that, but you wanted Lon Nol to resist to the end my return.'

"He said, 'No, No, No. You must believe that we were favorable to your returning to power and we did not like Lon Nol. We liked *you!*' (Sihanouk's emphasis).

"I said, 'Thank you very much.'
"And Kissinger said, 'I want you to

believe it.' (Sihanouk's emphasis).
"I said, 'Excellency, let bygones be bygones.'
"He said, 'No. No. I want you to

say that you believe me.'
"I said, 'I apologize; I cannot say I
believe you.'''

With David Frost

ISSINGER'S BOOK was in gallevs when Sideshow was published and when this conversation with Sihanouk took place. He incorporated some of the comments he elicited from Sihanoukthough not the exchange quoted above. He also made other substantial changes to the Cambodia section in an attempt to meet some of the charges made in Sideshow. Most authors make changes in their galleys. But some of Kissinger's changes shifted what he himself would call the "nuance" of his argument; others involved complete changes of fact.

Throughout last summer and early fall, Kissinger consistently and emphatically denied that he had made any such changes. When David Frost, to give but one of many examples, said in their celebrated NBC interview, "It's common knowledge that the Book-ofthe-Month Club went berserk that you had to rewrite the Cambodian sections," Kissinger replied: "That just isn't true. . . . I added to the book itself one paragraph and I added one or two footnotes." The reality of the matter was established when, on October 31, 1979, the New York Times published a long article based on the galleys. It was headed "Kissinger revised his book more than he reported" and detailed some of the many changes that he made to the Cambodia section. Kissinger asserted that they were done in order to cut the length of the book. This too was untrue: The changes made the book longer.

Kissinger deals at length, if unpersuasively, with only two topics. First, the 1969–70 secret B-52 bombing of Vietnamese Communist sanctuaries in eastern Cambodia. Second, the spring 1970 overthrow of Sihanouk by Lon Nol and the subsequent American invasion. ter that, Cambodia disappears from book for over 900 pages and two all a half years. The most destruct period of modern Cambodian histor began in summer 1970. But Kissin ignores it. He quite fails to mental that this new theater of war was stage by the White House and that he, p sonally, disregarding advice from CIA, the State and even Defense l partments, constantly insisted the more and more Cambodians be con scripted to fight for what almost American experts agreed was a how less and hopelessly destructive regin Bearing in mind, therefore, that wl Kissinger omits about the Camboo story is much more important the what he includes, his Cambodia s tions on the 1969-70 secret bombi and the 1970 invasion (together was the last-minute additions to them) ne to be examined in detail if their fl significance is to be clear.

S THE AMERICAN war effort South Vietnam increased the late Sixties, the Commnists built sanctuaries acre the border in Cambodia. Sihanouk t erated this infraction of his neutrali largely because he knew Camboo could never survive an attempt to co: bat Vietnam. General Westmorela frequently asked Lyndon Johnson to allowed to attack the sanctuaries force, Johnson, apparently anxious n to bring Cambodia directly into to war, refused and sanctioned hit-arrun attacks. In March 1969, Nix and Kissinger acceded to a milita request for B-52 strikes against one the sanctuaries. Through the year to scale and frequency of these attack grew. Between March 1969 and M. 1970, over 3.600 raids were flown. T whole series was code-named Menspecific sanctuaries attacked were call Breakfast, Lunch, Snack, et ceter Neither Congress nor the public w informed of them.

Kissinger argues in his book t following points: He claims that thombing had to be done secretly, to cause if it were public Sihanowould have had to demand an end it. He says, variously, that the san tuaries were uninhabited or only lighly populated by Cambodians. He clair that the effect of the bombing was.

vthing, to push the Vietnamese Commists back into South Vietnam rather an further into Cambodia. He asserts at the decision to bomb the sancaries was in response to an "unproked" Communist offensive launched South Vietnam in February 1969. claims categorically that the North etnamese had violated the agreement der which the bombing of the North d been stopped in 1968 by President hnson. Kissinger insists that proction of American lives was the prinal U.S. concern. This contention ould be reasonable if true. It is not ie. The unprovoked Communist ofnsive began in February 1969, and thing was fierce until the monsoon mpened it in May-this happened ery year. Yet during that time the enu campaign was, according to both ssinger and Nixon, intermittent. nere was one strike in March, one in oril, and a few more in May. The ikes did not become regular until e fall of 1969. But by then the ofnsive had long since ended. If the mbing had been principally intended save American lives, it would have en most intense from March to May." is, I suppose, not surprising that issinger does not mention Nixon's adman Theory of War. This was exained by Nixon to H. R. Haldeman rly in the administration: "I want e North Vietnamese to believe I've ached the point where I might do sything to stop the war." One probm with establishing a reputation for adness is that it usually requires irraonal actions or, at least, actions that ore cautious men might forswear. he Menu bombing was in good part signed to practice the Madman heory, to show that Nixon was preared to take risks LBI had forsworn. issinger acknowledges that the second enu strike had nothing to do with ambodia at all; Nixon ordered it in taliation for the shooting down of a S. spy plane by North Korea. Noneeless Kissinger insists that U.S. casalties were the principal concern.

Kissinger added at the last minute aims that the sanctuaries bombed ere "all unpopulated" (p. 247) and affected no Cambodians" (p. 250).

In fact U.S. casualties actually rose uring the first half of 1969 in the Vietamese province closest to many of the inctuaries bombed, Tay Ninh. Kissinger oes not mention this.

This is simply not true. Indeed, the Joint Chiefs themselves acknowledged in a memorandum to Secretary Laird in April 1969, that many of the bases were inhabited: in Breakfast, there were 1,640 peasants; in Lunch, 198 peasants; in Snack, 303 peasants; in Dinner, 700 peasants; in Supper, 1,136 peasants; in Dessert, 120 peasants. Nor is it true that no Cambodians were killed and no complaints made by Phnom Penh, as Kissinger claims. In that same memo the Chiefs warned that they thought it inevitable that "some Cambodian casualties would be sustained" in any attack on the sanctuaries. In a memo of November 20, 1969, Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, acknowledged to Melvin Laird that there had been a recent complaint about a B-52 strike in which eleven villagers had perhaps been killed. Years later, on July 25, 1973. the Pentagon told Congressman Michael Harrington: "We have no documents with which to provide useful information on the totals of either civilian or military casualties in Cambodia or Laos during this time frame." The point is not that thousands of peasants were killed by the Menu campaign; no one knows how many died. The point is simply that here again Kissinger lies.

Rewritten history

UST PRIOR to publication, Kissinger added a long section attempting to refute the notion, advanced in Sideshow and elsewhere, that the Menu bombing forced the Communists farther into Cambodia. In Sideshow I argued that this spread of the war helped increase right-wing dissatisfaction with Sihanouk and was one of the reasons for his overthrow in the right-wing coup in March 1970. Kissinger's addition begins:

Nor is it true that the bombing drove the North Vietnamese out of the sanctuaries and thus spread the war deep into Cambodia. To the extent that North Vietnamese forces left the sanctuaries it was to move back into Vietnam, not deeper into Cambodia—until after Sihanouk was unexpectedly overthrown a year later,

This claim is absurd on several levels. The idea of a "sanctuary" is not that





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it be moved closer to the front line when attacked. There is much evidence that the Communists moved further into Cambodia through 1969 and early 1970. Sihanouk himself complained publicly about it. But there is no evidence at all that the sanctuaries were moved into Tay Ninh or other Vietnamese provinces that year. Nor does Kissinger cite any. When David Frost taxed Kissinger with this claim that the Communists leapt from the fire into the frying pan, Kissinger was visibly discomfitted and admitted, "I have no evidence that they moved them in either direction, and I'm not saving that they moved them one way or the other." In other words, under pressure he agreed that an important part of the argument he made in his book was without foundation.

The book is also internally inconsistent on-this matter. Kissinger's assertion conflicted with his own, largely correct, analysis of the causes of the coup against Sihanouk in March 1970:

Cambodia's tragedy was that its internal stresses finally upset the delicate equilibrium that Sihanouk had struggled to maintain. . . . The precipitating issue was the communist sanctuaries from which the North Vietnamese had tormented our forces. These increasingly aroused the nationalist outrage of Cambodians. . . .

That is true. The sanctuaries were tolerable to most Cambodians through the late Sixties. In 1969 and 1970 they became intolerable to some because they became larger. The North Vietnamese and Viet Cong usurped more of eastern Cambodia. Kissinger himself quotes statements from Sihanouk and from other Cambodian leaders to this effect. To maintain, as he does, that this movement out of the sanctuaries had nothing to do with the bombing of those sanctuaries (an operation that Kissinger says was extremely successful from the U.S. military view) is ridiculous. The point is not that Menu pushed the Communists hundreds of miles across Cambodia. It did not. But a few miles deeper into the country was enough to help upset what Kissinger calls its "delicate equilibrium."

The Menu campaign was destructive at home as well as abroad. It was unconstitutional—the president was secretly waging war in another country without the advice and consent of Congress. Kissinger claims that on June 11, 1969, he and Nixon gave a "full briefing" to Senators Stennis and Russell on the matter. This is untrue. The bombing had not yet become regular and intense—there was no way the senators could have been fully briefed at all. Stennis himself has complained that he was never told the whole truth.

Kissinger does acknowledge that "we were wrong. I now believe, not to be more frank with Congressional leaders." But he claims that the minimal, informal briefings that took place were "at that time the accepted practice for briefing the Congress of classified military operations," (p. 253) This is not true. And Admiral Morer, later chairman of the Joint Chiefs, himself subsequently said in the Washington Post that the method by which the bombing was kept secret "was completely unique. It was occasioned by one thing and that was President Nixon's insistence on the utmost secrecy." Nixon and Kissinger's insistence led to the corruption of the military's own internal, top-secret reporting procedures. The true records of Menu missions were burned in special incinerators in South Vietnam, Radar officers were ordered to enter false statistics in the Pentagon's top-secret computer system. Thus, Menu was not just secret; according to the highest official records, it did not happen. When you consider that the B-52s are part of the Strategic Air Command, the nuclear strike force of the West, such corruption is alarming. Kissinger brushes it aside. The record shows without any doubt that Kissinger and Nixon were absolutely determined to deceive Congress, the press, and the American people on Menuforever. That was why records were

When Nixon announced the invasion of Cambodia on April 30, 1970, he lied by claiming that hitherto the U.S. had "scrupulously respected" Cambodian neutrality and had not "moved against" the sanctuaries. On his galleys Kissinger made a last-minute acknowledgment of this: "And Nixon added a sentence that was as irrelevant to his central thesis as it was untrue, that we had heretofore not moved against the sanctuaries-overlooking the secret bombing." Kissinger does not acknowledge that he, too, told the same lie in a background briefing to the press that day. When David Frost asked Kissinger about Nixon's lie, Kissinger sa "That-statement should not have be made."

Frost: Why did he make it? Kissinger: Because he was given a hyperbole.

Frost: Why did you make the say statement in your background briefito the press on the same day?

Kissinger (looking very angry): It cause, I suppose, to us this bombin of the sanctuaries had become so mulpart of the landscape that we did really focus on that. But that was no correct statement.

After the interview was taped, K singer moved heaven and earth to he NBC executives delete this exchanfrom the broadcast show. He call dozens of times from Europe, shouting that it be erased. But NBC was woing under great public pressure acause of Frost's resignation from a criticism of the project. The exchanwas not erased.

Kissinger fails to acknowledge in the book that the lie was made not ju once but over and over again. Nix repeated it in his report to the natil on the invasion of June 30, 1970. The report was written by Kissinger. It we repeated again in the president's Fo eign Policy Report to Congress February 25, 1971; this report also w written by Kissinger. Countless oth reports, briefings, and computer prin outs sent to Congress through 197 1971, 1972, and early 1973 reiterat it. The story came out in summe 1973, not because Kissinger or anyo else in the administration revealed but because an unknown radar opertor who had been ordered to burn to original records finally described t operation to Senator Proxmire. But f him, there is no reason to suppose the Kissinger or any other administration official would have told any of t truth. Kissinger still tries not to do s

A welcome cou

RINCE SIHANOUK was over thrown by his prime minista. Lon Nol, while he was enrou from Moscow to Peking, March 18, 1970. Subsequently to North Vietnamese began to move for their into Cambodia; the South Vinamese began to attack across the beder. On April 30, the United States.

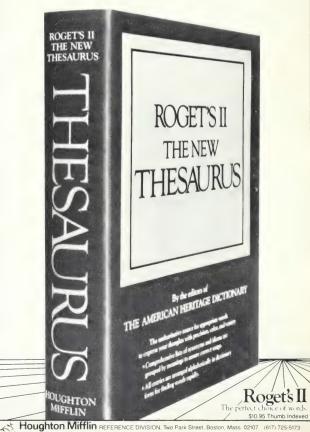
d South Vietnamese invaded in ce. From then until today, Cambohas been engulfed in war and ath. Whether or not the United ites was directly involved in the ip-and I never personally found dence that it was-the record shows it it was welcomed by many in shington. The Menu campaign had zun-as far as the military was conned-as an attempt to destroy the mmunist headquarters, COSVN; it I failed to do so, and the military s now pressing more forcefully for und attacks across the border. The ip offered an unprecedented oppority. Kissinger states:

The record leaves no doubt that the North Vietnamese, also caught by surprise by the March coup. bear the heaviest responsibility for events in Cambodia. Their illegal and arrogant occupation of Cambodian territory tore apart the fragile neutrality of Sihanouk's neutralist country.

at the North Vietnamese bear heavy ponsibility for the fate of Cambohas never been in question. What till debatable is just who was setting pace of events in spring 1970. The ord is by no means as clear as Kisger claims. Indeed, his own contribun confuses more than it enlightens. ssinger asserts that within days of coup the situation was out of conl. Sihanouk, he says, was "unreache" in Peking (this point we have eady dealt with) and had committed nself to his former enemies, the Vietnese Communists and the Khmer uge. In fact the Chinese and the rth Vietnamese both greeted the ip ambiguously: they did not emice Sihanouk at once.

There is no doubt that the fighting eastern Cambodia spread during urch and April. Nor is there any ubt that the North Vietnamese moved stward. What is questionable is their tive. Did they move freely, bent on iquest, as Kissinger alleges, or were y pushed? Kissinger goes to conerable lengths to conceal that since bruary-before the coup-the South etnamese had been authorized by ashington to launch limited ground acks on the sanctuaries, in an atnpt to push the Communists farther ay from the border (and deeper o Cambodia) than Menu had alidy done. On page 488 there is some Roget's II The new thesaurus that stands alone.

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serious rewriting to hide these operations. Originally Kissinger had acknowledged: "Since February the South Vietnamese had undertaken occasional shallow crossborder operations." On galleys he changed this to: "Since February the South Vietnamese had considered . . ." such operations. A different matter.

The extent to which these attacks began to drive the Vietnamese farther into Cambodia even before Sihanouk's overthrow is not known. But when Lon Nol seized power, the Communists tried to reach an accommodation with him. On March 20 the CIA reported that the Chinese ambassador to Phnom Penh had already indicated to Lon Nol that Sihanouk's overthrow would be acceptable so long as the sanctuaries could remain.

Perhaps most significant of all, a considered CIA National Intelligence Estimate, produced at the end of June 1970, noted: "Although Sihanouk was erratic, his policies allowed the Communists to operate under reasonably acceptable conditions as far as the war in South Vietnam was concerned. That the Communists were somewhat loath to give up this status quo is evidenced in their early, but unfruitful, efforts to attempt to strike some sort of deal with the new regime in Phnom Penh." Kissinger mentions none of these nor any other Communist efforts at accommodation in his book. It is his purpose to show that from the moment of the coup the North Vietnamese were intent on capturing Cambodia, Attempts at compromise do not fit into that design.

Why did Lon Nol first start and then abruptly break off negotiations with the Communists—from whose trade he had personally profited in the past? There seem to be two reasons. First, Lon Nol was given promises of American support if he ended the sanctuary system. And second, the North Vietnamese were all the time being pushed into the country, anyway—by South Vietnamese attacks.

Kissinger mentions that on April 3 the Communists attacked government positions in Svay Rieng province. He does not mention that on April 4 Abrams asked to send Special Forces teams into the country, nor that on April 5 two South Vietnamese battalions thrust ten miles deep into Cambodia. He says that on April 10 Cambodian troops were forced to evacuate

positions in the Parrot's Beak. He does not acknowledge another South Vietnamese operation begun on the same day. Nor that joint South Vietnamese-Cambodian military planning also began then. Kissinger produces long lists of specific Communist attacks to show Hanoi's aggressive intent. What is interesting is that many of these incidents have never been mentioned before neither in Nixon's announcement of the invasion, nor anywhere else. This is not to say that they did not happen. But it does suggest that they were not considered significant until now. What Kissinger has done is to dredge the files for the slightest incident that he could exaggerate to support his current assertion that the Communists were intent in April 1970 on capturing all of Cambodia and would have done so but for the U.S. invasion. This exaggeration of events went on right until the book went to press. On page 472, for example, he had written that "on April 13 and 14 several Cambodian outposts in Takeo province south of Phnom Penh and near the South Vietnamese border were captured." This apparently did not sound serious enough; on rewriting, the outposts became "military positions," and the fact that they were near the border is deleted altogether.

Throughout, Kissinger has added last-minute assertions that the Communists were determined to overcome all Cambodia in April 1970. Thus on page 485 he has changed "April saw a wave of Communist attacks to ensure the free use of Cambodia for military purposes against South Vietnam and us" to "April saw a wave of Communist attacks to overthrow the existing governmental structure in Cambodia.' These are two totally different things. The rewritten claims of imminent North Vietnamese hegemony over Cambodia are vital to Kissinger's case that the United States had no alternative to the actions it took there. But there is no evidence whatsoever to support them. His own analysts on the NSC-John Court, Larry Lynn, and Robert Sansone-were ordered in summer 1970 to try to prove that case on the basis of captured documents, radio intercepts, and all other evidence. They were unable to do so.

The most detailed and authoritative survey of the U.S. case was published by the embassy in Saigon in January 1971. This was a long paper in embassy's series, "Vietnam-Do ments and Research Notes": it was titled, "The Viet Cong's March-A 1970 Plans for Expanding Control Cambodia." This, too, made no n tion whatsoever of any plan by Ha to take over the government of Phri Penh. Nor did a similar, less sophi cated paper published by the Minis of Information in Phnom Penh in 19 entitled, "Documents of Viet Cong North Vietnamese Aggression Aga Cambodia." Had any such evidence isted, it is certain that both of the documents would have included it.

To be fair to Kissinger, he does produce any evidence himself. He me ly asserts. These assertions have basis in reality. What the Vietnam Communists were trying to do March-April 1970-after their atte to work out a compromise with Nol had failed-was to try to conlarge enough areas of eastern Camdia to guarantee the security of th sanctuaries and supply routes. In long term, certainly, they planned build up an indigenous Commu army to battle Lon Nol. And in long term, certainly they wanted C bodia to be a part of an Indoch federation dominated by Hanoi. that is not relevant to decisions ml in 1970; then their principal cond was Vietnam, and any attempt to "e quer" and control Cambodia wo have been a wasteful diversion of sources.

Outflanking oppone

ISSINGER IS equally dising uous in his description the atmosphere and mark in which the invasion planned in Washington, particul in the White House. He disregate completely the fact that Nixon at b beginning of 1970 was anxiously sale ing a way to demonstrate America "credibility" and that Cambodia vided an opportunity. In his memoirs Nixon says in the Camboom invasion section: "As 1970 began I felt that we had to think about tiatives we could undertake to sim the enemy that we were still seraabout our commitment in Vietnas Sihanouk's overthrow provided the portunity for just such an "initiatial ssinger tries to downplay the chaotemotional way in which the decision invade was reached. He is not very cessful because so much is already the public record about Nixon's dished drunken state at the time. He o has difficulty in dismissing the arge that the secretaries of state and fense were cut out of the planning the invasion because they were opsed to it. Here he has had the reite gremlins extra busy at work.

On page 597 Kissinger describes ents on April 24. A decision to send South Vietnamese into the sancries had already been made; disssion over the use of American ops was continuing. Originally he d written: "All planning so far had en conducted without the participan of the secretaries of state and fense, who in fact devoted much of ir energy to cutting back on even South Vietnamese operation into · Parrot's Beak." In his revised vern this admission has gone; instead writes only: "Since the NSC meettwo days earlier the Secretaries of ite and Defense had not been heard m.

In his attempt to show that no prior isideration had been given to an insion, Kissinger has made perhaps most fraudulent change of all on galleys. On page 487 of the book re is a short paragraph that begins, here had been no consideration of acking the sanctuaries before April The final decision was taken on ril 28." This paragraph was added the last minute; it bears reading ce.

At the same time Kissinger deleted m the galleys a memorandum that wrote for Nixon's April 26 meeting th Laird, Rogers, Helms, and Wheel-This memo, which would have apared on page 499, reads:

The purpose of today's meeting should be to consider the ramificaameric tions of authorizing the combined US-ARVN operation into Base Area 352-353. . . . Conceptually this operation would constitute a second punch when combined with the already approved ARVN operation into the Parrot's Beak scheduled for the early morning hours of April 28 Saigon time. The Tetnal combined US-ARVN into Base Area 352-353 operation has been aid under preparation by MACV for

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several weeks but up until now Secretary Laird has not been aware of the likelihood of its being approved and opposition can be anticipated from him as well as from the Secretary of State. The Joint Staff and MACV, however, have been proceeding with the view towards early implementation of the plan in the event you decided in favor of it.

This is an extraordinary document, and one can see why Kissinger had to delete it. Not only does it flatly refute his last-minute claim that no invasion had been considered before April 21 and that it was only decided on April 28. it also demonstrates more clearly than anything else that the White House was making vast military plans without the knowledge of the secretary of defense. It is in effect a contradiction to the assertion that Kissinger added at the last moment on page 502 that "the decision was not made behind the backs of his senior advisers, as has been alleged-though later on others were. Nixon overruled his Cabinet members; he did not keep them in the dark."

O MUCH for the causes and the planning of the invasion; what of the effects? Kissinger acknowledges that its successes were restricted by the domestic uproar (which Laird, unlike Kissinger, had predicted) that forced Nixon to limit the adventure to two months and eighteen miles. But he claims that "the main goals" were achieved. The invasion "made our withdrawal from Vietnam easier; it saved lives; even after the sanctuaries were partly reoccupied by the Communists they had been deprived of stockpiles for a sustained offensive" (p. 507). These claims are without foundation. To begin with the last, the Communists quickly rebuilt their stockpiles in the sanctuaries. In 1972, they launched huge attacks from them on Kontum in the central highlands and on An Loc in southwest Vietnam. The tactical advantage gained by the United States and South Vietnam was short-lived.

At home the political setback that the invasion represented was incalculable. It reawakened the antiwar movement in the streets and campuses, leading to Kent State; it encouraged Congress to take a much more aggressive attitude toward Vietnamization.

What of casualties? Kissinger says, understandably, that "for Americans, of course, the key criterion was our casualties. . . ." He claims that after the invasion

the number of men killed in action dropped to below one hundred a week for the first time in four years. They continued to drop every month thereafter. For each month beginning with June, 1970. the casualty figure averaged less than half of that of the corresponding month of the previous year. By May, 1971, a year later, it had fallen to thirty-five a week; in May, 1972, ten a week. To be sure the withdrawal of American forces was a reason; but we had several hundred thousand Americans in Vietnam through 1971. and had Hanoi possessed the capability it could have inflicted substantially higher casualties than it did. That it did not do so was importantly due to the breathing space provided by the Cambodian operation (p. 508).

In fact this is, for Kissinger, rather a modest claim. And well it might be. For the invasion had little effect on U.S. casualties, beyond raising them for the period it lasted. Casualties dropped afterwards, but for other reasons.*

No one would argue that Nixon and Kissinger did not have a primary responsibility to protect their own

* Casualties were cyclical. Every year they were highest during the annual campaigning season, January-May, and fell through the summer and fall. June 1970, was no different.

Every year from 1968 onward, this overall pattern was repeated with lower

peaks every year.

Over 50 percent of all American casualties occurred in the north of South Vietnam, near the DMZ, far from Cambodia and largely unaffected therefore by the bombing or invasion of the sanctuaries.

Over 76 percent of American deaths were incurred in combat, specifically in the U.S. maneuver battalions engaged in offensive action. U.S. deaths fell in direct relation to the withdrawal of maneuver battalions; from 1969—long before the invasion—these battalions were withdrawn faster than any other U.S. troops in Vietnam. By 1972, U.S. deaths were certainly way down—to only 300—because by then almost all Americans were safely ensconced in rear areas, protected by South Vietnamese troops.

troops. But what responsibility show they accept for the lives of their alli In discussing casualties Kissinger de not mention those of the Cambodia or Vietnamese. In 1971 for instant U.S. deaths were certainly down. South Vietnamese deaths were the sale and Cambodian deaths had grown er mously. Overall, the number of you men dying in Indochina was alm identical to the year before. And o 1972-74, 98,000 South Vietnamese diers were killed. Obviously Kissin could not be expected to weight Sou east Asian deaths as heavily as An ican ones. But some consideration them was due. He seems to give no

All the world a sta

N A SECTION entitled "The Bala Sheet," Kissinger attempts to sh that U.S. action actually sa Cambodia for five whole ye from the horrors of the Khmer Rou

Without our incursion the Communists would have taken over Cambodia years earlier. That the rule of these fanatical idealogies would have been more benign under those conditions is not very likely; when tyrants are so remote from their people, so committed to frightful experiments of social transformation, so doctrinaire, no normal criteria apply.

This is skillful but contemptible elisi By using the phrase "the Communis Kissinger disregards the distinction tween the Khmer Rouge and the V namese. He ignores that the indigenc-Khmer Rouge could not have tak power in 1970; they were only about 4,000 strong and had no political bal By 1975 they had waxed on the w seizing nationalism and numbered so 70,000 soldiers, capable (barely, and by using terror) of taking over country. It may be that "no norral criteria" can be applied to the Khm Rouge leaders. But Kissinger will face the fact that in 1970 they connot have had power; in 1975 they was it after a five-year war that had stroved Cambodian society.

Kissinger ignores also his own pricipal argument—that in April 19' it was Hanoi's quest for hegemony the forced the U.S. invasion. If so, Harwould never have allowed leaders from

Cambodian Communist maquis to e control in 1970. Had they sought I won control of Cambodia at that ie, they would have installed their n leadership, as they did after they aded in 1979; they had Cambodian mmunists in Hanoi groomed since 44 for just such an eventuality. (By 79 the Khmer Rouge had killed all se "Hanoi-Khmer": Defectors from Khmer Rouge had to be installed.) in a section (p. 517) added at the minute Kissinger asserts:

The bizarre argument has been made, with glaring lack of substantiation, that the cruelty of the Khmer Rouge in history was the product of five years of American and Cambodian efforts to resist them. No one can accept this as an adequate explanation except apologists for the murderous Khmer Rouge rule, Sihanouk does not believe this; they were men the had kicked out of Cambodia in vel 1967 because they were a menace to his country. He told me in April, 1979 that the Khmer Rouge leaders were "always killers from the beginning."

e argument is not as bizarre as Kisger misrepresents it. Whether or not Khmer Rouge were always killers and the evidence is that they bene much more brutal as the war prossed-the point is that it was only er the five-year war that they were into the position of being able to I so many so indiscriminately. The e-vear war did not resist them; it ated the conditions, the only condins, in which they could grow. Just the Bolsheviks could come to powin Russia only after the destrucn wrought by World War I, so the imer Rouge were brought to control mbodia only by the 1970-75 war.

ND THAT's almost all there is of Cambodia in Kissinger's book, apart from two pages of ritualistic regret, added at the t minute (pp. 518-520). White pass Years covers 1969-1973, but are is no mention at all of Cambodia tween pages 528 and 1,414, between ne 1970 and a hastily rewritten parraph on November 1972. The most structive period of all, after the 1970 vasion when fighting and bombing read across the country, is evidently

of no interest to Kissinger. He does not mention that he and Nixon sent Alexander Haig to Phnom Penh to decide how to run this new war in summer 1970. Nor does he discuss National Security Study Memorandum 99, in which tactics for the defense of Cambodia against the Communists were discussed in Washington in the fall of 1970. He ignores that it was he, against the advice of Laird and Rogers, who insisted that the United States implement the most ambitious and impractical of the proposals for the militarization of Cambodia. There is no reference here to National Security Decision Memorandum 89, "Cambodian Strategy," in which he gave this instruction.

Kissinger does not reveal his reasons for increasing the size of the U.S. military team in Phnom Penh again in summer 1971. He does not say anything about the terrible battle of Chenla 11 in November 1971 when Lon Nol's pathetic, bloated, overextended new army was decisively routed by the Vietnamese. He never mentions the problems of leadership and corruption that the military expansion imposed by the United States caused in Cambodia. He avoids that State and CIA officials in the U.S. embassy became more and more despairing as the war progressed, that they constantly warned Washington of Lon Nol's incompetence and corruption, and that these warnings were ignored.

The flood of peasants off the land, fleeing the bombing and the fighting and then the growing cruelty of the growing Khmer Rouge is not relevant to Kissinger. He has no interest in the collapse of Cambodian society through 1970, 1971, and 1972. None of these things, none of these terrible steps toward the calvary of the Cambodian people is mentioned once by Kissinger.

the international military tribunal defined as a war crime "wanton destruction of cities. towns or villages, or devastation not justified by military necessity." In the case of Cambodia, there are many groups against whom a prima facie charge could be made on those grounds, including Vietnamese and Khmer Rouge leaders. But Kissinger is also among them. This book shows that he has no defense. White House Years

proves forcefully and more conclusively than any of his critics could ever do that for Kissinger Cambodia was indeed a sideshow, its people expendable in the great game of large nations.

Iran and Cambodia are only two in a list of Kissinger failures that is far longer than that of his successes. His most obvious successes were SALT I and the attempt to deal rationally with the U.S.S.R. and the acceptance of the initiative from Peking-albeit in conditions of secrecy that were not only unnecessary but were themselves destructive-if only for the people of Bangladesh, Cyprus, Southern Africa, Chile, Argentina, even the Middle East -where his achievement is commonly thought considerable-all suffered from either his neglect at crucial times (because he was busy elsewhere and refused to allow others to deal with important issues) or his hard geo-political views. People all over the world are still suffering the consequences of Kissinger's policies. So is the United States.

Kissinger still has an adoring coterie of journalists, but at the end of last year, an ABC Harris poll showed that a majority of Americans believe that Kissinger lied about Cambodia and should not be secretary of state again. More and more of the promises he made have turned out to be unfounded. Nothing in his book or in his recent statements shows that he has learned from his failures. Returned to office, he would produce another Cambodia, another Chile.

Kissinger's obsession with signaling American resolve was such that to some Pentagon officials he was known as "the signalman." One does not have to question the assumption that the U.S.S.R. is an aggressive power, hostile to the West, to see that Kissinger's notion is both terrifying and very stupid. It is the Madman Theory of War applied to peace, or at least to "peaceful coexistence." It conjures up the picture of Kissinger attempting to manipulate or coerce country after country, crisis after crisis, into some carefully devised pattern of world order that has paid no real attention to local conditions or even the local outcome. but which is designed rather to impress a few old men in the Kremlin. All the world was a stage for Kissinger, but the audience was very small.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 1980

FALLACI RECORDS

Unanswered questions

by Jeffrey Burl

A Man, by Oriana Fallaci; translated by William Weaver. 463 pages. Simon and Schuster, \$14.95.

Oh, come now, there's no need to be Herodotus; for better or worse you'll contribute a little stone to help compose the mosaic; you'll provide information to help make people think. And if you make a mistake, never mind.

-from the introduction to Interview with History

RIANA FALLACI has done rather well for herself by asking famous people questions. In the beginning of her career she interviewed entertainment celebrities, like Dean Martin and Michael Caine. Then she hit her stride with political figures, like Henry Kissinger, Yasir Arafat, and Willy Brandt. Rolling Stone is credited with a blurb on the paperback cover of Interview with History (1976), her collection of fourteen political tête-à-têtes: "the greatest political interviewer of modern times." I suppose one might consider Socrates a great interviewer of ancient times. Question-and-answer journalism as a self-sufficient genre, however, is a fairly recent phenomenon and one that has certified as celebrities Fallaci in print and Barbara Walters, among others, on television. In fact, to Fallaci the spotlight seems about equally split between her and her subject. If that sounds excessive consider Fallaci versus Zulfikar Ali Phutto, Interviewing him in April 1972, she extracted such insults of Indira Gandhi that a peace agreement between India and Pakistan nearly went unsigned. She relates the dénouement in an introduction of the

interview as it appeared in *Interview* with History:

Bhutto lost his head and, not knowing where on earth to turn, turned to me. . . . Wherever I went I was pursued by an important Pakistani who begged me to disavow the interview, then reminded me that the lives of six hundred million people were in my hands. Vainly I replied that my hands were too small to contain six hundred million human beings, vainly I shouted that their demand was absurd and insulting. The nightmare ended only when Indira magnanimously decided to act as though Bhutto's error had never happened. And the two of them met to sign the peace accord.

Immodesty unbecoming to a journalist? But then, "what other profession allows you to write history at the very moment it happens and also to be its direct witness?" she asks in the introduction to Interview with History. And her professional attitude is reinforced by personal reflection. In an article entitled "Why I Never Married" (Ms., December 1974), she writes: "Though celebrated, at times, and respected, the men I knew weren't very worthy, and the day always came when I proved to have more balls than they."

Ironically, Fallaci may have so eclipsed her past subjects that her future interviewing is questionable. Besides, there are only so many world leaders, and she has covered most of the ones worth covering. Perhaps that explains why she has turned to fiction in a recent book and in her new one—a kind of fiction that begs the genre itself but that is most agreeable to her talents as a journalist.

Jeffrey Burke writes the "In Print" column in monthly alternation with Frances Taliaferro.

WOMAN WHO had suffer three miscarriages, Falls brought to the writing of L ter to a Child Never Bo (1975) the physical and emotior wherewithal for a poignant novel abo a woman who suffers one. Unfortuna ly she chose to emphasize the woman struggle against the stigma of bei an unwed mother (as Fallaci was). choice that mires the novel in a fe inist tract of various, but mainly stri ent, pitches. All the while, the woman talking to the unborn child, advising about women and men and life a death, addressing it in the second pol son: "One day you and I will have have a little talk about this busine called love. I still don't understal what it's all about," The second-pers technique can be tender and honest the context, and it can be absurd u less you make allowance for the wo an talking to herself.

It can also remind you that you ha heard that you somewhere before Fallaci's writing. Sure enough, it's t you implied or stated in every inte viewer's direct question: "Let's ta about war, Dr. Kissinger. You're n a pacifist, are you?" Through miles recording tape, that you has been F laci's creative peg, her link to histoand its representatives, her bread at butter, and her stylistic constant. A though Letter to a Child Never Bo might have been far more powerful a straight essay on the politics of pre nancy, I can see why Fallaci wou feel more comfortable with a tried as true device.

(With the sanction of a little dir store psychology, I would also spec late that Fallaci, in confronting o prestigious *you* after another, sens a cumulative growth in the I, the eg t was the one constant in every in-

Certainly she felt comfortable enough exploit the device again, this time ying off an actual interview. A Man novel about Alexandros Panagouthe leader of the Greek Resistance the Sixties and Seventies, whom laci interviewed two days after he released from prison in September 3. Their conversation, including the pages of introduction, makes the last forty-four pages of Intervo with History.

n that brief space, Panagoulis is ealed as a true hero, an extraordiv individual. He had tried in 1967 assassinate Papadopoulos, had ed, and was captured. In the interw he describes the subsequent oths of torture, during which he frequently subjected to the phaze, which involves beating the soles the feet with a metal bar until the n shoots to the victim's brain and passes out, only to be revived with ed walking or more blows; he was g by his wrists from the ceiling il his arms and shoulders were parzed and his breathing cut off; while torturer pointed a gun at his head, ther tore his chest open with a ged letter-opener; a wire was ined in his urethra and heated with igarette lighter; a nearly severed er was stitched without anesthetic; -Panagoulis's worst fear-he was en threatened with near suffocation. revealed nothing, never broke. The urers finally gave up, and evenlly they imprisoned him in a spely designed isolation cell that reibled a tomb and permitted him e paces of movement in the one ce in the cell where he could stand straight.

That is a summary sketch of the rors, neglecting all the psychologitorture and deprivation. Throughhe constantly rebelled, incurring re beatings, or went on hunger kes to gain small privileges. The horities did not want him to die, ause he had become an internationhero whose martyrdom would have n at least embarrassing, if not danous. He was pardoned in 1973 for itical reasons.

'allaci's function in the interview is, the most part, to listen, awestruck, il the you and I change places durthe last question and Panagoulis asks, "And for you, what is a man?" to which she replies: "I'd say that a man is what you are, Alekos."

HAT PANAGOULIS was the only man with whom she could make that exchange on equal terms is acknowledged in A Man, which recounts the torture and imprisonment as a lead-in to their becoming lovers a week after the interview took place. They lived together for long stretches, broken by Fallaci's going out on assignment. Panagoulis was often harassed, under constant surveillance, yet still was working to organize the Resistance. When that method failed to draw support, he entered politics, determined to find the documents that would provide a political anatomy of the military junta and its civilian successor. He succeeded, but allegedly was murdered before enjoying any sort of triumph.

Panagoulis had entrusted copies of the documents to Fallaci and had made her promise to tell his story. A Man is the promise fulfilled. It is a true story. Why then has she insisted on calling it a novel? I put that question to her editor at Simon and Schuster and was told that because Fallaci had recreated scenes between Panagoulis and his jailers that she could not possibly have known accurately, the journalist in her felt the book had to be called a novel. I still had my doubts. Was it just the jail sentences, and if so, why not italicize the re-created sections and call the whole thing a "narrative and documentary" or something less cumbersome but equally qualified?

I asked an Italian friend of mine named Gennaro Chierchia, who was in Italy when the book came out there, what sort of reception it got. Of course, it was a best-seller. And there was some political furor because Fallaci had reproduced or described the most important documents, some of which indicated collusion between Italy and Greece. In addition, Fallaci had not made Panagoulis's family very happy. She had characterized their son and hero as a melancholic, obsessive man given to bouts of drunkenness and lechery; and she had denied the official explanation, which they were willing to accept, that his death had been an

Curiouser and curiouser. Panagoulis

was not always a pleasant man to live with, by Fallaci's account. He even caused one of her miscarriages. But in her way she seems to have loved him, even if it was during their time together that she made the statement in Ms. about her anatomical superiority to the men she knew. Is it possible that she could not bear the idea that Panagoulis had more balls than she, and so she reduced him in fiction to preserve her high self-esteem?

I don't think so, but alas I will never know, A Man, however much matter of record it contains, calls itself a novel, and even to that claim it is a dismal pretender. Fallaci is a journalist who handles facts well, possesses a sense of history, and analyzes the contemporary scene-granting her radical point of view-perceptively. She also owns a few too many bottles of purple ink, delights in repetition to little effect, lurches suddenly and frequently into polemic, and displays a heavy hand with such basic tools as metaphor, motif, and foreshadowing. Needless to say, her use of the second person is bludgeoning at this length.

I reminisced recently with a friend of mine, Roger Fox, on the several days we spent in Athens in the spring of 1972. We were blithe, truant college students traveling through Europe on as few dollars a day as our health and seeing the sights would allow. Panagoulis was in prison, Fallaci was talking to Bhutto. We knew vaguely, naively of the political tension in Greece, a suspicion confirmed when we were hushed to silence on busy street corners for asking about the government or how people liked Papadopoulos. We stopped asking after Easter eve. On that night, hundreds of soldiers with machine guns lined a broad avenue, facing the mutely expectant crowd. A procession of government limousines drove from the palace to a nearby church and back. The name Papadopoulos passed in whispers along the avenue as people strained to see which car bore the leader on his ceremonial visitation. Roger and I offered our shoulders to a couple of children so that they wouldn't miss the Easter parade.

Now I would like to offer those children copies of *A Man*, with the inscription: "She made mistakes, but never mind."

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 1980

CORE CURRICULUM

Barber colleges go back to the basics

by Joseph Epst

UIETLY, AND unbeknownst to the majority of Americans, the debate over the return to a core curriculum in barber colleges is shaping up as one of the reigning issues in education in the 1980s. Where once the education of barbers was along classical lines, chiefly under the influence of nineteenth-century German models, with a serious concentration of courses in sideburns, pompadours, and back-of-the-neck trimming, today's barber college curriculum provides a smorgasbord of offerings that a barber trained twenty or thirty years ago scarcely could have imagined. The conservative view in the profession is that things have gotten well out of hand, "Sad though it is to have to admit," said Henry Levitas, dean of Zolnar Barber College, in a recent interview in Chicago, "there are young men leaving barber colleges today who have never had to create a straight part, or even ever had to cut the hair from around a man's ear.'

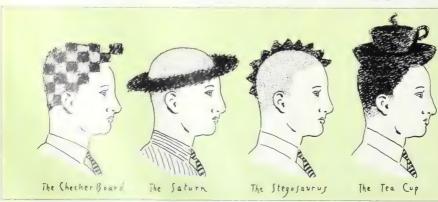
Dean Levitas, whose report on a return to a core curriculum at Zolnar Barber College is expected to send waves of controversy through tonsorial circles when it officially appears early next month, is on the side of those who favor a return to fundamentals in barbering. A short man, known for his outspokenness, with a gray crew cut, dapper in a monogrammed baby-blue barbering smock, Levitas was awarded a Croix des Cheveux from the French government for giving DAs to the troops of the Free French Army during World War II. He is perhaps best known as the inventor of the hairstyle known as the "Detroit," with its flat top and long, generally greasy sides. As a former radical in the profession, he is not unaware of the irony of his current position as a conservative in the debate over the fate of barber education in the last fifth of the twentieth century. "Changing hairstyles is all very well," he says, "but control of the scissors, the comb, and the razor remains at the heart of barbering-and

Joseph Epstein is the editor of the American Scholar. He is the author of Ambition, to be published by E. P. Dutton in January,

always will. Without a solid ground in these tools a barber is a mere la boy of the head, an exterior decora of the skull. Nothing more."

Dean Levitas's critique of contem rary barber education is in part to nological. "Although none of us ka it at the time," he remarks, "when e tric clippers came in, the game was its way to being up. Barbers may well have tossed away their strops. electric clippers, as is now plain, w only an entering wedge. Blow-dry and hot-combs followed. Electric powered chairs replaced the old m ually operated ones. Hot-lather pensers were greeted with open ar Goths were ranged round the city wa and everywhere barber college pro sors rushed to open the gates."

More frequently than he finds it c fortable to recall, Dean Levitas been accused of racism and sexism cause of his openly avowed opposit to black studies and women's stuin barber education. "I feel I have b much misunderstood here," he says have nothing against a barber learr



give an Afro. Nor am I, in principle, posed to the cutting of women's hair male barber shops. What I do feel that neither of these subjects ought he taught in a serious barber cole. Look, we have these kids for only vears, and I can see no point in ching them, say, how to give a corn wat the expense of their missing out a solid course in chairside converion, or scalp history, or follicular ysics. It is a question of priorities." A practicing barber as well as an edntor of barbers, Levitas believes that ch of the current atmosphere of disatiousness among barber college adnistrators has to do with his profesn's inability to distinguish between ious innovation and whimsical eximent, "While I am for a return to damentals," he says, "I am not opsed to innovation." Here he recounts w he was called in by the Demotic National Committee in 1972 to the hair of Sen. George McGovern. I on that occasion established what since become known as the "Mcvern Part," in which, on balding n, the hair is parted just over the , with hair from the parted side of head combed over in the other dition, thus giving the impression of ir having rather more hair than v actually do have. "I consider the ention of the McGovern Part as and innovation-innovation bored and informed by tradition. But is a long way from the McGovern rt, in my view, to hair weaves and fitting of toupées in barber shops. arell ien I was a young man, barbering says an honored profession. A barber uld have been affronted to be known a rug salesman."

N EDUCATOR with a vivid sense of history-the dean is the author of Hirsutical Heresies, a collection of essays, and leburns at Waterloo-Levitas sees radical changes that have come out in barber education as a reflecn of larger political and cultural ces. He dates the breakup of the tonsorial consensus to the early 60s. "There was Ben Bella in Algeria, d of course Castro and Che Guevara Cuba," he points out. "Even Ho Chi nh had that scraggly little goatee. t's face it, there were some pretty kempt characters on the stage of

history. Before long accountants were sporting Fu Manchus, dentists sideburns longer than Pancho Villa's. Blow-dryers became standard equipment in major-league locker rooms. Pro-football players wore hairnets. University teachers appeared in a state of unruliness next to which an ill-groomed schlepper like Karl Marx seemed a virtual Fred Astaire."

It was during the late 1960s that barber education underwent its most radical changes. One of the courses that the dean bemoans having seen dropped from the curriculum is shop reading materials. "Visiting barber shops nowadays," he says, "I am sometimes saddened to see the magazines that the new breed of barbers leave around for their customers to read while awaiting a free chair. Gentleman's Quarterly is standard fare. Playboy, Penthouse, Oui are not uncommon in the newer shops. In the old days such pornography as we had aroundthough I, for one, would not call it that -was restricted to a Vargas girl on a calendar. The professors with whom I studied were very clear on the subject of reading. For a family shop the Police Gazette, Ring, Argosy, Field & Stream, with possibly an occasional four-month-old copy of Time, were considered appropriate."

Once it is released, the Levitas Report is certain to stir vigorous debate. The dean's strictures against the dry look, against razor cuts, layering, and feathering, and against men's permanents are already famous within the profession, and these strictures are expected to reappear in the report. More controversial still is his anticipated call for barbers to regain the art of shaving, especially in this, the era of the middle-class beard and Zapata moustache. Hair sprays are said to come in for heavy attack, and the new core curriculum is supposed to call for every student to be required to take a yearlong course in the use of pomades, hair creams, tonics, and other of what critics have contemptuously referred to as "greasy kid stuffs." Dean Levitas refuses to talk directly about his forthcoming report. Will he be surprised if the Levitas Report causes a great flap among barber educators and practicing barbers alike? "Once the report is finally released," the dean acknowledges. "things could get pretty hairy."

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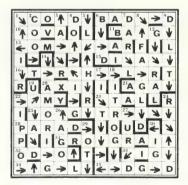
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Solution to the October Puzzle

Notes for "New Directions"

Across: 1. seconds, two meanings; 6. Bad Seed, anagram; 10. No-V-a(cts); 11. bangs, two meanings; 13. women-swear; 15. di(seas)es; 16. stern-wheeler; 20. (vl) axis; 21. agas, reversal; 22. e(nem)y, reversal; 23. setal, anagram; 25. song-stresses; 28. par(TM) ade; 31. grosgrain, homonym; 32. od (reversal)-eon; 33. Swigs; 34. Eng.-els; 35. wedged, two meanings. Down: 1. newsier, anagram; 2. co(1) on; 3. wanner, hidden; 4. down-Swing; 5. elsewhere, anagram; 6. ehend; 7. darn-el; 8. newfangled, anagram; 9. deltet, hidden in reverse; 12. (a) ge(d)-n-eral(anagram); 14. enam (reversal)-O-ring; 17. nine-teens, anagram; 18. nitrogen, neg-or-tin reversed; 19. unwe(ane)d; 22. nip-P.O-n; 24. renewed, homonyn; 26. wagon, won around reversal of Ga.; 27. nu(R) sed, anagram; 29. note, two meanings; 31. sign, two meanings.

PUZZLE

SERMON ON THE MOUNT

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Twelve entries in the diagram are unclued. Five Across entries are related to five Down entries; that relationship is 3 Down, so you should use your 13 Down. Three of the unclued entries are more than one word long. Clued answers include one proper name and an uncommon word (24A).

As always, repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution. The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 103.

CLU	FS
CLU	LO

ACROSS

8. One and all of us wonder . . . (3)

- ... about religious system which pursues love-it's mysterious (6)
- 10. Official impression from the decade: soldiers retreating (6)

11. Reorganize a Bell Company making records (5)

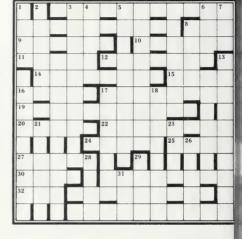
12. Pirate trademark with concealed one-thousand-dollar bill (7)

14. It's slung carelessly in a scuffle (8)

- 15. Kind of wrestling that takes the whole ring (4)
- 16. Clergyman doesn't finish the other side of this page (5) 17. Paul's disfigured, confined by mark on the skin of the
- shoulder (8) 19. Any word we invent-"minicameras" could be it! (11)
- 20. Diva's offkey, assuming piano's flat (5) 22. He shows up edentate, embarrassingly (8)
- Mock escape to the river (5)
- Admits responsibility for drifting snow (4)
- 27. Dress salon's advances (5)
- 30. He's a remarkable person, Costello-you can say that
- 32. The curator hoards French money (3)

DOWN

- 1. Being outspoken, to work not at all is a fallacy (4)
- 2. Look around outskirts of the station (6)



- 3. See Instructions
- 4. Papal statements bishop released—Latin heading puts one to sleep (5)
- 5. Got free excellent tax credit reforms (10) 6. Was liable for recitation of poem (4)
- 7. Entrap after making deductions (3)
- 8. The Roman moon rises around the North-make nothing of it! (5)
- 13. See Instructions
- 17. Kind of triangle that makes musical run with semi tone (7) 18. Part of J. P. Morgan's bridge support (the bridge being
- French) (8) 21. Guarantee could create awful havoc around the school
- 23. Errol returns for Carol (4)
- 26. VIP's not a nice person if wife leaves (5)
- 28. Song of Solomon, in part? (4)
- 29. Mineral boom (4)
- 31. Fire Manxmen-but only the odd characters (3)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Sermon on the Mount, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by November 13. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscrip

tion to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the December issue. Winners' names will be printed in the January issue. Win ners of the September puzzle, Inner Circles, are V. T. Boatwright Stonington, Connecticut; Margaux McMillan, Orinda, California and John Wiles, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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Dr. Fritz Naumann. Manager, Completed Vehicle Testing for the Audi 5000

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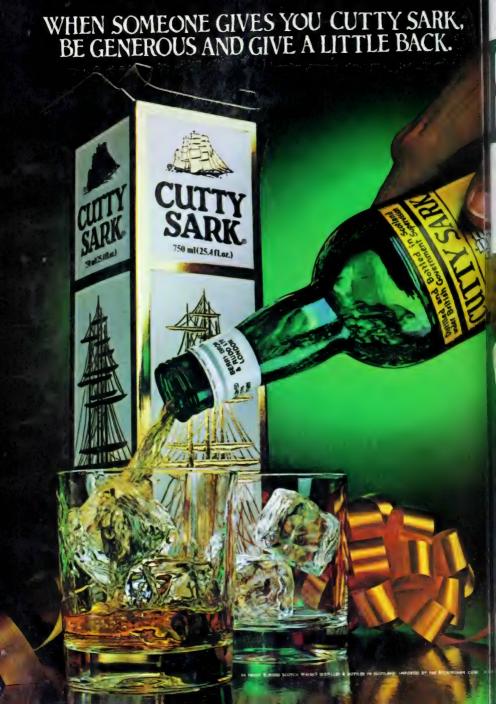


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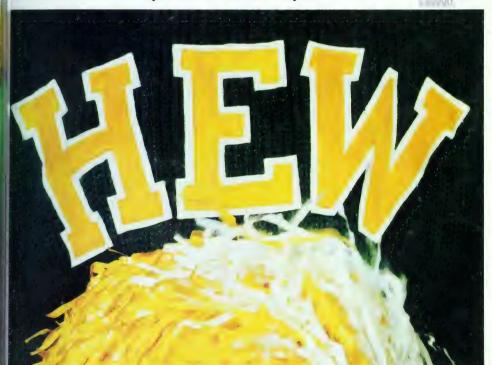
Cures That Kill

by David Hellerstein December 1980

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STATE VS. ACADEME

How the government nationalized American universities by Daniel Patrick Moynihan



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A new light under the deep blue sea.

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FRANCE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

- David Hellerstein 20 CURES THAT KILL
 Experimental treatments are often worse than the diseases they are supposed to cure,
 - Walter Laqueur 25 WHEELBARROW CURRENCY
 During any period of great inflation—Germany in 1923 or Israel today—money loses its meaning. But this need not spell the end of democratic institutions.
 - Daniel Patrick 31 STATE vs. ACADEME

 Moynihan

 In exchange for federal aid, universities and colleges have surrendered their independence to the government. Questions of academic freedom and purpose are either decided in the courts or in Washington.
 - Peter Marin 41 COMING TO TERMS WITH VIETNAM

 The moral quandaries of Vietnam persist, despite the books and films on the war intended to absolve us. We are all complicitous, but the war's veterans have been shouldering our guilt for a decade.
 - Fred Reed 42 A VETERAN WRITES Remembering war.
 - Noriko Sawada 58 PAPA TAKES A BRIDE A short story.
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LETTERS

Tales of Hoffman

I just read Barbara Grizzuti Harrison's ¾ karate chop on me ["Toy Soldiers," September]. For one who cites me for playing with the truth (a charge she never attempts to prove), I'd like to list some of the many factual errors in her review.

I don't have four children, only three: Andy. Amy. and america. To write that I hardly mention them is to deny the two chapters devoted to them and the photographs of them in the book. Harrison might have mentioned they own the copyright. I defy Ms. Reviewer to find where I said Paul Krassner was "chromosomally damaged" or that he "abraded" me. Daley's police did not break my nose as was written. It happened in Washington, three years after Chicago, 1968, and is amply described. More sloppy checking. I never said, "Gandhi was a sissy." What idiocy! I happen to regard him as one of the great world leaders.

Where in the book do I write about leaving a trail of knocked-up girls behind me? I thought I wrote openly and honestly about sex. The reviewer says I wrote the women's liberation movement was harder for men than women. My exact words were: "Nobody becomes liberated on a fundamental issue like sex overnight. Neither men nor women." She conveniently omits that this discussion centers around my vasectomy operation and the reasons for it: namely, that contraception has placed an unfair burden on women.

Harrison writes that I regarded Judge Julius Hoffman in the Chicago Eight (everyone eliminates the black defendant) trial as my Jewish father, and goes on to postulate all sorts of amateur psychology. I wrote, however, that he ran the court as my grandfather ran his candy store. And,

in another place, that "he regarded r as his wayward grandchild." I this she, like much of the popular press, g caught up in what are called "med antics." In fact lately I have been co tinually reading about what a geni I am at manipulating the press. I gue many people, Ms. Reviewer in partiular, consider this a great complimer but I consider it an insult.

I have been a community organiz for nearly twenty years. It's conv nient for this reviewer to omit entire the five years I spent on the civi rights movement-on community ce ters in my hometown ghetto, freedo schools in Mississippi, voter registr tion in Georgia, the Poor Peoples' C operatives through the rural South. It all there in the book, but she cor veniently dodges what Harper's read ers would find sympathetic and head for the crap the tabloids would devou I tried to tell the whole story because I think there was a continuum coi necting voter registration drives, sca tering money on the stock exchangridiculing HUAC out of existence, an organizing against the war.

Her belittling of my fugitive life a "bad underground" I think at the point in time is seen by anyone a being off the wall. But she probable goes along with the idiotic notion left a life as a "respected citizen" i the Thousand Islands to return to fac a life sentence in Attica just to "hype the book. Again, no account of th three years of organizing in the sma river town until our Save the Rive committee defeated the Army Corps c Engineers, U.S. Steel, the Seaway De velopment Corp., and other bureaucrat who wanted to destroy the beautiful St. Lawrence River, Bad underground Governor Carey and Senator Movni han paid me compliments. I was ar pointed to a presidential commission This organizing was not substantivel different from what came before.

And finally one has to appreciate he egg on her face where she wrote row I'm speaking to a lonely crowd and there would be only "a single fan o welcome him home." I literally have rouble walking the streets without being mobbed by well-wishers. There are acks of mail for me. Several newspapers have called for the charges to be dismissed. No one in the Thousand slands region, where I live, has cast he first stone.

I apologize for not having more ime. I must be in court in three hours. have a difficult court battle ahead. Anyone who would like to help can vrite me at the A.H. Defense Fund, /o Elaine Markson Literary Agency, 4 Greenwich Ave., New York, N.Y. 0011. I need letters of support from ellow writers and others.

Abbie Hoffman New York

GARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON REPLIES:
On the basis of his letter, I am willing to concede that Mr. Hoffman is not a genius at manipulating the press.

If Mr. Hoffman receives a life senence at Attica, I promise to visit him very week; perhaps Senator Moynihan

will consent to accompany me.

I enclose \$1 for the Abbie Hoffman Defense Fund. Of course Mr. Hoffman's agent will keep this sum—a token and a measure of my esteem—separate from the monies accruing to him from the sale of his book and from its splendidly timed sale to the movies. It occurs to me to tell Mr. Hoffman what to do with his money—but I'm sure his friend Jerry Rubin has suggestions more to his liking.

P.S. I am sorry that the galleys I read did not include photographs of Mr. Hoffman's children. I should like very much to have seen them, in particular little america, so sweetly named. . . . I confess that I am somewhat concerned about Andy, Amy, and america. Do they know how to read? Their busy father seems, if his letter is to be believed (perhaps it is yet another leg-pull, what do I know?), to have allowed this skill to atrophy.

The measure of muskets

The ability of liberals in Congress to help shape American defense policy, particularly when it comes to aspects

of conventional warfare, is seriously weakened by their remarkable ignorance of military technology. George McGovern's "Unprofitable War" [October | seems no exception. While it is perfectly obvious that the new XM1 tank costs well over five times that of the World War II M4 Sherman, no tank officer in his right mind would suggest that we purchase five, or even ten, Shermans instead of a single XM1, due to the enormous difference in firepower, armor, and mobility between these very different designs. The measure of a weapon is not whether it is simple and cheap-or surely we would still use the muskets that admirably served the Continental Army-but whether it is effective in combat. Mc-Govern's criticism of the XMI's unreliable performance ignores the fact that it is still under development and that the Sherman and most other modern weapons had nettlesome teething pains during engineering trials.

Whether you field a small, sophisticated, and qualitatively superior army composed of expensive tanks and troops (as does the United States), or a larger, mediocre army with modestly priced tanks and troops (as does the



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U.S.S.R.) the American or Soviet taxpayer winds up with a similar (and
large) bill. Where great technical sophistication is needed, such as in fighter and ground attack aircraft, the Soviets haven't shown the least reluctance
to emulate the American style and
adopt modest numbers of highly sophisticated and costly designs like their
MiG-23 and MiG-27. I would hope
that Senator McGovern is not so politically naive as to accept the Pentagon's exaggerated assessment of Soviet conventional arms at face value.

STEVEN ZALOGA

New York City

Senator McGovern is too simplistic about war, possibly because the last war in South Dakota was against the Sioux. We really licked them at Wounded Knee, Obviously, war consumes much treasure and many lives. The lives are irreplaceable, but there is no guarantee that the "peace dividend" would not have been wasted. On the other hand, war may have created the atmosphere for significant technological progress. Certainly, one who fought through World War II must say that our weapons at the end of the war were far superior to those with which we began the war. As illustrations, we had the development of analog computers for antiaircraft work. the beginning of digital computers, and radar.

It is also important to recognize the value of serving in the armed services under discipline. War brutalizes, but war creates an ability to handle advanced machinery—something that can be passed to the civilian economy. In fact, our armed services have been our chief source for skilled mechanics.

The senator is convinced that the "peace dividend" would have transformed our cities. We have spent far more than the dividend, and they are not transformed.

ROY E. LEMOINE North Indialantic, Fla.

Senator McGovern's thesis that military production is a serious drain on our country's economy and a principal cause of its inflation is correct. To compare our defense spending with that of our allies, however, particularly Japan, is unfair. Sure, the Japanese are able to concentrate their energies

on the production of cars and television sets and to keep their steel mills up to date—we handle their defense for them. Certainly, the Germans are able to compete effectively in the world market—we cover them with our nuclear umbrella.

Senator McGovern failed to mention that not only does the United States pay for its own defense, it also pays handsomely for the defense of most of the free world. It is easy to win in the trade wars when you don't have to provide for the military ones.

PETER M. LESCHAK Side Lake Minn

GEORGE McGovern replies:

Mr. LeMoine argues that war provides the occasion for technological breakthroughs and also provides training in the skills that can be applied subsequently in the civilian economy. I would not contest either proposition, but I wonder if he considers this a "cost-effective" route to the desired objectives. I am all for spending what we must on the military, but I remain convinced not only that the military drains off human skills and material resources, but also that the most efficient route to an objective is the direct route-military training and research for military objectives, and civil training and research for civilian objectives.

If I failed to mention specifically that the United States provides free defense for its allies, the point is nonetheless implicit in my article. One of the thrusts of my article is the desirability of redressing the imbalance in military effort, with the expectation that this would help put the United States back in the running in civilian technology and trade.

Morality from 9 to 5

I was truly appalled to read Walter Bern's article, "Terms of Endearment" [October]. I can't imagine that anyone could honestly try to build an argument against fighting "sexual harassment" around the shoddy concept that romance might not occur if sex is not allowed to be apparent in the workplace. That beats all!

Most people would agree that any obvious sexual overtones appearing in a place of business can only be of a sleazy, gossipy, unlovely nature. Ay couple whose acquaintance stemms from work and grew into somether more meaningful would undoubted try to separate their business lives at their personal lives as much as pouble if for no other reason than to preserve the sanctity and beauty of the private time together. The kind of vegar, aggressive behavior that the Equation (EEOC) would attempt to eracate is far more an act of aggressive than an effort to be endearing.

As for Mr. Berns's fear that the feline between flirtation and sexual hassment may be indiscernible—most us can distinguish between the treven if differentiation should prodifficult, the possibility of being a certain of motives for behavior hardly a defense to hide behind order to refuse to try to eliminate justice and intimidation.

Anne Steph John Steph Kew Gardens, N.

I take exception to Walter Bern ideas about one's responsibility f the behavior of other people, specically that "women are ultimately sponsible for . . . the moral tone of a place where men and women are sembled." I was recently employed a coal mine in order to put my hu band through graduate school. A though I wore baggy overalls, won boots, safety glasses and a hard h over my hair, was dirty all the time, an could not by any stretch of the imas nation have been considered attra tive, I was subjected to sexual inn endo and all manner of crudity from my so-called union brothers. This co tinued from the first day I starte working there until I left (due to a injury) almost a year later. By a word or action of mine (I never swe or flirt) did I ever encourage this b havior; rather, I was generally co sidered to be somewhat standoffis It seemed to be the prevailing opinic among my co-workers that any woma who wanted to work in a mine wi "there only for one reason." It a parently never occurred to them the that reason may have been the san one that brought them there, name the highest pay to be had at an u skilled job in an economically de pressed area.

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I do not think in those circumstances that there was anything I could have done to change the way that they thought and behaved. I never felt that it was my responsibility to do so in any case. How someone acts in a given situation is between himself and his own conscience. In my own situation, if my fellows saw fit to try to make me miserable, there was nothing I could do about it but take it.

JANE A. THOMAS

From the title to the final paragraph of "Terms of Endearment" I found myself deeply offended by the tongue-in-cheek attitude of author Walter Berns.

Charleston, W. Va.

That stale, centuries-old, overused excuse—"the power women have over men"—is the biggest cop-out in the world. The attitude put forth by Mr. Berns's article completely negates any form of self-responsibility or self-discipline for men. This same attitude is reflected constantly by men who justify brutal behavior when they condone such actions by saying, "She must have done something to drive him to it," referring to the victim of a wife-beater, or "She must have done something to entice him," responding to a victim of rape.

Contrary to Berns's opinion, when a working woman is faced with the reality that the only way she will be allowed to remain in her job, or to obtain a promotion, is to permit some man to invade her body at will, then a woman is brought face to face with power-power men have used and misused for eons; and whenever they have been confronted with that misuse, they immediately fall back on, "the woman tempted me." I have often wondered if the men who fall back on time-worn clichés understand exactly how much these statements reveal; how much whining self-justification shows a total lack of responsibility for one's own conduct. Actually, such rationalization is more in keeping with a very

Together with letters pertaining to articles published in the magazine, *Harper's* invites brief commentaries on topics in the news. Address all such correspondence to "Letters Editor."

little boy's excuse to his mother— "they, he, or she made me do it."

Bern's summation states that basically anything that happens to a woman is her own fault, that the reactions of males are brought about solely by the woman's looks, her manner of walking, moving, dressing, or talking, thereby absolving the entire male population of any blame for its own actions. Rather a pathetic little picture of the male of the species, don't you think?

PEC CASH

Lafayette, Colo.

WALTER BERNS REPLIES:

Like my angry correspondents, I am opposed to sexual harassment and in favor of treating it as an offense under the law. Unlike them, however, I do not think it is properly the business of the federal government in general or of the EEOC in particular. That (and not whether wife-beaters should be prosecuted) was the subject of my article. The spirit motivating the EEOC is that of some feminists who look upon sexual harassment as "less an issue of right and wrong than an issue of power." The implications of this, as I made clear on the last page of the article (which, for some reason, the editors saw fit not to print), are alarming. The EEOC promises to balance the power of men with the power of women, and what we are likely to end with is a balance of terror.

To Ms. Cash: I am not so foolish as to think that "anything that happens to a woman is her own fault."

To Anne and John Stephan: I think I can discern the line between flirtation and sexual harassment; my fear, as I said, is that the EEOC cannot, or will not, discern it.

To Mrs. Thomas: I wonder if you did not do your fellow miners a disservice by assuming they could not be made to feel ashamed of themselves, or yourself a disservice by assuming they could not be stopped by a resounding slap on the kisser.

More Solzhenitsvn

We have no knowledge of or concern with Winthrop Knowlton's differences with George Feifer [Letters, October]. However, for accuracy and for the record, we should like to point out that Harper & Row is one of Alexandr Solzhenitsyn's American publist ers. Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published the following books by Solzhe nitsyn:

AUGUST 1914
CANCER WARD
LENIN IN ZURICH

NOBEL LECTURE ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN

THE LOVE-GIRL AND THE INNOCENT

DENISOVICH PRUSSIAN NIGHTS

STORIES AND PROSE POEMS WARNING TO THE WEST and

SOLZHENITSYN: A PICTORIAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

All of these books are in print. We hope and expect to publish other books by Mr. Solzhenitsyn in the future.

Roger W. Straus Robert Giroux New York City

The urban network

I applaud the letter from Mssrs Costikyan and Lehman [October] about cities of the world cooperating on solving their problems. I have been working on this approach for the last fifteen years, but it is hard going.

The letter mentions "a group in Washington" that "publishes a newsletter." I think the Council for International Urban Liaison deserves a good deal more credit than this indirect mention. They do a fine job, and anybody interested in the Council should write for their excellent publication, *Urban Innovation Abroad*, at 818 18th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

WILLIAM C. ROGERS Director and Professor World Affairs Center Minneapolis, Minn.

ERRATUM

The Medill News Service was mistakenly cited as "the local lobby office of Northwestern University, Inc." in Michael Macdonald Mooney's article, "The Ministry of Culture" [August]. The service, located in the National Endowment for the Humanities building, in Washington, D.C., is a branch of Northwestern's journalism program.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1980

Some say the answer oil exploration.
Some say the answer conservation.
For once, everybody right.

It is exploration. It is conservation. It alternate energy sources. And it's more.

alternate energy sources. And it's more We've also got to realize that our eco-

omic growth doesn't have be linked with excessive nergy use. And with waste. Without question, we

nust find more oil.

and we must learn to use the oil we have efficiently. So where do we start?

Scientists say there are billions of barrels of oil still undiscovered in the Jnited States. We have the technology of find it.

Exploration and development will

cost billions. But the money is available.

Even so, the most forceful domestic program won't be enough to meet the coming demand.

Nobody uses as much oil as America. Oil provides half of our energy needs. And half of that goes into transportation.

Smaller cars help. So do mileage standards. And we're getting there. But we still have a long way to go.

Right now, there's no economical

substitute for oil as a transportation fuel. So we will continue to use it. But coal, nuclear and solar are just as good for other energy needs. And they are much more plentiful.

Energy is the issue of our time. The action we take now will decide our future.
At least Atlantic Richfield thinks so.

There are no easy answers.



ESKIMO ECONOMICS

Variations on a conservative theme

by Lewis H. Lapham

o HEAR the media explain it, the country has become conservative. For the last two or three years the guardians of the American conscience have been worrying about the numbers of people espousing conservative economic theory and conservative religion. By now the nation supposedly swarms with conservatives of various descriptions—new, old, armed, evangelical—all of them organizing themselves around the virtues believed to be allied with the family, the pulpit, and the flag.

Perhaps this is so, but I wish I knew what most people mean by the word conservative. I can appreciate the secondary connotations of the word (as a synonym for disillusioned or as a euphemism for the prejudice against change), but its political meaning remains unclear, and the tracts published by the American Enterprise Institute only make it more elusive. More often than not the word seems to represent a set of passions rather than a system of ideas. People who declare themselves conservative frequently behave as if they were radicals, and when they attempt to align their doctrine with their self-interest or their emotion (usually rage), the conversation deteriorates into babble not unlike the speaking in tongues.

Lately I have begun to make notes of the most common points of confusion.

Few people bother to distinguish be-

tween "conservative" and "right-wing," and this leads to the belief (widely held among the managers of the conservatives advocate a violent overthrow of the established platitudes and authorities. But most conservatives only wish that the government would leave them alone, that it would reduce the burden of taxes and stop making a mess of the currency and the school system. Otherwise they don't care very much what the government does.

Conservatives with more excitable views tend to be rich enough to afford the luxury of going to briefings at the Defense Department. They like to talk about sending the fleet to the Persian Gulf and showing the Russians that there are still a few people in the United States who define individual liberty in terms of tank brigades instead of tennis courts. But even these conservatives have as little sympathy for the ideologies of the Right as for the utopias of the Left. None of them recommends the cancellation of Social-Security payments, nor do they argue in favor of an authoritarian state.

The discrepancy between what people say and do arises from the American talent for reducing political argument to religious dispute. The discussion usually takes place in the realm of absolutes, with as little reference as possible to the experience of any of the participants. People who ad-

vance the principles of liberalism presumably conceive of individual liberty as the highest possible good, and yet, when given the chance to cast their principles in a political form, they invariably assign dictatorial powers to

Self-professed conservatives say that they wish to protect the value of established well-being and tradition, but then, almost in the same breath, they go on to say that they also wish to conserve the spirit of free enterprise and the individualistic nature of a society that allows every man the opportunity to improve and transform himself. The two sentiments stand implacably opposed to each other, By encouraging individual initiative and ambition, the conservative allies himself with the compounds most corrosive to any established order.

Most businessmen have a romantic image of themselves as protectors of the status quo, and very few of them understand that the capitalist spirit is a revolutionary one. On the terrace of a country club they talk complacently about the marketing of a new concept or a new technology, little dreaming that the innovation might develop in ways they cannot foresee and that they might as easily have brought forth a goliath that will reduce them to penury. In 1939 the owners of the Saturday Evening Post had a chance to buy Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

BS. They listened with polite condecension to the explanation of the posibilities implicit in television, but they were in the communications business, and they didn't know why somebody would want to bother them with toys.

Except for the pessimism implicit in he enterprise, what is conservative about the reckless piling up of a nuclear arsenal already numbering as nany as ten thousand warheads? If t requires only two hundred of these missiles to poison the earth, why is it conservative to go on producing them in profligate abundance? The more warheads in the international invenory, the more likely the chance of war; the more extensive the development of such weapons, the more likely that the continuing research will make hem available (at bargain prices) to Muammer el-Qaddafi and Pol Pot.

The more dynamic the society and the more rapidly things change, the more difficult it becomes to reward the traditional forms of sacrifice. What does the conservative wish to conserve. and for whom? It runs against the grain of American conservatism to insist on the preservation of landed estates or social rank, and so even the most timid conservative hears himself arguing (against his own acquisitive instincts and over the passionate objections of his wife) in favor of a capitalism that Joseph Schumpeter once described as the process of "creative annihilation."

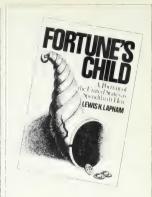
The paradox sometimes confuses even the most learned and doctrinaire conservatives. Only last week the question came up at a seminar in which a number of prominent apologists for the neoconservative persuasion (historians as well as Republican Cabinet ministers in exile) had gathered to complain about the acids of modernism. Everybody had a great deal to say about the gangsterism in the gold and commodity markets and about the way in which the carnivorous Washington bureaucracy gorged itself on the flesh of the taxpayer. The formal proceedings came to an end in a familiar chorus of recrimination, and the participants adjourned to a handsome library in which the books had been furnished at federal expense.

To one of the most eminent scholars present, a man in a three-piece suit accustomed to advising the presidents of corporations. I remarked on a stock offering that I had seen earlier the same day. The prospectus advertised stock at \$4 a share in a company licensed to provide public hospitals with a cure for heart disease. The promoter wasn't very specific about how this was to be done, but it had something to do with a machine and a course of medicine. The scheme had been backed by several well-known heart specialists. and even if the program didn't make good on its promises, which it probably wouldn't, at least it would make the suckers feel better. For providing the machine and a course of treatment the new company would divide all fees with the hospitals. Because the money would be paid under arrangement with Medicaid or Medicare, the government would pay the cost of the fraud. The promoter figured that within a year the price of the stock would rise to \$100 a share

I mentioned the proposition to my neoconservative friend as an example of the kind of thing against which he had been railing, and I thought he might be able to make use of it in a speech to a group of concerned citizens. Instead of inspiring me with his eloquent indignation, my friend asked for the name of the promoter. He advised me to buy as much of the stock as I could get hold of. When I pointed out that the investment was hardly a conservative one, that it struck at the heart of the capitalist ethic, he said that in these debased times (brought about, of course, by Democrats and the wellknown "failure of nerve"), a man had no choice but to become a speculator. If he was to protect his wife and children, then he must needs take advantage of any opening vouchsafed to him by Providence.

"Satan is in the marketplace," he said, "and we must learn to play by Satan's rules." He went on to explain that once the economic system had been restored to its proper balance and perfection, he would gladly put his money in a savings account and avoid the company of swindlers.

In ordinary usage the word conservative implies an association with the ideas of thrift, industry, prudence, moderation, and restraint. All admirable qualities, and all of them of doubtful value in the current speculative



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—Max Lerner, New York Post

"A marvelously maverick mind at work. Lapham is a Montaigne for our times." —Tom Wolfe

To readers who have followed Lewis Lapham's writing in this space over the past few years, Harper's takes pleasure in offering an autographed copy of Fortune's Child. Most of the articles and essays printed in this collection have been revised and improved as a result of suggestions from the readers of this magazine.

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Where do you go from up? In the case of the 1981 Volkswage Rabbit Diesel, we went under the hoo We made the engine larger, an added enough extra horsepower to ze you from 0 to 50 in 11.4 brief seconds. And that was just for starters. On the outside, we gave the Rabbit Diesel a hard some new grille.

MILE GE CAR IN ANL RICA. More visible directional signals in fro And more visible taillights in back. Inside, there's a whole new interior.

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Altogether, we made close to 1,00 changes, refinements and improv



ments in the Rabbit Diesel for 1981. ut for all of those, the most impressive thing but it is the one thing we didn't change. Indithat's its fuel economy. The Rabbit Diesel still gets better mileage than every er car in the country. The four-speed Rabbit Diesel gets even better

77.7 fact, the four-speed Rabbit Diesel gets even better ≥age than it did last year.

or the four-speed, EPA estimated 42 mpg, 56 mpg high-y estimate. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparison to er cars. Mpg varies with speed, trip length and weather.

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you're thinking about a diesel, you really should look at one.

here isn't another diesel on the road that comes close to it. jut then, we started with a big advantage when we built the 11 Rabbit Diesel.

Ve started with the 1980.



chaos of the political, intellectual, and financial market. The forces at work in American society over the last twenty years tend to make a mockery of the conservative virtues. The society applauds passion and immediacy. Woe to the miserable wretch who would deny pleasure to the sovereign self or who would interrupt the music with a few sober words about measure and degree. It is in almost nobody's interest to save money or to work toward an achievement that cannot be explained between commercials on the Johnny Carson show.

If inflation consumes the value of money at the rate of 15 percent a year. a man must double his income in every fourth year in order to retain the wealth he possessed in the first year. Under such circumstances, who but a noble fool would invest in savings accounts or government bonds? If the habits of thrift threaten a man with bankruptcy, how can he transmit even a remnant of his estate to his children (or to himself ten years hence) unless he borrows heavily and hopes for a continuing destruction of the currencv? Who then is more conservativethe man who speculates or the man who saves?

Despite the earnest alarms to the contrary, the country as a whole appears to have decided the question in favor of speculation. The national investment in the most common forms of gambling (casinos, lotteries, numbers, racetracks, etc.) now amounts to \$150 billion a year, and the once industrious middle class trades feverishly in real estate, gold, stamps, furniture, paintings, and whatever else offers at least a temporary refuge against the storm of inflation. The nation's farmers, once said to embody the stalwart agrarian virtues, play the futures markets in wheat and corn.

It is probably fair to say that most people, most of the time and in most aspects of their lives, behave in a conservative manner. Nobody likes to change his habits of thought, and it usually takes a generation for people to modify their definitions of art and morality. When they say that they wish to conserve things as they are, they usually mean that they wish to conserve things as they seem.

Given the instinctive conservatism of human nature, most people become exceedingly nervous when forced to accept the gambler's risk. They suspect (correctly) that they might be pursuing a policy bound to destroy their own wealth, and their apprehension makes them easy marks for the professionals.

During this year's presidential campaign all the candidates presented themselves as conservative, in the sense that they stood willing to forgo (and would ask the country to forgo) an immediate or expedient result for the sake of a result projected forward in time across a horizon of years and decades. On this premise they rested their claim to "statesmanship," and they appended to their certificates of leadership their visions of the future and their lists of the sacrifices necessary to restore the nation's productivity as well as its moral and military supremacy.

But the candidates had to conduct their campaigns on television, which is a medium that dissolves all reference to time past and time future in the acid of the immediate present. Either the politician tells the audience what it wants to hear or he loses his ratings in the next day's polls. The candidates thus could do nothing else except speculate in the market of opinions, changing their positions on the issues in order to accommodate the specifications of the moment, selling or bidding up the price of an idea in response to the demand of the crowd.

The conservative ethos presumes an attitude of moderation and magnanimity (i.e., a willingness to restrain one's primitive appetites in the interest of civilization), but what corporation can afford to conduct its affairs on so admirable a premise? The value assigned to the quarterly statements of profit and loss obliges the corporation to measure its success on time horizons as ephemeral as those of the publishing or dress business. The shareholders expect a steadily rising value (reflected both in the dividend and the price of the stock), and so the corporations must maximize their profits from day to day and week to week. Which among them can afford to curb its greed?

Similarly, within the hierarchy of the corporation, the individuals who would further their own ambitions learn to depreciate the values of patience and loyalty. They maximize their salaries and their benefits be shifting their allegiance every two of three years, trading their services to the next employer in the manner of mercenary captains or actors playing short-term engagements.

To the extent that the forces opera tive in the American markets hav transformed a generation of would-b conservatives into a band of predators the economic system of the United States has come to resemble the eco nomic system of the primitive Eskimo On the evidence of a thousand years of careful observation (surely testimony to a conservative habit of mind) th Eskimo have learned to save nothing If an Eskimo hunter discovers twenty seven caribou wandering across th tundra, he kills the entire herd. His colleagues follow the same practice with regard to seals, polar bears, and whales, always on the assumption tha they might never see so many animals

Never having had occasion to un derstand the principle of cultivation the Eskimo have acquired an attitude toward consumption that bears comparison to that of the federal govern ment. The government's taxing policies apparently follow from the assumption that never again will it find so many taxpayers foolish enough to assess their incomes honestly.

The Eskimo kept themselves in economic balance by observing the ruth-less budget procedures imposed by nature. Their old people were set adrift in canoes, their deformed or surplus children left to die in the snow. The hypocrisies of American politics forbid so straightforward a statement of economic policy, but the state accomplishes the same purpose by pensioning off its older citizens on fixed incomes and by spending no more than a pittance on the health and education of its children.

The Eskimo at least had the sense to realize that their society was a profligate one and that without the means or the incentive to create new wealth they had no choice but to feed for as long as possible on the bodies of found whales. It is a tribute to the economist's art that in the United States the same policies appear in the newspaper under the name conservative.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1980

Unshackle the Yankee Trader

When products built in the U.S. are sold abroad, good things happen economically here at home. Most important of all, jobs are sustained and created. Every \$1 billion in exports represents an estimated 40,000 jobs in America.

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Overseas sales of U.S. goods generate tax revenue for our government. Each \$1 billion in exports means \$400 million in federal tax revenue.

Exports soften the impact of inflation. They help shore up the dollar. They provide the wherewithal, in the form of foreign exchange credits, to pay for the things we buy from abroad. That's especially critical in the light of America's dependence on foreign producers for much of our oil.

When the U.S. performs poorly in world trade, the effects cut right across our entire economy. Jobs are lost. Inflation is fueled. Living standards decline.

America has become laggard as an international trader. For 1977, 1978, and 1979, our international trade accounts were in the red by more than \$75 billion. That's the total by which U.S. imports exceeded exports. Just as worrisome, our *share* of world trade is declining.

A sound way to offset the costs of oil imports is to raise exports of manufactured goods. Yet, in the manufactured goods sector of exports, the U.S. is losing ground to competitors. This country exports less than 20% of its manufactured goods. That compares with about

40% for Japan, 45% for France, 55% for West Germany, and 70% for Great Britain.

During the decade of the '70s, U.S. manufactured exports rose threefold, while West Germany's increased over four times and Japan's climbed better than five times. Look at the three countries' trade surpluses in manufactured goods in 1979: U.S. — \$4.5 billion; West Germany — \$59 billion; Japan — \$72 billion.

To promote exports, other industrialized nations spend up to six times what the U.S. does as a percentage of the national budget. Abroad, government and industry often pull together with well-meshed export policies and programs to achieve national economic goals. All too often the U.S. government, in contrast, places impediments in the paths of its exporting companies.

Perhaps that's about to change. The pro-trade climate seems to be brightening. In Washington and elsewhere, there's growing awareness that exports are a vital underpinning to a strong national economy. Increased attention is being trained on the need to stimulate exports through such measures as replacing export disincentives with incentives, slashing away the restrictive red tape that fetters exporters, and strengthening the Export-Import Bank in its job of helping to arrange financing for foreign buyers of American-made products.

Let's now convert this rising export consciousness to action. Let's cut loose the Yankee Trader in world markets.



Managing Chemical Wastes

What the chemical industry is doing to improve waste-disposal methods

America's chemical companies have already invested hundreds of millions dollars in safer, better ways to handle solid wastes, which are a serious nation problem. Time has shown that certain of our country's disposal methods have ralways been reliable. We'll be spending over \$2 billion more on waste-disposacilities in the next two years. Here's how we're advancing the "state of the art."

1. Eliminating wasteful processes

The chemical industry is working hard to make its plants and production processes more efficient. This helps us reduce the residuals that become waste products. In many cases, we're redesigning manufacturing processes to reduce wastes. In other cases, we're adding online treatment systems to neutralize, reduce the volume, or change the nature of waste byproducts. The chemical industry is also using recovery techniques that let us recycle wastes into the production process. One chemical company, for example, is using a solvent-regeneration process to salvage phenol, which can be used to manufacture plastics, pharmaceuticals and other useful products.

2. Building secure landfills

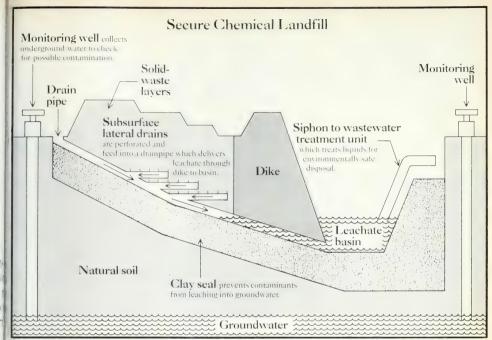
Rain on an open landfill seeps through wastes and may carry contaminants deep into the ground. This could pose a threat to underground water supplies. Industry recognized this problem and developed the secure landfill concept. Industry experience shows that secure landfills are a safe and effective way to handle many wastes.

A secure landfill is constructed with a barrier that keeps wastes from seeping out into the groundwater. The barrier also keeps groundwater from migrating through the landfill. Other features of a secure landfill may include

facilities for recycling liquid or a wastewater treatment u that will clean up liquids a safe disposal. Landfills properly designed, operatand monitored—are one the best ways to dispose certain kinds of solid wastes

3. Continuing industry commitmen

The chemical industry whard at work finding ways manage solid wastes long before the nation recognized the need for better waste-disposed methods. In fact, we alread had much of the require waste-disposal technological and remedial strategies in operation—or being develope—when Congress passed the Resource Conservation at Recovery Act of 1976. This a set forth strict waste-disposal



Depending on the nature of solid waste, America's chemical industry selects disposal techniques, such as incineration, by-product recovery, stabilization or secure landfill design to protect the environment.

guidelines and standards for all municipalities and industry.

4. Sharing knowledge and new technology

As America's chemical industry develops new wastedisposal equipment and methodology, we share our knowledge with industry, the U.S. Government and the public. For example, in 1979, the chemical industry began conducting a series of regional seminars that presented current techniques for solidwaste disposal. Individual chemical companies have de-

veloped their own ways to share knowledge. Some, for example, use videotapes and visual aids to train personnel in ways to handle and cut down on solid wastes.

5. Encouraging solid-waste exchanges

Sometimes one chemical company's wastes can become another company's raw material. Fluoride wastes from a phosphoric acid plant, for example, can be used by a company producing aluminum. So the chemical industry has encouraged the development

of waste-exchange organizations, which develop and distribute lists of available wastes.

What you've read here is just an overview. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to protect the environment, write: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Department FH-12, P.O. Box 363, Beltsville, Maryland 20705.



America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

CURES THAT KILL

Medicine's deadly experiments

by David Hellerstein

NE DAY a twenty-eight-year-old woman notices some bumps on her neck. She has always been healthy, and it worries her that the bumps do not shrink over the following weeks but get larger and harder, And, frighteningly, she begins to wake at night, swept with chills and fever. She goes to her private doctor, who sends her for biopsy. The bumps, it is discovered, are invaded by the tumor of Hodgkin's disease. At a university hospital, which has a research group specializing in the treatment of Hodgkin's disease and other lymphomas, she undergoes an extensive workup in order to "stage" her disease. The researchers ask her to become part of an experimental protocol whose purpose is to evaluate two forms of therapy, one standard, the other experimental. She agrees.

And so she is entered in a randomized clinical trial (RCT) in which patients are selected at random for one of two therapies: half receive radia-

tion therapy alone, the other half get both radiation and chemotherapy. Our patient is in the second group. After several thousand "rads" and six monthly courses of a combination of drugs known acronymically as MOPP, her Hodgkin's disease is declared to be "in remission." Three years later she develops acute myelogenous leukemia (AML) as a result of her experimental treatment. And, in fact, when the leukemia kills her four months later. the autopsy reveals no sign of Hodgkin's disease.

HIS IS no hypothetical case, but that of a patient I treated recently while on the oncology service of a large university hospital. She died not from her original disease but from the treatment she was given, an experimental treatment. No malpractice was involvedthe study in which she was a subject was well-designed and scientific. She was merely unfortunate. The original disease she had. Hodgkin's, a type of lymphoma or tumor of lymph nodes. is an uncommon but not rare disease. Until the past decade it was almost universally fatal. In recent years, therapy of Hodgkin's disease has had dramatic successes, and patients with various forms of the disease may have over 90 percent survival five years after diagnosis. It is one of the first cancers to have vielded to radiotherapy, and oncologists speak optimistically of treatment yielding total freedom from the disease, not just the "five-year remissions" usually called "cure."

Yet recently there have been disconcerting reports of AML, a type of leukemia, occurring as a result of treatment for Hodgkin's disease and other cancers. It is almost always fatal. As Susan Sontag writes in her recent book Illness as Metaphor: "The treatment meant to cure kills." By far the greatest incidence of therapy-linked AML occurs when patients have been given both chemotherapy and radiotherapy. The woman described was in a study to evaluate this combination therapy, and she was in the group given both modes of treatment. When she came to be my patient it was too late: she was dving.

It is unnerving for the doctor to create a disease worse than that he is treating: the Hippocratic oath and any number of unconscious desires enjoin him from doing the patient harm. It is frightening for the patient, particularly one involved in an experimental protocol for a new, unevaluated treatment, or a patient who is undergoing difficult or painful treat-

David Hellerstein, M.D., is a medical intern

in New York City. This essay was written during a fellowship at the Hastings Center. ment to prevent the occurrence of some potential complication. But more important, it raises questions as to the balance of power between doctors and patients in the making of decisions about therapy, the goals of sophisticated medical treatments, and the social context of experimentation.

ARRISON'S Principles of Internal Medicine, the plump, maroon-bound text that not - me through my first clinical vears in medical school, spends all of three paragraphs discussing jatrogenic disease. It defines iatrogenesis reasonably well: "When the deleterious effects of the physician's action exceed the advantages that could have been anticipated, one is justified in designating these undesirable effects as iatrogenic." The author does not imply that the physician must be negligent or incompetent to create iatrogenic disease. In fact, most iatrogenic disease today comes from good, or at least well-intentioned, treatment, One might wish for a more extensive discussion of iatrogenesis as an aspect of contemporary medicine, particularly given the prominence of iatrogenic diseases; yet Harrison's three paragraphs are typical of medicine as a whole. Generally one looks in vain for books, articles, and conferences on iatrogenesis in clinical medicine. Physician-writers are narrow thinkers, preferring to look at one disease at a time rather than at trends; toward the future, not the past; at things, not ideas. Only Ivan Illich, in Medical Nemesis, has tried to formulate an explanation for the wide range of jatrogenic diseases seen today: his analysis, in terms of the "medicalization" of life, spans clinical, social, and cultural iatrogenesis-and goes further in a condemnation of scientific medicine than I think justifiable.

In preparing to write this article, I made a list of iatrogenic illnesses I saw in a little over one year of work at a university and a county hospital. Yet soon after beginning this list I gave up, overwhelmed by sheer numbers. There were innumerable patients with anemia, heart failure, kidney failure, bizarre infections, liver damage, blindness, bleeding from various bodily sites, lung scarring, and so on as a result of treatment with "big gun" anti-



Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352 biotics or anticancer drugs. Many others developed complications from barium enemas, thoracentesis, cardiac catheterization. And on some services, notably hematology and oncology, the majority of my time was spent treating iatrogenic dis

HE FEW medical studies that have been done on the subject of iatrogenic disease suffer from the same flaw: they rely on self-reporting by physicians. In a British study of general practitioners, one out of forty clinic visits was found to occur as a result of iatrogenic complaints. In an American study, 20 percent of all patients admitted to the hospital suffered one or more iatrogenic "episodes," including drug reactions, negative reactions to diagnostic and therapeutic procedures, and ward accidents (11 percent of mistakes were "medication errors"). As regards death of patients from drug effects, about one out of a thousand patients admitted to the hospital in a third study died as a result of drug treatment: one fourth of these were deemed "avoidable deaths."

None of these studies, however, addresses the problem of what one can do as a doctor to decrease the incidence of iatrogenic disease, much less what a patient can do to avoid unanticipated medical complications, or even death, as a result of hospitalization. When a person becomes ill, he may suddenly be faced with a bewildering range of therapies for his condition, which are in many cases painful or dangerous. His first impulse often is to tell his doctor: "Do what you think is right."

While for many illnesses there is one best treatment, for a large number of others (including treatment for breast cancer, coronary artery disease, gall bladder disease, hypertension, etc.) a wide range of potential treatments is available, each with its advantages and disadvantages. The patient who believes in the myth of medical objectivity, however, expects that since medicine is a science there will be one best treatment for his condition; moreover, he assumes that the doctor, as an objective scientist, will recommend it. He cannot believe that his doctor would recommend an overly dangerous treatment, or that a researcher would subject him to a risky procedure. And the doctor, too, often believes this myth; his training in emotional detachment from patients, his paternalistic habits, and his immersion in medical literature may lead him to extend his scientific authority beyond reasonable limits.

Yet the physician may want to do risky procedures in order to make a diagnosis that will not improve treatment. Or, since success in medicine is generally measured by longevity, he may recommend painful, debilitating therapy. Several recent studies using the technique of utility theory and decision analysis have shown that patients may choose less painful or disfiguring treatments than what doctors would recommend, even if they will not live as long. These preferences are not necessarily irrational or unscientific: they merely reflect different values or a willingness to take fewer risks. Doctors may be willing to accept higher rates of iatrogenic disease than many of their patients; they may take more risks for a higher chance of cure-or for a "definitive diagnosis." At times the interests of M.D.'s and patients may be the same, or-in terms of decision-analysis-the two groups may have similar utility curves. but there is no reason to assume this must be always true. And we will see below that the difference in interests between the patient and the medical researcher in the situation of therapeutic research is even greater. While it may be to the advantage of

all concerned for the doctor to guide patients past irrational and childish fears, it is important for patients to continually remind their doctors that longevity is not everything, that dignity and subjective feelings of wellness can be as important as extra years. The patient who says, "Do what you think is right," and thereby throws himself on the mercy of his doctor, may be abdicating the territory of his own preferences, which might be the decisive factor in treatment.

of exciting new treatment. The extreme view of it, often quoted, was held by a seventeenth-century French physician who advised other doctors to use new drugs as quickly as possible, since they would

soon become useless. Despite scandals over thalidomide, DES, and oral contraceptives, this myth is still subscribed to by the general public and the medical community. Generally, it can be stated something like this: "Disease X has always been painful (or debilitating, or fatal), but now we have an exciting new drug (or operation) with which we hope to conquer Disease: X forever!" It is buttressed by extravagant claims of popular journalism ("The Miracles of Modern with heart transplantation, microsurgery, Hodgkin's disease treatment, etc. filling the blank), in which the potential benefits of the treatment are advertised as if already realized, and the limitations are summarized in one short paragraph, or ignored. And among medical journals, a similar, if muted, enthusiasm reigns: "Our research group at Hospital Z, with our exciting new treatment, plans to conquer Disease X, within the bounds of randomized clinical trial."

A sophisticated patient will do well to know the limits of such hopeful claims: while the research group may be scientifically responsible in their evaluation of a new treatment, in their enthusiasm to succeed they may well minimize potential negative effects of treatment or apply it quickly to a wider range of people than can really benefit from it. The patient should keep his desire for cure from obscuring the fact that a new treatment is unevaluated, that there is frequently little reason to believe it will be more effective than existing treatments (no matter how "exciting" the initial trials may have been), and finally, that there are likely to be hidden costs to virtually all new treatments.

When a new drug is released on the general market, the first several thousand (or million) people using it are performing an unpaid, and often unwitting, service to the drug company and the medical profession: they are testing the drug for unknown side effects that might occur too infrequently to be noticed in premarketing testing on animals or humans. Unless a drug induces a high rate of a particular illness, it is unlikely that negative effects will be noticed before general marketing of a drug. Such effects as the possible increase in fatal heart attacks from oral antidiabetic agents, or the association of oral contraceptives

vith uterine cancer, gall bladder disease, and fatal strokes in young womn have been discovered after such lrugs have been widely marketed and sed by large populations. A new drug hat is released to general use is thereore likely to have many unknown efects. And even more disturbing are ases of interactions between two or nore drugs, or between drugs and other modes of therapy—these are nuch less likely to have been anticipated. When one realizes that whole lasses of drugs have moved from beng "exciting new drugs" to being leemed "too dangerous for general use" within the span of a few yearsoral contraceptives and oral antidiaetic agents are two prominent examiles-it is apparent that these hidden osts may be greater than the wellidvertised benefits.

Moreover, by taking a historic view, vhich physicians, with their positivistic and forward-looking habits of mind arely tend to do, one can see that the nuch touted "new therapies" of one reneration may be laughable in the lext. The nineteenth and early twenieth centuries' theories about female complaints arising from slippage of he uterus and the equally pernicious heories of "visceroptosis," prolapse of he abdominal organs, thought to cause wide variety of complaints, are well mown, and the variety of surgical procedures used to remove, reconnect, und tack abdominal organs in various positions remains astonishing. Many of these and similar procedures (renoval of the teeth for arthritis, rouine tonsillectomies, appendectomies or "chronic appendicitis") were perpetuated because they were never properly scientifically evaluated.

Many more useless and potentially langerous therapies have been promoted, though, by responsible scientists in the interest of research. In the 1950s hundreds of patients received mammary artery ligations purported to improve coronary circulation, a useless operation. The freezing of stomachs for treatment of peptic ulcers, popular in the 1960s, actually caused new ulcers. Even "new and improved" packaging of drugs can have hidden dangers: in the 1960s the use of pressurized inhalers for patients with bronchial asthma caused thousands of sudden deaths. All treatment has risks; one must take risks for cure. The point here is that the myth of the new treatment makes the patient's risks appear much smaller than they most likely are. And bolstered by his own desire for cure, by notices in the press, and by medical hopes for the conquest of disease, the patient may embark on a new form of therapy with completely unrealizable hopes.

NOTHER MYTH, one fostered by the fledgling work of patient's rights advocates and medical ethicists over the past decade, is the myth of consent. This myth holds that patients become responsible for the direction of their own treatment by the process of informed consent. Before a course of therapy is begun, the patient is supposed to have the potential risks and benefits of several forms of therapy laid out before him by his physicians, and he will be able to make an informed choice between them, depending on his own values and desires. In the actual workings of a hospital-both in ordinary therapy and in experimental protocols -true informed consent (if such a thing exists) is rarely attained. And in the realm of the law, informed consent protects not the patient's rights to have a say in the making of decisions about his health, but the doctor, who can point to a signature on a consent form and be excused from claims for compensation, as long as no overt malpractice has occurred.

That patients remain far from having a say as to the course of their therapy can be seen from a trivial example: blood drawing. A hospitalized patient, no matter how well he may be, can have blood drawn any number of times per day, any hour of day or night, by any of the physicians responsible for him, whether or not there is any medical indication. A patient who assumes that informed consent implies participation in the making of medical decisions. who then questions the necessity of, or refuses blood drawing, immediately will get in trouble with the hospital staff. He will be labeled as "a crock" or "uncooperative" even if it is at 3 A.M. and blood is being drawn the sixth time that day or because somebody forgot earlier or because an intern wishes to impress his attending physician with his completeness. And in practice, frequently the patient will be forced to



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R.L. Crews, M.D., President COLUMBIA PACIFIC UNIVERSITY 150 Shoreline, Suite 4312 Mill Valley, California 94941 USA: 800-227-1617, ext. 480 California oniv. 800-773-3545, ext. 480 have the blood drawn despite his refusal. Granted that very ill patients may need blood drawn more frequently than once or twice a day; most patients do not. Nevertheless, when a patient enters the hospital, he cedes his basic rights to privacy, to the integrity of his own body, and often to the determination of what procedures will be performed on him. Informed consent gives extremely limited protection to the patient and almost none at all against the paternalistic assumption of responsibility for the patient's body made by the medical profession.

I chose this example deliberately because of its triviality and omnipresence in medicine-and because the same structure of power extends to many other procedures, such as the placing of central venous lines, or the performance of thoracenteses or bone marrows-and especially to the dispensing of medications. For all these treatments, the patient is rarely advised of their indications or risks, but merely is told by his doctors, "We're going to do this because it will help you." In these situations the patient is at the mercy of his doctors, not merely because of the power of their specialized knowledge (and what they may choose to reveal or conceal), but because the basic structure of the hospital is so powerfully weighted in favor of physicians and against patients, especially those who wish to take an active, knowledgeable role in their therapy. And even in situations where major surgery or chemotherapy is contemplated, the patient will generally find that the major element of decision is being made away from his bedside, and he is lucky if his doctors present him with an actual choice between therapies. The patient is much more likely to be presented with an informed consent form already filled out and a short speech beginning, "We're going to perform this operation on vou tomorrow because you need it," and if he is fortunate, ending with, "Any questions?" The patient who wants to know whether a procedure is likely to benefit him (as opposed to the doctor), who wants numbers regarding the risks of various alternatives, who questions whether a particular symptom needs to be treated. is likely to be dealt with as the pattern who refuses to have blood drawn: as a troublemaker and a hindrance.

PATIENT who is injured during the course of participating in a clinical medical experiment, like the patient whose treatment caused leukemia, will discover that informed consent, or lack of it, has little to offer in terms of legal recourse. Legally, compensation is not due the patient who is injured in the course of therapeutic research. My patient, or her family, might sue for compensation for the leukemia she got as a result of the experimental treatment she received, on the grounds that she was never warned she might get leukemia. And she will find that legally she is entitled to nothing; depending on the insurance coverage of the institution in which the research was conducted, or on the generosity of the hospital, she may have medical treatment for her fatal leukemia given gratis. But in fact her consent to participate in that particular experiment on Hodgkin's disease releases the hospital from responsibility for unanticipated negative results. In other words, she agreed that she would bear not only the physical costs but also the financial costs of whatever negative result the experimental treatment may have produced,

The burden of this kind of iatrogenic disease-incurred in the course of experimental therapy-falls squarely on the patient. Many people argue that this patient, one participating in therapeutic research, stands to benefit so much from the therapy that compensation is not justified. They would compare it to the case of nontherapeutic experimentation, in which a subject gives of himself altruistically for the cause of scientific progress (whether or not he receives money for participation). Such an injured subject would be due compensation. I would argue that there is no significant difference between a patient injured in therapeutic research and a subject injured in nontherapeutic experimentation. Because both subjects are taking risks of unknown magnitude for the general benefit of society, their own possible benefit is incidental.

When a friend of mine discovered that she had breast cancer and underwent a mastectomy, she then had the opportunity of deciding what sort of further therapy she would have. She could have entered a randomized controlled trial at the local university hospital, which was evaluating one

standard treatment against a new set of chemotherapeutic agents. She and her husband decided that she would get better treatment from a private oncologist, using the best-known regimen of chemotherapy. Both she and her husband are doctors; yet they chose against participating in a scientific protocol. Why?

I suggest this was because my friends, like many other well-informed patients. understood the risks and costs of participating in a randomized clinical trial and did not think that for them the potential benefits justified participation. Many of these risks and costs develop because the interests of the researcher are further away from the individual patient's best interests than are the private doctor's. Essentially the researcher wants to get a statistically significant difference between two (or more) groups of patients who are randomly selected for these groups, whereas the patient wants the best chance of cure for himself. Of course I do not dispute the role of randomized clinical trials in evaluating new therapies; they are essential. I am merely saving that what is good for the society (scientific progress) and best for the individual (cure) are different things. For the individual patient, participation in an RCT is never the "treatment of choice." In the context of an experiment, the treatment cannot be adjusted to his personal needs. And to find a significant result in the study, a number of subjects may have to suffer significantly. The subject in such a study bears the brunt of possible damages, whereas the general society and the medical profession only gain from the knowledge thus obtained.

The death of my Hodgkin's disease patient from an iatrogenic disease caused by an experimental treatment is one extreme example of this. Her death and the death of other patients like her can lead to improved treatment for other patients. Already the use of combination drug and radiation treatment in Hodgkin's disease has been restricted to situations where the benefits are likely to justify the risks. The subject's sacrifice by failure of a useless therapy, or the creation of iatrogenic illness is one cost of medical progress. When a patient decides to become a subject, he or she is making a sacrifice of substantial magnitude.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1980

WHEELBARROW CURRENCY

When money loses its meaning

by Walter Laqueur

HEN I was a child my parents used to tell me about the great German inflation when everyone was a billionaire and when a cinema ticket was paid for with eggs. I later read in Thomas Mann's diary that he felt rich because Dial magazine paid him twenty-five dollars a month for an occasional letter from Munich, which was more than he needed for the upkeep of his large house, family, and servants. I was two years old during this period, and my own recollections of the financial, social, and political aspects of this inflation are somewhat dim. My father once told me that when he went to a restaurant for a cup of coffee it was 10,000 marks when he ordered, but double that by the time he finished. I had seen the pictures of employees carrying their wages home in pushcarts. From reading history I knew about the great European inflation of the sixteenth century, when in some countries the price of food went up fivefold in three generations. I had read about the explosion of prices in Virginia and Pennsylvania in the 1770s, when a pair of shoes cost \$5,000 in local notes. Above all, I knew about the inflation of worthless paper money during the French Revolution.

But like most of my contemporaries I had never actually lived through pro-

longed inflation, and the whole issue remained largely academic. A similar problem faces many younger military historians today who are fortunate enough never to have heard a shot fired in anger: the great outlines of strategy can be understood without too much effort. But it is far more difficult to imagine what war actually meant for the individual soldier or civilian undergoing danger and deprivation, I had my first personal experience with uncontrolled inflation during a summer stay in Israel. In preparation I had read Bresciani-Turoni and other classic studies of the economics of inflation. but they were of little help, because the situation was quite different from what I had imagined. No one, to begin with, could tell me exactly the rate of inflation. The cost-of-living index had increased 111 percent over that of the previous year, which is to say that Israel by now probably has taken over from Argentina (119 percent) the lead in the inflationary league. But some basic commodities had gone up much more, partly because government subsidies had been withdrawn. Postage rates had increased 300 percent in the two previous years, the prices of oil,

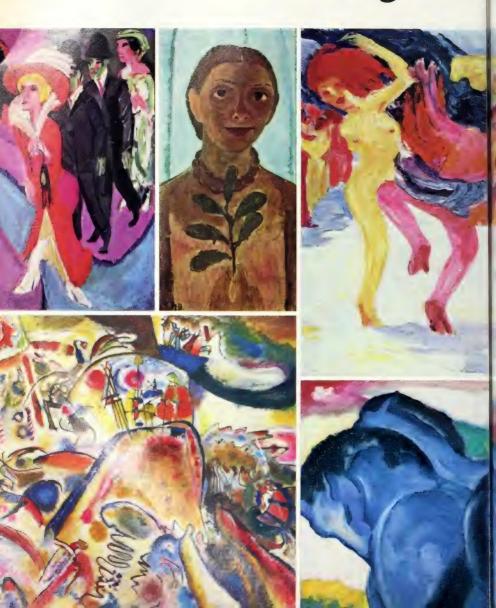
Walter Laqueur is the author of The Terrible Secret: Suppression of the Truth about Hitler's "Final Solution," to be published in January by Little, Brown.

sugar, butter, and milk had gone up by 300 to 400 percent during the twelve previous months.

FIRST inspection reveals few paupers. The view is unlike the grim image of German inflation of the 1920s, Shops and restaurants are doing a brisk business and car traffic is undiminished despite a price of gasoline that is about three times that in the United States, while average incomes are, of course, much smaller. (The smallest European or Japanese cars cost \$9,000.) I do not know why I had thought that inflation, unemployment, and starvation were synonyms; many years ago I learned from a friend that the essence of inflation is an excess of demand over supply, to put it in the most general way. Consumer demand in Israel is clearly still active, with some notable exceptions, such as the secondhandcar market. What is unusual is that just about everything is linked to the price index, not only salaries and wages but also pensions and Israeli government bonds; thus there is no danger that savings will be wiped out from one day to the next, as happened in Germany from 1921 to 1923.

I am told that the elaborate system of indexing was, in fact, first invented by

Theysu



vived.



These are some works painted in Germany when the world of the artists, and the world itself, was coming apart. And yet they are, more often than not, joyous and exhuberant affirmations of life. They are part of a fascinating exhibition gathered from the private collections and great museums of Europe and the United States entitled "Expressionism—A German Intuition, 1905-1920." It opens at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum on November 14th.

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(top left) Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, STREET WITH RED COCOTTE, 1914. Thy seen Bornemsza Collection, Lugano. (bottom left) Wasii, Kandinsky, SMALL PLEASURES, 1913. The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. (top center) Publia Modersohn Becker, SELF PORTRAIT WITH CAMELLA BRANCH, Ca. 1916-7. Museum Folkkunga, Essen. (top nght) Ernil Yolde: DANCE AROUND THE GOLDEN CALF. 1910. Staatsgalerie moderner, Kunst. Munich. (bottom nght) Fram Marc. THE SAALLA BLE HE RORESS (1913. Saassgalener Statigar).

Dr. David Horowitz, the gifted economist and political figure in mandatory Palestine during the second world war. Some primitive forms of indexing have of course been used well before, even in Germany in 1923, and the system was perfected in other countries, such as Brazil, in the 1960s.

The outstanding impression one gets of this inflation is that money has lost its meaning. The average family cannot plan ahead if prices are likely to change from one day to the next. Bankers, grocers, pharmacists, booksellers, and haberdashers assure me that prices are changing on the average of every week or two. The baker in Herzliva tells me that he has had three major price rises last month, first because sugar has gone up by 30 percent, then because flour has suddenly become more expensive, and, last, because the electricity rates have almost doubled. He dreads the frequent price rises because he has learned-by trial and error-that after each rise, sales decline, and not only temporarily.

YPICAL OF this state of hyperinflation is that neither seller nor buyer is sure of the price of commodities. There have to be long consultations when I want to send a letter by airmail—and the problem is solved only after a phone call to the central post office. The rates change too often for prices to be set, but this problem is easy compared to those facing salespeople in shops such as supermarkets; half of their time is wasted checking prices. Recently, in a supermarket, the man in front of me paid by mistake not only for his purchases' but also for mine: neither he nor the cashier realized the mistake until I intervened.

Next to the supermarket is my favorite newsstand. The average price of an American magazine is now four dollars and a pack of U.S. cigarettes almost two dollars. But these exorbitant prices apart, there is again the problem of almost daily price changes. The lady in charge says that half the time she probably unwittingly over- or undercharges.

Some commodities and servi share gone up more than others. Electrical appliances, for instance, or locally produced textiles, are lagging behind the general price increases, and one can still have a passable haircut for \$1.50. But the price of other items has gone up even more than the official figures suggest.

It has not taken me long to realize that in any extended inflation people no longer look at the price tag as long as they have any money. They know that tomorrow, or at the latest next week, prices will go up again. It is disquieting to see in a bank line many workers and employees waiting to change part of their monthly wages into German marks or Swiss francs. Their assumption is that these currencies will not be affected by the constant minidevaluations. But these transactions hardly make economic sense, because the charge for changing money is probably as high as the savings garnered. But then, as cannot be stressed too often, the problems tied to inflation are as much psychological as economic. It is more profitable to buy food and commodities that will be needed in the weeks ahead, and this is what many are doing. But they also buy much that is not needed, so great is their distrust of the currency.

It was said initially that shops and restaurants are full and that since almost everything is linked to the price index no one seems to suffer very much. But the linkage is not complete and immediate: it always comes with three months' delay, and it covers only 80 percent of the rise in the price index. Only those workers and employees who succeed in getting more or less constant wage increases come out ahead, while others fall behind. The standard of living in Israel has been going up 5 percent annually over the last few years; this year it may substantially exceed that figure. But the poor, especially those on social security, are getting less all the time, as are certain workers. Many in government service are adversely affected because, unlike shop owners or militant workers in prosperous or vital industries, they are unable to preempt inflation.

There is, in other words, a redistribution of income, not sudden and dramatic as in the German inflation of 1923, not clear-cut between businessmen and entrepreneurs on the one hand and workers and employees on the other, but within each group. Some businessmen and even some workers prosper, while other businessmen and workers get increasingly less. Even ten-

year-olds have learned during the las year what an overdraft is, although they may not know that there is a 90 percent interest charge on it.

AST WEEKEND I visited a kib butz that I have known al most since the day it was founded; some of its members are close friends of mine. It was a fine cloudless day, not too hot, and the set tlement looked neat and prosperous The various crops had been excellent the kibbutz factories were working a capacity, the new machinery installed in the cowsheds was among the most modern in the world, and everyone was inordinately proud of it. As so ofter before, I was greatly impressed: Israeli agriculture has managed incredible successes. Yet my friends were downcast: with all their achievements and the excellent harvest, the prospects were poor. The settlement had become less profitable. The same was true for most others and also for many factories. The prices of raw materials, fuel, water, electricity, fertilizers, and machinery had gone up enormously, but prices for what they produced could not go up at the same rate because domestic demand was shrinking and the prospects for exports, too, had deteriorated. The terms of trade had worsened in comparison with the countries suffering less from inflation.

Everyone has some advice to offer as to where it will all end. In a country suffering from inflation there is also an inflationary interest in economics. People who normally would not glance at the financial columns of the daily newspapers, let alone buy economic periodicals and newssheets, have become experts. They read the economic news first, before politics and sports. One day I went to see a friend who is editor-in-chief of a daily newspaper. We happened to pass through the printing works and saw printers huddled over some ticker tape, immersed in serious discussion, oblivious of the outside world. My friend explained that the latest reports about stocks, shares, and currency fluctuations had just come in and that the printers wanted to know how their investments were doing. The economic indicators have become a topic of paramount interest, everyone his own economic analyst.

Despite this widespread expertise,

there is anything but unanimity about what should be done. Some are calling for cuts in public spending, as is done in the United States and in Britain: but there are many strong interests in government opposing this, as no democratic government can afford to go beyond a certain limit of unpopularity. Others point to Brazil and Argentina, where extraordinary inflation was defeated without a substantial reduction in public spending. These advocates support the lifting of import restrictions, which would produce an influx of cheaper foreign goods, bringing down the price of similar local goods. But the Israeli policy so far has been exactly the opposite: foreign imports have been cut in an attempt to limit demand. Although cheaper foreign goods would bring down the price of local goods, they would also close many Israeli factories and add to unemployment, and if there is anything most Israelis dread even more than inflation, it is mass unemployment.

URES FOR inflation that might work elsewhere will not necessarily be effective in Israel, because its economy is unlike that of most other countries. Some branches of the economy are highly advanced and competitive by any standards. Others are not, but, for political reasons, they cannot be dismantled or be allowed to compete with imports in a free market.

What are the long-term prospects? On November 15, 1923, in Germany, a dollar was worth 4.200,000,000,000 marks. In Hungary, in late July, 1946, it was worth 46,000,000 septillion pengös. But Germany has been in good shape for a long time, and Hungary has been for years the most prosperous country in the Eastern bloc. It may be pure coincidence, but it certainly shows that inflation is not necessarily a disease unto death. Only a few years ago I read somewhere that inflation at a rate of more than 20 percent is incompatible with the survival of democratic institutions. These dire predictions have not proved true. Several democratic societies have lived for a long time with considerably higher rates of inflation. But it is a dangerous life and it still seems likely that a price will have to be paid sooner or later.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1980

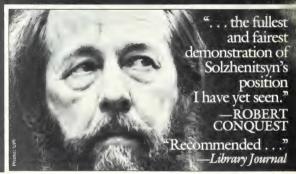
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STATE vs. ACADEME

Nationalizing the universities

by Daniel Patrick Moynihan

N JULY 3, 1980, James A. Dinnan, professor of education at the University of Georgia, surrendered in his academic robes to federal marshals at the Bibb County Jail in Macon, Georgia, to begin a prison sentence for contempt of court. Judge Wilbur D. Owens had cited him for contempt for refusing to tell how he voted in the decision of a faculty committee that had declined to recommend tenure for a younger colleague. To Dinnan's mind the fundamental process of academic self-governance was at issue: the decision as to who will teach, and, most especially, the choice of persons to be given lifetime teaching appointments. Judge Owens did not see it that way. In remarks from the bench he compared the closed proceeding of the tenure committee to the "blackball" system of the campus fraternities, which he had known as an undergraduate at the university.

A generation ago, the jailing of a professor asserting the integrity of traditional academic procedures would have aroused great alarm and protest. Professor Dinnan, however, was sentenced in silence. His colleagues helped some, and there has been some remonstrance. But, as in Conan Doyle's Silver Blaze, the curious thing is that the dog did not bark.

Not, of course, ultimately curious. As Sherlock Holmes deduced, and as we may too, the participants in the encounter were familiar with one another. At the King's Pyland stables in Devonshire the dog knew the trainer. In Athens, Georgia, the university faculty and administration were on equally familiar terms with the federal regulations that gave rise to the case of Professor Dinnan, in this particular instance those relating to sex discrimination under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, as amended by the Equal Employment Opportunity Act of 1972.

The federal writ now routinely extends to the internal processes of the campus. The secretary of labor—in discharging his duty to ensure that organizations (including universities) receiving federal contracts do not discriminate in hiring—routinely requires compliance reports from contractors and is authorized to make further investigations, including examination of "books, records, and accounts," to ascertain compliance. Such compliance reviews are required for any organization awarded a federal contract of at least \$1 million.

N A LONG-STANDING dispute between the University of California at Berkeley and the Department of Labor that concerns the right of such federal officials to copy and remove from campus confidential university records pertaining to faculty hiring and tenure decisions, Secretary of Labor Marshall ordered on September 4, 1980, that the university

is also hereby preliminarily and permanently prohibited from refusing to allow complainant to remove copies of said books, records, accounts, and other materials, from the University of California, Berkeley, campus, or from any other place

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, junior senator from New York, is the author of Counting Our Blessings (Atlantic, Little, Brown). Daniel Patrick

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at which they are maintained [and that the university's] present Government contracts and subcontracts be cancelled, terminated or suspended and that respondent be declared ineligible from further contracts and subcontracts, and from extensions or modifications of any existing contracts and subcontracts, until such time that it can satisfy the Director of OFCCP [Office of Federal Contracts Compliance Programs] that it is in compliance with Executive Order 11246 and the Secretary's regulations issued pursuant thereto, which I have found to have been violated in this case.

Clearly, the university has all but lost its institutional distinctiveness in the eyes of the state. This was the predictable development as universities became ever more dependent on the state and ever more supportive—I believe that is the correct word—of a powerful, activist, multifaceted state.

Dependence is the key issue. Thus, last summer, over "bitter academic opposition," as reported by Science magazine, the Office of Management and Budget imposed complex new accounting rules for federally sponsored research carried out on university campuses. The most onerous of these regulations established procedures by which universities must keep track of the time and effort of their professors to ensure that the government pays only for those activities integral to federally sponsored research projects. Stanford University estimates that this will increase the number of reports that it must send to Washington from three thousand to eighty thousand a year. But there was no alternative.

Increasing federal aid

VAST TRANSFORMATION took place in the position of universities in the United States in the fifteen-year period between 1957 and 1972. Before then, the federal government had little role in their support and none whatever in their governance. Since then, all is changed, especially at the great research institutions. Between a quarter and a half of the budgets of such universities as Columbia, Stanford, and Harvard now come from federal funds; at least half their undergraduates and graduates receive some federal assistance. This extension of aid has been accompanied by ever more detailed application of federal rules and reglations from various executive agencies. Simultaneously, federal courts are increasingly involved with the administration of universities, in a pattern now familiar in elementaryand secondary-school systems. A judge forced

to determine whether there has been discrimination in effect decides who shall have tenure.

All this has come as something of a shock. In the main, the university community was most supportive of the government activism that is now affecting it. To a greater or lesser degree the universities politicized themselves in the 1960s, demanding a wide range of government intervention in the society at large: it is only now reaching them. Not all this intervention is to be lamented. To the contrary. I was an assistant secretary of labor in the administration of Lyndon B. Johnson and helped prepare Executive Order 11246, on equal employment opportunity. This continues to be the basis of the affirmative-action programs of the federal government. It was directed against a specific evil and accomplished much good. But who in the executive branch fifteen years ago would have dreamed the day would come when the federal courts would require a census in which all employees and judicial officers be classified by "race/ national origin groups" including the subgroups "Arabic" and "Hebrew"? This was just the sort of thing we assumed we were working against.

IMILARLY, A GOOD deal of the "confidentiality" that surrounds university decisions on matters such as tenure is a Victorian legacy that invites abuse and needs opening up. (Indeed, in the Middle Ages equivalent decisions were made in public and with public participation, it being assumed that the community at large had a right to pass on decisions as to who would be teaching and what.) But this is only one aspect of a more general regulatory regimen that is much the same with respect to any activity heavily dependent on federal money. What is unusual is the pained surprise to which it now gives rise. A notable example was the 1980 article published in The Public Interest by Derek Bok, president of Harvard University:

It is not my purpose merely to complain about the delays and inconveniences of public regulation but to explore the more serious problems that arise when the government seeks to influence basic academic functions: what Justice Frankfurter once described as "the 'four essential freedoms' of a university—to determine for itself on academic ground who may teach, what may be taught, how it should be taught, and who may be admitted to study."... Each of the university's "four essential freedoms" has become the subject of increasing federal scrutiny and regulation.

However compelling, President Bok's pro-

test came too late. The conditions that he protested were set between 1957 and 1972. It was at least possible during that period of transformation for the universities to have negotiated a distinctive relationship between themselves and the national government. It was not to be hoped that they could retain the near autonomy that British universities seemingly have managed to preserve into the age of government subvention. But it was possible to provide that universities be recognized as special institutions, not miniatures of the polity, that cannot be expected to perform weil if subjected to all the regulations applied to the polity at large.

In particular, it was to be hoped that the research universities would establish their special needs. Foremost of these is their need for money without specific tasks or requirements attached. Only with institutional support from Washington could the campuses that perform nearly all of the basic research carried out in the United States—and that train succeeding generations of scientists and scholars—be able to maintain the academic excellence of a diverse student body in an egalitarian era disposed to mistake selectivity for elitism.

That this was not done involved a profound failure of leadership. No one spoke when there was still time. That some do so now only calls attention to the previous passivity. It is important for such protests to be registered, and on the margin they have some effect. But there should be no mistaking the extent to which universities are now wards of the state.

and that there is no undoing this.

Money equals regulation

DECLARATION OF interest is in order here. It happens that in 1959, then teaching at Syracuse University. I wrote a critique of the National Defense Education Act of 1958. This legislation was the first of the three great enactments that tied the university to the state in America. I wrote at the time that this process had begun and warned that the direction it was taking would lead to the very condition we are in today. It wasn't that hard to foresee. Thereafter, I was marginally involved in assembling the Higher Education Act of 1965 and saw that enterprise—the second great enactment-deepen the trend of government intervention in higher education. In 1970 I wrote the presidential message that led to the Education Amendments of 1972, the third enactment of this transformation.

The transformation begins with the National Defense Education Act of 1958, a response to the Soviet launching of the "Sputnik" satellite the previous year. In 1976, William J. McGill, then president of Columbia University, noted the similarities and differences between the budget difficulties he was facing (which included finding \$1 million for federal paperwork) for the coming academic year and those his predecessor had faced half a century earlier:

"Universities became ever more supportive of a powerful, activist, multifaceted state."



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Nicholas Murray Butler's budget for Columbia University in 1928 had no government money in it at all, whereas nearly one-third of my budget in 1978 will be paid for in Washington.

The National Defense Education Act resolved the long-standing dispute over federal aid to higher education, a dispute conducted along traditional liberal-conservative lines. Following the launching of Sputnik, a conservative Eisenhower administration proposed such a program, and a liberal Congress, with many variations of its own, enacted it. Higher education appeared to have won a victory, and had done so, but, I argued in my 1959 article, there was a cost. Education in effect assumed the blame for the political failure of the Eisenhower administration to beat the Russians into space. There was nothing deficient in U.S. technology. The country simply was not devoting enough resources to this particular task. And so political deception was present from the beginning.

A question of loyalty

HE PROVISIONS of the act had three notable features. First, the principal benefits went to students rather than institutions. Second, for all the talk of major research universities, institutional benefits were provided for many schools, following the dictates of Congressional politics rather than being concentrated on the large research centers. Both these patterns have re-

mained permanent.

Third, the act instituted a loyalty oath and affidavit for all beneficiaries, and a particularly odious one at that, although it was later revoked. For the first time, belief, as against overt action, was made grounds for governmental sanction of withholding benefits. Section 1001(f) of the act stated:

No part of any funds appropriated or otherwise made available for expenditure under authority of this Act shall be used to make payments or loans to any individual unless such individual (1) has executed and filed with the Commissioner an affidavit that he does not believe in and is not a member of and does not support any organization that believes in or teaches the overthrow of the United States Government by force or violence or by any illegal or unconstitutional methods, and (2) has taken and subscribed to an oath or affirmation in the following form: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America and will support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States against all its enemies, foreign and domestic...."

But the most significant aspect of the NDEA was that the universities themselves played no significant role in either its conception or enactment. It was an act of state done for reasons of state. The political scientist Lauriston R. King wrote in 1975:

The institutions played a negligible role in shaping policies of direct benefit to themselves or their student constituents.





Instead they willingly accommodated national policy by providing men and resources to carry out the objectives of the government.

Norman C. Thomas, professor of political science at the University of Cincinnati, observed in the same year that "in the rationale for NDEA, national security was the end, education the means."

HE SILENCE from the academy was again notable in the Higher Education Act of 1965, the next large enactment in this field. In 1965, I was a member of the subcabinet, and while my involvement in the Higher Education Act of that year was peripheral, I was depressed by the repetition of the pattern that tied the universities closer to the government. I had been a member of the task force that drew up for President Johnson the program that came to be known as the "war on poverty." I now watched the universities pressed into that conflict, much as they had been summoned to the space wars of the previous decade.

The centerpiece of the 1965 legislation was the first program of federal-grant aid to needy undergraduate students: Educational Opportunity Grants. The grants were to go to persons "who for lack of financial means . . . would be unable to obtain" the "benefits of higher education." Helping them to go to college was one means by which the federal government was seeking to lift them out of poverty.

Act included federal insurance for student loans obtained from private lenders, categorical assistance for college libraries, aid for "developing" (in the main, black) institutions, creation of the National Teacher Corps, and a new program of federal assistance with equipment costs for colleges seeking to improve undergraduate instruction.

These were and are excellent programs. They are, however, fairly narrow ones, and they represent the polity's choice, as it were, rather than the university's choice. No money was made available for the universities to do with as they thought best: to experiment with new things; perhaps more important, to pre-

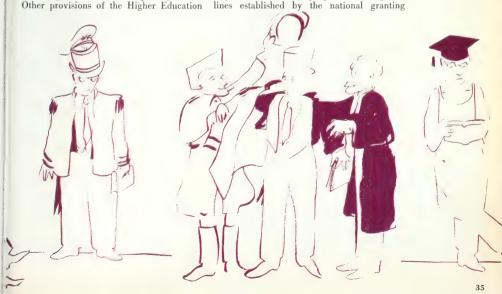
serve old ones.

The universities had little to do with the writing of this legislation. The White House staff put together the president's proposal and the Congressional leadership enacted it. It was done in that surge of legislative activity in 1965 directed toward social equality. Universities were instruments of these social goals, much as were the elementary and secondary schools-which in 1965 for the first time became beneficiaries of federal aid-but again on terms dictated by the antipoverty agenda.

That this approach to federal higher-education policy posed risks for higher education did not go altogether unnoticed by university administrators. In December 1965, Keith Spalding, president of Franklin and Marshall College, addressed a conference of educators:

"In more cases than not, the institution is required to tailor its program to the guide-

"No money was made available for the universities to do with as they thought best."



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Federal purse strings

agency. With a slight adjustment here, a minor compromise there, the institution will get the grant. Then it may find itself committed to a program that makes not quite the demands it expected on its resources or engages those resources in an unbalancing way. The federal dollar is tempting, and in the absence of other means to mount an important project, the compromises become easier and easier to make.... With government money becoming available for library acquisitions, scholarships. special programs, and operating purposes, some of the special privileges that go with private status may no longer be legitimately claimed. . . . " But his was almost a lone voice. In the main, the leadership of higher education did not speak up, nor did it perceive the extent to which the government could manipulate higher education.

UN-AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

Hillsdale College, a liberal-arts school in Michigan of about a thousand, has always paid the bills without federal aid. In an era of cost overruns and budget deficits, one would have thought this financial independence to be a cause for celebration. But the bureaucracy in Washington sees things otherwise, and in the early 1970s it began mailing the college solicitous letters, hoping to steer it down the path of righteousness and federal support. Could Hillsdale not see the error of its ways? Think of the millions of federal dollars that someday could line its coffers. Nevertheless, Hillsdale said no thanks and continued with its tasks.

All went well until 1975, when the federal government promulgated its Title IX regulations against discrimination. Any college or university on the federal dole would henceforth have to hire without regard to race, color, creed, or sex. Like every other college, Hillsdale was informed that it had ninety days to comply with the law. But Hillsdale assumed it was exempt from the edict. It made this assumption not to strike a blow for discrimination—the college graduated blacks and women before the Civil War—but simply to fend off the long arm of the government from academic matters.

More letters followed. This time the Department of Health, Education and Welfare said that if Hillsdale did not comply with the regulation, it would lose all federal money. Hillsdale responded by saying it received no such money.

Not taking no aid for an ausser in 1977 the secretary of HEW reasoned that student and such as veterans benefits, constituted aid to Hillsdale and he announced that he was suspending any such aid and Hillsdale complied with Title IX. The trustees of Hills ale thought this gesture unfair to the students and such as government. The case is still being heard, and there is chance that it may go to the Supreme Court.

So much for saying no to a gift herse.

IVE YEARS LATER, in 1970, it fell to me to draft a presidential message on education. This was the first presidential message ever to be devoted exclusively to this subject: an event not without note in itself. This was also a period of intense politicization of university life, and so I undertook to do what perhaps could not be done: to propose, on the part of the state, that universities be enabled, or at least encouraged, to resist the intrusions of the federal government.

The president's message proposed that the federal government should guarantee every American youth access to higher education with what are now known as Basic Educational Opportunity Grants. This was a predictable development from the 1958 and 1965 legislation, in effect a proposal to universalize the principles embodied in the earlier enactments: federal aid to needy students, with the universities again instruments of the federal purpose, in this case the general objective of equalizing opportunities, and this was fine. With respect to institutions, however, I hoped for something new. It was clear that the major research universities were becoming heavily dependent on the federal government-not least because half were and are private, meaning that they had few resources of their states to summon.

Following a 1968 recommendation of the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, the president's 1970 message proposed establishment of a National Foundation for Higher Education to address this difficulty. The message to Congress was explicit enough:

The crisis in higher education at this time is more than simply one of finances. It has to do with the uses to which the resources of higher education are put, as well as the amount of those resources, and it is past time the Federal government acknowledged its own responsibility for bringing about, through the forms of support it has given and the conditions of that support, a serious distortion of the activities of our centers of academic excellence.

The National Foundation (with a beginning budget of \$200 million a year) was to be a free-standing agency, somewhat akin to Britain's University Grants Commission, with "a semi-autonomous board and director appointed by the President." Its stated mission was "to provide a source of funds for the support of excellence, new ideas and reform in

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General Motors also supports other colleges and universities. In 1979, over half of GM's total contributions of \$27 million—\$14.4 million—went to higher education. Institutions receiving support varied from well-known schools such as Stanford University, Northwestern University, and the University of Pennsylvania, to community-based schools like St. John Fisher and Anderson Colleges.

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higher education, which could be given out on the basis of the quality of the institutions and programs concerned."

Two years of Congressional hearings and debate followed. In the end the Education Amendments of 1972 included almost all of the president's 1970 proposals—with the single and conspicuous exception of the National Foundation for Higher Education. It was not adopted by Congress because it was rejected by the universities it was intended to help. The rejection was instantaneous and on the edge vehement.

Private education's last chance

HERE IS A life cycle of political issues. This is a matter not much investigated as yet, but anyone who studies legislatures or elections will have sensed the pattern, or several patterns. The art of politics is to recognize an issue whose time has come, and one whose time has passed. In 1970, despite appearances, higher education was about to drop sharply on the political agenda of the nation. The president's education proposals were in the nature of a rounding out of a period of intense legislative activity. The United States had reached the moon, the war on poverty was institutionalized, the post-World War II baby boom was through school, just about out of college. Enrollments thereafter would level off and even decline. After fifteen years at center stage, the management of higher-education programs and legislation was clearly going to become just another function of the government.

The leaders of higher education evinced little sense of this. They extrapolated the rising interest shown in them and their universities since the late 1950s and assumed it would rise indefinitely. Neither did they have the least sense that an opportunity to determine the relationship between academe and the government was being presented them that would

not come again.

For my part, I spent the remainder of 1970 (at the end of which I would return to teaching) trying to persuade the leadership that this was the case. The effort only aroused suspicion. Clearly there was a failure of advocacy on my part; but just as clearly this was not a subject with which academic leaders were equipped to deal. Government was, in truth, something new to them.

Several possible explanations for this reticence suggested themselves, but none more strongly than the actual experience I had between March, when the president sent forth his proposals, and October, when I spoke to the American Council on Education:

"Had we thought categorical aid had distorted the relations of the higher-education community to the federal government before the program was announced, in the aftermath we were utterly convinced. Corrupted would not be too strong a term. No one seemed able to think of the whole subject. Few, even, seemed able to think of the interests of a single whole institution. A major presidential initiative that, right or wrong, was at very least the product of some thought and some analysis was greeted by silence on the part of precisely those institutions that are presumably devoted to thought and analysis."

But such rectitude had its cost. In 1972 Professor John C. Honey of Syracuse University wrote that the Education Amendments of 1972 were indeed of the nature of definitive, closing-out legislation. He added: "The failure of the Washington-based spokesmen for higher education to contribute significantly to the shaping of those amendments verges

on the scandalous."

The failure can be ascribed to all manner of reasons, not least to the intense distaste of the leaders of the elite institutions at the time for President Nixon, but, then, higher education had not much influenced any of the previous enactments; why should it have done differently in 1972?

Nor, it should be noted, did members of Congress who shaped the legislation receive the help from the universities that they thought they needed. Policy analysis seemingly gave way before what was perceived then on Capitol Hill as a sort of greed-by-consensus approach. In July 1975, the Higher Education Daily quoted Congressman John Brademas: "We turned to the citadels of reason. We said, 'Tell us what you need,' and they answered, 'We need \$150 per student because that's what we've been able to agree on.'"

s THE Seventies moved on, the perception began slowly to form in university circles that perhaps things had not gone well. Complaints about relations with the federal government began to be more frequently heard, and they were not confined to the routine laments that research grants were being cut back.

In 1974, the editors of *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, made the unusual decision to devote a double volume of the magazine to American higher education. Asked to contribute an article on "The Politics of Higher Education,"

I began with the theme of passivity, or, rather, the absence of organized action on behalf of reasonably coherent group interests:

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Why has there been so little initiative and effective organization on the part of higher education in pressing its interests with the national government? A review of the experience from the 1950s on suggests that government has behaved about as governments will do, pursuing recognizable interests, including that of acting and appearing to act in terms of fairly generously defined public interests. Higher education might have been expected to respond by becoming a moderately importunate and reasonably coherent claimant on national resources. During this same period-and given no better opportunity-elementary and secondary schools, and schoolteachers, fashioned themselves into an aggressive national lobby. Higher education did not. In a manner recorded more in literature than in politics, it responded in a passive mode, accepting support it had not the power to command; agreeing without overmuch fuss to the small conditions and obligations that seemed ever to accompany such support. Dignity was maintained; de-pendency deepened. The series of historical accidents, which over the past two decades have given a political priority to the needs of higher education quite independent of any assertion of those needs by higher education, evidently induced an assumption that people, or rather The People, would always be kind. When, as of late, things have not quite worked as some would wish, there has been a tendency to attribute this to an aberrant condition in government which will soon enough be righted. This might be termed "Waiting for '76."

Well, of course, 1976 came and nothing changed. As best I can judge, nothing now will change for a long time. The objectives of the state have been achieved; the bargaining power of the universities has accordingly quite dissipated. The subject of education has been disposed of. Environmentalism displaced it in the early Seventies, and even that issue seems now to be waning. Energy issues are coming to the fore.

Higher education is scarcely addressed in the party platforms of 1980. The Republicans

undertake to

hold the federal bureaucracy accountable for its harassment of colleges and universities and will clear away the tangle of regulation that has unconscionably driven up their expenses and tuitions.

This will be recognized as a routine Republican promise to tame the bureaucracy.

The Democrats, for their part, propose to "Complaints

reaffirm the federal responsibility for stable support of knowledge production and development of highly trained personnel in all areas of fundamental scientific and intellectual knowledge to meet social needs.

This is clearly an equally routine Democratic pledge: to keep up spending; in this case, for "knowledge production."

In a word, support for higher education has become a routine function of the national government. There is an agriculture program, a housing program, a higher-education program. Each goes on and each retains roughly its share of the budget, while growing steadily more detailed, a process that in the welfare program has been given the name "tireless tinkering."

→HE HIGHER EDUCATION reauthorization bill of 1980 extends all the existing programs, with a large number of small changes, but there are no significant changes in policy or in the fundamental definition of the federal role. Grants to needy students are increased. Loan programs are rearranged. Parents, as well as students, will henceforth be able to borrow. The 3 percent interest rate of the 1958 loan program is increased to 4 percent. Where there had once been a single program to aid "developing institutions," there will now be three. Additional funds will be made available to train teachers of the handicapped. Myriad other changes are made. But nothing of consequence will be different.*

I noted in Daedalus in 1975 that, in contrast to higher education, the elementary- and secondary-school teachers had "fashioned themselves into an aggressive national lobby." In 1976 the National Education Association endorsed the Democratic candidate for president, in return for a pledge to establish a Department of Education. This was done in 1979. What role had higher education in this momentous decision? As near as possible to none. Many of the principal organizations representing colleges and universities in Washington professed neutrality. Others were opposed to the creation of such a department because they felt it would be dominated by elementary and secondary interests. But any such latent opposition was effectively squelched by the Carter administration, which was nothing if not direct in making the interests of the state clear to

about relations with the federal government began to be more frequently heard."

^{*} The pioneering National Defense Education Act was 25 pages long. The routine Higher Education Amendments Act of 1980 was 151 pages long.

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leaders of the universities and making clear also that the interests of the state came first.

Thus, on February 1, 1979, the executive committee of the Association of American Universities was summoned to the White House. The presidents of seven major universities, including Purdue, Iowa, Stanford, and Indiana, were greeted by six senior administration officials: Vice-President Mondale. presidential science adviser Frank Press, presidential domestic-policy adviser Stuart Eizenstat, education aide Elizabeth Abramowitz, Commissioner of Education Ernest Boyer, and Assistant Secretary of HEW Mary Berry. They were told in explicit terms that the president was committed to the department and they were not to oppose it if they did not want their own programs cut. They did not

I give the specifics of this meeting only to suggest the reality of federal influence and the sound nature of its exercise. In fairness it should be noted that while the White House successfully put down the opposition of the various Washington associations, some individual university presidents did speak out against the proposed department. What is remarkable is that one must think them coura-

geous for having done so.

Wards of the state

HE RELATIONSHIP between the government and education continues to be fundamentally political. Hence, "waiting for '76" turned out to be much like waiting for Godot. Not much happens and nothing changes. This seems to have come as a surprise to some. All the Carter administration did was to establish a new department that will make regulation yet more extensive. This was not the intent of the planners of the new department. It will be the result.

What of the future? Federal influence has gone from encouraging the development of curricula, which was the main theme of the NDEA, to much more pervasive setting of standards as to student enrollment and faculty selection. There is a rule of sorts that organizations in conflict become like one another. In just this manner universities, once decentralized and collegial, more and more come to adopt the hierarchical, bureaucratic form of the federal government with which they deal. The structure of university governance is increasingly shaped to match the federal counterpart: a proliferation of vice-presidents, assistant deans, and deputy chancellors

to deal with deputy directors, assistant secretaries, and deputy assistant secretaries. (In the new Department of Education one finds officials with the title Assistant Deputy Assistant Secretary.) Subtly, the leadership of universities seems to be turning toward men and women whose skills are in the kinds of adversary proceedings the federal government brings about. But universities will have to adapt. And if in doing so they lose much that is distinctive in their previous form and function—well, that is progress.

The federal government has acquired the power to shut down any university it chooses. The more important the university, the greater the power. And the greater the concentration of federal power in one place, the greater the danger. It was that danger that moved David Riesman to oppose the Department of Educa-

tion, on the grounds that

education is . . . vulnerable to attack because something done in one of the three thousand accredited postsecondary institutions by somebody may offend somebody or get in the papers. It therefore needs to have many diverse sources of support, combined with a certain precious obscurity. . . . Education is best served by decentralization, not only in this huge and diverse country but also within the federal government and its many agencies.

There was a time when the universities could have insisted on more equal terms. They did not. Now they cannot. Sometimes, outside interests capture a federal bureaucracy. May it simply be noted that 37.8 percent of the budget of the American Council on Education in 1979 came from federal funds.

It is in the nature of universities to require patrons, in the nature of patrons to require certain forms of obeisance in return. A friend who is the master of a Cambridge University college, although a man of assertive agnostic inclination, nonetheless faithfully once each year prays for the soul of a sixteenth-century benefactress. Delayed gratification, however, is not natural to twentieth-century politics, and universities must now expect a long, for practical purposes permanent, regimen of pressure for the federal government to pursue this or that national purpose, purposes often at variance with the interests or inclinations of the universities themselves.

There is nothing to be done about this, save to be aware of it. The conquest of the private sector by the public sector, of which Joseph Schumpeter wrote a generation ago, continues apace. If the private institutions of America are to be preserved, we are going to have to learn to defend them.

HARPER'S DECEMBER 1980

COMING TOTERMS WITH VIETNAM

Settling our moral debts

by Peter Marin

THE FEVERS OF WAR are once again upon us. They do not yet rage openly, but beneath the surface of recent American events can be felt the gathering strength of attitudes and emotions that permit us to think about war in ways that were impossible even a year ago. We hear almost daily the militant pronouncements of our political candidates and news of escalating appropriations for arms. We seem to be witnessing the remilitarization of America, a process that has not yet brought us to the brink of war, but has already established in many minds the groundwork for war: a revitalized sense of our moral superiority, a heightened fear of the malevolent forces surrounding us, and a belief in our capacity to temper our use of violence.

Whether it be the Nicaraguan revolution, the hostage crisis, the rise in OPEC prices, the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, or the fighting in Iraq and Iran, our inability to control events and our inept response to them have demanded from us a rethinking of our political and moral relation to the world. But we neglect this crucial task. Instead, we have lapsed happily into the familiar attitudes that marked the Cold War in the Fifties and the Asian debacle of the Sixties: we clench our fists and mutter comforting platitudes to ourselves, cheerfully lost among the same illusions that proved so disastrous a decade ago.

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It is fashionable now, in some circles, to see this renewed military hubris as both inevitable and necessary. We are told that we are merely leaving behind, as we must, guilt that paralyzed us for a decade after the war in Vietnam. But that, I think, misstates the case. What paralyzed us was not simply the guilt felt about Vietnam, but our inability to confront and comprehend that guilt: our refusal to face squarely what happened and why, and our unwillingness to determine, in the light of the past, our moral obligations for the future. In short, we spent a decade denying and evading guilt rather than using it to our advantage.

Yet the moral quandaries remain. Vietnam is with us still, laden with meaning, constraining some of us, eating at others, pushed out of sight but present in the various shames we feel as we look at the flag, in our naive dreams of easy peace or our violent fantasies of virtue and power. Sometimes, for a moment, one gets glimpses of the barely hidden anger and guilt. When, for instance, California's Gov. Jerry Brown appointed Jane Fonda to the state's arts council and the state senate refused to ratify the appointment, the air was filled suddenly with violent response. To the senators, Ms. Fonda was "a traitor"; to her, Peter Marin recently received a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation. He is currently at work on a book to be called Conscience and the Common Good.

they were fascists. One could feel the sudden, brutal, and still unresolved memory of the war.

The same volatility appears in private conversations. Mention Vietnam, the veterans, guilt, or responsibility, and the air becomes rife with accusations, defenses, justifications, and confusions. A split is revealed not only among us but also within each one of us: each of us lives with the sense of having left undone a series of tasks we can neither name nor understand, but which we know with a terrible intensity constitute the war's legacy.

None of us has faced the specter of his own culpability-not Nixon's, not Kissinger's-but the way in which each one of us, actively or passively, contributed to the killing, the taxes we paid, officials we elected, lessons we taught in the classroom, obedience we taught, the endless round of incipient and explicit influences that made countless young men willing to kill for the worst of causes in the worst of ways. We have skirted the sort of passionate and open self-investigation that members of a democratic society must conduct to protect others from themselves, a rethinking of values and allegiances that have had brutal effects. In setting the war aside we have failed to push ourselves far enough, failed to raise the crucial questions about ourselves that we ought

to confront. We have failed to indicate that we will be much different from what we have been in the past.

We have had our texts, that is true. Book after book about the war has come off the presses, placing blame, analyzing causes, condemning Nixon, Kissinger, and Westmoreland and their abuses of power. But most of these seem to have missed the point, ascribing to the war political errors or the excess of a few men, as if all of us in America had somehow been fooled into fighting.

That was not the case at all, of course. Though resisted from the start, the war was a popular one; we reelected Nixon in the middle of it, and we were led further into it not so much by lies as by our nationalistic sense of unsullied virtue and by the difficulty we have in seeing the reality of events, the justice of others' causes, or the suffering we inflict upon them. Few of the books on Vietnam raise the questions we should have faced: the full extent of the atrocities committed and the participation in those atrocities of ordinary soldiers, ordinary citizens, and ordinary children.

The Vietnam novels seem even more completely encapsulated in American myths, even when the war is seen in all its absurdity. No novelist seems yet to have been willing to

AVETERAN WRITES

by Fred Reed

I begin to weary of the stories about veterans that are now in vogue with the newspapers, the stories that dissect the veteran's psyche as if prying apart a laboratory frog—patronizing stories written by style-section reporters who know all there is to know about chocolate mousse, ladies' fashions, and the wonderful desserts that can be made with simple jello. I weary of seeing veterans analyzed and diagnosed and explained by people who share nothing with veterans, by people who, one feels in tuitively, would regard it as a harrowing experience to be alone in a backyard.

Week after week the mousse authorities tell us what is wrong with the veteran. The veteran is badly in need of adjustment, they say—lacks balance, needs fine tuning to whatever it is in society that one should be attuned to. What we have here, all agree, with omniscience and veiled condescension, is a victim: The press loves a victim. The veteran has bad dreams, say the jello writers, is alienated, may be hostile, doesn't socialize well—isn't, to be frank, quite right in the head.

But perhaps it is the veteran's head to be right or wrong in, and maybe it makes a difference what memories are in the head. For the jello writers the war was a moral fable on Channel Four, a struggle hinging on Nixon and Joan Baez and the inequities of this or that. I can't be sure. The veterans seem to have missed the war by having been away in Vietnam at the time and do not understand the combat as it raged in the internecine cocktail parties of Georgetown.

Still, to me Vietnam was not what it was to the jello writers, not a ventilation of pious simplisms, not the latest literary interpretation of the domino theory. It left me memories the fashion writers can't imagine. It was the slums of Truong Minh Ky, where dogs' heads floated in pools of green water and three-inch roaches droned in swelter-

Fred Reed, a former U.S. marine, was a stringer for Army Times in Southeast Asia during the fall of Saigon and Phnom Penh.

confront, directly, the realities of the war, or to have considered it, at least in part, from the Vietnamese point of view-in terms of their suffering rather than ours. The same cultural bias that has traditionally marked our attitudes toward other races seems to be still at work. The novels, for the most part, are jumpy and surrealistic; it is difficult, for example, to distinguish the tone or setting of Tim O'Brien's Going After Cacciato from Joseph Heller's Catch-22 or Richard Hooker's MASH. The books reveal something about our soldiers' states of mind and about the corruption of our institutions, but they seem to be the work of distraught and alienated men who are unable to locate any sort of vision or binding values. Though they issue from men of obvious sense and feeling, they seem almost universally lacking in both tragic dimension and the capacity to perceive the Vietnamese as anything more than stickfigures in an American dream. It is hard, reading them, to find in oneself much hope for an American future, save the skepticism and irony about authority that has become a national characteristic and saving grace.

There are exceptions to all this, of course: Gloria Emerson's Winners and Losers, Frances FitzGerald's Fire in the Lake, or Ron Kovic's Born on the Fourth of July. Yet none of these books, for all their obvious passion and truth, suggests a way out of our present moral predicament or confronts the reader with his own responsibilities. Only Gloria Emerson, inconsolable in her rage and grief, manages to communicate that we, as a people, have no right to move on without confronting our past and, in its context, determining our future.

There are, too, the veterans among us, enigmatic and for the most part silent, harboring the truths the rest of us do not want to hear. We have statistics on their suicide rate and the extent of their drug addiction, but nobody bothers much with the reality behind those figures, with what the vets saw and did, or were asked to do, and how the permutations of guilt (the guilt they feel, the guilt we deny) are at work within them. Here, too, silence reigns, perhaps in large part because we discourage the vets from speaking by refusing to listen. Even when the vets protest or speak out, they have little to say about the war itself. They almost always voice their own grievances: how they were treated, the paucity of their benefits, the refusal of their countrymen to pay attention to them. Their protests against Agent Orange are solely personal; they never remind us (nor do we care to remember) what the poison must also have done and be doing to generations of Vietnamese. What

ing back-alley rooms and I was happy. Washington knows nothing of hot, whorerich, beery Truong Minh Ky. I remember riding the bomb boats up the Mekong to Phnom Penh, with the devilish brown river closing in like a vise and rockets shrieking from the dim jungle to burst against the sandbagged wheelhouse, and crouching below the waterline between the diesel tanks. The mousse authorities do not remember this. I remember the villa on Monivong in Phnom Penh, with Sedlacek, the balding Australian hippie, and Naoki, the crazy freelance combat photographer, and Zoco, the Frenchman, when the night jumped and flickered with the boom of artillery and we listened to Mancini on shortwave and watched Nara dance. Washington's elite did not know Nara. They know much of politicians and of furniture.

If I try to explain what Vietnam meant to me—I haven't for years, and never will again—they grow uneasy at my intensity. My God, their eyes say, he sounds as though he liked it over there. Something in the experience clearly snapped an anchoring ligament in his mind and left him with odd

cravings, a perverse view of life—nothing dangerous, of course, but.... The war did that to them, they say. War is hell.

Well, yes, they may have something there. When you have seen a peasant mother screaming over three pounds of bright red mush that, thanks to God and a Chicom 107, is no longer precisely her child, you see that Sherman may have been on to something. When you have eaten fish with Khmer troops in charred Cambodian battlefields, where the heat beats down like a soft rubber truncheon and a wretched stink comes from shallow graves, no particular leap of imagination is necessary to notice that war is no paradise. I cannot say that the jello writers are wrong in their understanding of war. But somehow I don't like hearing pieties about the war from these sleek, wise people who never saw it. It offends propriety.

There were, of course, veterans and veterans. Some hated the war, some didn't. Some went around the bend down in IV Corps, where leeches dropped softly down collars like green sausages and death erupted unexpected from the ungodly foliage. To

they avoid, as do we all, is the immense task of coming to terms with what went on in Vietnam—the killing and the attendant guilt—and the fact that neither they nor we know how to respond to those realities.

The distortions of film

T IS WITH ALL OF that in mind that I began, a year or two ago, to go to each of the Vietnam films produced by Hollywood. I did not expect to find much there, of course. But some of the films were being made by serious men and women with aesthetic skills and some political insight; more important, Americans were apparently taking them seriously. Even intellectual critics and commentators were treating the films as if they would not only reveal to us something about ourselves and the way we see ourselves, but would also define for us, at a popular level, our memories and attitudes about the war. The films seemed to have a certain importance as texts; that is, they seemed, on the surface, to have been prepared with as much gravity and perception as the best books about the war. With film, at least, we might break our shared silence, forcing ourselves—en masse—to look at the past we had previously avoided. The texts might be in a way popular stations of the cross, stages on our ambiguous journey toward the truths of Vietnam.

I saw perhaps a dozen films, among them Apocalypse Now, Dog Soldiers, Go Tell the Spartans, Heroes, The Boys in Company C, Coming Home, The Deerhunter, Who'll Stop the Rain, and Taxi Driver (which, though not classed as a Vietnam film, more successfully communicates the war's continuation at home than any other film). There were perceptive moments in almost all of them. Heroes, for instance, had a few marvelous scenes of vets back at home together: The Boys in Company C was dominated by a black street hero-something relatively rare and generous; and a few prebattle conversations in Go Tell the Spartans echoed, convincingly, the early days of the war. But for the most part, the films owe more to other films than they do to the war. It is, in fact, difficult to remember while watching them that there actually was a war, or that its causes and consequences might have something to do with one's own life.

The most significant Vietnam films were Apocalypse Now, The Deerhunter, and—to a

the men in the elite groups—the Seals, Special Forces, Recondos, and Lurps who spent years in the Khmer bush, low to the ground where the ants bit hard—the war was a game with stakes high enough to engage their attention. They liked to play.

To many of us there, the war was the best time of our lives, almost the only time. We loved it because in those days we were alive, life was intense, the pungent hours passed fast over the central event of the age and the howling jets appeased the terrible boredom of existence. Psychologists, high priests of the mean, say that boredom is a symptom of maladjustment; maybe, but boredom has been around longer than psychologists have.

The jello writers would say we are mad to remember fondly anything about Nixon's war that Kennedy started. They do not remember the shuddering flight of a helicopter high over glowing green jungle that spread beneath us like a frozen sea. They never made the low runs a foot above treetops along paths that led like rivers through branches that clawed at the skids, never peered down into murky clearings

and bubbling swamps of sucking snakeridden muck. They do not remember monsoon mornings in the highlands where dragons of mist twisted in the valleys, coiling lazily on themselves, puffing up and swallowing whole villages in their dank breath. The mousse men do not remember driving before dawn to Red Beach, when the headlights in the blackness caught ghostly shapes, maybe VC, thin yellow men mushroom-headed in the night, bicycling along the alien roads. As nearly as I can tell, jello writers do not remember anything.

Then it was over. The veterans came home. Suddenly the world seemed to stop dead in the water. Suddenly the slant-eyed hookers were gone, as were the gunships and the wild drunken nights in places that the jello writers can't picture. Suddenly the veterans were among soft, proper people who knew nothing of what they had done and what they had seen, and who, truth to be told, didn't much like them.

Nor did some of us much like the people at home—though it was not at first a conscious distaste. Men came home with wounds and terrible memories and dead lesser degree—Coming Home. These were not necessarily the best or most intelligent films. But they were more than films; they were events. Despite the fact that they failed to confront the moral issues of the war, they were treated with the same seriousness and granted the same attentiveness that we ordinarily reserve for important books; many regarded them as summary statements about the war, which tells us something about ourselves, if not about Vietnam.

The Deerhunter's faults were immediately visible and well-documented. Most notable among them were director Michael Cimino's intentional misrepresentations of the war, his implicit absolution of Americans for any illegitimate violence or brutality, and a xenophobia and racism as extravagant as anything to be found on the screen since our secondworld-war films about the Japanese. And yet, for all of that, certain parts seem to me more moving and memorable than any of the other films about the war. Cimino shows more humanity, more respect and generosity, toward his American characters than one can find, for instance, in either Coming Home or Apocalypse Now. Somehow his vision, despite the reactionary politics behind it, has a tenderness missing from those films that are more strongly against the war.

friends to be greeted by that squalling sheass of Tom Hayden's, to find a country that viewed them as criminals. Slowly, to more men than will admit to it, the thought came: These are the people I fought for? And so we lost a country.

We looked around us with new eyes and saw that, in a sense the mousse people could never understand, we had lost even our dignity. I remember a marine corporal at Bethesda Naval Hospital who, while his wounds healed, had to run errands for the nurses, last year's co-eds. "A hell of a bust," he said with the military's sardonic economy of language. "Machine gunner to messenger boy."

It wasn't exactly that we didn't fit. Rather, we saw what there was to fit with—and recoiled. We sought jobs, but found offices where countless bureaucrats shuffled papers at long rows of desks, like battery hens awaiting the laying urge, their bellies billowing over their belts. Some of us joined them but some, in different ways, fled. A gunship pilot of my acquaintance took to the law, and to drink, and spent five years discovering that he really wanted to be in

The best parts of the film are those set in America, in and around the Pennsylvania steel town that is home to three friends (Robert DeNiro, Christopher Walken, John Savage) preparing to leave for Vietnam. Something powerful and lovely comes through in these scenes, in the camaraderie of men drinking, hunting, and celebrating together: Cimino's respect and love for his characters, a clarity of perception that brings persons and landscape sharply alive. Cimino has a fine eve and is faithful to what he sees; he captures the slant of light on a deserted avenue, or a tavern's interior, or the startling purity of the hills outside of town. One feels, suddenly, the poignant and bittersweet pleasures of American lives led far from the centers of power: their loveliness, their loneliness, their fundamental innocence

Cimino's central subject, after all, is innocence—his characters' and our own. His film confers upon his viewers a sort of absolution for Vietnam, returning to them precisely the illusion of superior virtue that ought to have been wiped away by the war. He has organized his film cunningly around the traditional literary theme of innocence versus decadence, small-town and wilderness virtues opposed to urban corruption. It is a familiar theme, one to which we respond without

Rhodesia. Others went back into the deathin-the-bushes outfits, where the hard old rules still held. I drifted across Asia, Mexico, Wyoming, hitchhiking and sleeping in ditches a lot until I learned that aberrant behavior, when written about, is literature.

The jello writers were quickly upon us. We were morose, they said, sullen. We acted strangely at parties, sat silently in corners and watched with noncommittal stares. Mentally, said the fashion experts, we hadn't made the trip home.

It didn't occur to them that we just had nothing to say about jello. Desserts mean little to men who have lain in dark rifle pits over Happy Valley in rainy season, watching mortar flares tremble in low-lying clouds that flickered like the face of God, while in the nervous evening safeties clicked off along the wire and amtracs rumbled into alert idles, coughing and waiting.

Once, after the GIs had left Saigon, I came out of a bar on Cach Mang and saw a veteran with a sign on his jacket: VIET NAM: IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN THERE, SHUT THE FUCK UP. Maybe, just maybe, he had something.

thought, and Cimino's use of it is both intelligent and perverse. His comforting moral equations mask the truths of the war by reversing them completely; innocent Americans become the war's only victims, and the Vietnamese—in reality an agrarian, village people—become the big-city villains, smiling devils, corrupt gamblers, street-wise pimps and whores. The irony is that the very same virtues Cimino ascribes to Americans—those in whose name America tried to destroy Vietnam—lie at the heart of the culture we brutalized. It is not clear whether Cimino is oblivious to this, or is lying about it intentionally.

What is at work here is probably a simple form of aesthetic ignorance or greed: the notion that if something "works" it must be all right, for there is no other standard of judgment. Cimino has the talent almost to bring it off. He makes us forget, as we watch his film, that things were other than they are portrayed here. It is only when one does remember, and when one considers the actual causes of the war and the film's brute blindness to all but white American Christianity, that the extent of the film's cruelty-not only to the Vietnamese, but to the Americans Cimino supposedly loves-becomes clear. A decade from now, in foreign nations whose names we barely know at the moment, where death is real, young men like those in Cimino's film will die again, in part because of the myth he has manufactured in privileged safety.

F THOSE ON THE political Right can be simpleminded and reductive in their pursuit of virtue, so can those on the Left. The smugness and self-satisfaction at work in Coming Home, for which both director Hal Ashby and actress Jane Fonda are responsible, are almost as destructive to genuine thought or feeling as elements in The Deerhunter. Nancy Dowd, who wrote the film's screenplay, was reportedly outraged by what was done to her script, and one can see why. What may well have begun as a straightforward and somber attempt to deal honestly with the problems of returning veterans is reduced to a ritualized love story and a vehicle for Ms. Fonda's perpetual moral posturing.

Ms. Fonda plays a young housewife married to a patriotic army officer (Bruce Dern) anxious to be shipped to Vietnam. When he goes overseas, she volunteers to work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic vet (Jon Voigt) vehemently opposed to the war. They argue at first, then grow closer, and finally become lovers. A sexual metamorphosis begins: Ms. Fonda's hair comes down; her pantsuits give way to jeans; she has marvelous orgasms and turns against the war. Then Dern returns, slightly wounded and disillusioned by the war, and learns he has been cuckolded. Inconsolable, he kills himself by swimming out to sea. At the film's end we find Voigt, who will now live happily ever after with Ms. Fonda, lecturing a high-school class about the evils of war.

There are a few shots in the film that ring eerily true: a sequence near the beginning in a hospital, in which a few wounded vets argue about the war; a scene or two on an army base, where officers and wives carry on in the foolish innocence that accompanies American brutality; and, when Dern returns home, a scene at an airfield with bodies stacked high in bags and a forklift ready to handle them. But such moments are washed away by what surrounds them; everything else in the film seems thin and contrived, unrelentingly smug, a cross between Hollywood tripe and Chinese opera-villains punished, virtue rewarded, and the lovers riding-or rather one riding, the other pushing-into the sunset.

One finds every event and issue oversimplified, distorted by a peculiar greed for virtue and the need to be wholly right—as if good were never partial, or motive and consequence never ambiguous. This is not only bad art; it is also bad politics. In the name of goodness it feeds precisely the wrong hungers in the audience, makes no real demand upon it, renders fantastical the genuinely tragic complexity of moral life, and shrinks the moral realm to a set of smug attitudes and banalities.

make of Apocalypse Now, supposedly the ultimate Vietnam film? It is hard to get at the film itself, so surrounded has it been by Coppola's self-congratulating pronouncements about its significance. I have friends who think the film is marvelous and that as time passes it will become a classic. But it seems to me to be morally inert at its center, morally stupid—not a "failed masterpiece," as its critics have

classed it, but an essentially unintelligent investigation of themes too complex for Coppola to handle; not the emperor without clothes, but all the clothes with no emperor inside.

Loosely patterned after Joseph Conrad's novel Heart of Darkness, the film is an attempt to use the novel's themes, structure, and narrative devices to create what Coppola has called "a moral fable," not only about the war. but about every confrontation between "civilized" and "primitive" cultures. Lieutenant Willard (played by Martin Sheen, and Coppola's equivalent to Conrad's narrator, Marlowe) is ordered by his superiors in Saigon to travel upriver into what is apparently Cambodia and assassinate a Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando), a brilliant officer who has turned renegade and surrounded himself with an army of local tribesmen. Traveling first by helicopter and then by boat, Willard passes through a series of disconnected adventures, each of which reveals a different aspect of the war. With the sole surviving member of the boat's crew, he reaches Kurtz's compound and finds him alternately lucid and mad, reciting T.S. Eliot, reading The Golden Bough, and talking a sophomoric line of philosophy hard for the viewer-but not for Willard-to take seriously. Supposedly caught between admiration and revulsion for Kurtz, Willard eventually kills him-not for his superiors' reasons, but for his own. At the film's end we see him starting on his long journey home, presumably to deliver to Kurtz's young son the message Kurtz has sent him.

The film has its virtues, of course: occasionally vivid and powerful images, a few sequences in which Coppola captures the hallucinatory and dreamlike quality of the war, a conceptual sweep that sometimes breaks into a brilliant and savage clarity, and technical proficiency in camera work and sound effects that has awed many people in the film industry. There are moments when Coppola, obviously in his element, is like an obsessed painter at work, using the screen and his technical mastery to create memorable effects that convince one, for a moment, that one is watching a great film.

But Coppola's technical skills and his eye for detail are not matched by his moral imagination. Something is missing here: the depth coherence, and generosity of vision that mark the great moral texts of the sort that Coppola hoped to make. The best moments of the film are depreciated by sudden shifts of tone or attitude and lapses of intelligence; one can feel, behind the film, Coppola struggling with his footage and his ideas, trying to piece together from four years of work something

that will pass as a whole and yet accommodate every confused aspect of his attitude toward the war. We are given, essentially, a kind of sampler, a variety show of Coppola's talents: bits and pieces of successive scripts, fragments of John Milius's originally hawkish screenplay, Michael Herr's antiwar narrative added late in the day, set pieces of surreal exaggeration derivative of Catch-22 or MASH, mawkish images of the Vietnamese, and, finally, the entire last convulsive third of the film, a pastiche of borrowed meanings and second-hand myths, in which Coppola, striving to locate the significance of his work, loses his way completely.

The film is crippled by a morally incoherent attitude toward the war and its attendant issues. What supposedly holds the film together is the narrative explanation delivered by Sheen and accompanying the action. But this device, borrowed from Conrad, is as ineffective as it is desperate; if one listens carefully to it, it seems sophomoric and silly, pasted onto the action like a label onto a bottle, a way of trying to create a significance that inheres neither in Coppola's

thought nor the film's implications.

What obsessed Conrad was not only the visible nature of men's acts but the struggle men waged inside themselves to remain decent or to find something substantial and worthy of respect: virtue or truth to hold against the darkness. Coppola recognizes the pertinence of this theme to the American experience in Vietnam, but he fails to understand how Conrad makes it work, and nowhere is this more evident than in the film's last third. Here, for the film to work at all, its moral meanings must deepen and extend themselves, enveloping the audience, locating themselves finally not only in the war, nor even in something as abstract or general as the human heart, but in each one of us, in our actual lives, in the battle living men and women wage against their own savagery. Coppola never manages this shift; one wonders whether he knows it is supposed to occur. In the last part of his film he borrows wildly: from Conrad, from Eliot, and even from the myth of the fisher-king, which he discovered midway through the film. Even the most powerful images in this section seem derivative, reminiscent of those in Werner Herzog's Aguirre, the Wrath of God, a film with similar themes handled more imaginatively. But all of these sources, which have in their original versions a force of their own, seem emptied here of moral significance; they fail to touch or move us, or to have much to do with the real world or our actual lives.

On moral art

S IT TOO MUCH, I wonder, to demand from cinema what one would from books: seriousness and depth of vision equal to both their subjects and the possibilities of human nature? The truly great films about war do far more than the directors attempt or accomplish in the films in question here. Jean Renoir's Grand Illusion or the film of Erich Maria Remarque's All Ouiet on the Western Front not only educate us to the horrors of war but also offer us something believable and real to hold against them: a way of seeing others, a generosity of spirit, and a vision of the possibility of human allegiances more worthy of a man's devotion than the passions of war or the powers of the state.

The vision, the humanity, one finds at the heart of such films is far more restorative and profound than anything at work in our Hollywood films. One thinks of the scene in All Quiet on the Western Front in which the narrator-soldier, having bayoneted a Frenchman. sits all night with him in a trench as he dies, gradually becoming obsessed with the idea of somehow taking the Frenchman's place after the war, as if in atonement for the human solidarity he has violated by killing. Or one thinks of the friendships conveying the main themes of Grand Illusion: between French and German officers, between French aristocrat and working-class Jew. In both cases one is offered as an alternative to war the possibility of a human allegiance or solidarity that reaches across the boundaries established by war and replaces the arrogance of certitude with a humbler sense of partial truths, of realities shared among all living persons.

The key to great moral art, as well as to a nation's moral life, is the capacity to understand two elusive truths: first, that our actions occur in a real world and have immeasurable consequences for countless others, and, second, that those suffering others are also real—not emblems, not symbols, not abstractions, not even merely "Vietnamese" or "Iranians" or "Communists" or "militants"—but concrete persons in specific situations, men and women with lives and needs as real as our own.

Yet that, precisely, is what seems missing from these films: the capacity to stretch the aesthetic imagination far enough to include within the moral realm actual others in a real world. They are, instead, examples of what I would call an "imperial" art, one befitting the citizens of a powerful, declining empire by allowing us the luxury of "facing" reality while covertly and consolingly denying our role within it. Supposedly challenged, we are secretly soothed. It is all somehow like the television documentary *Roots*: how happy we are to see the progress blacks have made, how self-satisfied now that we have had a program about them, and how oblivious, still, to the ghetto horrors in our midst.

The real problem with these films, I suspect, has something to do with the inadequacy of the visual image in dealing with political. historical, and, especially, moral matters. The interiority of events-both their inner, subjective significance and their concrete political meanings-is ordinarily preserved or created through language; but it is often lost when, as in these films, events are reduced to the merely visual. As Susan Sontag has argued in her work on photography, the reduction of experience to image tends somehow to bleed it of value and reflective power. Photography's flattening of moral content and its confusion of made objects with "reality" is intensified in cinema by the size of the screen, the verisimilitude of the action, and the increased possibilities for manipulation. Cinema tends toward the hypnotic: unless a director cuts consciously against the grain of the medium, film almost always neutralizes the audience's capacity for skepticism and moral reflection-this is particularly true in films attempting to deal with history directly.

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ITHOUT LANGUAGE history becomes meaningless. The proper vehicle for moral meaning and concern is speech; it is not only the words themselves but our sense of the human speaker that remind us in the midst of events of their human significance. In the great moral texts, whether book or film, it is only the believability and power of the human voice that engage us completely in the work. One thinks of the great war novels: War and Peace, Parade's End, The Charterhouse of Parma, All Quiet on the Western Front. The meaning of all these books inheres not only in action and plot; it is, far more, the quality and tone of language, the narrative voice, and our sense of a speaker (either the narrator or the characters) that create in each of us a resonance

or a response.

The same thing is true of great films. In Grand Illusion or Hiroshima, Mon Amour or All Quiet on the Western Front it is the human voice that somehow breaks the fictional and imagistic frame of reference; it seems to issue simultaneously from a world outside the film and inside ourselves, reminding us of a human reality larger than the film, one we ourselves inhabit—not as an audience, but as moral participants.

But the verbal absurdities of the Vietnam films amount to a kind of moral muteness in which the reality of events and the humanity of those involved vanish completely. If one listens to as well as watches these films, one discovers that nothing within them spoken or thought is intelligent enough to be taken seriously. People "say" things, of course. But what they say is so infantile, so manipulative, or so obviously present merely to move the plot along that we are demeaned as we watch.

There is something both tragic and ironic in this, for rarely has an American experience been marked by as much reflection, clarity, and consciousness of moral issues as was the war in Vietnam. Side by side with America's acceptance of the war, and behind the mass demonstrations of protest, lay something altogether different and equally important: the willingness of many Americans-most of them very young-to determine for themselves the answers to the most serious questions human beings can face, those pertaining to obedience and rebellion, others' lives and deaths, the pull of conflicting allegiances, and the nature and cost of moral life. It was a decade of genuine moral heroism, serious moral speech, not only in the endless conversations among comrades and peers or the spoken and printed criticism of the war and the state but also in the inward debates men hold with themselves about what it is just or best to do.

That was true not only of those who resisted the war but also of those who fought in it. Though many young men participated mindlessly, countless others, even in the middle of battle, made anguishing moral choices, the nature of which—given our present silence—we may never understand. Many went AWOL, not out of fear but in disgust; others refused orders; a few went over to the other side. A few sabotaged our side: vets have told me about firing continuously and intentionally over the enemy's heads.

Everywhere in the war, even among many of those who determined for themselves that it was right to fight, one found genuine moral anguish, genuine moral seriousness, and a depth and clarity of reflection that put to shame the theatrical, vacuous moral imagination one finds in the Vietnam films.

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moral seriousness prevails among the vets. In the past several months, trying to find ways to assess these films, I talked at length to many of them about the war. Not all of them wanted to say much about it, and most omitted the details. But time and again a few reluctant or cautious words about grief, anger, or fear revealed more about the specific nature of the war and its particular horrors than could the

sound and fury of all these films.

I remember, for instance, one veteran's story about his return to the States. He had been a part of what he called an "assassination squad," spending long periods of time on his own, out of touch with both his superiors and comrades, apparently working independently on his assigned tasks. He described coming home in a series of almost surrealistic vignettes: being lectured in the airport by an officer for playing cards with his buddies and "giving the service a bad name"; being asked by the first civilian he had met in months about "them niggers in the army, the ones too chicken-shit to fight"; falling asleep in his seat and then waking from a nightmare of war, shaking and sweating, to find that everyone close to him had moved several seats away: and, finally, meeting his parents at the airport and finding it impossible to speak. They drove home in silence and then sat together in the kitchen, and his mother, in passing, apologized for there being "nothing in the house to eat." That did it; he broke. Raging, he went from cupboard to cupboard, shelf to shelf, flinging doors open, pulling down cans and boxes and bags, piling them higher and higher on the table until they spilled over onto the floor and everything edible in the house was spread out in front of them.

"I couldn't believe it," he said, shaking his head as he told me. "I'd been over there for years, killing those poor bastards who were living in their tunnels like rats and had nothing to eat but mud and a few goddamn moldy grains of rice, and who watched their kids starve to death or go up in smoke, and she said nothing to eat, and I ended up in the

kitchen crying and shouting: Nothing to eat, nothing to eat!"

This story is not particularly special; I might have recounted a dozen others like it, some about the war itself, and more dramatic. But the point would be the same. No image, no technical effect, no posed theatrical scene, comes even close to the power and meaning of one man speaking quietly, telling the truth of his experience.

The guilt-bearers among us

T IS INEVITABLE,

then, that we come to the veterans themselves. If two of the keys to the comprehension of the past and the creation of the future are memory and speech, it is in their memories, and in the possibilities of their speech, that the antidotes to our silence and fantasy lie. It is their voices -real voices, grounded in the real-that may have the power to call us back from our illusions to the discomforting concreteness of our acts. The questions of silence and speech, which remain for the rest of us abstract and theoretical questions, are for our veterans personal quandaries, sources of personal pain; at least some of them are forced by the circumstances of their lives to struggle inwardly, and apparently endlessly, with the problems all of us should but do not confront.

The real issue, to put it bluntly, is guilt: how, as a nation and as individuals, we perceive our culpability and determine what it requires of us. We must concern ourselves with the discovery of fact, the location of responsibility, the discussion of causes, the acknowledgment of moral debt and how it might be repaid-not in terms of who supposedly led us astray, but in terms of how each one of us may have contributed to the war or to its underlying causes. The "horror" of war is really very easy to confront; it demands nothing of us save the capacity not to flinch. But guilt and responsibility, if one takes them seriously, are something else altogether. For they imply a debt, something to be done, changed lives-and that is much harder on both individuals and a nation, for it implies a moral labor as strenuous and demanding as the war that preceded it.

Decades ago Karl Jaspers, the German philosopher who fled his country during the second world-war, returned to Germany once the war was over and gave several lectures under

the title "The Question of German Guilt." His purpose was neither to castigate his people nor to find particular men to blame, but simply to establish the realms of discourse and thought in which, collectively and individually, they were responsible for reviewing their past acts and determining their future behavior. There are obvious differences between the Germans' situation and our own, but Jaspers's work is relevant to us, especially because we have spent so little time thinking about guilt productively.

We, like the Germans, fought a war marked by racism, atrocities, and what many called genocide; we too, as a people, actively supported or tolerated the annihilation of a civilian population; we too watched our neighbors, brothers, and children devastate a nation in our name; we too elected our leaders knowingly, welcomed their small reassuring lies, applauded the suppression of dissent at home, and were more concerned with our power than the suffering it caused; and, finally, we too, in the war's aftermath, have denied responsibility for what occurred, have pleaded ignorance, have blamed everyone but ourselves.

But all of us, according to Jaspers, are responsible for the acts of war, accountable for the personal and social acts that contribute to war long before it has begun: the distractions, evasions, failures of nerve and resistance, mindless enthusiasms and neutralities with which we replace our responsibilities as citizens, as moral agents. In this regard each of us is guilty or, at least, guilty enough to share the burden of guilt that we happily assign, after the war, to those leaders and soldiers we ourselves produced.

Jaspers distinguished among four kinds of guilt: criminal, political, moral, and metaphysical. The first two types are essentially simple. Criminal law involves civil law; judgment is made by a judge or jury. Political guilt involves the collective crimes of a state, its leaders or its citizens; these are judged-as at Nuremberg-by the war's victors in accordance with international conventions. But the second two kinds of guilt-moral and metaphysical—are far more complicated, for they involve the judgments men make about themselves according to conscience, and it is these judgments, made privately and communally, that determine a nation's moral nature. It is quite possible, in Jaspers's eyes, and sometimes necessary, for men who might be innocent in criminal and political terms to find themselves morally and metaphysically guilty, and to struggle to restore to themselves and to their community what they find missing from their moral lives.

ORAL GUILT, FOR Jaspers, involves the responsibility of all persons for all of their acts and the consequences of their acts-even under orders, even in the midst of war. "It is never true," he writes, "that 'orders are orders.' Every deed remains subject to moral judgment." He means every deed: not only the acts of those who gave or took orders but even the apparently innocuous acts of those who in civilian life contributed in any way to the institutions and social attitudes that made such violence possible. Even those not directly responsible for the war, even those who stood against it have in its wake an obligation to both their country's victims and their fellow-citizens: to create a moral climate in which all individuals can examine the complexities of guilt and the nature of their moral obligations, "Moral guilt," Jaspers writes, "can only truthfully be discussed in a loving struggle between men who maintain solidarity among themselves."

Metaphysical guilt, for Jaspers, has to do with the relation of man to God and the ways in which men have somehow betrayed their given covenant with Him. It refers to our fundamental failure, at work not only in war but ubiquitously, to extend our own sense of human reciprocity or responsibility past the ordinary limits of family or nation to include those unlike ourselves. With metaphysical guilt, as with moral guilt, the power of judgment belongs to each man in relation to himself; he is answerable to both his own conscience and to God, and he remains responsible—at the heart of his own privacy—for setting right what he himself perceives as wrong.

One might argue with these categories, of course. For many of us the line between moral and metaphysical guilt is not as easily drawn as it is for Jaspers. But such arguments are not important. What is important is the fact that Jaspers takes guilt seriously and understands it as a natural and inevitable consequence of all human activity. Guilt has, for him, little to do with breast-beating and weeping, sackcloth and ashes. He does not see it, as we do in America, as a condition to be escaped or denied; it has nothing to do with punishment. It is, rather, a kind of awareness, a form of acknowledgment, a way of so clearly seeing one's relation to the past, and one's past actions, that one is moved by reason and conscience to rethink and remake the nature of

one's moral life. It is a practical matter, a kind of perceived debt requiring and impelling further action. It is, in a sense, a question men pose to themselves and which they answer with what they do with their lives.

The purpose of such an answer has little to do with absolution or atonement. The dead, after all, remain dead. The maimed remain maimed. It is no more possible to "absolve" oneself of guilt than it is to bring the dead back to life or erase the suffering one has caused. But it is possible to live in the future in a way that makes sense of the past, and to restore to one's life the moral legitimacy that has been lost. No man can determine for another precisely what it is that the other, in his own privacy, may find he must do; but one can say that the legitimacy of all moral life depends on the willingness of men to struggle with such questions before they decide what to do. All men, like all nations, are tested twice in the moral realm: first by what they do, then by what they make of what they do. A condition of guilt, a sense of one's own guilt, denotes a kind of second chance; men are, as if by a kind of grace, given a chance to repay to the living what it is they find themselves owing the dead.

Conscience endangered

T IS OBVIOUS THAT these notions-taken seriously-would require from us much more, as individuals, than we have so far been willing to accept as part of the debt conferred upon us by the war. We would have to consider, above all else, the institutions, attitudes, and systems of authority that made possible both our actions in Vietnam and the willingness of our young men to partake in them. We would have to ask ourselves about the extent to which we were responsible not only for the war but for the schooling we give our young and the ways we encourage obedience and the suspension of moral judgment—the violence and incipient racism at work in our streets and minds; the myths and distractions of media that wrap us endlessly in dreams and fantasies; the caste and class blindnesses that teach us, continuously, an indifference to all those unlike ourselves; the tendency at work everywhere among us, on both the Left and Right, to presume virtue and moral superiority for oneself, while casting one's opponents as knaves; and the failure

of both our artists and thinkers to place at the heart of their concerns a passion for conscience or justice. Finally, in terms of "metaphysical" guilt, we would have to consider precisely what we believe one person owes another, or what he owes to which others, and how responsible each of us must be in relation to moral choice, especially in the face of what our country asks us to do.

But these questions, which hung in the air for the war's duration and ought now to inform the heart of every private existence, have ceased for most of us to have any power. The notion of conscience itself has become almost exotic; genuinely moral concerns, genuinely moral lives, have become so rare among us

that they seem eccentric.

I remember once talking to a psychologist who worked for the Veterans' Administration. I asked him how he and his colleagues dealt with the problem of guilt.

"We don't deal with it," he said. "It does not exist for us. For us, everything is a prob-

lem in adjustment.'

How different would it be anywhere else in our culture? What has changed radically in the last several decades is not so much our behavior, but how we think about it: the ways we measure action and its consequences, and how we hold ourselves or one another responsible for things. One can search in vain these days-not only in therapeutic texts, but in those dealing with morality or politics-for the word conscience. Our philosophers long ago reduced ethical questions to problems in epistemology, and even our religions have ceased to offer us much in this realm, concerned as they are with the problems of salvation rather than the complexities of concrete moral life in the real world.

The veterans' private wars

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what makes our veterans so important. The vets know conscience exists; they are immersed in it. They face daily, as a part of their private and personal lives, the questions that at best remain abstract for the rest of us. In a sense, they are still walking point for us, confronting a landscape as alien as anything they faced in Vietnam, still doing for the rest of us the dangerous tasks that we pretend do not exist.

Guilt, I know, is not the only possible ex-

planation for the pain and rage they feel. Obviously, they suffer not only the alienation experienced by the participants of any war but also problems unique to the war in Vietnam: their disappointment at their treatment at home; their anger at the absence of gratitude, attention, respect, or aid; their resentment at having risked their lives and seen men die in a war now regretted or forgotten. But behind all of that, and mixed inextricably with it, is something more, something perhaps not even privately admitted: the anger of the veterans at themselves, their grief at having fought and killed in the wrong war, for the wrong reasons, in the wrong way.

One cannot know precisely how many veterans are thus troubled. Despite everything written about it, the war remains, still, a mystery for most of us. We cannot know precisely what went on, how frequently atrocities occurred, how many men and women were wantonly slaughtered or raped, how many villages were carelessly destroyed-or how many of our soldiers were directly involved. But certainly all of that plays a part in what many of our veterans now suffer. I am thinking not only of the outspoken and angry veterans such as the Vietnam Veterans Against the War but also about all those others in whom shame and guilt may take a disguised and unrecognizable form: the suicides reported and unreported; the cases of addiction, criminality, depression, schizophrenia, and all those other conditions that may be in part maladies of conscience; the drifters and drinkers and compulsive talkers and weepers one can find in the cheap hotels and taverns of any American city; the armed and angry vets one finds in southern and mountain states awaiting Armageddon and hating both their government and those who criticize it; and even (or perhaps especially) the "well-adjusted" who go about their daily business without apparent doubt or dread or drama, who never speak about the war but who wake alone in the dark dreaming of war, caught in its terrors still.

No doubt complex forces are at work in all of these instances, but who can doubt that in all of them conscious or unconscious guilt plays a part? Even in the cases in which vets deny feeling guilty, how can one tell how much of that is true, and how much they may be hiding from themselves? The past, after all, has not held still; it has pursued us these last several years even as we have tried to leave it behind. Almost every bit of information we have had about the war since its end has called its legitimacy into question and revealed the cupidity of those who oversaw it. Devastating as this information ought to have been to all

Americans, it has certainly disturbed many of our vets even more; and those among them who have consciously tried—as many have to discover retrospectively the truths of the war find themselves in the predicament of Oedipus; every step they take toward the truth brings them closer to their own guilt.

The real issue, for each of the veterans, is not whether it was a just war, or if he belonged there in the first place; it is, rather, the way the war was fought: the wholesale slaughter of innocents, the devastation of the countryside, and the extent and nature of our atrocities—which have never been and may never be fully known.

THINK, AS I WRITE,

of several conversations I have had with vets in recent months. There is no way, really, in a few words, to describe the range of feelings and reactions that come into play in their voices and faces as they speak. Often what passes across their faces is at odds with the words; one feels as if one is listening to two voices at once, or as if they desperately want to tell you what they are busy keeping you from finding out. I recall, in particular, the way vets describe their reception in America after the war. They were shocked, they explain, to find themselves treated by their countrymen as if they were at fault. This was especially true on college campuses, where they were spat upon, ostracized, and called babykillers or murderers. Something more than injury or confusion creeps into their voices: something plaintive, yearning. The words baby-killer and murderer become in their mouths a kind of self-accusation, as if the savagery they ascribe to their critics is a part of their own inner life for which they seek

At such times one finds oneself wanting to reach out to smooth away their pain. But how is one to do that? Many vets, actually, find themselves more guilty than they appear to other members of society; they judge themselves more harshly than they are judged by others. Yet their feelings about themselves, as painful as they are, may well be morally accurate. The guilt they feel is—dare one say it?—appropriate. True, many killed out of ignorance; but though others may forgive them, many men, as they grow older and learn more

about the past, cannot forgive themselves.

Here one hesitates, of course. There are areas in which no man can adequately judge another; even though some sort of general guilt exists, who can say of any particular man. this is how much he must feel or suffer? Every vet had his own situation, his own war. Some, of course, killed gladly, arbitrarily. But others killed reluctantly, or in a hallucinatory fog, distanced from their actions by music or drugs. Still others killed against their will, lacking the courage or foolishness to resist; and others killed because they had been trained to do it, or for the reasons at work in almost any of us: because they were there, or were told to kill, or because others were trying to kill them. There are so many different stories, so many different motives, that one wants, perpetually, to shade every statement with explanations, provisos, disclaimers. Three such forms of extenuation come to mind. which ought to enter into every judgmentabout ourselves or others-that we make about

First, there is the complexity of guilt, the difficulty in separating out individual responsibility in the midst of war from the more general responsibility of a people or a nation. "Shee-it," a vet said to me once, "I come from Dallas, man. What in hell did I know back then? Even in '68, everyone I knew was for the war: teachers, parents, clergymen even. Dissenters? They were just dirty northern hippies to us. I was just doin' right."

Behind the shared guilt for the war lies a deeper and more general guilt, one that includes all the other forms of obvious or incipient violence at home or abroad that prepare the way for war. Daily, even in supposed peace," we are complicitous in distant places with brutality and murder, in political partnership with thugs and knaves. And the same thing goes on here at home in those quarters of our cities we carefully avoid. If our boys in Vietnam were not trained to kill throughout their lives, they were at least readied for it through the mix of national pride, obedience, superiority, and racism we teach in our schools and encourage in our communities. In a way, few of the men who fought in Vietnam were ever really there, ever really saw the place and their enemies. They were locked, still, in our classrooms, in our national dreams, in our old Hollywood films, living out, almost like robots, the pervasive national myths of virtue, prowess, and power.

Second, there is the nature of the war itself. It was, after all, a civil war, a guerrilla war. Though Coppola is partly right in seeing it in terms of advanced technology pitted

against native innocence and faith, down on the ground, in hand-to-hand combat, our young troops were often out of their league, confronted not only by sophisticated and dedicated soldiers, but also by an entire civilian population that saw them as intruders, invaders-a situation for which nothing had prepared them. For many of our troops the war was like a perpetual Halloween Night grown brutally real. A sense of trespass and illegitimacy shrouded every moment; they were like grown children in the wrong place, always in someone else's garden, ready to fire or flee in an instant. Even innocuous objects took on a malevolent life of their own. Viet Cong tripwires made each twig and stone a threat. Our soldiers carried bits of wire to fit over the mouths of soft-drink bottles to protect themselves from the glass shards planted by the Viet Cong; they held the bottles up to the light to make sure they were not half-filled with gasoline. Vets have told me about whores in Saigon who lined their vaginas with razor blades to mutilate GIs. And I remember a vet who said to me (not without awe):

"It was the Viet Cong women scared me the most. If you were wounded in battle, the men would use the chance to escape. But the women! They'd come out to where you were and cut off your head or your balls."

Are such stories true? It almost does not matter. What does matter is that Americans believed them and that they reveal to us a bit of the nightmare landscape Vietnam became for our yets.

"It was like the goddamn West," a vet once said to me. "I was more frightened of other Americans than of the Viet Cong. Guns everywhere, everyone armed. I got so used to it I carried a piece for months back in America, and I was ready to use it—not on the enemy but on Americans."

At times supplies were so short that vets traded the scavenged parts of enemy bodies in the Saigon markets for the very same supplies intended for them in the first place: weapons, boots, or rain gear. Others became so disgusted with the perpetual theft of their food that they wrote to American corporations, asking in vain for their food to be sent directly to them.

"I was from the city streets," a young man said to me, "and so I was used to it all—the graft, the theft, the crooked authority. I knew all about American corruption. But the farm kids! Christ, when they saw all that, it damn near blew them away. It was worse than combat, to see their own country's shabbiness."

No doubt this was intensified by the effects upon our troops of what they saw in the midst of their own army: the stupidity and dishonesty of their leaders and the cupidity and corruption pandemic behind the lines. Every vet I know has stories to tell about vanishing supplies, open theft, drug trafficking, black-marketeering, and gangsterlike confrontations that extended into Vietnam the normal life of American city streets.

ND THERE IS, FInally, human nature itself, the apparent need
and even the right of men to forget after a
war what they have done or seen in it. The forgetfulness that no society can afford is undeniably a blessing for individual men, a kind of
soothing boon that allows them to recover
from the past. There are certain acts so terrible that only their victims can afford to remember them; those who have committed
them must forget, if only to stay sane.

I remember reading about a German ex-officer discovered years after the end of the second world war hundreds of miles deep in the African bush in a house on stilts at a river's edge, where he lived with his native wife and five children. When his captors asked him whether he was the man they were seeking, he said: "I am another."

And perhaps he was. Nature has its own forms of absolution, and they have little to do with justice. Memory's power is countered by another power, perhaps as strong: the capacity to sunder the present from the past. One thinks of Lt. William Calley under house arrest, so typically American: baby-faced, soft-toned, with his southern-belle sweetie beside him, his evenings of television and TV dinners and ice cream for dessert. His banality was equal in its small way to Adolf Eichmann's: no sorrow, no shame, not even the visible signs of memory or a sense of what it might be that was so disturbing to those condemning him.

Horrible, one thinks at first. But is it? If it is horrible, it is also fully human, almost universal—and understandable. We have already seen the effects of the past on those of our veterans who can neither forget nor stand its memory. For every man who succeeds in making something of the past, several—who knows how many?—come to grief. Without the community of loving others about whom Jaspers spoke, those others whose burdens ease one's own, forgetfulness may be nature's

kindest gift, and something that all men must be allowed, for perhaps nothing else will heal their wounds.

A collective confession

ND YET DESPITE
the universality of guilt and the extenuations
of war, it seems just that the war belongs to
our vets, that they are its keepers. I do not
mean of its statistics, or of the analysis of its
causes or the particulars of blame; these will
be pursued by others, scholars who come later,
dissecting the war, laying out its details at a
safe distance. But the nature of the war, and
the fact and feel of it—the conflicts and private struggles of conscience, the horrors that
exist simultaneously outside and inside a man
—all of these belong to the vets, for who else
has it in their power to keep us straight, and
who else has the knowledge required to do it?

I remember, a few years ago in Michigan, accompanying a woman to a graduate seminar in psychology given by a friend of hers. The students were supposed to be discussing conscience and ethics, but they were not up to it. They were young, inexperienced, overschooled. All value, they kept insisting, was relative, arbitrary; truth was what anyone believed it was; who were we, asked one or two, to say the Germans ought not to have killed the Jews? It must have seemed right at the time.

Only one man among them was different. Black, older than the rest, he had been in Vietnam. Reluctantly, only because I asked, he described his experiences there: how he had awakened one morning, after months of combat, weeping and shivering, unable to continue, frightened and ashamed of the killing he had done, full of self-hatred. Those in the room fell silent suddenly; reality had intruded upon them. But they were not up to it; they had to evade it. "Just shell shock," the army doctors had told the vet, and now the students had a similar explanation. "Conditioning," they said-that was all. First taught not to kill, then asked to kill, he had been caught between two arbitrary orders.

I still remember the look on the vet's face. He smiled at me and shook his head, as if to say: You see it, man, who needs this shit? And what could I respond? That what he had said needed saying, whether they heard it or not? That it was precisely because the others did not understand that it needed saying? That

he must keep faith with the dead even if the living kept no faith with him?

The vets must speak—both for our good and their own. They know firsthand—as most of us should but do not—that guilt is real, and that men cannot be fully human or whole without coming to terms with their relation to suffering others.

Will the vets speak? Some of them, I suppose, have no choice. They are unable either to forget the past or come to terms with it without speaking. Every war, whatever its nature, is followed by a sort of lag time, a period of assimilation and silence during which, as most men forget the past, a few mine from the past what they later speak into the world. Both of the films I have mentioned here-Grand Illusion and All Quiet on the Western Front—appeared a decade and a half after the end of the first world war. And it has taken European film makers nearly forty years to confront the complex moral issues of the holocaust. Perhaps something similar will happen with Vietnam. Our great texts, and a period of rich understanding, may yet be ahead of us; new books-still working in the minds of silent men-and new films may, a decade from now, confront us with the truth of the past in a way we have not yet learned to manage.

The problem with that, of course, is that it may come too late to do much good. Even our young seem, at the moment, affected by our appetite for war. A few days ago a veteran I know who teaches a high-school class told me about an experiment he conducted:

"I like to set up mock elections in historical contexts," he said. "Last week I chose the later stages of the Vietnam war, just about the time we mined Haiphong harbor. One of the student-candidates was a dove who promised to end the war. The other was a hawk who wanted not only to mine the harbor but also to use nuclear weapons."

"And who won?" I asked.

"The hawk," he said, "in a landslide."

I have little doubt we will come fully round, as nations usually do, to where we were before, perhaps a bit wiser, but not much, and subject continuously each one of us and each of our children to the pressures, influences, and conditioning that lead men everywhere to war. We are not much worse in America than people anywhere, but we are not much better either, and our shared national moral life (and therefore the destinies of countless others affected by our choices) hangs perpetually in a kind of uneasy balance, slanted toward violence but checked by decency. All that protects us from the worst aspects of our nature is simply a humility grounded in the con-

sciousness of our past fallibility and the memory of what we have done to others.

I am not arguing here for a pure pacifism -though given the human capacity for error there is an argument to be made on that count. What I am arguing for here is simply the minimal moral ground for any just society: the willingness of all men and women to accept absolute responsibility for the nature of their acts and their consequences, especially in those matters involving others and life and death. It is individual judgment, choice, and responsibility that leaven and define the nature of shared moral life. Nations and national leaders must be constrained and circumscribed by ethical standards passionately maintained by every private citizen: the capacity to see others clearly, to understand the relationship of one's life to theirs, and to judge the demands of the state and resist its power and propaganda in accordance with one's best and private sense of justice.

It has fallen to the vets to remind us of this, and what we owe them in return is everything we can do to make that task easier. This includes not only a willingness to consider the war itself and our own culpability, but also a willingness to begin the reexamination and re-creation of the debauched moral landscape

in which their struggles occur.

As it now stands, those veterans who take guilt seriously are set apart from others, isolated by their seriousness. But it is, ironically, their guilt that joins them to others, thrusts them violently into the human world. They must understand not only that they may be guilty but that they are guilty too, in the same way that other men are guilty-not necessarily in a special way but simply in a more obvious way. Their guilt derived from the war is not so different, really, from the guilt of the man who has two coats while another has none, or the guilt of the overfed in a hungry world, or the guilt of those who remain oblivious and protected by privilege in a world of impermissible pain. Only when all of us take seriously the possibility of our own culpability will the vets understand that their guilt, as terrible and demanding as it may seem, makes them human rather than monstrous.

Yet, having said all that, I must add that it is not likely to occur. For the most part the vets will be left to confront their guilt on their own. The only other Americans to confront their own guilt may well be those who stumble accidentally—and almost unwillingly—into its acknowledgment.

I am thinking, as I write, of something that happened later that night in Michigan. After the seminar my friend and I sat in the kitch-

en with the wife of her professor-friend, as she told us what he had neglected to explain himself-that he had become a member of a Charismatic Catholic sect, now spoke in tongues, and was convinced that all human evil could be traced to possession by the devil, and had little to do with choice. Later, we went down the street to a neighborhood bar. It was the night of the first Ford-Carter election debate, the one in which the equipment failed. As we sat at our tables, silently watching the bar's patrons watching in silence the two figures voiceless at their lecterns, a young man came over and talked to us. He was a veteran-hair in a ponytail, wearing an army jacket, carrying a guitar case. He set it down and introduced himself and launched into a soliloguy—the kind one sometimes hears from disturbed veterans: brilliant, schizzy, disjointed, heartbreaking, shifting from his childhood to the war to America to God to Carter to Ford to his parents to the army doctors to the powers who ran the country to the CIA's plot to cheat him of sleep and drive him insane. He proceeded lucidly for a while. and then suddenly his language came apart. Flashes of madness appeared; one could hear. behind the words, bomb blasts and rifle fire and the dead falling around him. And when he had finished he put one hand on my friend's arm and one on mine. "I don't know you," he said, "but you're all right. I'd like to have had parents like you, or maybe even kids."

Outside on the street, my friend, remembering the seminar and the professor's wife and the vet, put her head on my shoulder and wept. "I did not think," she said, "that it had

come to this."

Yet it had come to "this," though my friend, like the rest of us, had trouble grasping the pain and death incumbent upon us, or the cost to others of our careless posturing, arrogance, and rage. Weeping, I know, solves nothing; morality is an activity, not a sentiment; and yet there was something in my friend's weeping, as there was in the black veteran's tears in the midst of war, that seems to me to hold the key to the re-creation of ethical life.

It was as if, in relief, she had set free the stirring of memory, the raw beginning of speech: the angers and sympathies and griefs and regrets that form the human center of the moral world.

That, perhaps, was what her weeping meant. And if it did, God grant her, as well as the rest of us, the courage and tenacity to see through to its end the ethical journey such weeping begins.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1980

THE PUBLIC RECORD

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES COURTS WASHINGTON D : 21544

WILLIAM E FOLEY

August 22, 1980

TO. ALL EQUAL EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY COORDINATORS

In order to establish a data base for the automation of the equal employment reports. there is enclosed a listing of the equal employment reports serving your court on of employees and judicial office being sent to the clerk of June 1980. The listing which have not yet informed us of the designation of a soordinator.

The listing of court employees is derived from the time and antender its for the biweekly payroll. For your convertence we have included the names of the local payroll experience we have included the names of the seed, there will expert from officers because this formst week, there will expert the following the seed on the list when the propert the requested your court. In thousand the propert of the requested in the court which employs the individual number identifying the court which employs the individual (See blue sheet.)

please report the sex, race/national origin group and handicap status for each employee and judicial officer handicap status for each employee and judicial officer. The letters and "gr should used to identify the codes to sentify particular categories are set groups are codes to she sheet. The sheet sheet

Sincerely yours,

(m down

Daniel R. Cavan Coordinator, Judiciary Equal Employment Program RACE/NATIONAL ORIGIN GROUPS

(1) MHITT - Persons having origins in any of the original peoples of Europe, North Africa or the Middle East. The Category does not include persons of

Please indicate the following distinct subgroups Picase indicate the following distinct sungroups which are based on ethnic, not religious, factors:

B. Hebre

(2) BLACK - Persons having origins in any of the Black racial groups of Africa. The category does not include persons of Hispanic origin.

(1) HISPANIC - All persons of Mexican, Puerto Rican, Cuban, Central or South American, or other Spanish culture or origin, regardless of race.

(4) ASIAN - All persons having origins in any of the N - All persons having origins in any of the original peoples of the Far East, Southeast Asia, the Indian subcontinent, or the Facific Islands. This area includes, for example, China Japan, Korea, the Philippine Islands and

(5) AMERICAN INDIAN - All persons: (a) having origins in any of the original peoples of North America; any (b) maintaining cultural identification through tribal affiliation or community recognition. The category includes native Alaskan

Enclosures

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES COURTS WASHINGTON, D.C. 20544

WILLIAM E FOLEY

September 26, 1980

PATE OL .R

ALL EQUAL EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY COORDINATORS

That breakdown was requested in anticipation of a possibility that it might be needed in the future A number of secondary to the desired that the future as the desired that the future as the desired that the future that the future that the future there exceeds the future to the desired these comments, it is proposed to the future that the future future the information is to get to warrant insistence any use collection. Accordingly a substitute of the future fu have now been deleted

Let me again express our appreciation for the work already done in compiling this "census" of court employees.

Sincerely yours,

Daniel & Caron

Daniel R. Cavan Coordinator, Judiciary Equal Employment Program

The Public Record will appear from time to time, whenever documents, memos, reports, and the like merit attention.

PAPATAKES A BRIDE

A short story

by Noriko Sawada

HEN PAPA, mustachioed and fierce, like Pancho Villa, sent Mama his picture and commenced an exchange of letters, object matrimony, he never thought to mention that he had had four wives already and that she would be his fifth. And when Mama responded with a studio portrait of herself, her pale face framed by a pompadour and big puffs covering her ears, she forgot to tell him that she was the unwed mother of a seventeen-year-old son.

Papa was married first when he was twenty-four. Matsu was seventeen. When he closed his eyes, her face blurred into the features of his subsequent wives, whose photographs he had more recently held in his hand. More vividly he remembered the drought, the sun daily searing his stunted crops of barley, rice, and sweet potatoes. He saw his widowed mother's bent figure praying for rain, and heard at sunset the drone of her sutras and the tinkle of her bell skimming across the wilted fields.

He remembered their wedding night well enough; only Matsu's face eluded him. He had parted her clothes when the growl of his stomach had caused him to cough and her to giggle. He had rejoiced in his maleness that breathless night, the sweat from his body viscous against hers, the broken tatami scratching his knees. When languor dulled his hunger pangs, he had fallen asleep to the metallic hum of the cicadas. And when hunger broke his slumber, he had had the strength to gather

Matsu in his arms once more.

The clouds were stingy the following year, too. Papa's farm yielded less than it had the summer before. His first-born took sick and whimpered at Matsu's dry breast, for there was no relative to wet-nurse him. Matsu boiled barley and fed him the broth. After seven days he ceased his relentless wailing and died. Papa was enraged by Matsu's dejection, the accusation of failure in her eyes. Hungry himself and numb with grief, he let her know that nothing she did pleased him either.

"I'm not God, you know," he shouted. "I can't control the weather. Do you think I deliberately let our son die?"

Next year, when most of the men had gone to the city to seek work and the girls had been sold to geisha houses, a recruiter had come and told Papa about California, a land rich in gold and opportunity. Papa agreed to go, promising Matsu that he would work hard there for three years—five at the most—save his money, and come home a wealthy man. He would bring honor to the name of Kato, and no one in his family would ever want for rice.

Matsu wept when Papa climbed into the horsecart for the trip through the mountains to the railhead, Kumamoto City. He carried his lunch and clothing tied in two cloth bundles. Matsu's cry, "We'll meet again," more a plea than a prophecy, followed him during his train ride to Yokohama and three weeks in steerage to San Francisco. Papa immediately went to work on a railroad gang. At first

Noriko Sawada studied creative writing at California State University, San Francisco. Her "Memoir of a Japanese Daughter" appeared in Ms. magazine in April 1980. he sent Matsu \$5 monthly, then with diminishing frequency, dribbling away to nothing by the end of the year.

HEY NEVER DID meet again. Almost all of Papa's first two months' wages went to the recruiter who had advanced his fare. With picks, sledge hammers, shovels, and often with dynamite, he and his gang hacked and bludgeoned a bed to lay the ties and rails of the feeder lines that crisscrossed western America.

Papa bore the long hours of hard labor stoically while enjoying an easy comradeship with his fellow laborers. They talked of home, of the five-day New Year's holiday for which they mashed steamed rice into mochi, a heavy, sticky mass. They tasted their sweat from the exertion of lifting and pounding, lifting and pounding the wooden mallet in cadence to the chanting of the children. They longed for a bite of the fresh rice cake, smooth and vielding like flesh, with its sweet azuki-bean center, for the crunch of salty herring roe and for the headiness of warm sake drunk in the company of friendly neighbors. Before the drought Papa's mother had cooked all night on New Year's Eve, her specialty the sea-bream broiled to look as if it were moving, with its tail lifted and displayed on a bed of slippery seaweed.

The men yearned most for a hot bath to wash away the dirt and stickiness in summer and to dispel their soreness in winter. They slept in a boxcar fitted with bunks. It smelled of urine and vomit. They teased one another about the frumpy blonde they straddled on payday. They disparaged their diet of pork and beans and joked about their flatulence.

They played "Flowers," slapping down the worn cards with decisive yelps of "Ya-re!" [Do it!] and shoving coins and bills across the table. Each morning they bet one of their group that he could not escape the eye of the foreman for the entire day and thus avoid work altogether. They particularly admired the scholar among them who quadrupled his income by signing up under four fictitious names in addition to his own, altering his appearance each time by borrowing another's coat, hat, or muffler.

Twice a month for six years Papa gambled, drank, and whored away his pay in towns between San Francisco and Denver, Cheyenne, and Seattle, and in tents where there were no towns. Before his contract expired, the contractor arrived to sign him to another. Penniless, Papa complied. Ashamed that he could send no money, he did not write to Matsu.

Then Papa dropped a pickax on his foot and it became infected. His severance pay was a one-way ticket to San Francisco. He hobbled from the station to the Kumamoto Hotel, where he stayed until he was well enough to work again. During his idleness Papa thought about how his usually solicitous hotelkeeper had turned snippy, had served him neither rice nor tea, and had ignored his entreaties for a doctor. Papa realized that he might have died there, with no one to care, no one to mourn him. Humiliated that he had had to beg the hotelkeeper for food and lodging on credii and leave his gold watch as security, Papa vowed never to be destitute again.

Papa gave up his wicked ways and saved his money, working harvests along the Central Valley down into southern California. When he returned to the hotel four years later to settle his bill and retrieve his watch, he met a member of his gang who had quit the railroad after two years and had taken up farming in Santa Barbara. He suggested that Papa might want to settle there too. That is how Papa came to live alone in a frame shack alongside a bathhouse and toolshed that he had built himself. The olive orchard and vegetable farm that he leased were productive, but he ached for companionship. He wanted a wife.

count at the First National Bank and added to it regularly. In four years Papa's abundant crops, hard work, and frugal living enabled him to save \$1,000, the sum the Immigration Service required of a man wishing to summon a bride from Japan. Yes, it was time to send for Matsu—at least to give her a few dollars after he had sent neither word nor money for so long. For Papa, who could read at only a second-grade level, could barely sign his name and do sums, producing a letter was a two-day undertaking.

On Saturday, as soon as it grew light, Papa watered and fed his horse and threw a double measure of cracked corn at his unpenned chickens. He washed himself at the pump, rinsed his mouth, and filled the kettle. While the tea steeped, Papa stropped his razor, steamed his face, lathered, and shaved.

He cooked a pot of rice and had some with his tea. He wet and salted his palms, made four rice balls, placed them in a saucer, and covered them with a damp cloth.

He strode to the toolshed and, holding his breath, opened the door and stepped in. The stench flattened him against the wall. Squar-

"Papa realized that he might have died there, with no one to mourn him." Noriko Sawada PAPA TAKES A BRIDE ing his shoulders, he plunged his hand into a wooden tub and withdrew a daikon [long white radish] pickling in fermenting miso. He ran it through the "O" of his forefinger and thumb and wiped off the excess miso. He rinsed his hands and the radish at the pump. Returning to the house, he sliced eight even daikon rounds and added them to the rice balls. His lunch was ready.

He harnessed his horse and hitched up the wagon. Under the seat he placed his lunch and the Gladstone bag holding his shaving gear and underwear. For his horse he carried oats and a half bale of hay. Changing into his black covert cloth suit, Papa knotted his string tie, laced up his shiny black shoes, and clapped a grey fedora on the back of his head. He drove two hours over tar-påved roads to the City of Santa Barbara, stopping once in the shade of a pepper tree to eat his lunch.

After he watered his horse at the public trough and secured him at the rail, Papa clumped up the stairs to the Japanese Hotel above a Chinese laundry. The odor of soy cooking met him as he approached the lobby. He did not speak to Mr. Nakamura, the professional letter writer, who was murmuring to

a man seated opposite him.

Papa greeted the innkeeper, who handed him a key. Papa left his bag and hat in his room, locked the door, and returned to the lobby. He said, "Ya, shibaraku," [It's been a while] with a jerky bow and joined two farmers like himself occupying chairs along the wall. Mr. Nakamura looked up, nodded, and resumed writing.

Papa sat back and waited. In time Mr. Nakamura motioned for him to move to the patron's chair. Papa explained that he wanted Matsu to come to America, said her address out loud, and Mr. Nakamura wrote for ten minutes. He read the letter to Papa, who

nodded and gave him \$3.

Mr. Nakamura thanked him and told Papa that a reply would come to his RFD mailbox. He filled out a form and handed it to Papa with the unsealed, stamped letter. Papa drove across town to the post office. He waited in line and gave the application and \$25 to the clerk, who handed him back change and the money order. Papa placed it inside the envelope, sealed and posted it. Twenty dollars, or Y40, a fair sum for 1910, half of which was for his mother, was on its way to Matsu.

Papa fed his horse and had dinner alone at the chop suey house on the corner. At eight o'clock he ended his small talk with the inn-keeper. bathed in the tub down the hall, and went right to sleep. In the morning he saw to his animal, ate rice and miso soup, and checked

out. He reached his farm at mid-afternoon changed his clothes, and unhitched and unharnessed his horse. He ate his lunch in three gulps with a swallow of cold tea and hurried to join his field hands.

HREE MONTHS later he visited Mr. Nakamura with Matsu's reply. Papa's letter had been a big shock to her. Believing him to be dead after six years, Matsu, at the urging of her parents. had had her name removed from the Kato family registry and married a neighboring farmer, a widower with four young children.

Matsu thanked Papa for the money. She had not delivered the sum designated for his mother because she had died two years ago. What should she do with it? Papa chose not to answer. He figured she would keep it, and that was all right with him. Insulated by distance, he was scarcely touched by happenings in Japan. He felt no stab of loss, no bit terness that the woman he had counted on to quell his loneliness was now someone else's wife. But he mourned the loss of his mother. He wished he could have sent her money and made her comfortable the last years of her life. She would have been proud of him.

Papa told Mr. Nakamura that he did not blame Matsu for what she had done. After all, he had abandoned her. Now that she was not available, Papa still wanted a bride from Kumamoto. Mr. Nakamura agreed to write to his contact there, and Papa paid him \$10.

When three months had nearly expired. Papa occasionally went to his mailbox before the noontime delivery. A letter from Japan finally arrived. Papa put on his glasses, slit the envelope, and scrutinized the picture of Kimi. a slim, almost skinny, winsome woman. Although he could puzzle out a phrase here and there, he needed Mr. Nakamura to read her letter in its entirety. She wrote:

Most revered Mr. Kato,

The cherry petals that lie like snow on the surface of rain puddles are bruised by the clogs of children on their way to school.

Until your proposal, my own petals also floated in the mud. I felt as though destiny had passed me by as the last of my classmates was spoken for five years ago. My parents are relieved and agreeable, so I gratefully accept your offer of marriage.

I swear that the enclosed photograph, taken on the occasion of my twenty-second birthday, is a picture of me and not of someone else. Our homely neighbor, Wakako, stole a picture of Kyoko, my beautiful sixteen-year-old sister, and sent it as her own to her husband-to-be. He replied

that he never dreamed he would wed such a gorgeous woman. She departed for Sacramento last month. If it is not too far, I would like to visit Wakako when I come to America to be your wife.

Please take care of your health, Respectfully yours, Uyeno Kimi

Papa approved of Kimi and asked that her name be added to his family roster. That constituted a binding marriage. Ordinarily Kimi would have moved in with Papa's parents for 16 six months before applying for a passport. But because they were no longer alive, she lived at home.

Kimi wrote that she would book passage on the next vessel. Papa sent her \$100 for trousseau and steerage. Her next letter was apologetic and sorrowful. In Yokohama she had tested positive for trachoma and had been refused entry. Papa was disappointed and replied that she should keep as consolation whatever funds she had remaining.

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Immediately Mr. Nakamura set about having her name stricken from the records. That constituted divorce and cost Papa \$10. Later he paid Mr. Nakamura \$10 more when he sent off another request for a bride.

176 Toyo charmed Papa with sprightly letters but did not agree right away to marry him. Papa sat for a new photograph to change his luck. After two exchanges Mr. Nakamura's literary talents were taxed, for Papa had run out of things to tell Toyo.

ow could be describe his farm and the work it involved when he could hardly explain them to Mr. Nakamura? There was the plowing, the planting, the weeding and spraying, the fertilizing, the irrigating, and the harvestingthe feverish harvesting when it looked like rain. How could he tell her about broadcasting mustard seeds for a cover crop which shimmered golden before he plowed it under in May? About gathering and washing olives and curing them in barrels of brine that took up all the floor space in his tiny shack and filled it with a repugnant smell?

What words could express his satisfaction in furrowing four plats of perfectly straight rows? Or his excitement when he picked the season's first shiny red strawberry, cool and half-hidden under dark green leaves? Or his rage at the chartreuse hornworms four inches long and as thick as his thumb that, unintimidated by his presence, continued to audibly munch on his tomato vines and blossoms? Or the passion with which he flung them on the

ground and squashed them with his heel?

He wondered how Toyo, a city girl, would adapt to farm life with just him for company, their isolation broken only by an occasional trip to town. Except for infrequent weddings and after-funeral get-togethers at the Chinese restaurant, he could offer no festivals, no theater, no social life. All he could guarantee was hard work, food, and shelter.

He did not raise any of these concerns with her. Personality was important, but Papa wanted of Toyo a wife, not a pen pal. He told her so in his third letter, whereupon she consented to wed Papa; thus hers became the latest name to be added to the Katos. Promptly Papa sent off the customary \$100 for new clothes and passage.

Toyo responded with an anguished account of her father's gall bladder attack, his enormous doctors' and hospital bills, which Papa's generosity had barely covered. Papa sent her another \$100 by return mail.

Toyo replied that she must have been born under an unlucky sign. Her mother had been felled by a mysterious illness and Papa's remittance had again been timely. She enclosed a note of extravagant thanks from her parents in which they addressed him as

Papa wondered whether Toyo had ever intended to come. Perhaps she was just leading him on, Mr. Nakamura could not advise him.

"What words could express his satisfaction in furrowing four plats of perfectly straight rows?"



Noriko Sawada PAPA TAKES A BRIDE Papa then decided to test her by sending her only \$20.

"I myself underwent an emergency appendectomy," Toyo wrote, "and your meager money order covered only the cost of my medicines. Please send \$50 for the doctor and \$100 more for clothes and passage." She sent a new photograph showing her profile and the nape of her neck. She appeared vulnerable, brave, and feminine. She thanked Papa for bringing adventure into her dull life and promised to take the next boat.

Papa was torn. He had already invested almost two years and \$300 in Toyo, not counting the cost of his own photograph. He took a deep breath and sent \$150 with an ultimatum. Her response took five months and crossed with Papa's demand that she at least acknowledge receipt of the money. She did not name a departure date. She mentioned female disorders which she said she needed to attend to before she left Japan. Papa understood, because for those problems she should have a doctor who spoke her language.

She was Papa's wife and her place was with him, Toyo declared, but fate was against her. For the first time she did not ask for money. Papa felt discouraged. No closer to America than she had been at the outset, Toyo might never get there. Or worse, Papa shuddered, she might arrive and, in view of her ailments and fragile constitution, fall chronically ill.



He vacillated no more. He directed Mr. Nakamura to have her name stricken.

Mr. Nagamura jotted down Papa's instructions. He then read aloud from the local Japanese newspaper, dated January 19, 1918, that Congress would soon pass the Japanese Exclusion Act, which would stop the flow of immigrants in 1920.

Papa then swore that he would overlook any imperfections that marred his next bride, if only she would come on the first possible vessel. "After all," he reasoned, "I am middle-aged now and not without faults myself."

ANA WAS twenty and comely. Papa's morale rose. He accordingly signed all the papers and mailed the money. However, her reply caused Mr. Nakamura alternately to cough and clear his throat for three minutes. Pausing twice to compose himself, he read Hana's conjecture about the number of times she and Papa would unite their first night together and about the size and length of Papa's member.

"I squirm nightly in anticipation of surrender," Mr. Nakamura squeaked. "I am inexperienced and look to you to remedy my ignorance. My pliant body awaits your touch."

Papa blushed and Mr. Nakamura studied his Waterman pen.

Papa glanced up several times before their eyes met and held. Their faces began to twitch. They gritted their teeth. It was no use. They exploded. They laughed so loud the innkeeper came to see what was happening, but they could not stop long enough to tell him. Limp and tearful, intermittently convulsed by aftershocks, the men returned to the business at hand.

Without discussion they knew that Papa would have to forgo the pleasure of rousing Hana, for once ignited he would surely lose her to one of the many single men who constituted the majority of the Japanese population—men too poor to send for brides themselves. Papa, now forty-five, saw himself, club in hand, standing guard over Hana and rejected that image. Besides, single-minded lust was not among the traits Papa believed essential for a wife.

Despite his vow to summon his next wife uncritically and his awareness that time was running short for sending for a bride, he directed Mr. Nakamura to have Hana's name erased. And this time he asked for a mature woman of at least thirty-five.

Mama, who met Papa's age requirement all right, did not hesitate when he proposed. She accepted at once. Mama wrote that even though she had been raised a merchant's daughter, she was willing to toil on Papa's farm. She iked the idea of tending and watching things

Papa confessed that he had had only two rears of schooling. Since he did not mention Mr. Nakamura and his letters belied his asserion, Mama smiled at Papa's modesty and fell n love with her self-educated husband.

Mama's father, happy to be rid of her. urged that she wait to tell Papa in person about per past. He argued that if he knew, he would livorce her. That was why she did not take up per brush to tell him. But her deceit clawed at her conscience.

Mama was past the age when women first narry because she was an unwed mothershort of beheading, as miserable a plight for Mr. a woman to have endured in 1901 rural Jaoan as anywhere, anytime in history. She had been sixteen when her silhouette trumpeted her blunder. From then on she had no haven from the snickering of schoolgirls, from chatering housewives falling silent at her approach to the market, from the lewd suggestions of men beneath her class who thrust themselves ipon her in narrow lanes. She had expected to live out her life as the town pariah, her guilt 1 glowing excrescence on her brow.

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Now, like magic, catcalls no longer defiled the air she breathed. Her hangdog expression changed to one of defiance. At long last Mama indulged in all the delicious daydreams of tender love and domesticity up to then denied her. In a community ignorant of her folly she would attain respectability as the wife of a wealthy farmer. Afterward, identifying him as her brother, she would send for her son, a lad of seventeen who was terrified of people. Mama imagined that America and Papa would change him too. She could hardly wait.

wo DAYS before Mama's ship was due, Papa drove to Santa Barbara to take the train to San Francisco. He called on Mr. Nakamura and gave him two quarts of black olives. They recalled that their letter writing had spanned ten years and relived their see-saw experiences with Matsu, Kimi, and Toyo. The name Hana drew a smile. Mr. Nakamura praised Papa for his perseverance and congratulated him on his success. They shook hands. When Papa started down the stairs, Mr. Nakamura cried.

Papa got to the cavernous pier at six in the morning and joined other Japanese men who were smoking and shuffling about. Through the fog the ship became distinct. It groaned

twice. The last to disembark, the women in steerage crowded the rails. Since Papa could not make out which one was Mama, he waved exuberantly at all of them.

"At long last

Mama in-

dulged in all

the delicious

of tender love

daydreams

and domes-

ticity."

At one end of the dock the officers of the Japanese Association, wearing white arm bands, hurried the women through the immigration and customs procedures. A few arrivals with irregular papers, shunted into a section for detention at Angel Island, huddled together, anxious and fearful, their sleeves damp with tears.

An hour expired before the president called out the name of the first bride from the list in his hands and her husband came up to claim her. Presently, Papa heard "Kato, Michiko, wife of Kato, Kamejiro."

Papa stepped forward, removed his hat, and bowed, arms stiff at his sides. Mama bowed lower. They spoke at the same time, "Hajime mashite yoroshiku" [Our first meeting, I beseech your good will], except Mama added feminine flourishes and took longer to finish.

While inquiring about her trip, Papa studied Mama curiously. Clear-skinned and handsome, she stood two inches shorter than his own five feet. When she walked, he saw her white socks, her black velvet thongs and the crimson flicker of her under-kimono. He approved of her outer garment of plum crepe cinched with an obi of silvery brocade.

Mama answered that she had been seasick



Noriko Sawada PAPA TAKES A BRIDE most of the time. She dared not stare back; she had seen that Papa was bald. But what puzzled her most was his speech. It was coarse and vulgar, unlike the language he had used in his eloquent letters, letters she had brought with her in a black lacquer box wrapped in authering silk. She would four it out later.

aubergine silk. She would figure it out later. When Papa started toward the baggage,

Mama hung back.
"Come, show me which of these pieces is yours," said Papa.

"Please, before I take another step, I must speak to you and tell you everything."

O, LEANING against a steamer trunk, Mama delivered the speech she had worked on for nearly a year. It all came out in a rush. She had been the third child, the third girl. Her father had loved his sons and ignored his five daughters, who nonetheless had competed for his attention. Only she had succeeded, by becoming pregnant by the boy next door. Mama spoke of her shame and of her humiliation by the townspeople, their venom spilling over onto her innocent son.

Papa wondered how long it took her to arrange her hair. He wanted to watch her comb and puff it out. He wanted to touch it. Papa listened and thought of his years of loneliness. He counted the times he had opened his mail-



box, the visits and fees he had paid Mr. Nakamura, and the money he had mailed to his brides. One by one he ticked them off, his inaccessible or unsuitable wives. He would tell Mama about them later.

But now, miraculously, Mama was really here! Right here in San Francisco, California, U.S.A.! Papa wanted joyously to strut the length of the pier crowing, "Look, everybody, she is here! My wife, Michi, is here!"

Instead he said, "You have no idea how

long I have waited."

"Yes, it was a long voyage," acknowledged Mama and pressed on with her confession. "I beg your forgiveness for having lied to you. Because of my silence you believed that I was an untainted woman. I have no excuse—only that I was desperate to get away and begin a new life. Now you know. Not only am I blemished, I am encumbered with a son I hope to summon."

Mama stopped. She had expected him to erupt in indignation, accuse her of trickery, and spurn her. Accustomed to rejection, she steeled herself for an icy "in view of your deception, I must ask you to go home." Instead, Papa was grinning like a fool. Maybe he was simpleminded, she thought. More likely drunk. No, he had written that he was a teetotaler.

She continued with her speech: "If you will allow me to stay, I promise to work hard and be faithful. The decision of course is yours. But if you do not want me, I will bear you no rancor and take the next ship back."

Papa suppressed a scream.

"What spunk," he thought. Just as Mama's suffering seemed at an end and she could look forward to a future of some promise, she was risking it all by confessing to something that had happened eighteen years ago. He wished she weren't so intense about her guilt. It mattered so little. He was happy. No matter what she had done in the past, Papa wanted to keep Mama and make the best of it. He was even willing to send for her son, a grown man. He wanted to give her a chance. He wanted a chance himself. Papa leaned forward.

"Michi," he said, "it's all right. You can stay. I want you to stay."

She stared at him.

He spoke her name again, warmly, affectionately, this time the diminutive "Michchan." Papa reached out but did not touch her.

Mama lost her apprehensions and bravado at the same time. She crumpled and bowed her head. She kept it lowered while she fought for composure. When she looked up, Papa was struggling to keep his face straight while holding back his tears.

TWO-PENNY OPERA

Notes from a campaign journal

by Matthew Stevenson

The following notes, taken from a journal of this year's presidential campaign, make no claim to a definitive, or even a representative, chronicle. Over the course of the summer and early fall I attended the ritual events—the conventions in New York and Detroit. the debate in Baltimore between Reagan and Anderson, innumerable press conferences, parades, impromptu speeches in Brooklyn, etc.—out of which journalists make the stuff of political romance. God knows how they do it. Maybe the candidates this year are too small; maybe it is the fault of the times. Nevertheless, everybody tried very hard. Elaborate machinery, a cost of hundreds of millions, cops and secret service agents, hordes of reporters in airports—all for what? I discovered that I was incapable of transforming the candidates into figures of heroic legend. The notes can be read as random observations of a show that closed out of town.

AUGUST 10, 1980

For reasons never clearly explained to the press and delegates assembled for the occasion, the elders of the Democratic party in New York City have decided to open their national convention with a bus tour of the country's most famous slum; the Bronx. I assume it is not to show the delegates the fruits of their policies.

The sponsors, incredibly, are many for such an excursion. The local Democratic machine is out in force, keen on exorcising the demons that haunt the public imagination over the smoking rubble of the South Bronx. Mayor Edward Koch has just seen the pilgrims off and, like some wise king eager to maintain tranquility in the realm, has assigned to the buses a police escort the size of the French army, Playboy International is another sponsor. It has had its bunnies serving wine and cheese to the delegates at a stop at the Botanical Gardens, where local politicians gave arm-waving speeches about the Democratic lust for life.

Matthew Stevenson is an associate editor of Harper's.

The destination is a baseball game between the New York Yankees and the Baltimore Orioles. The Yankees are owned by George Steinbrenner, yet another tour sponsor, whose team plays practically rent-free in a stadium that the city refurbished for \$124 million. Nobody has the bad manners to mention that in 1972 Steinbrenner was in the Republican dugout, because the game is to show off to members of the Democratic Platform Committee the employment possibilities available to those stuck in public housing.

But the route is a problem. Despite the police escort and navigational planning that give the trek aspects of a guided tour through a dark labyrinth, the buses carrying the seven hundred delegates and members of the press must occasionally pay homage to local customs and stop for a red light. The sight of nearly forty city buses, lined up behind a traffic light like Hannibal's elephants waiting their turn to go over the Alps, naturally raises some curiosity among those on the sidewalk. People who for the most part are rank-andfile Democrats-later described in the campaign as "the disenfranchised"—are gathering to wonder about the meaning of this train of buses. Most just stare. apparently content with the explanation that city buses travel in packs, like wolves, but a few are throwing rocks and still others, no doubt out of party lovalty, are offering hand gestures of disenfranchisement.

AUGUST 13, 1980

At the Democratic Convention, the speakers look like anchormen auditioning for a slot on the evening news. Mayor Koch, for example, sounds like he is reading the weather from Dayton. Conversely, commentators are afforded the respect and entourage befitting colonial governors. Dan Rather walks around

the hall as though he is about to cross the Rubicon.

At the convention it requires an eve trained in the subtlety of video heraldry to distinguish the Democrats at the meeting from the television commentators. The Democratic podium is just one of several in the hall, all of which are competing for the attentions of the nation. The Democrats have chosen to display their speakers on a platform resplendent in blue drapery and patriotic bunting, much like the backdrop for a daytime quiz show. CBS News has encased its candidates in tinted-glass booths, and the boxes exude the seductive lighting of an expensive shop along Madison Avenue. The victorious party is the one that gets the most air time.

To the right of CBS is ABC, which is less adroit with its lights. The dif-fuse lighting, plus the obvious contempt of the ABC anchormen for their Democratic rivals, cast the commentators as gar-goyles peering from the heights of a medieval church.

For its display counter, NBC has chosen a variation on the theme of cruise-ship America. In addition to the obligatory swivel chairs, the network has provided for its commentators a deck complete with a white railing. Thus, after John Chancellor or David Brinkley gets through a particularly rough stretch of analysis, he can stroll out onto the deck and squint into the convention waters, much the way a captain on a ship might take the night air on the way to Bermuda. All Gov. Jerry Brown of California can do to gain air time and show leadership is find a reporter willing to listen for sixty seconds to his views on party reform.

AUGUST 14, 1980

A woman in the upper mezzanine is being hauled from the arena for chanting leftist clichés during the president's speech. A moment earlier another woman shot off a package of firecrackers and was also dragged from the hall. At political rallies a hundred years ago I assume anyone who gave much thought to the sound of firecrackers associated the bang with a display of partisan enthusiasm. But now, with the expectation of political violence and angry disenchantment among many citizens, every loud noise is a pistol shot and every woman carrying a sign denouncing

capitalism is a potential Lenin.

On the podium at the moment of the explosion, the president—having been born twice and presumably immune to mortal danger—never misses a beat, except to describe the great senator from Minnesota as Hubert Horatio Hornblower. As for the firecrackers, the commissioner of fireworks for New York City, George Plimpton, later remarked: "Probably Chinese halfgram mixtures, poor quality, no elevation to speak of, and terrible color."

SEPTEMBER 12, 1980

It is September, and Ronald Reagan is getting cozy with the same labor unions that in July he seemed to imply were loosely associated with the Red Brigade. This freedom of expression is a good thing. Candidates need to follow fashion. Who would want a president making a speech while wearing a fedora? Who would have chased after John Kennedy's limousines if, by some constitutional writ, he had been forced to continue the policies of Grover Cleveland?

The only problem is keeping up with fashion. Hence the following recommended list for today's basic political wardrobes. As for fashion trends, it is helpful to remember that the Democrats prefer things that burn—coal, the sun, cities—while the Republicans like things that float—aircraft carriers, mobile missiles, and loans to large corporations.

Jesus

Taiwan

Avn Rand

THE REPUBLICANS

OUT

IN

Richard Nixon China Massive retaliation Lockheed "Gunsmoke"

The Panama Canal Elizabeth Taylor SALT III Sammy Davis, Jr. Tokyo Bart Starr Houseboats Charles Percy John Connally Billy Graham Imports Benjamin Disraeli Rapid deployment
Homesteading
"Little House
on the Prairie"
The Laffer Curve
Mrs. John Warner
MX
Ronald Reagan
Detroit
Jack Kemp
Horseback riding
William Simon
Donny and Marie
Pat Boone
Free enterprise

THE DEMOCRATS

OUT

IN

Robert Kennedy Model cities Lyndon Johnson Education Andrew Young Interstates Human rights Price supports Fossils Bourbon Ramsev Clark United Nations Labor unions Gross national product Los Angeles TR Harvard Africa Britain, France Alliance for Progress

John Kennedy
Reindustrialization
Tax cuts
Job training
Daniel Moynihan
Trains
Coal
Competitiveness
Solar
Birch beer
Admiral Rickover
Strike forces
Economic justice
Prime rate

New York City FDR Dissidents Europe Germany, Japan Limits of growth

SEPTEMBER 22, 1980

Barry Commoner, candidate of the Citizens party and proponent of solar energy, is about to give a press conference. He proposes to "ask the questions that won't be asked, give the answers that won't be given." The few reporters milling about are hungry. They start asking one another questions about the good restaurants in town. Somebody recommends Lebanese food and is giving out directions when an aide to Commoner interrupts the conversation. "Don't go there," she says, "All the waiters are Fhalangists."

SEPTEMBER 23, 1980

It is the morning after the Baltimore debate. The image on television is Jody Powell, the president's press secretary. He is explaining to a reporter how the president won the debates the night before, even though Carter failed to show. It is a convincing case. (Were Powell a young executive with the Bendix Corporation, he would be making similar points each day with the assistance of large charts.) But here he is saying that Ronald Reagan is "hiding behind John Anderson's skirt" and, because Reagan refuses to debate the presi-

dent one-on-one, that Carter is the debate champion. Anderson is dismissed as though he were an <u>espontaneo</u>, an aficionado of the bullfight who in a moment of passion hurls himself into the contest, but is of little consequence to its outcome. The reporter finds this explanation of events plausible. She doesn't laugh in Powell's face. She asks another question about the president's strategy, nods respectfully during the answer, and then switches the interview "back to you. Tom."

OCTOBER 4, 1980

I have recently heard John Anderson give a speech. He means well. He likes railroads, dislikes the consumption of gasoline, and wonders what Billy Carter had in the bottom of his suitcase when he returned from Libya. He takes time to prepare a speech and listens to the questions. Hence every newspaper column about his campaign begins on the note of its implausibility. He doesn't put his money into thirty-second television ads. And he appears to have read most of the energy studies ever published by Princeton University. Since making a strong showing in the presidential debates, he has done nothing but drop in the polls. He must wonder why his 1962 legislative voting record is scrutinized as though it contains the secrets of recombinant DNA, while questions about Reagan's sponsorship of Borax on "Death Valley Days" are considered in poor taste. He is losing ground.

Anderson's demise is attributed to the rules of politics. He is considered to be naive for not having consulted the latest edition of the rule book. Anderson's copy of the rules obviously came out shortly after the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and apparently he thinks it still governs the conduct of a campaign. But in addition to Rule 5 ("Third party candidates never do well"), the new edition has some other changes.

Among them:

RULE 19: SCORING

- 1. The score shall be reckoned by the polls. A candidate's position in the polls goes up whenever he:
 - a) Uses the phrase "second to none" in connection with defense issues;
 - b) Appears on the evening news to defend the rights of the unborn;

- c) Denounces Arab or Japanese greed while standing in front of an idle steel mill:
- d) Promises to reduce the size of the federal bureaucracy to that of the city administration of Laramie, Wyoming.

RULE 27: OUT OF BOUNDS

- 1. A penalty, meaning a drop in the candidate's standing in the polls, occurs when the candidate:
 - a) Refuses to travel in one day to Trenton, Des Moines, Disney World, and Santa Cruz;
 - b) Admits that the economists advising his campaign are probably fools;
 - c) Passes up an opportunity to appear on the evening news either to be with his family or read a book:
 - d) Sees no connection between the problems of the public schools and the greed of the large oil companies;
 - e) Makes a witty remark.

OCTOBER 22, 1980

Most agents of the Secret Service in earlier incarnations must have been bouncers in inexpensive massage parlors. No matter what the occasion, members of this faceless Praetorian Guard stare into a middle distance whose shadows conceal those who might harm the president or harangue him on economic fundamentals. It is the glazed expression of someone who has seen everything.

Because the accepted notion is that madmen with high-powered rifles will always get their message across, the Service is there to deflect earnest petitioners from pressing their claims. It is the last line of defense between the Republic and anarchy.

Standard dress for the Service is a three-piece suit and a gold lapel pin. In addition many have earphone attachments that run from their ears down into their collars. But it is the garb of high-school freshmen at a prom intent on checking the box scores more than that of a political army.

NOVEMBER 3, 1980

The campaign has produced only one question worthy of consideration alongside the usual dinner-table homilies. Is a vote for Anderson a vote for 1) Reagan; 2) wastefulness; 3) Anderson? Beyond this

existential matter, voters have been given little on which to air opinions. I haven't heard the party platforms mentioned for weeks. Nor does anyone seem to take seriously campaign promises, which used to be the subject of so many angry editorials. In short, the discussions on the campaign can be summed up as follows:

Carter: Incompetent; probably corrupt.
Reagan: Worse.
Anderson: Can't win.
Elections: Decent men avoid them.

ELECTION DAY, 1980

It is difficult to figure out the attraction of presidential campaigns. Twenty thousand reporters applied for credentials to attend the Democratic Convention in New York City. The figure for the Republican Convention was twelve thousand even though the outcome was decided months ahead of time. Buses filled with members of the press always follow Ronald Reagan's limousines, and a jet is needed to accommodate those who want to track President Carter. The evening news devotes a disproportionate amount of time to the election, considering that little is being said, and in a year the bookshops will be filled with personal narratives of the Iowa caucus and assorted hagiology along the lines of Theodore White. Campaigns, if nothing else, are an industry, not unlike tourism.

But I think the attraction to candidates is like the child's fascination with dragons. Children want to know all there is to know about the likes of serpents, and so a great deal of time and imagination is devoted to figuring out what these monsters do all day and how big their tails are. The definition of dragons in the Oxford Companion to Classical Literature might just as well be describing the candidates.

These monsters, of various degrees of strangeness, can be classified according as they take the form of (1) human beings of mere exaggerated size; (2) human beings with some extraordinary feature, such as excess or deficiency of the normal limbs and organs; (3) creatures combining human and animal shapes; (4) creatures combining the shapes of two or more animals.

At least this is the stuff of legends.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1980

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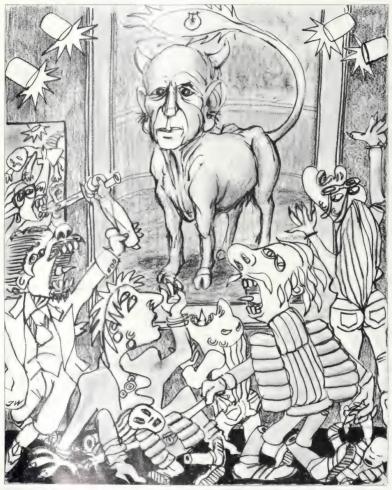
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IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

American Guernica



An electroencephalograph of ten art lovers after their first forty-five minutes at the Picasso exhibition.

PICASSO, INC.

The greatest show on earth

by T. D. Allman

HE HORSE in Guernica still reared up in terror, but no Nazi bombs were falling this time. Instead it seemed that the stare of a well-groomed young matron was what provoked alarm in the animal's eye.

"Isn't it lovely?" she remarked to her companion, a nattily dressed man in his thirties who, like almost ten thousand other people that day, had come to the Museum of Modern Art. or MOMA as it is often called, to visit the most stupendous assemblage of the works of Pablo Picasso ever gathered under one roof, "Isn't the horse pretty?" she repeated, but he could not hear. In his right hand he held a rented portable tape recorder, from which a wire ascended across the chest and along the side of his face, where it disappeared into his left ear. At some inaudible command from the device, the man swiveled right and marched into the next gallery. The woman followed; the horse stayed where it was.

The tape recorder played a cassette lauding the inexhaustible genius of Picasso's art, and the two spectators had miles to go-a total of three and a half miles of corridors and galleries, to be exact, crammed with paintings, prints, and sculptures-before the cassette ran out. And to savor fully New York's most coveted aesthetic experience it was important to keep moving, fast, to keep up with the machine. Cultural catastrophe could strike if one's eves, ears, and legs deviated for even an instant from synchronization with the cassette, which, like some transistorized oracle of official taste and obligatory art, told the visitor what to see,

how to react, what to feel.

"Oh, this can't possibly be the Blue Period!" another visitor exclaimed in alarm to her companion, as she stood before Picasso's wonderfully garish Girl Before a Mirror, "This thing isn't brooding and monochromatical at all." She had been playing, it turned out, the wrong end of the tape for more than an hour, and now she had to start all over again, Fiddling with the rewind mechanism, heedless of the canvases that covered every wall, she strode back past Guernica, past cubism, past the Rose Period and the Blue Period, all the way back to the beginning of the exhibit.

In the course of my loitering for an hour in front of Picasso's tortured epiphany of the Spanish Civil War, and watching hundreds of people, all affluent of garb, bland of expression, and resolute in appearance, mill past the immense canvas without giving it a second glance, the artistic sensibilities of the woman who had liked the horse magnified themselves in my esteem. She, at least, had bothered to look at the painting and had reacted to it in a personal way. When she thought of Picasso in the future, she might remember the pretty horse.

The German bombing of the Spanish city of Guernica was the dress rehearsal for the London blitz, the fire bombing of Dresden, for Hiroshima and Vietnam. It was in the attempt to ensure that the world never forget this horror that Picasso created the work, which, the modernist cultural establishment informs us, is one of the great-

A contributing editor of Harper's, T. D. Allman is also East Coast editor of the Pacific News Service. est masterpieces of twentieth-century art. But though I had revered the painting for years, after seeing it fail to move so many people I was not so sure anymore.

F AN artist's greatness lies in diversity of styles and volume of production, and above all in the monetary value society places on his work, then Picasso was undoubtedly the greatest artist of the twentieth century, perhaps the most "successful" painter since Rubens. But if an artist's genius lies in the ability to communicate human passion or even intellectual abstraction to the viewer, then MOMA's gargantuan tribute to Picasso's genius achieved an effect its organizers no doubt did not intend. The show presented a vision of the artist not as a passionate seer of the world's intertwined beauties and horrors, but as a compulsive producer of high-priced commodities.

The show was also a depressing manifestation of the Museum of Modern Art's own aesthetic standards. Even Picasso's undeniable masterpieces seemed cheapened by MOMA's approach, which was not art for art's sake but quantity for the sake of quantity. A million people may have died in the Spanish Civil War, but nearly a million and a half people-the museum's press releases breathlessly inform us-trooped past Guernica during the nineteen weeks of the exhibit. Picasso attracted the same immense public that King Tut had attracted at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He was a bigger draw than Broadway, free opera in Central Park, rock concerts at Madison Square Garden even baseball at Shea Stadium. And if quantity and revenue were what made Picasso the greatest painter of this century, then by implication MOMA must be the greatest museum of all time.

The higher the ticket sales, MOMA's logic seemed to run, the deeper the aesthetic experience. Indeed the similarity in the promotion of the Tut and Picasso shows to that of a successful discotheque, the way the museum directors pandered to the demands of the New York fashion of going out for the sake of getting in, was obvious, and disturbing.

For months, it seemed, Picasso might have retained the same PR firm. befriended the same columnists, and run in the same crowd as Bianca Jagger, and the apotheosis of art exhibition into selebrity event succeeded bevond belief. People begged for tickets to the Picasso exhibit the way they once pleaded for admission to Studio 54, and by the last days of the show Steve Rubell might have been working MOMA's gate. People jumped over barriers to get in. They paid scalpers \$30, \$50, \$70 for bootleg tickets. Just as the Tutankhamen exhibit was no archaeological event, but—like getting on the same dance floor with Liza Minelli —a chance to bask in the reflection of all that gold, so the Picasso show was less a landmark in modern art than a milestone in the manipulation of mass psychology.

HE MOST fascinating exhibit at the show was MOMA's exhibition of its own willingness to exploit the New York "cultural" life of numbing, pointless excess. Is it not haunting to stand before one of those sad harlequins of the Blue Period? Then let us jam together twenty or thirty of Picasso's early paintings all in one room. Surely cubism was a momentous development in the emergence of abstract art. Let us reveal that importance by crowding a whole orchestra of fractured guitars together in one place. Picasso was not just a painter but an innovator in prints, sculpture, and ceramics. What better way to demonstrate that than to crowd walls with prints by the hundreds, to jam glass cases with ceramics as though they were souvenir ashtrays from Atlantic City, or little figurines by Hummel or Boehm?

The art on display may have been "modern," but the spirit of exhibition was worthy of King Tut: funereal, though it was the whole spirit of modern iconoclasm that MOMA had mumified, not some ancient Egyptian king. The museum was like a Victorian parlor compulsively filled with bricabrac. Even more was it reminiscent of those gold cameos and little silver plaques sold on the installment plan by the Franklin Mint. Obsession with quantities of money was masquerading itself as cultivated refinement.

Here, no less than in the establishment Paris salons that once had scorned Picasso himself, it was the function of art to uphold convention, to nourish the pocketbook, to be recondite enough to satisfy the craving for elitist exclusivity yet to raise no disturbing questions at all, "I must read more when I get home," one visitor observed as he strode past Les Demoiselles d'Avignon. "They just don't look pretty to me." That Picasso had intended the African-masked figures in the painting to be ugly was as unthinkable in MOMA's cluttered, nouveau riche salons as it was unimaginable to the throngs dutifully marching past Guernica that Picasso's concern might not have been the nobility of the horse but the bestiality of man.

How might Picasso himself have reacted to this cultural equivalent of a tape-recorded tour of Fort Knox and its gold bars? Most probably he would have demanded a cut of the take, while sneering all the way to the bank at the pharisees of artistic quantification who have turned the traffic in his work into a kind of genteel New York version of the Chicago frozen-pork-bellies exchange. The mindless jamming together of so many objects in one building was revealing chiefly of MOMA's standards, but the sheer gratuitousness of the litter also provided a useful reminder about Picasso himself.

"Genius" is unquantifiable, but Picasso, the exhibit inadvertently made clear, was undeniably the paradigmatic artist of the twentieth century. He was as compulsively inventive as any designer of Detroit automobile grilles. He ran through women and children and friends on canvas the way he ran through them in life. Like the Pentagon or Procter & Gamble, he trans-

formed technological innovation for its own sake into mass production for its own sake.

Like many of those who fought their way into the exhibit. Picasso also was compulsively "youthful"-as opposed to young-especially as he grew older. His earliest paintings, notably those of the Blue and Rose periods, seem to have been painted by a wise and rather old man. But by the time he was eighty. Picasso had the verve of an adolescent. Even in his nineties he was youthful in that particular sense of youth that makes it so different from both childhood and old age-that kind of youth that assumes a world in which I. I. I am the center of a universe that I shall remake in my image, where everything will mirror me.

No modern painter of Picasso's stature produced a greater variety of objects. None, it was obvious at MOMA's exhibit, was so uninterested in the world, and so consumed with himself. And perhaps that was why the show attracted the crowds it did. Even when they scarcely glanced at the paintings the tape recorder was showing them, the visitors seemed in odd sympathy with the spirit of Picasso and the spirit of the MOMA exhibit itself. Even into their forties and fifties they were well-exercised of muscle, lineless of face—and dressed up like a million bucks. In the end the Picasso exhibit revealed a consonance among artist, organizers, and viewers that was strikingly "modern." What was on display was nothing less than that strand of artistic, institutional, and personal self-absorption that runs through both the gaudiest fulfillments and the darkest alienations of our time.

HE MUSEUM of Modern Art, for its part, probably could have given even Pablo Picasso tuition in megalomania. As befits a cultural institution that equates volume of inanimate objects with quality of aesthetic experience, that is more concerned with setting attendance records than correcting any of the pathologies that currently infest establishment art, and that markets itself, no less than Picasso, as a kind of celebrity, MOMA-now that the exhibit is finished-is forging ahead with its own plans to remake the world, or at least its block on East Fifty-third Street, over into a monument to itself.

In the museum's tax-exempt properies a skyscraper of culture will soon urise, towering over the neighborhood by brownstones the way Picasso's own price tags have come to tower over the he traffic in modern art.

In this massive new pyramid of oficial taste, the world's highest property values and the world's costliest paintings will at last converge. Like he Picasso exhibit itself, MOMA's new headquarters-worthy of an inernational bank or a multinational conglomerate—will be celebrated as a riumph of art, though like the exhibit he building in fact will commemorate omething else. The revolt Picasso led n the first quarter of the twentieth entury against the artist and the museum being the butler and chambermaid respectively, of preciosity and W. privilege is ending as most revolutions le lo-with a new autocracy installed in a new palace, with a new set of preening courtiers at its feet. As MOMA's official literature on the Picasso exhibt pointed out, "the exhibition has been made possible by a generous grant from IBM."

In the old hierarchy of official taste that Picasso helped to overthrow, the courtesans of belle époque refinement arried gold-tipped canes, and squinted superciliously through monocles at curlicued gilt frames. Today museums legitimate the taste of giant corporations the way the ancien régime in art once followed the official memoranda handed down by the Ministry of Culture. Meanwhile, an unquestioning public carries tape recorders and partakes of the aesthetic fulfillment of the earplug, and Picasso T-shirts take the place of spats and the bustle.

As I left the exhibit, a sidewalk vendor was doing a brisk business in articles of clothing bearing Picasso's signature. One young couple had Gucci on their feet and Pierre Cardin buckled around their waists. They could not wait to stretch high culture across their chests. Right there they pulled on their Picasso T-shirts, and then strode along Park Avenue to Regine's, where they meekly fell into another line of self-assertively dressed people passively waiting to get in.

A million and a half people do not crowd into a museum unless such an experimental need.

No less than the exclusive discotheque, the fashionable museum has become the place where masses of human beings can safely indulge their egos while never questioning the rules, imagine they are being recklessly avant-garde while instructing themselves in official taste—where they can almost touch unimaginable lucre no matter how much their credit-card payments are overdue. But one cannot escape into a world of strobe lights and megabucks merely by standing in line.

One must pay the fee, and while

MOMA's pyramid is not yet built, the pharaohs of modern art are as jealous of their copyrights as any autocrat ever was of his concubines. The police were summoned to disperse the street vendors and confiscate their T-shirts; even Picasso's signature may not be reproduced, the authorities explained, unless one has paid for a license. There is profit everywhere in art these days it seems, except for the soul.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1980

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Benjamin M. Anderson taught economics at Columbia, Harvard, and the University of California. He was an economist for the Chase Manhattan Bank and for many years edited the Chase Economic Bulletin. Hardcover \$10.00, Paperback \$4.50

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Folly River, by Wendy Salinger. 69 pages. Dutton, \$7.95.

Different Fleshes, by Albert Goldbarth. 103 pages. Hobart & William Smith. College Press, \$7.95.

After Such Pleasures, by Frances Mayes. 91 pages. Seven Woods Press, \$4.75.

The Dog That Was Barking Yesterday, by Patricia Goedicke. 79 pages. Lynx House Press, \$3.50.

Views & Spectacles: New and Selected Shorter Poems, by Theodore Weiss. 75 pages. Macmillan, \$4.95.

Collected Poems, 1944–1979, by Kingsley Amis. 154 pages. Viking, \$10.00.

Selected Poems, by W.S. Graham. 112 pages. Ecco Press, \$12.95.

Hours in The Garden and Other Poems, by Hermann Hesse. Translated by Rika Lesser. 96 pages. Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, \$10.95.

ATIENCE IN anxiety is a kind of ennui suffered in fear and trembling." So wrote Paul Goodman, with his usual defining brilliance, a number of years ago. I think it applies exactly to the condition of poets today, and to the condition of publishers, editors, reviewers, teachers, foundation officials—the whole managerial complex of our cultural machine. "Every perception has no esthetic surface," Goodman went on, "[but] has a portentous meaning..."

Exactly, as I say. When I was young I used to argue against the evident modern hunger for novelty in art, say-

ing that it bore no relationship to the real qualities of expressiveness. But now, older, I feel so caught in the psychology of history-a phrase I would not even have deigned to use twenty vears ago-that I long for something to happen. We are suffering, it would seem, this terrible ennui, bored to fear and trembling by the millionth repetition of the same poetic styles, attitudes, images, topics, and forms. We are waiting. We know that something new must come-but from where?-if American poetry, or American culture in general, is not to slip into a dark age as frightening as any of the huge blanks we find in past civilizations.

E HAVE no lack of talent. Each book I have chosen here (with one exception) is a good book. (Why, at this point, write about the bad? It would be flogging a dead horse.) Each of the poets might be a giant if the times were different. R.G. Vliet, for instance, has published comparatively little, considering that his first book came out in 1966, and consequently his reputation is small, but his novella Rockspring (1974) is a wellcrafted piece of work, as are most of the poems in his new book. He can "do" the lyrical elegy as well as anyone:

> Doves in season fall. Helped by ringtails black persimmons fall, the call of hounds drops ringtails: October when red laurel beans, acorns of live oak fall. And the world is real.

Beautiful. The language is put togeth-

er with obvious care. And Vliet's scope is not limited to this: he has ballads, long poems, and sequences, even comic touches here and there. What he does not have is what one keeps waiting for, as one turns the pages. Something. Call it a tongue of fire peeking through. One does not find it, but only this pre-Raphaelitish verbal prudence, poems carved meticulously, one after another, often lovely to read, but very seldom moving.

Wendy Salinger is younger, and Folly River, her first book, has been awarded a prize in the National Poetry Series. Surely she is a fine poet with a poet's eyes and ears. Her book is

worth its prize.

Salinger writes: "The hue of crickets stirs in the sea oats." Good pacing, a nice adjustment of sounds. But what is "hue"? It seems as if she is mixing metaphors, making a color do the work of a sound. Then we recognize that this is, in fact, another "hue," more archaic, as in "hue and cry." We recognize that this narrower meaning is somehow appropriate to crickets, yet also somehow inappropriate, which throws us into the further recognition that the commoner meaning, a shade of color, is intended also, a kind of subliminal suggestion.

Now all these recognitions are precisely what young poets are taught to elicit from their word-choosings in the academic workshops. Salinger has learned her lesson well. I do not mean to say that many of her poems are unfelt; quite the contrary. Yet there is not one poem in her book unmarred

Hayden Carruth is the poetry editor of

Harper

by the kind of preciousness I have described. Salinger has two ways to go: in the direction of her skill in verbal contrivances, or in the direction of her inner power and feeling. I for one will be watching to see which she chooses.

With Albert Goldbarth we come to a more experienced poet who is not afraid of big effects: a pleasure. His new book, Different Fleshes, is called a "novel/poem," which would have meant simply a narrative poem a few years ago. But it is not a connected narrative, since it imitates novels constructed in disparate pieces, nor is it a poem, since large parts are written in prose. In fact, I see no reason for any of it to be in poetry. The poetry adds nothing; rather, it shows up the weaknesses of the story, which might not be so evident in prose.

FTER SUCH PLEASURES, by Frances Mayes, is another book written too much in the workshop mode, but which passionate utterance. Well, mildly passionate, anyway. I turn through the book again. I see the obligatory word in all feminine poetry, "crocheted," which men never know how to pronounce. I see exclamation points that do not exclaim. I see pedestrian phrasings, hallowed images.

Mayes's best poems are about death. Here is the final stanza in "Epistle to Susan Concerning Our Old Age":

If you die first, under your tongue I'll hide a seed and a lapis bead. One to trade for luxury if there's another life and the other for bloom in this world in any case.

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ret I detect real fear and courage in this. but it's more by intuition than in the reading, "Seed/bead" is a most reproachable awkwardness. The poem is, finally, typical: plain language in lines that have little poetic justification but contain far-out imaginings. The idea of putting a seed and a bead in a dead person's mouth is grotesque. Does writing it in a poem make it less grotesque? The idea's appeal is at best its ingenuousness, but it lacks conviction. Mayes is a better poet by far than most of her colleagues working in this flattoned style, but one must read her whole book to know this. One must find

the infrequent passages that rise into eloquence by comparing them to the rest that don't.

Patricia Goedicke is a quite different poet, older, more at ease with ideas. I think she may write too much, so that her work suffers attenuation, the poems coming after one another like the daily domestic episodes in the letters of intelligent women from the past. But her telligent women from the past. But her like parables of survival. Here is "In Our Time":

Sitting here in the minister's study In Marblehead, Massachusetts We are surrounded by seagulls.

The gravestones are all out back, The white triangles of the sailboats Clutter up all the windows,

Historic battles are reenacted on every corner Approaching Logan airport

The shark faced ships slide by

But at least the danger is not imminent,

(I speak of your heart, of my own slow cancer)

Thanks to the new medicines

Whatever we do hardly matters Except to ourselves, in our time

And this is a vacation,
The sweet fragrance of summer
fills the air,
Wild roses spill over picket
fences . . .

Since we have been here there have been 3 burials, Nobody we know, but still

As the Puritan clock ticks We amble along the shoreline Aimlessly, picking up loose pebbles,

Laughing, we skip them across the

Nevertheless we are careful about

Especially on gray days

There is so much mist here, and history

The sea breezes are full of it.

We read this with the attentiveness one gives easily to clear, strong writing, good description. Then we come to the parenthetical heart disease and cancer, and we know that for once these ideas and images are not metaphorical. Goedicke is a poet who does not make up workshop fancies for the hell of it (or to accumulate academic brownie points for her vita). Each time we read her poem we come to the

final couplet with a sense of real closure; we can imagine nothing more, nothing less. Not many poems are so complete.

In Theodore Weiss's poems over the past thirty years or more we have come to expect such completeness, though in a different and more complicated texture. He writes about his own work:

all are parts hopeful, possible, expecting their place in the song; more appealing because parts that must harmonize into something that rewards them for being, rewards

with what they are.

A difficult program, one might say, difficult even to understand. But Weiss does know this kind of ontological integrity in the parts of his song. He is a poet influenced—horrors!—by Shake-speare. His best poems have the intricate fluency of Shakespeare's sonnets, though they are composed in distinctly modern shapes. "A World To Do" is simpler than some of his songs, but a good place to begin:

'I busy too,' the little boy said, lost in his book about a little boy, lost in his book, with nothing

but a purple crayon and his wits to get him out. 'Nobody can sit with me, I have no room.

I busy too. So don't do any noise. We don't want any noise right now.'

He leafs through once, leafs twice; the pictures, mixed with windy sighs, grow dizzy, world

as difficult, high-drifting as the two-day snow that can not stop.

How will the bushes, sinking deeper and deeper, trees and birds, wrapt up, ever pop

out again?
Any minute now the blizzard,
scared and wild, the animals
lost in it—O the fur,

the red-eyed claws, crying for their home—may burst into the room. Try words he's almost learned

on them?

He sighs, 'I need a man here; I can't do all this work alone.' And still, as though intent on reading its own argument, winter continues thumbing through itself.

Notice the ease of this transference from the child's hardship to the world's. Notice the details of the child's speech and action, never excessive, each tending toward the poem's real meaning. I find "up, ever pop" a little too much, but that's a small flaw, if it is one. Otherwise notice the weaving in and out of the z sounds and the short vowels, the many hardly noticeable rhymes. Views & Spectacles is a spare selection from all Weiss's shorter poems, plus a few new ones: a fine introduction to his whole work.

E HAD a spate of books from Great Britain lately, almost all of them pompous and bad. Kingsley Amis is a chief culprit. On the strength of one very funny book, Lucky Jim, published years ago, Amis has built a dubious literary career in the British tradition, and his Collected Poems, 1944-1979 does nothing to redeem it, Mark Akenside, move over. But one recent book from Great Brittain, W.S. Graham's Selected Poems, deserves respect, though owing to its difficulty I imagine that is all it will get. It is a small selection, taken from forty years' work, and is, I think, Graham at his best, which means that it is technically brilliant, the most masterful verse writing I have seen in a long time.

Graham is interested in language, how it works, the way it interposes itself between all meanings, between the poet and reader, between moments of time. This is what his poems are "about." They are, one might be tempted to say, the poetic counterpart of Wittgenstein's Tractatus, which would not be true but would nevertheless indicate their seriousness. Like most truly serious art, these poems are original to the point of oddity. Yet who knows how or whether this oddity may not transform itself into the artistic coinage of the future?

Graham is a "Greenock man," as he describes himself, which I presume means not only that he is a Scot from the Clyde region but that he is a poor man, descendant or associate of seafolk. He is a descendant too, poetical-

ly speaking, of Edwin Muir, who spent his impoverised years in Glasgow. Graham's writing has the same tough, oldstyle plainness about it, even a heavy dependence at times on the ancient Saxon poetry:

We are at the hauling then hoping for it The hard slow haul of a net white with herring Meshed hard. I haul, using the boat's cross-heave We've started, holding fast as we rock back, Taking slack as we go to. The day rises brighter Over us and the gulls rise in a wailing scare From the nearest net-floats. And the unfolding water

Notice not only the strong alliterative stresses but the use of Teutonic kenning in "cross-heave" and "net-floats." But rhyme is in it as well, and the standard English iambic. He can do the same things in a lyric mode:

Mingles its dead.

Then what a fine upstander I was for the cause of Love, And what a fine woman's Man I went sauntering as.

I could sing a tear out of The drunk or sober or deaf. My love would lie pleasanter Than ever she lay before.

Now she who younger lay Lies lost in the husk of night. My far my vanished dears All in your bowers.

Trace back the rhymes for "sauntering as" in the first stanza. We hear them, and yet we have to look to find them. I cannot help feeling wonder at such word-gathering, such new-oldness of sounds and meters. Here is a whole poem, "The Night City":

Unmet at Euston in a dream
Of London under Turner's steam
Misting the iron gantries, I
Found myself running away
From Scotland into the golden
city.

I ran down Gray's Inn Road and ran
Till I was under a black bridge.
This was me at nineteen
Late at night arriving between
The buildings of the City of
Loadon.

And then I (O I have fallen down) Fell in my dream beside the Bank Of England's wall to bed, me With my money belt of Northern ice.

I found Eliot and he said ves

And sprang into a Holmes cab, Boswell passed me in the fog Going to visit Whistler who Was with John Donne who had just seen

Paul Potts shouting on Soho Green.

Midnight, I hear the moon Light chiming on St. Paul's.

The City is empty. Night Watchmen are drinking their tea.

The Fire had burnt out. The Plague's pits had closed And gone into literature.

Between the big buildings I sat like a flea crouched In the stopped works of a watch.

Intricacies of language, all hung on the "Found myself running away" in the fourth line. It would take pages to explicate this poem, yet there's nothing in it that would be unclear to a good old literate country boy, the kind that I believe still exists in Scotland.

LL OF WHICH leaves me very little space to say that although Hermann Hesse's poems have not been translated quite as well or fluently as I would like in Hours in the Garden, still the good-heartedness of that great, gentle, profound man comes through, especially in his poems about gardening, filled with real knowledge of earth and humanity, so much more touching than, say, W.H. Auden's "Bucolics."

Wunderlich ist's mit Gewächsen und Blumen, welchen bestimmut ist,

Innerhalb eines einzigen Jahres, ja weniger Monde, Alle Stufen des Lebens zu gehen

Alle Stufen des Lebens zu gehen vom Keim bis zum Tode!

Isn't it strange how plants and flowers,

in the space of A single year, or even fewer moons, as allotted,

Go through the stages of life, from seed all the way to death!

No, the English is not adequate, and probably never could be. But the warmth of the mind that wrote Stepnenvolf, Damien, and Siddhartha still comes through.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1980

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THE VIEW FROM THE MIRROR

A taste for autobiography

by Frances Taliaferre

The Wanton Chase: An Autobiography from 1939 by Peter Quennell. 192 pages. Atheneum, \$9.95.

Journey Around My Room: The Autobiography of Louise Bogan. A mosaic by Ruth Limmer. 224 pages. The Viking Press, \$12.95.

HE TERRITORY that lies between autobiography and memoir is notably ill-regulated. No laws govern the distinctions between the two; the terms are used interchangeably and promiscuously, to the bafflement of any reader who had hoped for certainty. The bookshelf suggests no guiding principle. In the past, titles were candid declarations of contents, as in The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin or The Memoirs of Madame de La Tour du Pin, More recent writers waffle. Some choose evasive titles like A Little Learning, The Prime of Life, Good-bye to All That, Old Men Forget. Others avoid the issue with subtitle descriptions like "A Self-Portrait" or "A Personal History." Graham Greene proposes A Sort of Life, a diffident, equivocal definition midway between "autobiography" and "memoir." Will no one make a definite statement? Perhaps all such works should simply follow the forthright example of Virgil Thomson by Virgil Thomson and be done with it.

The attraction, after all, is not in the naming. What draws us to the genre? Raw curiosity, the first passion of most true readers: fascination with the blatant strangeness of other people's lives, always a palliative for the chronic strangeness of our own. We read autobiography to validate our af-

fection for an admired person or our loathing for a despised one. We read in the hope of enlightenment, amusement, titillation, guidance, comfort, intimacy. That hope may be betrayed, but with any luck we can listen to the likable sound of a human voice addressing a subject on which the speaker is uniquely expert.



ETER OUENNELL writes in th elegant tradition of Englis men of letters. Reviewer, criic, editor, essayist, and bios rapher, he is also an alumnus of "th far-off Georgian period" whose rich ness amazes this drab quarter of th century. Schooled at Berkhamsted where Graham Greene's father wa headmaster. Quennell went on to th Oxford that came to imaginative life in Brideshead Revisited. That "nurser of distinguished writers" seemed t have "almost as many coteries as co leges." Quennell's set included Greene Evelyn Waugh, Cyril Connolly, Ar thony Powell, and Kenneth Clark, an Quennell first became "extravagantl drunk" at the Hypocrites Club of blessed memory. After his rustication (his offense was venereal, and at thi distance it seems venial as well). h entered an agreeable life of love, trav el, and writing. All three were seriou occupations whose pleasure and pai: Quennell recorded in his first volum of autobiography, The Marble Foot.

The present volume begins in 1935 the writer's own circumstances reflecting the general "malaise and discomfort" that preceded the declaration o war: "darkened train-journeys, lonel hotel-rooms and a general sensation o harrowing incertitude." Quennell provides a fine picture of London life is wartime, when makeshift hedonism seemed the appropriate response to displacement and dreariness. He sums up "his war": "I had worked or idled is [government] offices, attended night clubs and dinner-parties, and proved.

Frances Taliaferro writes the "In Print" coumn in monthly alternation with Jeffre Burke.

singularly incompetent member of the wartime Fire Service.... I had enlarged my scope, met some remarkable characters and—no doubt a salutary experience—now and then felt mortally afraid." The voice, understated and only apparently feckless, might have spoken from one of Anthony Powell's novels.

Of course the passion for gossip draws memoir-readers ever on, and The Wanton Chase sketches both the great and the merely famous: Churchill. Montgomery, and Beaverbrook; Norman Douglas, Ian Fleming, the Sitwells. An autobiographer of Ouennell's finesse cannot be called a name-dropper: that clumsy trade has nothing in common with these guick strokes that pin an idiosyncrasy to the collector's board. Here is Ouennell on Bertrand Russell: "With his large beak, fierce eyes and long, withered, stringy neck, he resembled an indignant cassowary." On is a lady novelist:

[She had] a tall bulky frame in which few of the ordinary physical features seemed to occupy quite the place that I had expected; so that for a moment . . I entertained a weird suspicion that two separate midgets, one riding on the other's shoulders, might have been crammed into the same black satin dress.

The delight of such sketches lies not in their depth but in their quick authority. The memoirist's talent is to distill rather than to discover: distance is his element, and his art is emotion recollected in epigram. Or so it seems in the civilized genre of which Ouennell is master. One learns very little about the plain facts of his life; one learns a great deal, for instance, about the consolations of middle age. Despite "moments of panic, spells of deep melancholy and long bouts of atrabilious gloom . . . I had learned, if not the art of pleasing, at least the knack of being pleased," Quennell characterizes one of his early writings as "an elaborate network of phrases, carefully disposed around a central void." How far, in life and art, he has traveled since then.

OUISE BOGAN'S "autobiography" is, as the saying goes, something else again. Roughly contemporary with Peter Quennell (she was born in 1897), this poet and critic had little to do with the

wide world that has been Quennell's milieu. She lived in a modest part of Manhattan that she described as a faubourg. By her own account, she had "very few of the usual warm friendships that normal people have, and enjoy." Asked for autobiographical statements, she would respond with silence or parody. As Ruth Limmer points out, "She was a woman of letters in much the same way that her friend Edmund Wilson was a man of letters: all her activities centered on literature—creating it, appraising it, explaining it, championing it."

Bogan never wrote an autobiography. but we are lucky enough to have two volumes of her writings about her life. The first is What the Woman Lived. the wonderful collection of her letters published three years after she died in 1970. Now the same editor. Ruth Limmer, has assembled what she describes as a "mosaic" of pieces from Bogan's journals and notebooks, memoirs, stories, correspondence, and criticism, as well as_some poetry. Her aim was "to arrange the available material in such a way as to suggest the flow of experience." She has produced a haunting book that invites the reader into intimacy with Bogan, but miraculously preserves her privacy as well.

"Dear God, why does anyone write!"
In Journey Around My Room, such cries of exasperation with the craft are balanced by jottings and fuller passages that proclaim Bogan's inability not to be a poet. Her power to "see into the life of things" is evident in such notes as these:

My mother used the salt box as an index of time. "What will happen before it is used up?"

Half the town would lie in the shadow of a long cloud and half the town would stand shining bright, the weathervane almost as still in a strong blast coming from one quarter as in no wind at all, the paint sparkling on the clapboards.

I felt that his soul was like a small rectangular piece of wood or bone: a domino: hard: one inch long and a half inch wide, residing in the unmeasured depth of what we all possess.

Her collected letters show us the Louise Bogan who was an earthy friend and co-worker in the vineyards of poetry, whose engaging common sense

and humor nudged and cozied her correspondents. But Journey Around My Room, as its name implies, looks inward, not to the memoirist's clutter, but to the more reflective essentials. Other people have very little significance in this volume, apart from the familiar and mysterious figures of a childhood sharply remembered, Louise Bogan had no use for those celebrities whom she called "literary wowsers," and she makes clear that the sources of poetry are not to be found in sociability or competition. The world is worth her irony, especially in a "farewell speech" that begins, "Now, look here, my fine pair, widely known as Sorrow and Romantic Attachment," Certainly Louise Bogan had enough experience of both. and might have chronicled them at some length. For reasons that she noted in her journal, she chose the economy of silence:

The poet represses the outright narrative of his life. He absorbs it, along with life itself. The repressed becomes the poem. Actually, I have written down my experience in the closest detail. But the rough and vulgar facts are not there.

OSWELL DECLARES at the opening of his great biography that "had Dr. Johnson written his own life...the world would probably have had the most perfect example of biography that was ever exhibited." The thought of Johnson's autobiography causes giddy speculation, and no sensible reader would trade Boswell's masterpiece for the work he reverently imagines. But he does raise the interesting question of what is "the most perfect."

If perfection is flawlessness, utter completeness and undiminished excellence of its kind, then either autobiography had better be excluded from the competition or everyone had better be given a prize. For there are no rules. Every autobiographer is a special pleader, but there is no justice, only the unpredictable taste and sympathy of the reader. You and I are his fallible jury: the writer is his own law, and there is no higher court where a critic may tell the reader to prefer St. Augustine to Abbie Hoffman. In the fullness of time, a good autobiography will take care of itself.

THE LITERARY POLITICIAN

Washington's world of books

by John Nollso

The following was discovered recently in one of Washington, D.C.'s, better journals of opinion and is presented here in rebuttal to the slanderous accusation that Washington is a place where literature doesn't count.

The Congressman Who Loved Heidegger and Other Stories, by Grendel Smith. 240 pages. \$12.95.

Reviewed by Rowena Harband

Y HUSBAND, the late Franklin Harband-known as the Judge-served in the Congress for twenty-seven years before succumbing to the case of amoebic dysentery he contracted during his fact-finding tour of the Himalayan kingdoms this past autumn. But I have found a new life for myself as reviewer of political fiction for the Washington Press and I want to thank all of my friends who have encouraged me to take on this new assignment. This is the first book review I have ever written! I'm keeping my fingers crossed, even as I type-no easy feat-and with a gulp or two, here goes!

Everybody knows that Grendel Smith is one of the most respected journalists in this town. My late husband thought highly of him, as did most of our friends. That's why I hope he won't take it personally if I say that I didn't much care for his book. Maybe I just don't understand it, but the people he writes about sure aren't like anybody I've ever known.

Take the hero of the title story, for

example. It's about a congressman who tries to cope with his mid-life crisis by reading the works of all the famous European philosophers of the twentieth century. It turns out that his favorite among them is a German man named Martin Heidegger, who, according to an encyclopedia I consulted, was something called a phenomenologist. According to Mr. Smith's story, the protagonist, Congressman Bartley Trill, is immediately converted to phenomenology after reading Mr. Heidegger's most famous work, Being and Time. He announces on the floor of the House of Representatives that he has become a born-again phenomenologist, and that all of his colleagues are welcome at a monthly phenomenology breakfast that he will host. He also announces that since the force of the original doctrine is lost in translation, he will speak nothing but German during future legislative debates. "I am no longer interested in bills as such," he says, "but rather in the bill-in-itself, its bill-ness, so to speak. We have to recover the essence of bill-ness if we are ever to move toward a truly liberating, consciousness-ridden, creative jurisprudence." He talks like this for six months, until one of his colleagues tells him that Heidegger, though an eminent philosopher, was actually a supporter of Adolf Hitler. This upsets the congressman very much, and when he enrolls in another semester of night school, he changes his major to art history. What is the author trying to tell us in this story? To tell the truth, it just went right by me.

Another interesting story in this collection is called "For Whom the Bike Rolls." It's a story about another socially concerned congressman who gives up his gas-guzzling automobile for a small moped, and the interesting people he meets when he rides to and fro the office. I read this story three time before I realized that it was an alleg ry about the energy crisis, how w never really get to know other peop until we stop wasting gasoline. But th ending is hard to understand becaus in the end, the moped is eaten by large papier-mâché dragon during Chinese New Year's parade. What the author trying to tell us in th story? The key to it is in the last se tence when the author says, quite plai ly. "Do not ask for whom the bil rolls." Mr. Smith is obviously strivir for ambiguity.

Another interesting story is about man with an unusual occupation. He the night watchman at a hydroge bomb warehouse. Every night, he ha to count all the hydrogen bombs the to make sure none is missing. Or night, he happened to be reading magazine that has printed an artic on how to make a hydrogen bom Suddenly, his curiosity is aroused. I realizes that he has been the nig watchman for seventeen years an hasn't a clue as to how a hydroge bomb is made. After he is finishe taking the inventory, he decides to ope up one of the bombs to see whether really looks like the diagram printe in the magazine. But shortly after I removes the protective casing, his gol wedding ring comes into contact will a loose wire inside the mechanism an the bomb goes off. Miraculously, th night watchman survives, even though several square miles of surroundir countryside are incinerated. Givin thanks to God for his miraculous e cape, he vows never to tamper wil the secrets of the universe. This stor is very realistic and convincing, as fa as I am concerned. And I couldn't he but think that it is something of a mi

John Nollson is a writer who lives at the fringes of Washington, D.C. This piece is excerpted from the book Washington in Pieces by John Nollson. Copyright © 1981 by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

cle that we have never had this kind f a horrible accident in real life.

N THE other hand, I don't know why Mr. Smith has one of his stories printed in the language of the Arapaho. He xplains in an introductory footnote hat American Indians need to have the system" explained to them in their wn tongue, so that they can relate to t. But how about people like your reiewer, who can't read Arapaho? I ust suggest that you skip this one iece, because you'll find that no maiter how hard you struggle, you won't e able to make heads or tails of it.

I have to admit that one of the things Ar. Smith does very cleverly indeed s to weave a religious message into is stories. I think he deals very nicely with the subtle interplay of religion nd politics in our culture. Two of his tories deal with this head on. In the irst all of America's Roman Catholic ardinals meet secretly in the archdioese of Washington. They are planning he national tour of the first American pope. They want his trip to be a big uccess in the Midwest especially, and o they want a photograph of him saoring the American National Dish. But they cannot agree on what the American National Dish is, Those who irgue that it is the Big Mac agree that t would be undignified to photograph he Supreme Pontiff biting into a large namburger. They argue throughout the evening and well into the morning. The orelates become exhausted, and their neeting dissolves in bitter recriminaion. I think the author is trying to tell is that in a diverse country like ours, t is a mistake to try and make everyone eat the same thing.

In the second story with a religious notif, the local elders of the Mormon church gather at their tabernacle in nearby Maryland. They have been alerted that a major revelation is in the offing, and they have come to hear it. But when the message comes, they can't understand it. So they ask that it be repeated while they make a recording of it on a cassette. They take the cassette to nine eminent linguists. none of whom can recognize the language in which the revelation is spoken. On the tenth attempt, they are told that the voice is speaking in Yiddish. They refuse to accept this. Final-

ly, they ask Washington's most distinguished rabbi to translate the message for them, and he does—but we never find out what the revelation was! This, I think, is very significant. Maybe Mr. Smith wants to make the point that it is very difficult to know what God is saying to us. That may not be the right interpretation, but it certainly has been my own experience.

WISH Mr. Smith had written more about religion and less about sex. but I suppose he had to write about it, things being what they are these days. I am more than a little embarrassed to bring this up at all, but my editors here at the Press say that I have to be honest in discussing this book and, to tell the truth, I think I am basically an honest person. Frankly. I think it is very hard to write about sex in a book without being filthy and disgusting, and maybe even perverted, and I am sorry to have to report that Mr. Smith has put some smut in this collection. Besides, I think he's making it all up. Talk about having an author's imagination run wild! He has a story in the book called "The Congressman

Who Made Love on Mondays." It's about a congressman who comes home on Monday nights, watches the Monday football game, and then makes love to his wife. He does this only during the football season; during the baseball and basketball seasons he is continent. At first, I thought that the author was trying to make a point about sex and violence. But it's just an excuse to publish pornography. For example, he describes the goings-on in great detail, and actually quotes the congressman's wife as saying "ooh, ooh, ah, ah!" This is wholly lacking in realism.

All in all, there are sixteen stories in this collection, and I don't have enough space to discuss all of them. Even though I didn't care much for the book as a whole, I think the individual stories are worth reading. For people who have never been to Washington, I think they'll learn that life here isn't much different from life in most other places, even though it is unique in some respects. Also, I hope Mr. Smith doesn't get too angry at me over what I've written here, because he is a very dear man and I would like to keep him as a friend.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1980



THE PUNDIT'S ART

Walter Lippmann's dubious legacy

By Alexander Cockburn

HERE WAS a term, nicely indicative of the morbid sensitivity of most journalists, which was much in vogue on the press planes and buses of the recent campaign: "Bigfoot." One would hear it hissed in just those accents of horror familiar to fans of Biblical epics, where the sleeve of a mendicant is inadvertently turned back to reveal the diseased skin beneath: Leper!

"Bigfoot" was used to describe any senior officer of the press permitted by status and function to leaven fact with advertised opinion. Whether a Joe Kraft, an Anthony Lewis, or a Hugh Sidey, the reaction provoked among the troops was analogous to that to a general visiting the trenches in the first world war. Among the smoke of press releases, the steady roar of campaign oratory, the screams of the wounded scampering toward daily deadlines, he would make a dignified tour of inspection, briefly confer with the candidate and senior officers on the spot, inscribe a few paragraphs of sagacious observation in his notebook, and return to the soft life in Washington.

When finally published, the Bigfoot's observations would be read by the troops he left behind him with spite and derision. How could the Bigfoot know that the sentiments of the candidate he recorded in Pittsburgh as novel and refreshing insights had been daily Alexander Cockburn is on the staff of the press and—with James Ridgeway—about politics. He will be writing a bimonthly column for Harper's.

staples of the stump for the previous six months, that the "stumbling and exhausted" campaigner he espied in Austin had merely been suffering from a bellyache and was as fresh as a daisy the following day? The Little Feet, campaign regulars, would thus comfort themselves in some temporary bivouac—a Howard Johnson, a Holiday Inn—before trekking forward to the next deadline.

There was a size-fourteen specimen of bigfootery in mid-October from that quintessential *New York Times* megalopod, James Reston. Temporari-



Water Lippmann in 1950.

ly lodged in St. Louis with the Carter campaign, he announced excitedly that "You have to spend a day on the campaign trail in order to sense the changes that are taking place in American politics." With the astonishment of a nineteenth-century explorer, Reston then described anew techniques of presidential campaigning that had been the staple of trail coverage for the past year.

Most journalists would like to be Bigfeet all the same, enjoying the good life on the op-ed page, with a mind relatively uncluttered by facts and a notebook nicely filled with opinions. The Bigfoot, or pundit, need not be in lockstep with "the facts" but is permitted by function to move fractionally athwart the prejudices of his publishers, his readers, and of course his regular sources. The Bigfoot is permitted by sociological function not merely to report the lies of others but to contribute some lies of his own. Thus is he a senior officer in what we are pleased to call the "opinion-forming process."

N THIS context the publication of Ronald Steel's Walter Lippmann and the American Century could not have been more timely, coming as it did when thunderclaps of punditry were rising to a crescendo in the weeks before election day. Lippmann was, after all, the Biggest Foot of them all: a man by the measure of whose perceptions and social utility the opinion-forming profession must stand or fall.

Yet scrutiny of Steel's excellent and bitlessly faithful account of Lipp-mann's life and works reveals that most of the time he was wrong about everything, and that on the rare occasions when he was right no one paid he slightest attention. Those reviews hat I have read of Steel's book have to done full justice to a career so consistently receptive to blunder, so uniquely illustrative of all the failures, aults, and pretensions of the journalisic profession.

Consider the record. In 1914 Lippnann should have seen the writing on he wall. In consort with high-minded colleagues on the New Republic he vas insinuating himself into the good graces of Teddy Roosevelt, but made he mistake of criticizing one of TR's onslaughts on Wilson. Roosevelt forthvith denounced the editorial board of he New Republic as being composed of "three circumcised Jews and three memic Christians," This should have occurately conveyed to Lippmann the constraints of access and the parameers of "constructive criticism" of the powerful. He was not deterred.

In 1916 he was campaigning for Wilson, and by the following year rought untold suffering on the world y coining the phrase "Atlantic Comnunity," a pundit standby ever since. Another lifelong cliché he shouldered it this time was his perception of the 'general slouchiness and distraction of he public morale." By 1917 he was lressing up the unpalatable in terms of the exalted (traditional pundit task) and justifying U.S. intervention in the irst world war by saying that it would lead to a "transvaluation of ralues as radical as anything in the nistory of intellect."

grounds that he wanted "to devote all ny time to studying and speculating on the approaches to peace." With trace of self-consciousness he asked Secretary of War Newton Baker for an exemption, for "the things that need to be thought out are so big that there must be no personal element mixed up with this." He added thoughtfully that 'I'd rather be under a man [i.e., Baker] in whose whole view of life there is just the quality which alone can justify this high experience." Lippmann always knew how to flatter his sources and patrons, usually identical.

He was also dodging the draft on the

WASHINGTON

A Day With Carter

By James Reston

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 14 — You have to spend a day on the campaign trail with President Carter in order to sense the changes that are taking place in

American politics.
First, the mobility of the thing is staggering. Last Monday, he was out of Andrews Air Force Base near Washington before 9 A.M., en route to a Jewish temple and an Italian parade in New York City; from there to a coal mine in southern Illinois, and thence to a town meeting in St. Louis, and back

Washington after midnight. In October of 1917, just as he was extolling the war as one certain "to make a world that is safe for democracy," he discounted the inequities of domestic censorship by saying, "I have no doctrinaire belief in free speech." Subsequently engaged in the manufacture of propaganda in Europe, he proposed to explain to German and Austrian troops "the unselfish character of the war, the generosity of our aims. . . . [We] should aim to create the impression that here is something new and infinitely hopeful in the affairs of mankind." Only in 1930 did he bring himself to confess that the intellectual rationales he had provided Wilson to intervene might have been misguided. "We supplied," he brooded comfortably, "the Battalions of Death

In 1922, in that execrable volume called *Public Opinion*, he produced the fully fledged pundit credo: "The common interests very largely elude public opinion entirely, and can be managed only by a specialized class." Lippmann thought that "intelligence bureaus"—staffed with pundits—would meet the need, and aid "the outsider" adequately. Simultaneously, amid fears in that year that too many Jews were going to Harvard, he was proposing that Mas-

with too much ammunition."

head in southern Illinois, where unemployment is now running at almost 14 percent, he talked about the future of "Illinois" coal, which he said was going to replace OPEC oil in the future, and he rode through the streets of Frankfort, Ill., shaking hands with the people along their bleak streets.

At the gymnasium in the St. Louis branch of the University of Missouri, he was clearly successful. He was introduced by a pledge of allegiance to the flag and by the singing of the national anthem by one of the few audiences in this country that could really sing it, and in the end by repeated playing of "Hail to the Chief."

Jimmy Carter obviously loved it. At the end of a hard day, he made a quiet and impressive speech, and then responded to questions from a selected few—the little Irish girl who wanted to know about prices, the crippled black man who wanted help, the daring young women who asked why she should back him since she thought he had failed in his first four years.

Carter is a bit of a genius at this "town hall" game. He asks for the

sachusetts set up a state university "to persuade Jewish boys to scatter." In 1925 he compounded the damage wrought by Public Opinion in The Phantom Public, where he concluded it was "a false ideal" to imagine the voters to be even "inherently competent" to superintend public affairs: "Only the insider can make the decisions . . . because he is so placed that he can understand and act."

The Sacco and Vanzetti affair brought forth a characteristic display of mealy-mouthed fence-straddling by Lippmann, who by that time was the chief editorial writer for The World. He sedately endorsed the infamous Lowell report, which upheld the conduct of the trial, and finally-the day after the executions-praised Lowell for suffering a "disagreeable duty brayely." Measured as ever, Lippmann also doffed his hat to Frankfurter and others active in Sacco and Vanzetti's defense for their readiness to "uphold the rights of the humblest and most despised."

In 1928, hot for Al Smith, he naturally discovered a "new Tammany" that would "bear comparison as to its honesty, its public spirit, and its efficiency with any other political organization which operates successfully

anywhere in the country." That characteristic plunge into overstatement is, by the way, very common among pundits. But Lippmann also admired Herbert Hoover, which provokes Steel to remark another pundit trait: "Two virtually identical candidates was Lippmann's ideas of a perfect election."

N THE verge of the crash, with a new house and soundproofed study, and sustained by a higher salary, Lippmann was preaching "a quiet indifference to the immediate and a serene attachment to the processes of inquiry and understanding." Democracy, he opined, "cannot last long; it must, and inevitably it will, give way to a more settled social order." In 1931, at a dinner organized for him by Thomas Lamont of the House of Morgan, he discoursed on "Journalism and the Liberal Spirit": "Who but a political hack can believe today," he told the assembled businessmen, lawyers, and jurists, "that the fate of the nation hangs upon the victory of either political party? ... Who can believe ... that the cure for the corruption of popular government [is] to multiply the number of elections? Who can believe that an orderly, secure and just economic order can be attained by the simple process of arousing the people against the corporations?" A luxurious cruise to Greece, courtesy of Lamont, followed two days later.

In 1932 he displayed his usual acuity by attacking FDR as too cautious to take political risks, but came round to him rapidly, sustained by the counsel of one of his banker friends, who wrote to him that "the hungry and the unemployed might be hard to handle this winter if we were in for four more years of the same policies and the same President." Before receiving this prudent advice, Lippmann had opposed the child-labor amendment, a federal guarantee of civil rights, and the early payment of veterans' bonuses. When a proposal came up to provide pensions for the widows and orphans of veterans, he said that such specialinterest groups posed "a menace not only to the budget but to popular government itself."

Nor was Lippmann's attention restricted to domestic unrest. In 1933, just after books were burned in the

streets of Berlin, he solemnly wrote that repression of the Jews, "by satisfying the lust of the Nazis who feel they must conquer somebody and the cupidity of those Nazis who want jobs, is a kind of lightning rod which protects Europe." A week later he was praising Hitler for "a genuinely statesmanlike address" that expressed "the authentic voice of a genuinely civilised people." The word statesmanlike is the traditional mark of the Bigfoot. No higher term of praise exists in his vocabulary, for it is the attribute of the ultimate insider-executive, who is beyond mere politics or the sufferings of the Jews or some other interest group, and who works purely for the higher good.

In 1936 he was busy praising the British and the French for remaining neutral in the Spanish Civil War, since neither the legally elected Loyalists nor the Fascists were "able or fit [pundit word] to organize government." As the Spanish Republic was forced to turn to the Soviet Union for arms he duly noted that it had "steadily degenerated into a proletarian dictatorship under foreign guidance." Chided later for this view he confessed that "My mind works like a spotlight on things, and it wasn't one of the things I was interested in at that time." So much for the Spanish Republic.

In 1937 he was at it again, coming away from Europe "with the feeling that . . . the Western democracies were amazingly complacent, distracted, easygoing and wishful." A year later, concerned with "distracted" Europe's overpopulation problem, he suggested that a million "surplus" Jews be sent to Africa.

You may have guessed that Lippmann went for Willkie in 1940. In 1942, when hysteria about Japanese-Americans on the West Coast was reaching fever pitch, Lippmann concluded after a visit that the whole Pacific Coast was in "imminent danger" of attack "from within and from without" and that the enemy could inflict "irreparable damage" through an attack supported by "organized sabotage." His column naturally compounded the panic and helped prompt the relocation of Japanese-Americans into concentration camps forthwith. Later, Lippmann, having partly caused the panic, tried to excuse the relocations on the grounds that they were necessary to protect the victims from the mob.

Though he popularized the phrases "national security" and "Cold War," Lippmann was relatively restrained and sensible in the postwar and Mc Carthy years. Being athwart officia consensus he consequently had no ef fect. The pundit can never inflect government policy, only explain or excuse it. In his more excitable moments however, he called, in 1946, for a "new mighty upsurge of new national economy" to confront Russian aggression; urged the nation to be put on a war footing in the wake of the Prague coup of 1948; approved the dispatch of the Seventh Fleet to the Strait of Formosa in 1950; and concluded in 1952 that it would be a "catastrophe of enormous proportions . . . if Southeast Asia were to fall into the communist orbit." He approved the Anglo-French attack on Egypt in 1956 with a classic piece of on-the-one-hand-ism -"we may wish that they had not started," but "we cannot now wish that they should fail."

Love affairs with Kennedy and the early LBJ prompted a defense of the first bombing of North Vietnam as a "test of American will." In 1965 he considered retaliatory airstrikes to be wise ventures, since they would put the U.S. in "a better bargaining position for a negotiation." Knowledgeable of the corridors of power, he told Eric Sevareid and a CBS audience in that year that war hawks are "not found in the interior and at the top of the White House." In the same year, too, he endorsed the U.S.-backed coup in the Dominican Republic.

Then, somewhat late, he discovered that LBJ was a hawk, and that the war in Vietnam was a bad idea. Of the president he said sadly, in the distressed tones of the betrayed pundit, "He misled me." He went into opposition, and, ultimately, exile in New York. Disillusion did not lead to wisdom. In 1968 he reported that there was a "new Nixon, a maturer and mellower man."

HE EMOTIONS OF contempt and mirth natural upon review of this catalogue of misjudgment should of course be tempered by pity. Any journalist who has swung himself into the saddle of punditry and bigfooted it across country will know the temptations of the trade.

Once, over twenty years ago, I had o write twice-weekly humorous editoials for the Irish Times. These were placed at the foot of the opinion page and were intended to refresh the reader who had worked his way over the ligh ground of "Positive Neutralism, A Dissent," and "The Common Market Reconsidered." I took my responsibilties pretty seriously all the same, and vas always "viewing with alarm." ommending politicians for their 'statesmanlike" approach to problems, and alternating so briskly between 'on the one hand" and "on the othr" that it was a miracle I managed of type at all.

It's bad luck on Lippmann that Steel ad the energy to excavate the punlitry of over half a century and lay to the results for all to see. Opinion columns were designed by God to have he same life-span as a croissant, and o haul a thumb-sucker out of the deep reeze twenty years later is scarcely

playing the game.

The problem is that we do not have —as the Russians do—a press that is elf-evidently and admittedly controlled by the state. When the Russian leader—hip wants to write an op ed about Ibigniew Brzezinski ("lacks statesman—hip") the Central Committee gets round a table, chews a few pencils, and then puts the result in Pravda unler a collective pseudonym. The column is then carefully studied by Pravda eaders around the world as evidence of what "the Kremlin" thinks about Ibig.

The poor Russians have never quite athomed the complexities of opinion production this side of the Atlantic (though one Soviet commentator did once tell me he thought the Freemaons were behind it all). They viewed Lippmann as someone roughly equivalent to a minister of information and nade a great fuss over him when he came to town. They were generally correct in their estimate of him as a bipartisan functionary of the U.S. government, and were consequently bewildered when the U.S. embassy would call up once in a while and tell them that the old sage was speaking for no one but himself, and that-to take one example-his tolerant view of their "sphere of influence" in Eastern Europe was not shared by John Foster Dulles.

Lippman was a special case, in that

he did not graduate to punditry after long years on the police beat, but parachuted into the editorial suite at a young age. He was born with Big Feet anyway, and probably emerged from the womb dictating a measured column on the first Japanese constitution, which was being promulgated around the time he entered the world.

Punditry performs a couple of practical functions for newspapers. On the old principle that comment is free and facts are expensive, it takes care of a couple of pages on the cheap and gives the publisher a proper sense of his own importance to boot. It also provides a stepping stone for those on the way from the newsroom to retirement: a stint as Sage in Residence and then the ink-stained old nag can be quietly let out to pasture.

Nothing wrong with this, but the trouble is that punditry has become a second career choice for almost everyone temporarily out of a job. Fired in the spring as Reagan's campaign manager, John Sears was soon strapping on the pundit's nosebag and trotting about on the op-ed page of the Washington Post. In February John Anderson told me that his ambition, after retirement from Congress, was to be a "commentator," with a brief detour as a presidential candidate to get himself in the appropriate mood.

Clearly there has to be some form of government regulation to cope with the alarming pundit surplus. One answer might be to have a Pundit Supreme Court, with the nine punditsnominated by the president and confirmed by the Senate-handing down opinions and dissents after all due consideration and consulting of precedent. Their conclusions would then be available to the news media for a modest fee. No other opinion columns would be allowed. In the case of consistent misjudgment-here Lippmann springs to mind-recourse to impeachment would be available.

The only other solution would be to have some sort of primary system and election of pundits, so that every four years they could be answerable to the American electorate. Lippmann would not have liked that, and I doubt whether many of his successors would either. If there is one thing that causes a pundit unease, it's the instincts of the herd in war or peace.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1980





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HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

A HANDFUL OF MUD

Auberon Waugh's war on manners

by Rhoda Koenis

You cannot hope
To bribe or twist
(Thank God!) the British
Journalist;
But, seeing what
The man will do
Unbribed, there's no
Occasion to.

Humbert Wolfe

UBERON WAUCH has been bribed on only one occasion I know of—the time he announced in his column that Richard Nixon because he had been paid £35 by Larry Adler, the left-wing mouth organist. ("I apologize to read-

ers, but these are hard times for satirists.") Unbribed, however, he has done quite a lot to infuriate the political, journalistic, social, and intellectual establishments of England.

Waugh's literary and political columns—and the many articles he writes for British newspapers and magazines—exhibit the vicious wit, earthy common sense, and naked self-regard that American journalism has been without for so long—at least since "objectivity," the equal-time rule, the fairness doctrine, affirmative action, and other such deadening ideas took over. American journalism does have the jovial iconoclasm of Nicholas voi Hoffman, the cultivated rage of Mur ray Kempton, and the subversive, po etic, shoot-to-kill wit of Gore Vidal But nobody here so regularly flay the pretensions of absolutely anybody to absolutely anything as does Au beron Waugh, who writes as if he ha never heard of relevance, good taste or the right of a politically oppressed people not to have any jokes made about them. In a typical column, he recently recommended castration for teenagers who rioted to demand tha funds allocated for an opera house be spent on roller discos, suggested that conscription would solve the problems posed by unemployment and the un disciplined younger generation, pro posed a reservation for England's few remaining heterosexuals, expanded or the sexual unattractiveness of Biorr Borg, and recounted a particularly disgusting dream.

Auberon Waugh's writing may sound like an invention in a novel by his father, Evelyn, but what strikes ar American reader is its healthy relationship to reality, its ability to acknowledge what people are actually thinking without necessarily commending it. His antihomosexual diatribe, for instance

Homosexualists are frequently very amusing, sensitive and talented, of course, but some of us may need an occasional rest from all this amusement, sensitivity and talent. If only a small area of the United Kingdom—certain beaches, perhaps, or islands in the Bristol Channel—could preserve the old rules, perhaps the country's few



Rhoda Koenig is a senior editor of New York

remaining people of heterosexual inclination might not always feel they were doing something dirty. discredited, and out of fashion as they labour night and day to renew the human race.

Waugh's highly opinionated style is also enormously appealing to anyone beaten down by the hail of fact that characterizes so much American journalism, and the tidy, zero-sum style in which it is expressed ("on the one and this, on the other hand that"), a style that can be seen in its purest form in the so-called newsmagazines. As long as you can keep the facts coming strong, the idea seems to be, nobody has to worry about coming to any conby clusions that might alienate colleagues or offend readers. (An American newspaperman I know was once restrained by his editor from printing a few facts hat merely implied a conclusion that night have embarrassed the subscribers. He had, enterprisingly, found be out the cost to the Sanitation Department of removing the litter left by the Columbus Day, Saint Patrick's Day, Salute to Israel, and Puerto Rican Day parades in New York City, and the ditor was horrified to find that the id he statistics confirmed his own musings be about the relative cleanliness of Italans, Irishmen, Jews, and Puerto Ricans.)

AUGH'S COLUMN in the right-wing Spectator (previously in the leftwing New Statesman) retails the kind of opinions that Ameround ican journalists express freely at cockis his tail parties, before sitting down to the typewriter with long, serious pundit ation faces. One of his major themes is the degeneration in all facets of English life brought about by the tyranny of the so-called working class": The sance trouble with capitalism, he writes, "is hat it not only makes the working class rich and free to exercise their loathsome consumer choices to the detriment of civilization as we know it, it also makes the working class powerful."

He is vehemently anti-Soviet:

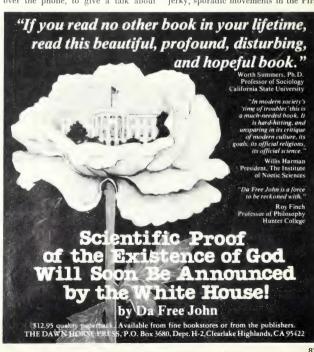
The essential clue to Russian literature, as indeed to the mysterious Russian character, is that all Russians are shits. . . . They know they are shits, that their whole repulsive society is based on

a succession of lies which nobody really believes. . . . The only proof that they are not, as Hitler believed, morally sub-human, is to be found in their occasional propensity to despair and suicide.

He regularly attacks the Church of England: "To whom, one wonders, is the Church currently addressing itself. after the liturgical reforms of recent years, if not to the great, moronic mass audience of semi-literates and elderly secret masturbators?" (It must be added that he wrote that column after a General Synod of Anglican bishops at which the church was asked to sanction masturbation on the grounds that it was less harmful than smoking. drinking, or excessive sugar consumption.) Nor does he have many kind words for the Roman Catholic church -he left it five years ago, when the "I believe" of the Nicene Creed was changed to "We believe"-and the pope he describes as "Ringo II" has not lured him back. He also decks union leaders and denounces the disgusting practice of breast feeding in public. The last position got him into a bit of trouble once. He was asked, over the phone, to give a talk about

what he understood as "breast feeding" to an audience in Senegal. After dinner with the prime minister, he began his talk, in French, to a gathering that grew increasingly disturbed and confused. It turned out that the topic he had been asked to speak on was "press

If Waugh is irritated and revolted by Britain, he is appalled by America. On a visit here eleven years ago, he was accosted, he says, by strange women who insisted on confiding their gynecological problems. This year's election confirmed his belief that "the American nation has lost its marbles." Carter is a "plastic apparatus" and "a malignant ego-lump and moral power maniac [who] lacks the intelligence to understand his own motives." He describes Carter's presidency in this brutal metaphor: "It is as if we have been watching the tragedy of Petrouchka, but just when the moment has come for Petrouchka to die with pitiful, inarticulate little cries (piccolo and flute) the wretched puppet is made to dance again, waving his sawdust arms and grimacing with his white face and boot-button eyes through the jerky, sporadic movements in the First



Act." His Hobson's Choice is Reagan, but this is less out of respect for the man than contempt for the office: "The chief objection to him would seem to be that he is a hollow man—like so many actors, without any voice or true identity of his own. I can see this might be an objection to having him in the house, or as a member of one's club, but not, really, to his being President of the United States."

LL OF these opinions, it must be emphasized, appeared in Waugh's respectable column. He also reviews fiction for the Evening Standard and, until this summer, reviewed nonfiction for Books and Bookmen, spreading as much derision across literary as political types. When Lady Diana Cooper's three-volume autobiography was recently reissued, with titles drawn from "Intimations of Immortality" (The Rainbow Comes and Goes, The Light of Common Day, Trumpets from the Steep), Waugh suggested another Wordsworth phrase for an overall title, based on Lady Cooper's taste for fawning admirers; The Pansy at My Feet. He lacerated Cecil Beaton for writing, about tea with the Queen Mother, "Never has tea tasted better. The bread and butter was like angel cake": "Of course they were, you old toady. And the current buns were sacred mushrooms decorated with fairies' droppings." He will dismiss a hopeless book with "Oh, generally boo, groan, rubbish!" and, when he is really disgusted, review (as so many book buyers do) the jacket photograph: "The author has huge sidewhiskers and looks like an ape."

Waugh's most outrageous material. however, is reserved for his column in Private Eye. Private Eye is, in the words of one of its founders, "a scurrilous, utterly disreputable" periodical that exposes political and financial scandals no other paper dares print (it led the way in the Jeremy Thorpe and Anthony Blut cases), satirizes events in the news, reports on who is sleeping with whom, and makes up funny names for people it doesn't like (Sir Lew Grade, for example, is "Low Greed," and the homosexual poet Stephen Spender is known as-this is Waugh's contribution-Stephen Spender-Penny). Much of it is written in a secret code that can be cracked by the careful

reader in about forty seconds (someone falling-down drunk is "tired and
emotional," a homosexual is a "confirmed bachelor," a promiscuous woman is "vivacious," illicit sex is "engaging in Ugandan discussions").
Unlike American magazines—especialty the ones that regard themselves as
fearlessly representing a powerless
constituency—it is completely unfettered by any responsibility to a group
or ideology, and bashes away at the
follies of upper and lower class, Left
and Right.

If American journalists would never print most of Waugh's Spectator opinions, they'd never utter any of his Private Eye stuff out loud. Some of it is so simple and direct that it borders on the infantile ("It is quite right that politicians should be hounded, reviled, and photographed in embarrassing positions, because their only reason for wanting to be politicians is to exert power and boss other people around"). Some of it is an incitement to violence, as in this comment on politicians who want to restrict the sale of fireworks for Guy Fawkes Day:

Far fewer people have been killed by fireworks in the whole of British history than have been killed by politicians and would-be politicians in the last few months. If the IRA had any sense of humour they would use this great national festival to blow up the House of Commons with all its horrible overpaid occupants inside. The present policy of trying to blow up MPs one by one strikes me as wasteful and doomed to failure, as well as being dangerous to the general public.

Usually, though, Waugh's comments on events of the day are somewhat milder. When a dusky member of the House of Lords gave a reading of his poetry, Waugh quoted a particularly sticky bit and added, "The important factor is that here we have a young man without any of our advantages of colour or cultural background who is sitting down to try and write poetry instead of blowing things up with postal bombs." When bodyguards were provided for Eton boys after a series of attacks by local toughs, he wrote, "The bodyguards are, of course, drawn from the poorer classes themselves, so now Etonians will be treated to the diverting spectacle of the lower orders

bashing each other up at every stree corner while they saunter past into carefree, protected future. The wholl purpose of an Eton education is t prepare boys for such a world," And when the manufacturers of Smith potato crisps decided to sponsor th Olympics, he mused, "It would obvi ously be quite wrong for people to spread the untruthful rumour that their new 'salty' flavour derives from Smith' employees who urinate on the sacks of potatoes as they arrive. But there i blood on those potato crisps neverthe less-the blood of murdered Afghan and persecuted Jews."

ANY OF Waugh's fellov journalists highly approve of him (they have voted him, among other awards Critic of the Year and Columnist o the Year), and he even numbers some politicians among his fans (former Prime Minister James Callaghan once said that he never missed an Auberon Waugh column, adding quickly, "O T course, I disagree with everything he says"). Perhaps the tribute that please: him most is that Buckingham Palace takes twelve subscriptions to Private Eye. There are some holdouts, how ever. Harold Evans, the "small butalented" editor, as Waugh calls him of the "mean, crooked, contemptible proletarian Sunday Times," ran a profile of him called "The Rudest Mar in Fleet Street." Anthony Shrimsley the editor of Now! magazine, called him "a liar motivated by malice who does not deserve either to be employed as a journalist or to share the compa ny of decent people," and Shrimsley' brother Bernard (Waugh calls them "Toady" and "Slimy" Shrimsley), edi tor of the trashy News of the World named him Rat of the Year, and sued him for libel when he charged that Bernard did not write the copy tha appeared under his byline. (Character istically, the suit made Waugh ever more vituperative; subsequent columns described Shrimsley as repulsive and his paper as dirty, loathsome, and bor ing. To his great satisfaction, Shrim sley was sacked before the case could come to trial.)

Though Waugh's columns do indeed make the British public laugh, the people he writes about sometimes take advantage of Britain's get-rich-quick

libel laws to claim that obvious jokes have defamed them. (Waugh reflects that "any statement ... which sheds loubt on a person's fitness for his profession or calling . . . is actionable. Now we all know that practically nooody in Britain nowadays is fit for any profession or calling.") But even when the litigants collect, Waugh still as the last word. Some years ago a niddle-aged journalist sued and-such s humorless British justice-was warded £3,000 when Waugh wrote hat she had gone to bed with half the nembers of the Cabinet but no impropriety occurred. A few years later, when she married an elderly colleague, Waugh included in his column some vedding-night advice for the shy couole, couched in the metaphor of a driving manual ("Let the clutch out ently...") "Of course," his editor explained to me with an extremely erious expression, "it is no libel to ay that a lady is chaste."

AUGH'S LATEST bookhe has written five novels, each with a flower in the title, including The Toxglove Saga, a runaway best-seller 16 wrote while convalescing at eighteen by -is The Last Word: An Eyewitness Account of the Trial of Jeremy Thorpe. The Liberal party leader who was pro equitted last year of conspiracy to Ma nurder his homosexual former lover is infuriated Waugh that he made his one foray into political life. When Thorpe, under indictment, had his rial postponed so that he could run or reelection, Waugh entered his own name as the candidate of the Dog-Lovthen ers' party (the hit man who cornered Thorpe's lover on a lonely road shot is great dane, and then the gun and ammed). Despite an assiduous camand paign, in which he charged of another that candidate, "I have reason to believe hat, though unmarried, she is not a even virgin," he lost. On the other hand, on did Thorpe.

The Last Word, as well as being in first-class trial reporting on one of the most bizarre cases of the century, is an example of the lengths to which British libel laws drive British writers. His book may be read, he writes, "as the a gesture of atonement for ever having the intertained the silly idea that a Privy controller, an MP, an Old Etonian, a

barrister, a friend of prime ministers, archbishops and high officials, a former client of Lord Goodman, could ever be found guilty of conspiring to murder a homosexual male model of lower-middle-class background and doubtful record." (In such an orgy of deference, the casual reader might well miss the significance of the telltale "found.")

Yet, for all his railing against them, Waugh may owe much of his style—the teasing, the disingenuousness, the baroque and fantastic insults—to those laws, just as censorship for years fostered a cinema of witty ellipsis and double entendre. "I would find it very difficult to write in America, where one can print almost anything," Waugh confessed to me when I saw him in London recently. "What a constant strain on one's sense of honor."

Waugh agrees that his kind of humor is probably impossible in America, but doesn't attribute this to the American tendency to take things too seriously. "England is a much more homogeneous country," he explains. "Everyone really knows everyone else. A coal miner in Yorkshire will know a steel rigger in London by two or three removes." Also, people in public life

stay around longer than they do in America. This intense, clubby atmosphere is perfect for the venomous personal attacks and casual gossip he specializes in (his Who's Who entry lists "gossip" as his one hobby). How do you write gossip for an enormous, diverse country of more than 200 million people? The answer—vide People magazine—is that you don't.

The English are also more conscious than Americans, he says, of the two sides of everyone's character. "There is the private life and the public life, you see, and the one is always laughing at the other. There is a famous story about Lord Curzon, when he was Viceroy of India, arriving in the hall of a great house. A little child was watching him from the top of the stairs, and he saw Lord Curzon, who thought he was alone, lift up the tails of his dress coat and do a little dance before the fire. That is what we write about, the dance before the fire."

So, while his American and English colleagues jostle one another in the well-lit auditorium below, Auberon Waugh crouches unobtrusively, subversively, scribbling on the stairs.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1980

FAD

by Harold Witt

Nothing like that could last—it wasn't meant to—something put on—the latest style or trend—and all conformed, all were helpless not to; too frail to change the fashion, sheep and lamb followed the way wool will, right to the end.

So did the wolf, stealthy with built-in hunger the dog had to watch and tell the ready man; the moon came up, the wan wife made the supper. It happened again and then it happened again.

The girl was there, the small boy cried in the cradle, the wolf would attack, the man go out with his gun to kill the wolf and come back to sit at the table and silently eat his meat and never question why this, of all possible worlds, was the only one.

RARA AVIS

The birdmen cometh

by Harold Swantor

HE SIGN on the Holiday Inn marquee, WELCOME AMERICAN BIRDINGE ASSN, shimmered in the muggy heat. Across Main Street, a thirty-foot effigy of Paul Bunyan glowered disapprovingly at the misspelling, and next morning, sure enough, the surplus E was gone. What Paul Bunyan was doing in Bangor, Maine, when his home turf was, as far as I could recall, the Minnesota north woods, nobody ever explained.

Bangor is not your typical convention city. Founded in 1769, it was named for the favorite hymn of its first pastor. It saw a few exciting years as a lumbering center and suffered occupation at least once—by the British in 1812—prior to last summer, when the American birders took the town and held it for five straight days. This

convention was the fifth. Kenmare, North Dakota, was the site of the first, in 1973, followed in 1974 and in even years thereafter by Point Pelee, Ontario; Beaumont, Texas; and Riverside, California. It must be admitted that none of these is a likely site for junketeering ophthalmologists, certified public accountants, or Elks. But what counts with the birders is not the city, the ambience, or even the scenery. What counts is the birds.

On each of the four working days during the convention, Birders charged off in chartered buses at 3:00 A.M. in search of rarities. This year, Bangor held out the prospect of Black-backed Three-toed Woodpeckers and Spruce Grouse, a nesting colony of Atlantic Harold Swanton is a screenwriter and frequent contributor to the Los Angeles Times.

Puffins on Machias Seal Island, Great er Shearwaters and rare Storm-petrels on the Bluenose Ferry to Yarmouth Nova Scotia. All these, the advance literature promised, and more.

On the first afternoon of the convention, the Civic Center lobby was jammed with newly arrived ABA members, mostly middle-aged, females having a slight edge, all eager, excited, full of reports of condors over the Tehachapis, of Eared Trogons in the Charicahuas, of Ross's Gulls and Steller's Eiders in the North Atlantic, of the warbler migration a month before or the shore of Lake Erie, and of last fall's hawk flight in Pennsylvaniabut most important of all, of a European wanderer, the Little Egret, that had been spotted on the Gulf of St Lawrence near Rimouski, Quebec.



That night at dinner a lean, deterined-looking birder rose to announce at a bus was being chartered to make e run to Rimouski. It would depart 11:00 P.M. and speed north through e night, arriving at Rimouski at dawn, nen it was hoped the Little Egret ould be feeding. The birders would fix m in their binoculars, add him to eir life lists, and climb back on the is and return to Bangor, arriving late e next afternoon. The charter fee was i00 for the thousand-mile round trip, id the bus would take forty-three peoe. Nobody in the crowded hall conlered this to be a bit unreasonable. Not long after the Little Egret was otted, two other vagrants were reportfrom Cape Cod, both five-inch sandpers-a Little Stint and a Rufous-Great cked Stint. Three planes were charred, five birders in each, to make the int Run, all hands confident they meli uld locate the two tiny sandpeeps on e enormous reach of the Cape. They word uldn't, alas, and didn't, and it cost was em \$150 each to try.

A mem-

IN THE ABA this sort of thing is more the rule than the exception. A couple of springs ago, my wife and I were spending a quiet week i the casual birding in Madera Canyon, the Santa Rita Mountains of Ariilas ma, when the place was suddenly inaddad by birders from the East Euro oast. Word of a Ridgway's Whipthat por-will near Mt. Lemmon had flashed ross the country only the day before. talked to a Baltimore lawyer who had ut his clients on "hold" and raced to ie airport to fly to Tucson and drive a rented car to the scrubby lower opes of Mt. Lemmon. He had seen ne bird and had yet to come down om his high. "The buffy collar," he xplained. "You see that buffy collar, 's a Ridgway's." His clients were eviently used to this. He had made three npromptu flights in the past year to ley West in search of the Antillean alm Swift, and had nailed it on the aird try. When I asked him if he beinged to the Six Hundred Club, he miled patronizingly. "Six hundred, ell," he said. "I'm reaching for seven."

The Six Hundred Club was formerly select group of birders who had seen nd identified 600 out of the 700 or ore species of birds native to North theories. Affluence, the jet airplane,

and the ABA have changed all this. Six hundred has become commonplace, and the gung-ho birders, such as my lawyer acquaintance, now have 700 in their sights.

The ABA was formed a decade ago, when James A. Tucker, a psychologist in Austin, Texas, realized that the broadening base of the Audubon Society (its growing concern for environmental issues and politics, for instance,) had crowded out some of the members who were mainly interested in bird identification and listing—world lists, North American lists, year lists, Big Day lists, state and county lists, and the rest.

Listing, of course, is as old as birding and is one of the bases of that branch of ornithology dealing with bird migration and distribution. The ABA has simply converted a scientific tool into a score, laid down rules, and turned what had been a pleasant branch of nature study into a horse race. Joe Taylor, current president of the ABA. was the first birder to achieve a life list of 700 and held first place from 1970 to 1977, but he has now been passed up by Paul Sykes of Delray Beach, Florida, with 733, and Paul Dumont of Washington, D.C., with 731. Both, incidentally, made the Little Egret Run to Rimouski.

Jim Tucker, the founder of the ABA, offered his predictions for the Eighties in the February issue of *Birding*, the association journal. "The 750 species mark," he says, "will be reached with relative ease, assuming continued access to the strategic islands of Alaska." He thinks 800 is within the grasp of a determined and affluent birder, and that the ABA North American Checklist will reach 900 species.

What is happening here is not the proliferation of a host of new species or a historic swing in bird distribution. It is simply that more and more birders are willing to fly to Attu or St. Lawrence Island (and can afford it), prepared to face life in a Quonset hut with a menu of macaroni and Dinty Moore stew for days on end while waiting for lost Asiatic birds to fly by. Vagrant species have undoubtedly been blowing into Attu for fifty thousand years, but the Aleuts, Japanese troops, and American GIs living there had other things in mind.

Whether you define this as a wholesome hobby or an advanced neurosis depends, of course, on your point of view. ABA birders are a joyous lot. One happy lady, pushing seventy, told me last March she was counting the days until the summer convention. She "needed" an Alder Flycatcher, she explained—"need" is ABA parlance for a gap in your life list—and hoped to get it in Maine. It is hard to put the knock on anything that can bring this kind of excitement to anyone.

But the mental set of the dedicated ABA birder can be unfathomable to the outsider. During dinner, a fiftyish man on my left told me of his sojourn on St. Lawrence Island: ten days on an army cot: peanut butter sandwiches and spaghetti three times a day; chronic diarrhea from Kool-Aid made with polluted water; a single latrine behind a burlap curtain composed of a rickety toilet seat propped up on a packing crate; piles of stinking, thawing offal dumped by the natives and left unburied; a routine that included regular inspections of the "bonevard," an ancient cemetery for slain walruses, now dug up for ivory. Vagrant birds. blown in on the icy 35-miles-per-hour wind, would cower in the craters left by the exhumers. Ten days of this. No bath, no change of underwear, Daily marches along the margin of the gray ocean, binoculars held in numbing hands. He added fifteen birds to his life list, but he was disappointed. The wind was coming from the American direction, not the Asian, where the storms come from. What he wants to do, he says, is go back, stay twice as long, and hope for bad weather.

IRD TOURING has become a growth industry. A cadre of sharp young men, expert birders, fly eager listers to hot birding spots throughout the ABA ball park and elsewhere, guiding them to rarities previously staked out and reported on an efficient communications network. Under ABA rules no distinction is made between a species identified by the birder on his own and one shown to him by an expert. Whatever the circumstances, if the bird is seen, it goes on the list. The result, of course, is that membership in the Six Hundred Club does not necessarily imply competence in field identification. Which brings us to Jim Vardaman.

Vardaman was the first speaker of

the evening, a balding, late-fiftyish businessman from Louisiana. As he rose to address the gathering he got the kind of reception an audience of orthopedic surgeons might give a friendly chiropractor. It wasn't just that Jim had gone after the Big Year record. Others had made runs at it in the past. It was the way he did it. Jim had the money, the instinctive talent for organization and publicity, and he had gone after the Big Year record with the energy and zeal of a corporate vice-president in charge of sales.

In the fall of 1978 he papered the birding world with flyers announcing that on January 1, 1979, he would embark on his quest for 700 birds in a single year, and enlisted the help of volunteer birders in staking out rarities. He started in Florida and wound up in Ocean City, Maryland. The tab for the operation came to \$44,507. He covered 161,000 miles, he made all three networks and most of the newspapers, including the Wall Street Journal, and (I'm guessing here) most of his expenses could be tax deductible. since his company financed the venture and will benefit from the publicity. Jim fell one bird short, alas, with only

The thing about Jim that turned the birders off was, I think, a faint air of spoofery about the enterprise, a reductio ad absurdum on the listing syndrome. He is writing a book on the Big Year, and was mumbling under his breath about having a second go at it, this time worldwide, with expenses running well over \$200,000 and a target of 5,000 species. His wife got wind of it and it died aborning. He couldn't afford it, she said. Not the trip, but the alimony.

The second speaker of the evening was something else again. Roger Tory Peterson is seventy-two, has the look of the Dalai Lama, and produces a similar effect on the faithful, who seemed to feel the only reason he wasn't walking on water was that there wasn't a lake handy. He affects a modest air, but clearly agrees with them. They gave him a standing ovation. The lady from Texas seated on my right slid off her chair and crawled over near the podium to sit at his feet.

Peterson—it seems disrespectful to leave out his first two names—had been called away from his busy schedule to receive the first Ludlow Griscom Award, bestowed by President Joe Taylor to celebrate his contribution to the world of birding. He mumbled his thanks, ran a hand through his snow-white mane, nodded benignly to his colleagues on the platform, and then, after a few perfunctory comments on the enduring worth of the late Ludlow Griscom—a peerless birder who died in the Fifties—launched into a rambling pitch for his forthcoming Field Guide to the Birds.

A film followed, principally a eulogy of Peterson as the Second Audubon-his stature as an artist, his contributions to the environmental movement, his childhood, boyhood, young adulthood; Peterson marching through the woods, binoculars in hand, at the head of a file of disciples, Peterson fraternizing with penguins in South America, Peterson jogging (to demonstrate youthful vigor) with his pretty young wife. It was the kind of tribute that the devoted followers of a great man might assemble secretly and spring on him at a surprise banquet in his honor. It turned out, however, that Peterson had produced the film himself and brought it along.

■ HE REGIMEN for the four active days of the convention would have exhausted Lewis and Clark. Birders were roused from their beds around 2:00 A.M., the bus called for them at 3:00 and trundled them off to Baxter State Park, Machias Seal Island, Matinicus Rock, and the nine other birding hot spots described in the convention prospectus. All-day trips took off on Friday and Saturday and half-day trips on Thursday and Sunday, buses returning in the late afternoon, giving the birders just time enough to shower and put lotion on their black-fly bites before the cocktail hour at 5:00. Then came dinner, a prodigy of catering in which four hundred lobsters were served on Thursday night alone, and after dinner, the call-off, a ceremony invented by founder Jim Tucker and peculiar to the ABA.

A giant tote board carrying the names of the entire Maine Checklist was arrayed along one side of the room. Tucker, a pleasant man with the professional charm of a television talkshow host, started with the loons at the bottom of the list, calling out the

birds as he went. The birders work holler a "yea" or "nay," indicatie which species had been seen and whi had not, the object as always to run a longer list than that of other co ventions. It has become a ritual no the members taking a special kind joy in it, Tucker exhorting them li a coach at half time to get out the tomorrow and do better, "Black-back" Three-toed Woodpecker?" he wou call, and the birders would respowith a rousing cheer. "How many you got him as a Life Bird?" T hands would go up. Tucker wou beam, congratulate them, and get with the call-off.

The evenings ended early, with 2: A.M. calls due the next day, some bir ers performing feats of endurance from ere markable than their life lis. On one night, the Bluenose Ferry g back from Nova Scotia at midnig and the birders took off three hou later for Baxter State Park, an all-drip to the north. They returned at 5:0 and showed up, to a man, at the coctail hour.

The last outing was the morning half-day trip on Sunday to Acadia N tional Park. There were Thrushes singing in the greenery, lovely Black-throated Blue Warble nesting American Redstarts, above all, the glorious spring wood of Maine. When we returned at noo my wife and I were exhausted and sad to say, napping when the convetion officially broke up and the birde headed homeward. The desk clea looked at me strangely, a lingering duck on the pond after the others ha flown south. "You with the birds?" H asked, and I told him I was. "They're gone," he said. "All gone."

So we were the last to go. But ther was still time for a couple of hours of private birding, just my wife and out near Bangor Bog. We found a gle rious male Scarlet Tanager midwa up in a maple, singing his heart ou his brilliant plumage aflame in the a ternoon sun, and we watched him, heat thrown back, singing his song to th heavens. Born and raised in California, we had never seen a Scarlet Tarager, and we watched him for a gooten minutes.

We didn't write him down, we didn tick him off on the ABA Checklis We just watched him.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 198

You can look the sparrow straight in the eye from 250 feet and you can see it blink.

for you.

When you first look through Slim Jims Bino- The breakthrough construction, are small and light. They meaen the world so close and so bright, and ith every detail so clearly discernible. It will optical technology of super long technology of super long technology of super long technology of super long technology. Slim Jims Roof Prism Binoculars au that a binocular as nall and as light could ald that much ontical will open a whole new world of visual adventure

you want to see things really well and close up - in the theater, in the great outdoors, and for

OOF PRISMS: BREAKTHROUGH I OPTICAL TECHNOLOGY

ne of the most important developments in optical technology ok place about fifteen years ago. German optical scientists had sen working for years on a totally new concept in binoculars. After any unsuccessful designs, they finally succeeded in creating ie roof prism binocular

he most visible difference between a roof prism binocular and a andard binocular is that of size and shape. A

andard binocular has the ungainly "hippy opearance that, for generations, had een associated with quality binocuat 15. Irs The reason for this shape, and ie substantial bulk and weight that goes with this

Standard "hippy"

1.1 1/2

11.00

construction, is the way in which a ray of light passes through the prism assembly. It looks like this diagram at left. In a roof prism binocular the prisms are dovetailed in such

way that the axis of sight forms a straight line. In accomlishing that, it was possible to reduce gnificantly the size and weight of bioculars of any given power. Or, conersely, with this advanced construc-

on, you can pack a whole lot more ower and performance into a binocuir of any given size and weight ut there are many other advantages

o roof prism binoculars, as compared standard binoculars, besides the economies in bulk and weight. Here re some of the most important.

Image quality is substantially improved over the entire area of the visual eld. • Luminosity is greatly enhanced. • Resolving power is substantially harpened. • Viewing area is much increased. • Chromatic correction is rought to near perfection.

Dovetailed prisms

"[hern io, quite obviously, the development of the roof prism binocular was a reat improvement, you might even call it a "breakthrough." But there vas one thing very wrong with it: German roof prism binoculars were so expensive that almost nobody could afford them. They were something or the super rich

HE RESOURCEFUL JAPANESE MADE ROOF PRISMS PRACTICAL hat's where the resourceful Japanese made their move. They had already

stablished a great tradition in optical excellence. They had bested their aerman teachers in microscopes, telescopes, and 35mm camras. So now they directed their talents to the further improvenent of roof prism binoculars. One of Japan's finest optical deigners developed a line of roof prism binoculars that in mechancal detail and optical performance compares favorably with its ierman prototype.

Ve import these superb binoculars into the United States and fistribute them in this country. Our customers quickly nicknamed hem Slim Jims. The name is appropriate and it stuck. It exresses well the slimness of the lines and the elegance of the 2000 styling

Slim Jims are "8x21" binoculars. People often ask us what the numbers mean. "8" refers to the magnification. It means that everything looks eight times as large as it would through the taked eye, or that it looks as though you were eight times closer '21" is the diameter of the objective lenses in millimeters. It is a neasure of luminosity and of ability to view under poor light conditions. Lightweight 8x21 Slim Jims are the perfect binocuars for almost any activity and for almost any viewing condition

YOU GET EVERY QUALITY FEATURE. Here are some of the quality features that you

any sports event.

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The best surprise, perhaps, about Slim Jims is the price. In performance, construction, and appearance, Slim Jims can hold their own with their German counterparts. Yet, Slim Jims cost only \$99, less than a third of what you would have to pay for an equivalent pair of German roof prism binoculars. This

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Solution to the November Puzzle Notes for "Sermon on the Mount"

Across: 8, 2-we; 9, O-c,-cult; 10, signet, reversal of "ten GIs"; 11, label, anagram; 12. br(1-G)and; 14. tussling, anagram; 15. sum-O; 16. recto(r); 17. sc(apul)ar, partial anagram; 19. Americanism, anagram; 20. va(p)id, partial anagram; 22. attendee, anagram; 24. flee-r.; 25. owns, anagram; 27. loans, anagram; 30. lu-lu, homonym; 32. ecu, hidden. Down: 1. idol, homonym; 2. lo-ca.-t(h)e; 4. L-(B)ulls; 5. E-xtricated (anagram); 6. owed, homonym; 7. net, two meanings; 8. a(N)nul, reversal; 17. scale-(to)ne; 18. pier-pont; 21. avo(U)ch, partial anagram; 23. noel, reversal; 26. w.-heel; 28. Solo(mon); 29. spar, two meanings; 31. (M)a(n)x(m)e(n).

PUZZLE

AND ONE TO GROW ON

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

The answer to each clue is one letter shorter than the space provided for it in the diagram. Solvers must insert a letter, forming a new word. This additional letter always goes within the clue answer, never at the start or finish of it, and it is always "checked" (i.e., crossed by another word).

There is one proper name among the clue answers. 17D is often hyphenated. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 95.

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CLUES

ACROSS

- 1. Narrow escapes for the Crown (3)
- Sounds like rain makes pattern, with change of direction (7)
- 10. Ladies burn up before they clean up (9)
- 11. Addict is sure turned inside out (4)
- 13. Firm, black, male bird (3)
- 15. Outspokenly gave an impression of being kept in stitches! (6)
- 16. The bishop's responsibility: quietly, slowly to run out (4)
- 18. Measured like fish (6)
- 21. Drug leader in cry for help puts down grass (4)
- 22. Gentleman embraced by crone turns vulgar (6)
- 23. Puts on Godfather I and II (4)
- 24. Wife's mother must be cut short (4) 26. Hold back and tie off (6)
- 27. Fencing step? One hears it's the fashion (5)
- 29. Sea force (4)
- 31. Stock Exchange leaders like holding large guarantees...(5)
- 32. ... when I certify stocks respectable (4)
- 33. Shortened workclothes, generally (7)
- 34. Solutions after routine flips and flops (7)
- 35. It's relative when following the thesis (3)

DOWN

- 1. Boxes compass, heading over rough seas (5)
- 2. It's drunk in bed in Paris (3)

- 3. Vegetable worker? (7)
- Complain about misleading impression? Just the opposite! It's all over this page (6)
- 6. One-A-Day relief (3)
- 7. Shot kid (3)
- 8. Parts of a movie about trains (5)
- 9. Little taste in clothes, I presume (3)
- 12. Where the river springs are thawed out (9)
- 14. Reconciled TV, radio, and the press with Kennedy (8)
- 16. Turn lights out in the Army quarrel (4)
- 17. Some Egyptians work to take in pennies? Quite the reverse! (5)
- 19. Involves in stories read aloud (7)
- 20. Some metalworkers rest drunkenly around tavern (7)
- 23. Drank up (it's terminal) (5)
- 24. I, and one of the Khans, like grain (5)
- 25. Stern advocate (4)
- 28. Where the footing's soggy, felon, look out (3)
- 30. Bo Derek joins Navy, it's charged (3)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram. Grow On, Harper's Magazina 10016. Entries must be receive first three correct solutions open e and address to And One To Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. omber 13. Senders of the receive a one-year subscription to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the January issue. Winner's names will be printed in the February issue. Winners of the October puzzle, New Directions, are Donald Scott, Dillon, Colorado; Adrienne Marder, New York, New York; and Ted Jewell, West Palm Beach, Florida.

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